

territory acknowled gement

i would like to acknowledge the communities and nations on whose unceeded territory the collaborative final product of Finding Voice has been pieced together: the Lekwungen (Chekonein, Chilcowitch, Swengwhung, Kosampsom, Whyomilth, Teechamitsa, Kakyaakan, Songhees, Esquimalt) and WSÁNEĆ (Tsawout, Tsartlip, Pauquachin, Tseycum) Peoples.

voices:

Abigail Burns Alissa Grenet Aparna Seth Ashish Kumar Kumawat Chutaki Kumawat Jessica U. Kylie White Mikaela Chia Mohammad Saddam Poonam Sharma Pritisha Borah Rajendra Yadav Rekha Kumawat Samaya Najiar Sarah Slegh Seema Sharma **Shalom** + others

Solidarity. Collectivity. Collaboration. Identity. Me. Others. You. Us VS Them. Us and them. Us.

Finding oneself. Finding each other. Finding Voice.

crossing borders. queen elizabeth scholars. capi uvic.

CAPSTONE PROJECT 2018 by: mikaela chia

Note: The zine is best viewed in "two page" view in respecting the voices, vulnerability, and time of the contributors: please do not alter or reprint stories/ pieces without their explicit permission. c

INTRODUC TION & IDEOLOGY.

What is India like? How does it feel?

When we experience a new place or adventure and navigate the complexities and differences that come with it, there are always expectations, no matter how hard we try to simply "expect the unexpected". My experience as a CAPI intern and having the privilege of living and learning alongside individuals in India felt like a little bit of everything all at once, often in extremes. All the while, things also felt very "normal", it felt a lot like life.

While this beautiful, complex, and diverse country certainly met me with new sounds, colours, smells, languages, and spaces, the most consistent things my internship brought to me were connection and people.

My internship story is so deeply embedded within my own lived experiences and positionality, as well the intersections of stories I have had the privilege of listening to, walking alongside with, and even at times entering into.

While learning, unlearning, and relearning, it often struck me how even within/amongst the seemingly most opposite situations, places, or individuals, there seemed to always be at least one common theme which bound them together in strength and allowed for some sort of connection-perhaps even if just a little bit of humanity.

Finding voice is an attempt to celebrate each of our own humanity, through the exploration of individual voice embedded within a collective voice.

It strives to recognize, acknowledge and celebrate our unique differences and lived experiences, all the while celebrating the themes of similarity that emerge across spaces, barriers, and voices.

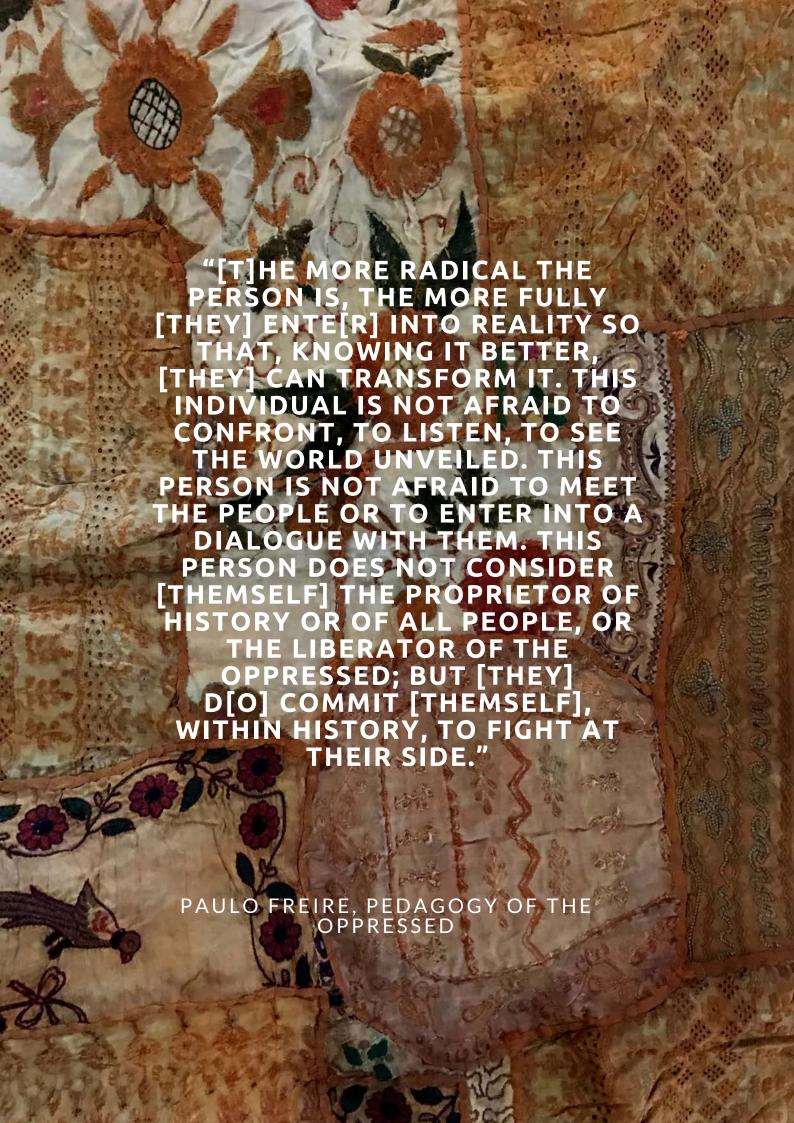
Intersections of stories, noises, silence, love, heartbreak, pain, joy, friendship, realities, dreams, tastes, colours and shades of grey, complications, simplicities, and of people.

This zine is meant to be a safe space for individuals to be heard, in whatever way they choose. For them to tell their own story, exactly as they lived it. It hopes to challenge narratives which define things (emotions, experiences, and people included) in discrete categories of this VS that, us VS them, strength VS vulnerability, comfort VS discomfort, and to look at each component's strength and intersections within the other.

The following is a showcase of just a few of the incredible voices who allowed me to walk with them along the way, responding to the expressions stirring within themselves and the questions:

Where do you feel heard?

How do you find voice?







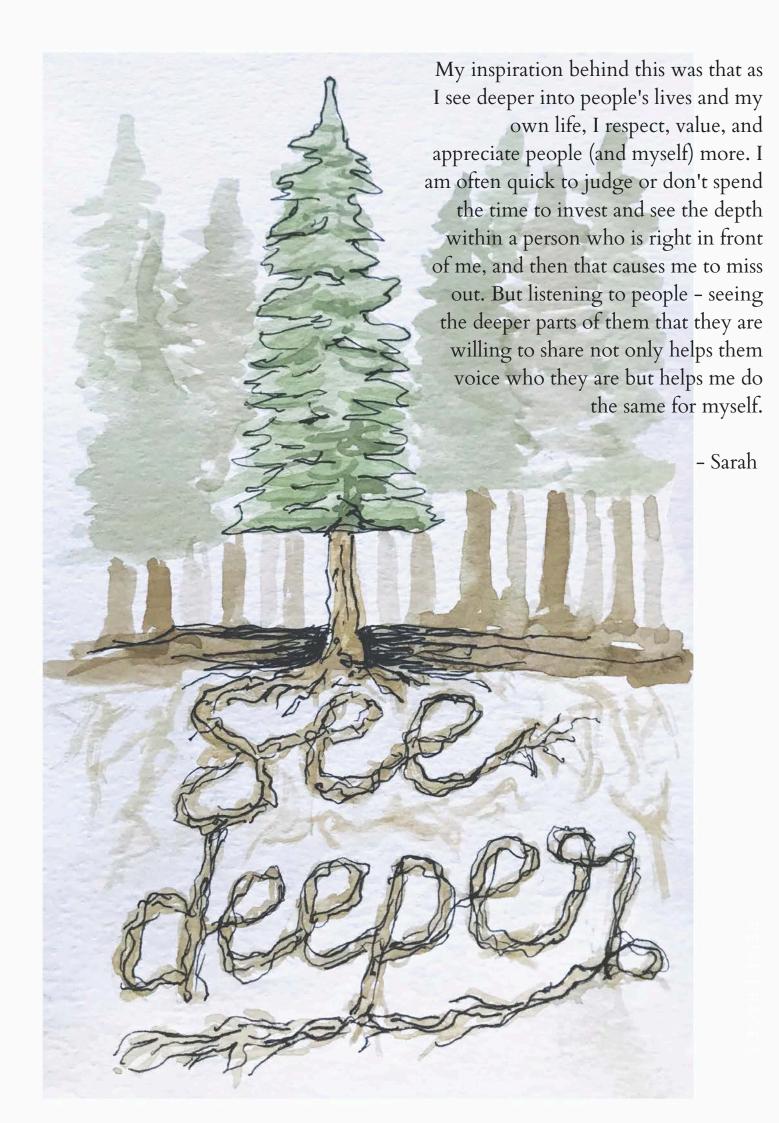
songs from the field

Dhodsar, Rajasthan | Accredited Social Health Activists (ASHAs) collaboratively discussing the importance of local governance participation within maternal health matters



songs from the field Govindgarh, Rajasthan | Maternal and Child Health & Nutrition Day in a local panchayat





न्ही जाता, उसकी सहायता करने (Some mixand 1 (3) \$ 11 KE cat after मेरा प्रिय भगवान > भगवान भी की कीश्रेश करती ह ह. क्यार (स्मार्ड पानै माया)

भेरे की विष क्ष मेरापविवार > मेरे परिवार में हम छ:

खेल - बच्ची डे साध खेलना पसन्द है स्वयं की व्यक्त करना — सभी कामी की सवजी - मटर-पनीर ठी सवजी, आलू मिठाई - युलाब जामुन सही तरी है से करके, ठवं लोगे डीसहापत की धारत से बनी यत्जी

s. Want to make a deader in

Or each version of myself

Fach time seeing something

my dite.

1 THE dance की चामि! - रेयवा क्रमावत

1 LOVE VOSY MUCH MY Daughter

(1) I Like omy life challenge in

वहिंदे हे और मेरी माता हे स्मी 2. My Fasonite Fruit Banana.
र को छिप हे

ब. My Fasonite Dis-. Chicken, Mutter of the Manana. 5. My best Farmite Godiya Fayaja find my voice in and drawing.

8. I like walking most. I feel heard and seen and

8. I want do play and watch senses of our individuals. 1- My Favorite Grame, Cricket. most Coicket.

own perspective. express myself through... "washing one's hands of the conflict between the powerful and the powerless means to side with the powerful, not to be neutral."

PAULO FREIRE

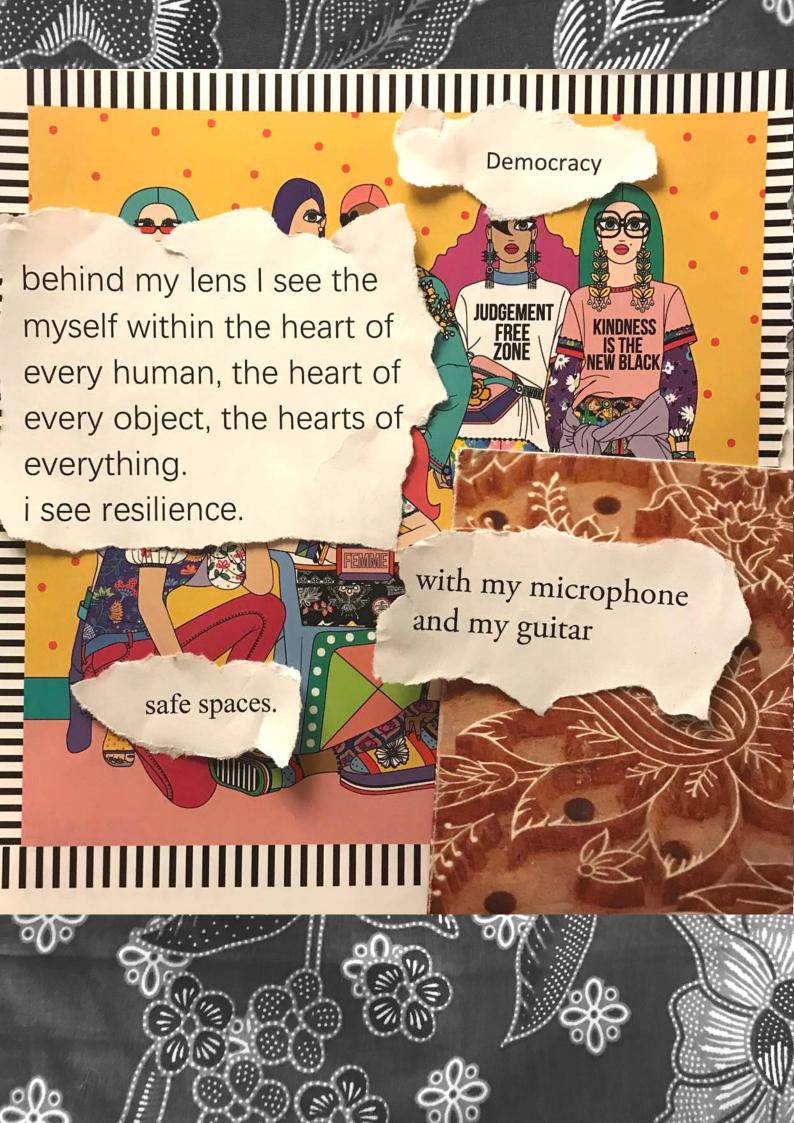
"DOMINATOR CULTURE HAS TRIED TO KEEP US ALL AFRAID, TO MAKE US CHOOSE SAFETY INSTEAD OF RISK, SAMENESS INSTEAD OF DIVERSITY. MOVING THROUGH THAT FEAR, FINDING OUT WHAT CONNECTS US, REVELLING IN OUR DIFFERENCES; THIS IS THE PROCESS THAT BRINGS US CLOSER, THAT GIVES US A WORLD OF SHARED VALUES, OF MEANINGFUL COMMUNITY."

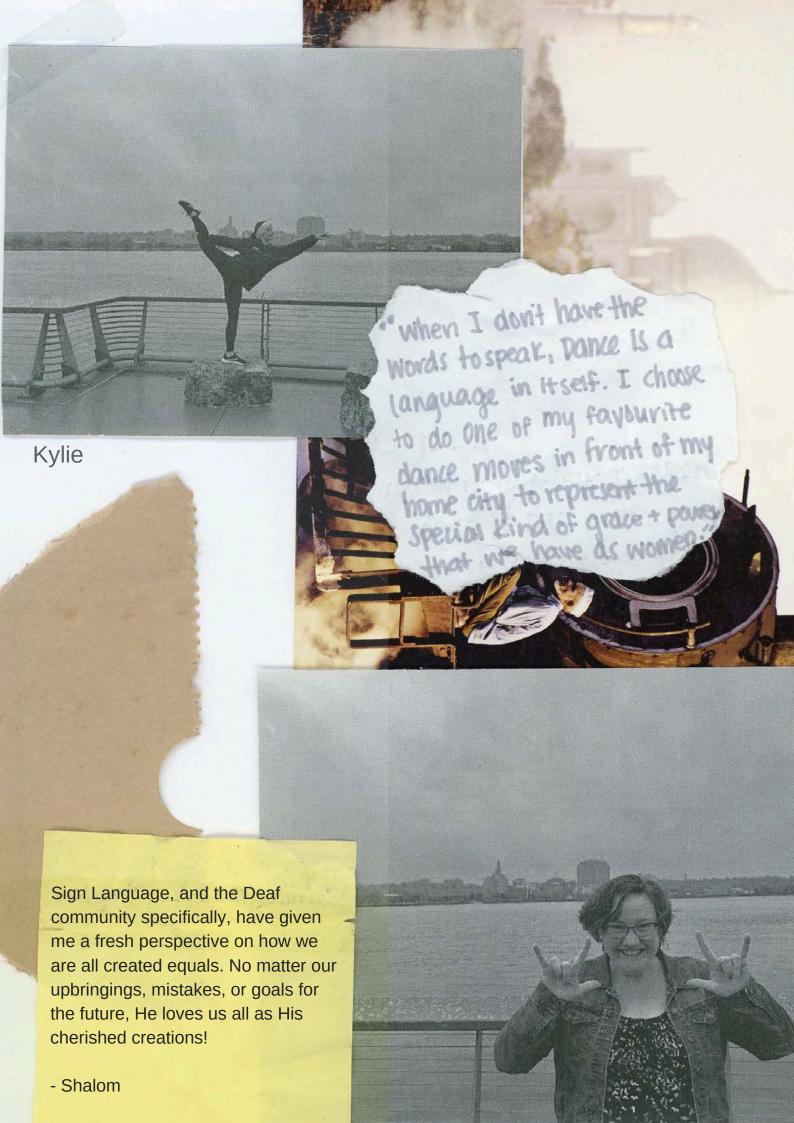
bell hooks
Teaching Community: A Pedagogy of Hope

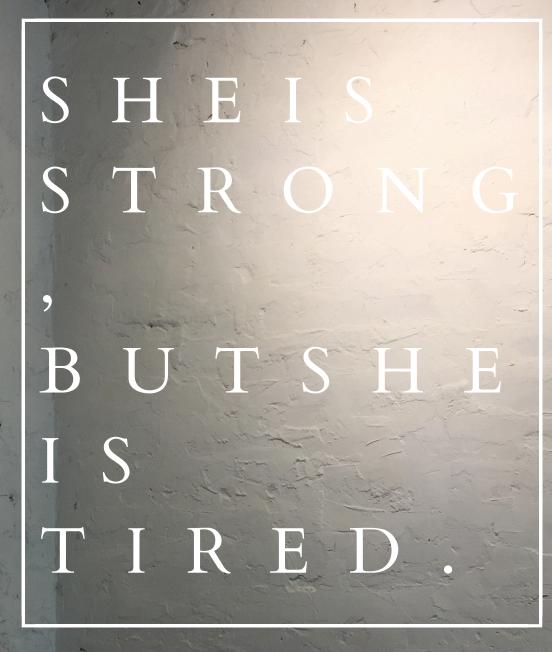
FINDING VOICE

SILENCE IS COMPLIANCE

FINDING STRENGHT TO VOICE OPINIONS AND VINDICATE YOUR RIGHTS
AND THOSE OF OTHERS MEANS YOU ARE NOT ONLY WITHDRAWING
FROM AN OBJECTIONABLE SITUATION BUT ALSO PUTTING YOUR FOOT
DOWN TO LIVE UP TO YOUR ETHICS.









-r.h. sin

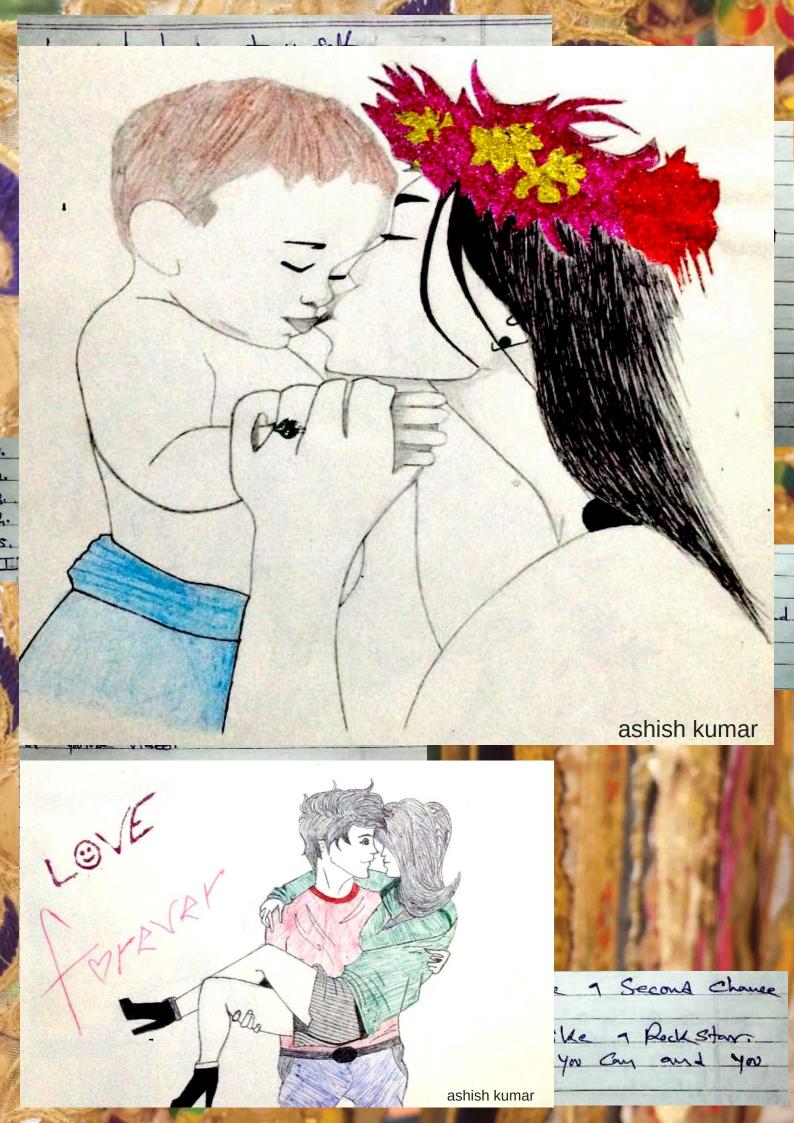


"TO YOU."

THE & yes, I know she's from ?"
canada, but you?" of everyone (skin colour) - community. (on ino 1 spatial ? in freedom being "Hong Long, having "gon"
vulnerability "glio Japan', Tainan sharin "aleen" spaces meal tami faces Learning what diels beds, to depend feeling it means to nairbi live and find a home valien" physical finding aways. out a / DISTANCE foreveryer. inauthor 11 COLLECTIVISM land MI Ma rem) [+ individuale MANA in betwe (land) back of any & 14, SPACE motorcycle prong. (greenery) MOWEND of a certain point, we have in stop and ask were", and

000 DIAGRAM here. + there " THERE " WHERE And. the s VS betwee ort. discomfort in scomfort (is there finding passion VOICE endifficial = 1: The desire independence to be connecting known. structures wnfusion acceptance HOME: GROWTH II INDIVIDUALISMII Questions Strong 1 WOMEN small WORKING HILERAR CHIES







finding voice.

ABIGAIL BURNS

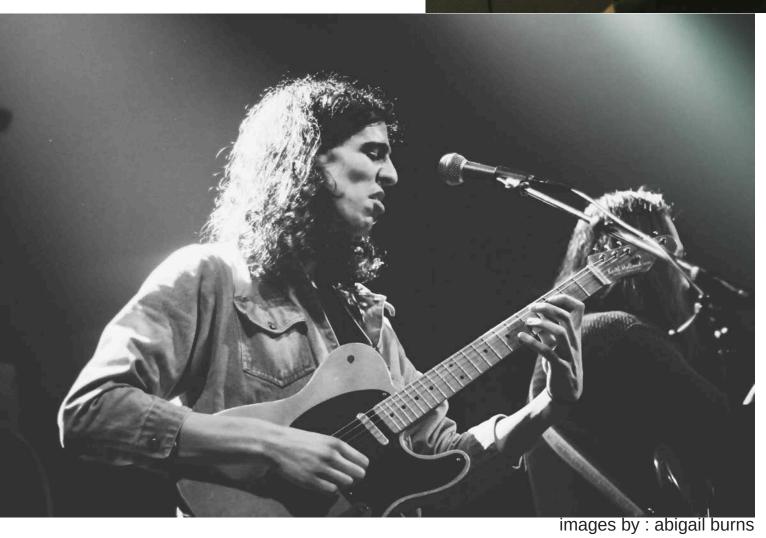
I've always misunderstood what qualifications it took to be considered an artist. Did I have to be a Bob Ross type, painting happy little trees on a hand stretched canvas, or did I have to be the millennial Ansel Adams, confining my photography to a square grid that pop culture told me I needed to succeed as a visual artist? I struggled to scrape by as an ADHD child with cityscapes in the margins of my school work—swirling floral labyrinths with the lyrics to my favourite songs interwoven within each petal, vine and leaf. I wasn't a scientist, but I wasn't an artist. I was in a limbo of doodling photographer with a niche style that I'd been told was never attainable as a career.

It took me until I turned twenty three to understand one simple thingthere are no rules or regulations to being an artist. In the liberty of expression, we're given the authority to define that freedom in our own words- our being the greater "our" of creatives alike.

As a believer in Christ on a journey of creativity, and understanding what being a creative even means, I've come to understand a few things, the most important revelation being this—creativity and artistic expression doesn't have to come out of brokenness. I can create out of a healed and whole spirit. In my early days of expression, I believed the lie that the best art came from heartbreak and mourning. I bought into the romanticized "broken artist" narrative that pop culture and social media sold me. It was a lie that told me that my victimhood had to speak louder in my creation than my victories. I chose to believe that in a world of brokenness, people didn't want to see an expression of freedom, they wanted to see an expression of pain, because thats what's relatable to people in this day and age.

I stand firmly behind the idea of fostering the gift of creating pure joy. I don't take pictures to create revenue, but to capture moments. I don't paint walls to fill a space, but to create an environment conducive to the things that will happen within the walls I touch. I found my voice, as well as my vision, in an artistic expression. I found my identity as a creative, not restricting myself to the title of a photographer or a painter but an overarching, all around creative— no boxes, no constrictions, just pursuing the feat that is curating pure joy.





Flailing passion

The fidgety nerves, those swishing hormones, those twitchy hands, that asteroid temper threatening to disrupt

That bubbling over laughter, that self-consciousness...

The heat wave called Life

A jumble of emotions, a quiet asylum somewhere in between

Depths of being, depths of desire, depths of a long night's wanting

Is it love I seek, Is it intimacy?

Threshing in the net, a hapless creature

Where have the subtle guileless gasps of the heart evaporated,

That shyness, that trepidation, fingers entangled, hair undone

A dreamscape of harmless hugs and kisses with the hint of yearning

Has love been replaced with fits of passion on the centre stage of this mortal existence

Does the body tug a different direction..Is the heart beaten to submission..?

Oh, when shall the two meet..

When shall the both together explore hidden chasms

When we shall not merely subsist, but be received in a warm reception..

that lingers..

Control Freaks

To spit out that anger you must throw cheese at your most loyal subject
Control freaks in all forms men and women have you any shame?
Seeking dominance from when you sought thrill from temper kicked
Of what good is your intelligence if you can't lie still without hunting the tame
A coward of sorts but whose to know with a guise that Strong
You still shine bright enough to hide your smirk of a million maim
Your scapegoats too weary to recount your ping- pong
Peace is all they ever wanted, but fell into a path so convoluted
Each time rebounding with a fresh promise to save what's been unfurled so long
The biggest casualty, the love that was but a bogie trap waiting to be eluded
Control freaks, to what extent will you go to rig your win..
At the end we will have to surrender our hearthstone and start where we came.





listening, learning.

pritisha borah





*Trigger Warning: Sexual Assault, Rape

With the growing number of women/men coming out with their experiences of sexual harassment, sexual abuse, in cases even confessions of rape. Women are accusing men, they are accusing women as well, men are accusing women, they are accusing men as well. It is really saddening and disheartening to see what we have come to. Everyone is a victim, everyone is a perpetrator. As all of us have experienced harassment or abuse in some way or the other, we have also, unknowingly been on the other end of the table. As horrific as it can be for a person to confess to being harassed or abused, it is equally horrific for a person to take accountability for subjecting someone else to the same horror. Everyone is living in the fear that their own story of being a perpetrator will come out. That someone that you don't even remember anymore would write a public post about facing abuse at your hands five or ten years ago. That ghosts of the past will come haunting back without giving you a warning. Consider this article both confession of being a victim and a perpetrator.

Six. I was six years old when this happened. The first time I ever remember being subjected to abuse/rape. For a child of six years of age, it is only ten years later that the memories get triggered and they realise and remember what had happened. I was out on a family trip to the mountains. My parents had gone for a dinner leaving my brother and I in the care of the house help. I remember quite distinctly that my nine year old brother was watching the television when the house help carried me to the other room. What happened later remains a blocked memory. I remember standing on a stool holding a huge stuffed chimpanzee, this person standing in front of me. My pants pushed down. And the person cleaning their semen from all over me with their handkerchief.

Eleven. I was eleven years old when this happened. The person came back to haunt me. The person who was there when I was six years old. I was in Chandigarh I remember. Being an exuberant person on a sugar rush, I was trying to climb on the side of a tent, trying to crawl up holding the thick ropes of the tent. My friends were there. Cheering me on. Out of no where a person came to lend a hand. The hand, that I suppose reached out to help me made me run crying to my mother's side. Instead of the help, I felt a hand rubbing my breasts and the other rubbing my vagina.

Nineteen. I was nineteen years old when this happened. The suppressed memories of the past came rushing back. I had shifted to a new house with my family. To reach college from the new residence, I had to undertake an hour and a half journey consisting of travel by bus, metro and an auto. I had to do this in the morning and in the evening to reach back home. Travelling by bus was always a task. The rush, the crowd and the overwhelming stink became my recipe for disaster. My stop to get down from the bus was next. Evaluating the rush in the bus, I stood up before hand from my seat. I was second or third in the line to get down. The rush was maddening, almost squeezing you into the person in front and squeezing the person behind you into you. After a while I felt some uneasiness. Only to realise that the person behind me was cupping and squeezing his breasts into me.

Twenty. I was twenty years old when this happened. I had become smart, smarter where travelling in buses was concerned but extremely stupid, stupider where being a mistrusting fellow was concerned. The bus was really full that day. Thankfully, I had a seat to sit. People who were standing were falling in all directions like bowling pins. They had to really hold on to make sure they were erect. This person, standing next to me, had other parts erect as well. Having the genius idea of rubbing his penis on my shoulder, my body, to get done with it.



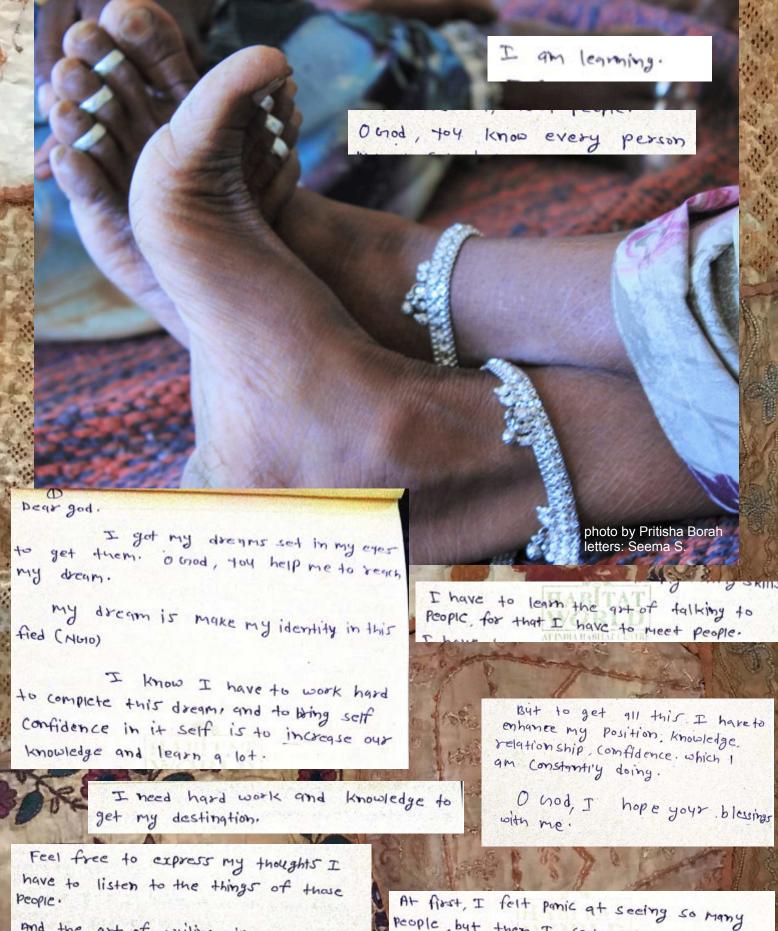
Twenty. I was twenty years old when this happened. By this age, I had become extremely wary of people. This person who I had knew since I was fifteen years old was my first romantic interest. I never had the courage or the will to speak about it. I was fearful till the day when I finally had the courage to pursue my attraction for the person and meet the person at their house. I wanted to be with this person and not have it limited to a one time intimate experience. We were intimate, rolling around the bed holding each other. The person wanted to have sex with me. Having not experienced that before, I didn't want to provide the person sext till the person wasn't sure of taking this forward. I declined, politely. We kissed a few times after that. The person sits on one corner of the bed, stuffing the tobacco in a freshly rolled cigarette. I was swooning over this person. The person looks at me, smiles and starts smoking. After a while, this person tells me, shattering my expectations that I would have got a relationship with the person if I gave sex.

Twenty One. I was twenty one years old when this happened. I was dating this person. My first relationship. I broke up realising that it was a loveless relationship. The person may have been in love with me, but for me, the person became a safety blanket of love after what happened at twenty. The person wanted to meet me because it was this person's birthday and even though we weren't in a relationship anymore, I didn't want to lose out on the friend in this person. I invited this person home. We sat on opposite ends of the table. When the conversations started to heat up, I told this person to leave. Before I could say anything else, I felt the crushing weight of their lips on mine. I couldn't say anything, I couldn't put the person away. It was violent, harsh and painful. After I managed to push this person out the door, I went to wash my face. I felt bruised. Being an undertone for the swollen, bruised black and blue lips I saw in the mirror.

Twenty One. I was twenty one years old when I did this. I had been in love with this person for three years. We were inseparable while I constantly tried to be the best friend. Stomping my attraction towards this person time and again. After we reached back to my house after a night out with my then partner. The three of us, my friend, my partner and I sat and spoke for good two hours. After the partner left, my friend and I were just lying next to each other. I do not remember how this started to happen but I was kissing my friends neck. The friend wanted this I suppose, I was not stopped. I do not remember how this got escalated but I was stimulating my friend's breasts. The friend wanted this too I suppose, I was not stopped. I lost myself to the suppressed attraction, the passion. I wanted to do more or atleast not stop what I was already doing. I took it too far. When we stopped, when the person sat across from me to talk. I saw that I left tremendous amount of bruises on the person's breasts. I could see patches of blue and black.

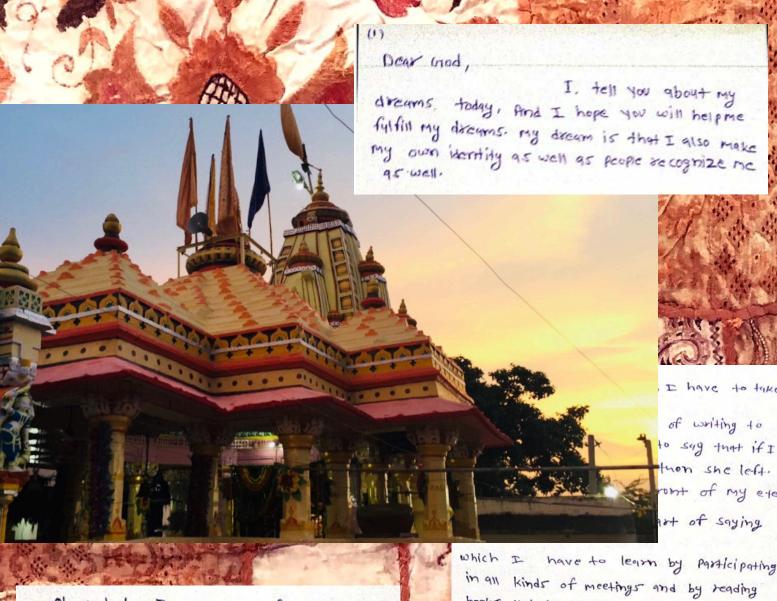
After everything, you heal. I was once told that real magic is in watching yourself heal. Four years since the dust have settled. Having gone through frequent panic attacks to anxiety disorder to depression, I have healed myself. I have healed myself to the point where I have had the confidence to come out as homosexual in a society, in a family that frowns upon everything but heterosexuality.

The battle never ends. And I have become a warrior.



people byt then I spoke about VHSWYC and the got of writing will come from with confidence and gave the people complete repeated writing. And I have to write my article/Report like this that the reader Should think. that he has seen those I thought if I got a stage today. Views with his eyest.

tuen I started my dream this way. during this ti



of writing to to say that if I then she left. ront of my eter.

Oh god! I want to fulfill my needs with my earnings.

for this I have to learn a lot; which I have told you eastier. I want you to Show me the right path and help me with every difficulty. I want to believe like q bird . Bird which flies in the open sky . she can fig no matter.

in 911 kinds of meetings and by reading books and by reading someoners articles. I think my constant effort will teach me this essential.

I have to learn the got of speaking it is to selfconfidence, that I can say I can 'express my thoughts.

O wood, I have told you about

that flies through the open sky constever it wants to fly at whatever neight he can fig enjoys his destination through.

He gets his destination throught his own efforts.

I am looking at my destination but to get it, I have to stryggle with myself now. I have to work hard.

