

EMILIA-AMALIA Session I:

Translation/ Annotation

**EMILIA-AMALIA Session I: Translation/Annotation
Chapbook 2**

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Emilia and Amalia, friends with nearly anagrammatical names, met through the 150 hours school—a government program that allowed working class adults to complete their high school education through 150 hours of free instruction, matched by 150 hours of paid time from their employer. While Amalia had a facility for storytelling, Emilia compulsively related her life story in jumbled fragments, repeating herself often and seemingly unable to put her biography into a coherent narrative. Frustrated with her friend’s persistent re-telling of her life’s episodes, Amalia one day sat down and wrote out Emilia’s history on simple lined pieces of paper: ordering its events, linking themes and outcomes, giving it structure. This gift of a written narrative, given to Emilia by Amalia, stayed in Emilia’s purse for the rest of her too-short life. She carried it with her, reading it often, and wept with the recognition her friend had given to her life.

Gabrielle Moser

EMILIA-AMALIA is a Toronto-based feminist exploratory working group. Initiated in 2016, the group meets monthly to examine and employ practices of citation, annotation, questioning, interviewing and autobiography as strategies for activating feminist art, writing and research. Each session is organized around a “text,” a conversation and a writing activity, but beyond that the meetings have taken many different forms. All meetings are open to the public and participants have varied widely.

One particular interest has been to elucidate the histories and strategies of feminism that have been obscured and overlooked in the narratives of “second-wave” feminism we have inherited. EMILIA-AMALIA asks how we might update and rewrite past practices so they can better respond to contemporary questions. Our aim has been to think through these questions from the differences and disparities between members and in a spirit of collaboration. For this reason, EMILIA-AMALIA is an open group that invites all levels of engagement.

We are all experts.
No one is an expert.
Expertise is not expected.

This series of five chapbooks is a partial record of the conversations, texts, images and output the meetings have generated and engaged with.



p.4-5 Film still from *Scuola Senza Fine* (School Without End), Adriana Monti, Italy, 1983, 40 mins. Screened on 26 September 2016 at the Feminist Art Gallery (FAG) in Toronto as part of EMILIA-AMALIA Session IV: Education/Pedagogy. Image used with permission of Adriana Monti.

EMILIA-AMALIA Session I: Translation/Annotation 5 June 2016 hosted by Gallery 44

Taking seriously our relationship to other paradigms of understanding, this session considers the political significance of translation as a feminist practice.

Translation and annotation are key ways that feminist knowledge is transmitted. How can practices of translation shape our relationship to each other? What are the limits of translation? What are the obligations and duties of the translator? What are the reciprocal duties of the reader? Departing from Gayatri Spivak's critique of the cultural politics of translation, we will consider what is at stake in our own practices of translation and annotation.

Text

Gayatri Spivak, "The Politics of Translation" (1993)

Conversation

Excerpts from "The Politics of Translation"

Writing Activity

"Intimate Acts" is an activity on annotation and translation conceived by Laura Guy and Kajsa Dahlberg that considers "how strategies of citation, translation, annotation and appropriation can be put into the service of a feminist politics and what is at stake in doing so."

The Politics of Translation

The idea for this title comes from the British sociologist Michèle Barrett's feeling that the politics of translation takes on a massive life of its own if you see language as the process of meaning-construction.¹

In my view, language may be one of many elements that allow us to make sense of things, of ourselves. I am thinking, of course, of gestures, pauses, but also of chance, of the subindividual force-fields of being which click into place in different situations, swerve from the straight or true line of language-in-thought. Making sense of ourselves is what produces identity. If one feels that the production of identity as self-meaning, not just meaning, is as pluralized as a drop of water under a microscope, one is not always satisfied, outside of the ethicopolitical arena as such, with "generating" thoughts on one's own. (Assuming identity as origin may be unsatisfactory in the ethicopolitical arena as well, but consideration of that now would take us too far afield.) I have argued in Chapter Six that one of the ways of resisting capitalist multiculturalism's invitation to self-identity and compete is to give the name of "woman" to the unimaginable other. The same sort of impulse is at work here in a rather more tractable form. For one of the ways to get around the confines of one's "identity" as one produces expository prose is to work at someone else's title, as one works with a language that belongs to many others. This, after all, is one of the seductions of translating. It is a simple miming of the responsibility to the trace of the other in the self.

Responding, therefore, to Barrett with that freeing sense of responsibility, I can agree that it is not bodies of meaning that are transferred in translation. And from the ground of that agreement I want to consider the role played by language for the *agent*, the person who acts, even though intention is not fully present to itself. The task of the feminist translator is to consider language as a clue to the workings of gendered agency. The writer is written by her language, of course. But the writing of the writer writes agency in a way that might be different from that of

of effort from taking translation to be a matter of synonym, syntax, and local color.

To be only critical, to defer action until the production of the utopian translator, is impractical. Yet, when I hear Derrida, quite justifiably, point out the difficulties between French and English, even when he agrees to speak in English—"I must speak in a language that is not my own because that will be more just"—I want to claim the right to the same dignified complaint for a woman's text in Arabic or Vietnamese.⁴

It is more just to give access to the largest number of feminists. Therefore these texts must be made to speak English. It is more just to speak the language of the majority when through hospitality a large number of feminists give the foreign feminist the right to speak, in English. In the case of the third world foreigner, is the law of the majority that of decorum, the equitable law of democracy, or the "law" of the strongest? We might focus on this confusion. There is nothing necessarily meretricious about the Western feminist gaze. (The "naturalizing" of Jacques Lacan's sketching out of the psychic structure of the gaze in terms of group political behavior has always seemed to me a bit shaky.) On the other hand, there is nothing essentially noble about the law of the majority either. It is merely the easiest way of being "democratic" with minorities. In the act of wholesale translation into English there can be a betrayal of the democratic ideal into the law of the strongest. This happens when all the literature of the Third World gets translated into a sort of with-it translatese, so that the literature by a woman in Palestine begins to resemble, in the feel of its prose, something by a man in Taiwan. The rhetoricity of Chinese and Arabic! The cultural politics of high-growth, capitalist Asia-Pacific, and devastated West Asia! Gender difference inscribed and inscribing in these differences!

For the student, this tedious translatese cannot compete with the spectacular stylistic experiments of a Monique Wittig or an Alice Walker.

Let us consider an example where attending to the author's stylistic experiments can produce a different text. Mahasweta Devi's "Stanadāyini" is available in two versions.⁵ Devi has expressed approval for the attention to her signature style in the version entitled "Breast-Giver." The alternative translation gives the title as "The Wet-Nurse," and thus neutralizes the author's irony in constructing an uncanny word; enough like "wet-nurse" to make that sense, and enough unlike to shock. It is as if the translator should decide to translate Dylan Thomas's famous title and opening line as "Do not go gently into that good night." The theme of treating the breast as organ of labor-power-as-commodity and the breast as metonymic part-object standing in for other-as-object—the way

in which the story plays with Marx and Freud on the occasion of the woman's body—is lost even before you enter the story. In the text Mahasweta uses proverbs that are startling even in the Bengali. The translator of "The Wet-Nurse" leaves them out. She decides not to try to translate these hard bits of earthy wisdom, contrasting with class-specific access to modernity, also represented in the story. In fact, if the two translations are read side by side, the loss of the rhetorical silences of the original can be felt from one to the other.

First, then, the translator must surrender to the text. She must solicit the text to show the limits of its language, because that rhetorical aspect will point at the silence of the absolute fraying of language that the text wards off, in its special manner. Some think this is just an ethereal way of talking about literature or philosophy. But no amount of tough talk can get around the fact that translation is the most intimate act of reading. Unless the translator has earned the right to become the intimate reader, she cannot surrender to the text, cannot respond to the special call of the text.

The presupposition that women have a natural or narrative-historical solidarity, that there is something in a woman or an undifferentiated women's story that speaks to another woman without benefit of language-learning, might stand against the translator's task of surrender. Paradoxically, it is not possible for us-as-ethical agents to imagine otherness or alterity maximally. We have to turn the other into something like the self in order to be ethical. To surrender in translation is more erotic than ethical. In that situation the good-willing attitude "she is just like me" is not very helpful. In so far as Michèle Barrett is not like Gayatri Spivak, their friendship is more effective as a translation. In order to earn that right of friendship or surrender of identity, of knowing that the rhetoric of the text indicates the limits of language for you as long as you are with the text, you have to be in a different relationship with the language, not even only with the specific text.

Learning about translation on the job, I came to think that it would be a practical help if one's relationship with the language being translated was such that sometimes one preferred to speak in it about intimate things. This is no more than a practical suggestion, not a theoretical requirement, useful especially because a woman writer who is wittingly or unwittingly a "feminist"—and of course all woman writers are not "feminist" even in this broad sense—will relate to the three-part staging of (agency in) language in ways defined out as "private," since they might question the more public linguistic maneuvers.

Let us consider an example of lack of intimacy with the medium. In

imperialism, often relates inversely to access to the vernacular as a public language. So here the requirement for intimacy brings a recognition of the public sphere as well. If we were thinking of translating Marianne Moore or Emily Dickinson, the standard for the translator could not be "anyone who can conduct a conversation in the language of the original (in this case English)." When applied to a third world language, the position is inherently ethnocentric. And then to present these translations to our unprepared students so that they can learn about women writing!

In my view, the translator from a third world language should be sufficiently in touch with what is going on in literary production in that language to be capable of distinguishing between good and bad writing by women, resistant and conformist writing by women.

She must be able to confront the idea that what seems resistant in the space of English may be reactionary in the space of the original language. Farida Akhter has argued that, in Bangladesh, the real work of the women's movement and of feminism is being undermined by talk of "gendering," mostly deployed by the women's development wings of transnational nongovernment organizations, in conjunction with some local academic feminist theorists.¹² One of her intuitions was that "gendering" could not be translated into Bengali. "Gendering" is an awkward new word in English as well. Akhter is profoundly involved in international feminism. And her base is third world. I could not translate "gender" into the U.S. feminist context for her. This misfiring of translation, between a superlative reader of the social text such as Akhter, and a careful translator like myself, speaking as friends, has added to my sense of the task of the translator.

Good and bad is a flexible standard, like all standards. Here another lesson of poststructuralism helps: these decisions of standards are made anyway. It is the attempt to justify them adequately that polices. That is why disciplinary preparation in school requires that you write examinations to prove these standards. Publishing houses routinely engage in materialist confusion of those standards. The translator must be able to fight that metropolitan materialism with a special kind of specialist's knowledge, not mere philosophical convictions.

In other words, the person who is translating must have a tough sense of the specific terrain of the original, so that she can fight the racist assumption that all third world women's writing is good. I am often approached by women who would like to put Devi in with just Indian women writers. I am troubled by this, because "Indian women" is not a feminist category. (In Chapter Two I have argued that "epistemes"—ways of constructing objects of knowledge—should not have national

names either.) Sometimes Indian women writing means American women writing or British women writing, except for national origin. There is an ethno-cultural agenda, an obliteration of third world specificity as well as a denial of cultural citizenship, in calling them merely "Indian."

My initial point was that the task of the translator is to surrender herself to the linguistic rhetoricity of the original text. Although this point has larger political implications, we can say that the not unimportant minimal consequence of ignoring this task is the loss of "the literarity and textuality and sensuality of the writing" (Barrett's words). I have worked my way to a second point, that the translator must be able to discriminate on the terrain of the original. Let us dwell on it a bit longer.

I choose Devi because she is unlike her scene. I have heard an English Shakespearean suggest that every bit of Shakespeare criticism coming from the subcontinent was by that virtue resistant. By such a judgment, we are also denied the right to be critical. It was of course bad to have put the place under subjugation, to have tried to make the place over with calculated restrictions. But that does not mean that everything that is coming out of that place after a negotiated independence nearly fifty years ago is necessarily right. The old anthropological supposition (and that is bad anthropology) that every person from a culture is nothing but a whole example of that culture is acted out in my colleague's suggestion. I remain interested in writers who are against the current, against the mainstream. I remain convinced that the interesting literary text might be precisely the text where you do not learn what the majority view of majority cultural representation or self-representation of a nation state might be. The translator has to make herself, in the case of third world women writing, almost better equipped than the translator who is dealing with the Western European languages, because of the fact that there is so much of the old colonial attitude, slightly displaced, at work in the translation racket. Poststructuralism can radicalize the field of preparation so that simply boning up on the language is not enough; there is also that special relationship to the staging of language as the production of agency that one must attend to. But the agenda of poststructuralism is mostly elsewhere, and the resistance to theory among metropolitan feminists would lead us into yet another narrative.

The understanding of the task of the translator and the practice of the craft are related but different. Let me summarize how I work. At first I translate at speed. If I stop to think about what is happening to the English, if I assume an audience, if I take the intending subject as more than a springboard, I cannot jump in, I cannot surrender. My relationship

with Devi is easygoing. I am able to say to her: I surrender to you in your writing, not to you as intending subject. There, in friendship, is another kind of surrender. Surrendering to the text in this way means, most of the time, being literal. When I have produced a version this way, I revise. I revise not in terms of a possible audience, but by the protocols of the thing in front of me, in a sort of English. And I keep hoping that the student in the classroom will not be able to think that the text is just a purveyor of social realism if it is translated with an eye toward the dynamic staging of language mimed in the revision by the rules of the in-between discourse produced by a literalist surrender.

Vain hope, perhaps, for the accountability is different. When I translated Jacques Derrida's *De la grammatologie*, I was reviewed in a major journal for the first and last time. In the case of my translations of Devi, I have almost no fear of being accurately judged by my readership here. It makes the task more dangerous and more risky. And that for me is the real difference between translating Derrida and translating Mahasweta Devi, not merely the rather more artificial difference between deconstructive philosophy and political fiction.

The opposite argument is not neatly true. There is a large number of people in the third world who read the old imperial languages. People reading current feminist fiction in the European languages would probably read it in the appropriate imperial language. And the same goes for European philosophy. The act of translating into the third world language is often a political exercise of a different sort. I am looking forward, as of this writing, to lecturing in Bengali on deconstruction in front of a highly sophisticated audience, knowledgeable both in Bengali and in deconstruction (which they read in English and French and sometimes write about in Bengali), at Jadavpur University in Calcutta. It will be a kind of testing of the postcolonial translator, I think.¹³

Democracy changes into the law of force in the case of translation from the third world and women even more because of their peculiar relationship to whatever you call the public/private divide. A neatly reversible argument would be possible if the particular Third World country had cornered the Industrial Revolution first and embarked on monopoly imperialist territorial capitalism as one of its consequences, and thus been able to impose a language as international norm. Something like that idiotic joke: if the Second World War had gone differently, the United States would be speaking Japanese. Such egalitarian reversible judgments are appropriate to counterfactual fantasy. Translation remains dependent upon the language skill of the majority. A prominent Belgian translation theorist solves the problem by suggesting that, rather than talk about the

third world, where a lot of passion is involved, one should speak about the European Renaissance, since a great deal of wholesale cross-cultural translation from Greco-Roman antiquity was undertaken then. What one overlooks is the sheer authority ascribed to the originals in that historical phenomenon. The status of a language in the world is what one must consider when teasing out the politics of translation. Translatese in Bengali can be derided and criticized by large groups of anglophone and anglograph Bengalis. It is only in the hegemonic languages that the benevolent do not take the limits of their own often uninstructed good will into account. That phenomenon becomes hardest to fight because the individuals involved in it are genuinely benevolent and you are identified as a trouble-maker. This becomes particularly difficult when the metropolitan feminist, who is sometimes the assimilated postcolonial, invokes, indeed translates, a too quickly shared feminist notion of accessibility.

If you want to make the translated text accessible, try doing it for the person who wrote it. The problem comes clear then, for she is not within the same history of style. What is it that you are making accessible? The accessible level is the level of abstraction where the individual is already formed, where one can speak individual rights. When you hang out and with a language away from your own (*Mittvoegsein*) so that you want to use that language by preference, sometimes, when you discuss something complicated, then you are on the way to making a dimension of the text accessible to the reader, with a light and easy touch, to which she does not accede in her everyday. If you are making anything else accessible, through a language quickly learned with an idea that you transfer content, then you are betraying the text and showing rather dubious politics.

How will women's solidarity be measured here? How will their common experience be reckoned if one cannot imagine the traffic in accessibility going both ways? I think that idea should be given a decent burial as ground of knowledge, together with the idea of humanist universality. It is good to think that women have something in common, when one is approaching women with whom a relationship would not otherwise be possible. It is a great first step. But, if your interest is in learning if there is women's solidarity, how about stepping forth from this assumption, appropriate as a means to an end like local or global social work, and trying a second step? Rather than imagining that women automatically have something identifiable in common, why not say, humbly and practically, my first obligation in understanding solidarity is to learn her mother-tongue. You will see immediately what the differences are. You will also feel the solidarity every day as you make the attempt to learn the language in which the other woman learned to recognize reality at her mother's

nostro padre che
era mai fatto a stare in quella
in così odioso paese addio
adesso fatto tante di quelle
vera gente quanto a
mi avrebbe mai pensato
privati anche al fine

from bits of biographical memories.

p.16-17 Film still from *Scuola Senza Fine* (School Without End), Adriana Monti, Italy, 1983, 40 mins. Screened on 26 September 2016 at the Feminist Art Gallery (FAG) in Toronto as part of EMILIA-AMALIA Session IV: Education/Pedagogy. Image used with permission of Adriana Monti.

Veena

Zinnia Naqvi

Veena was written in response to EMILIA-AMALIA Session I: Translation/Annotation, hosted by Gallery 44 in Toronto on 5 June 2016. It was later converted into a sound piece for an installation titled *Veena*, in which a dictation voice with an “Indian-English” accent created by Apple Inc. read the text out loud. The installation was shown at articule artist-run centre in Montréal in the exhibition *Mémoires futures / Future Memories*. This programming was curated by Eunice Bélidor and Erandy Vergara-Vargas as part of the HTMLles Feminist Video Festival from 5 November–4 December 2016. Sophie Le-Phat Ho, who works at articule, decided to read the transcript of *Veena* for a panel at Atelier Céladon’s annual conference, *Common Aliens: Diaspora in Time*. The panel was titled *The All-Token Speakers Panel Presents* and was held on 3 December 2016 at Studio XX in Montréal.

Zinnia Naqvi is a visual artist based in Toronto and Montréal. Her work uses a combination of photography, video, writings, archival footage and installation. Naqvi’s practice often questions the relationship between authenticity and narrative, while dealing with larger themes of post-colonialism, cultural translation, language and gender. Naqvi received a BFA in Photography from Ryerson University, and is currently an MFA Candidate in Studio Arts at Concordia University.



We moved right after getting married. Just a few days after the ceremonies were over, I packed up my things and we went. I had never been on a plane or even left the country before. I was nervous to be so far away from home. It was just your father and I, and it had been a long time since we had spent time together. It was strange: I remember feeling nervous knowing that now we were supposed to spend our whole lives together. It was exhilarating and frightening at the same time. He tried his best to comfort me.

I remember getting out of the plane and thinking that everything looked just like it did in the school textbooks—the buildings, the schools, the shops. The brown brick stone houses and the cobblestone streets.

The tiny winding roads that swerved all over the city.

It was winter then, and I had never felt real cold weather before. There was always this wet feeling. Even after you came out from a hot shower, you would immediately be cold again, and never could feel like you would get dry. The clothes would hang on the line in the apartment and just stay wet for days.

There is very little sunlight in the winters and so the sky is always grey. It was a hard adjustment at first. Your father had to go back to work right away, and I didn't know anyone close by, so in the day I would be alone. Right away I started looking through the newspapers for job postings. I would watch TV or listen to the radio,

and try to imitate the people talking on the programs, so I could improve my accent. I wanted to adjust quickly so I could find a job, and feel more a part of the society.

Sometimes I would go for walks in our neighbourhood. Everyone was always in a hurry and never stopped to talk. People mostly wore dark colours: black, navy, greys and browns. Their coats blended into the mud and fog of those murky winter days. Even when summer came, and the flowers in the parks all began to bloom, people still wore subdued colours. I thought it must be rude to wear loud colours and stand out here.

Back home we always wore bright colours, regardless of your age or

where you came from. I had never worn black in all my life. I came here with all of these brightly coloured saris and I didn't have a place to wear them. In winter it was much too cold. In summer I didn't want to stick out so much. After all, we were trying our hardest to accommodate to the culture here and blend in as much as possible. I saw the way people looked or snickered at older women who wore saris.

Once after we had just arrived, I attended a Christmas party at your father's office. It was a formal event and spouses were welcome to attend. We were a bit hard-up then and I couldn't afford to go out and buy a formal dress, so I wore one of my saris. It was one of the ones I had bought for my brother's wedding,

red and green with gold embroidery. Obviously I stood out, although at least my colours did match the decorations. Many of the women fawned over me, complimenting me on how lovely my sari was, and telling me how much they would love to try one on or have the occasion to wear one. They asked me what it was like to wear it and how I learned how to tie it. I told them that I had many and they were welcome to come over and try them on or borrow one for an occasion if they wanted. They thanked me and told me they would get in touch, but we never did end up meeting.

Now that I've been here for so long, I have stopped wearing the saris. Many of them sit wrapped up in my closet and I only wear them once

a year or so. I guess since I am not used to it any more, it seems like too much effort to iron them, pleat them and tie them for a small occasion. I have gotten used to wearing less colour day-to-day. It just seems simpler. I do miss wearing them sometimes. They are still so beautiful.

I suppose I will be able to pass them off to you and your sisters soon, but you too will have little occasion to wear them. You do not even know how to tie them on your own. They are more than just beautiful silk fabric; I have a lot of memories with these clothes. The first time I wore a sari was the first time I felt like a woman. It gave me a feeling of beauty and power.

I.

It was a bit random. I was at work. I'd been hearing the installation's sound on loop (as is often part of working in an artist-run centre). I usually manage to forget about it. Sometimes, a word or two would remind me of its existence. I know the text by heart, but I don't at the same time.

II.

On one of my smoke breaks I read the written version of *Veena*. Those words I heard repeatedly were now being uttered by the voice in my head. This new interpretation is uncanny as I understand the text for the first time and experience its force. How real it is. The colours, the smells, the temperatures, the textures, the rhythms, the thoughts. The use of "I." I experience all these things, but no

one will ever really know, no one will ever truly understand. Except when I read this text, for one moment, I feel less alone. At that moment, I felt (re) connected to the incommensurable struggle of immigrant women and women of colour. A feeling hard to describe. A grief that is beyond me, beyond my lifetime. In this text, I felt friendship. I felt some kind of intimate knowledge, one fostered through silent and banal moments of daily life shared with my mom.

III.

The third interpretation was when I read the text out loud in front of an audience. It was part of a performance with my friends in Artivistic, *The All-Token Speakers Panel Presents*, during the Common Aliens Convergence, a festival of diasporic arts. We had had

martinis. We were talking about the different meanings of friendship from a person of colour (POC) perspective. I wanted to share this experience of intimacy from another level, a private knowledge that is linked to an evanescent (non-white) subjectivity. As I was reading, I felt that my friend Eunice, who was on the panel, was becoming emotional (we are also co-workers so she too had experienced the installation over an extended period of time). As I continued reading, our emotions merged and I started to cry too. My friend Nam Chi, who was in the audience, described it as "a lilac emotion [filling] the space." Zinnia came up to me and we hugged. We barely knew each other so I guess we became friends at that moment, although we already were.

IV.

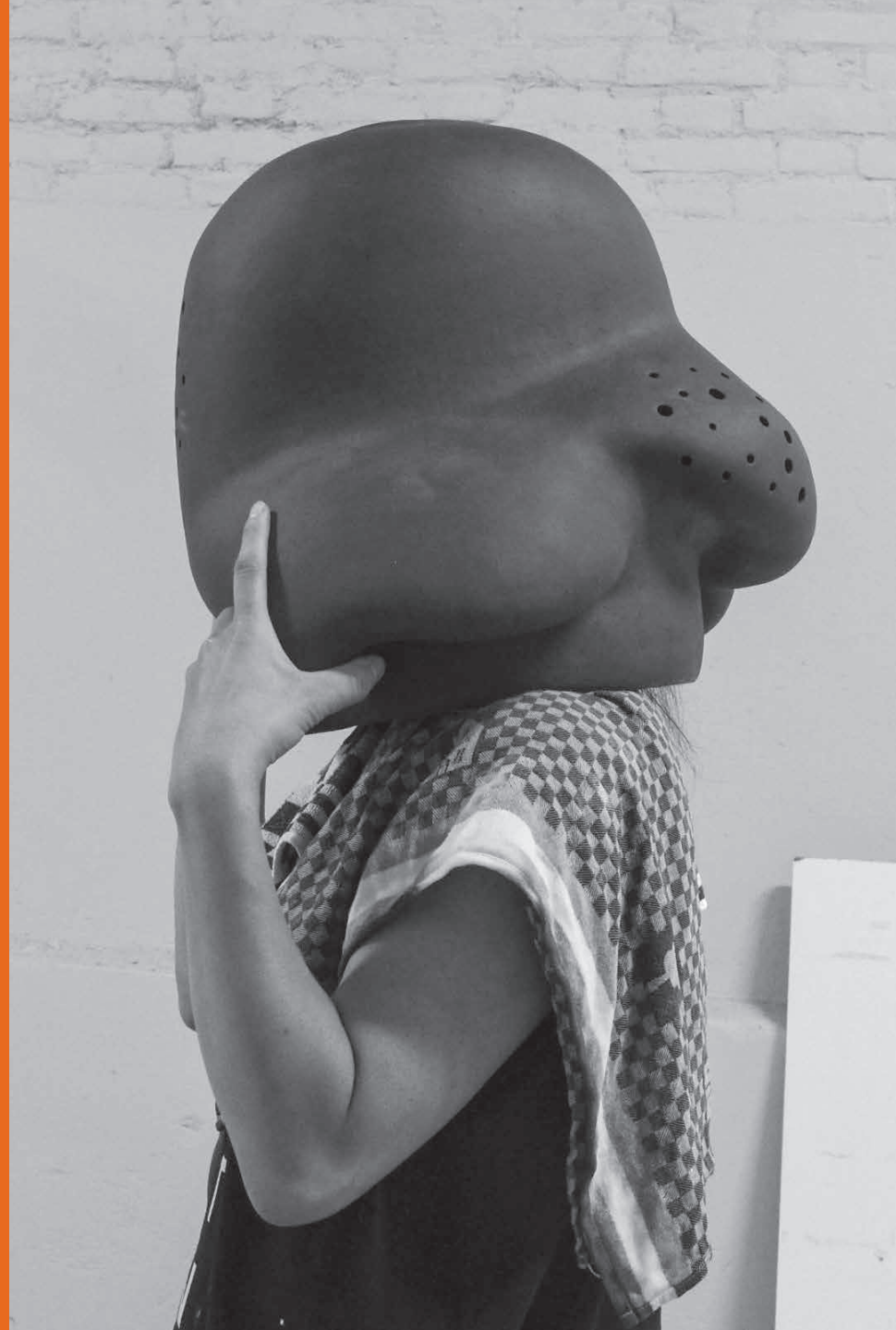
There are so many things that we didn't get to learn because of war, colonialism and capitalism, but I do know that women of colour are one of the strongest beings because we carry the universe in our bones.

Sophie Le-Phat Ho is a cultural organizer who grew up in Montréal / Tiohtià:ke and its suburbs. For the past decade, her work has been about experimenting with tactics for fostering intersectional solidarities through anti-racist feminist organizing, publishing and curating, especially in the artist-run world. She is the co-founder of Artivistic and is currently Outreach Coordinator at articule.

Reimagining Many Selves

Helen Cho

조강옥; 趙江玉; Yeongwol; Jeongseon; Deoku-Ri; Buksil-Ri; Daejeon; Kang Ok Cho;
Helen Kang Ok Cho; Wainfleet; Welland; Toronto; Helen Cho; Seoul; London; Berlin;
based in Toronto.

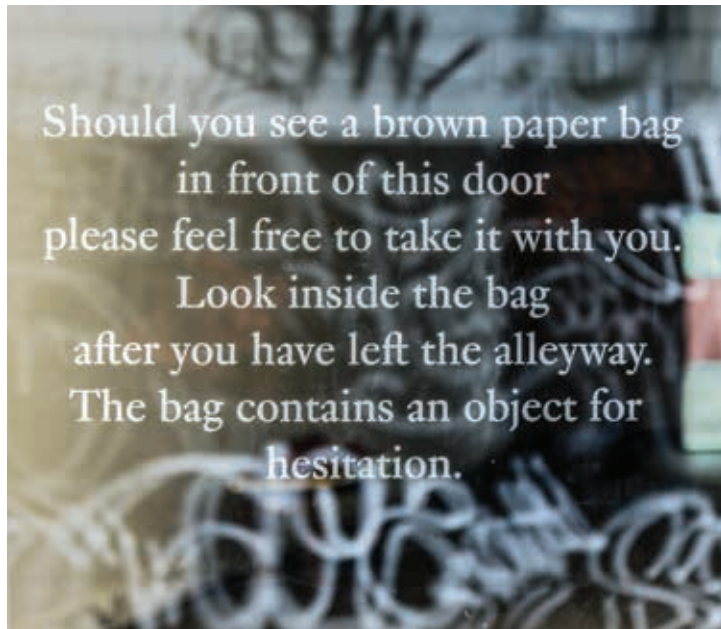








p.31 Helen Cho, *Reimagining Many Selves*, performance, 2015. Photo: Anke Müffelmann
p.32-33 Archival images for ongoing research.
p.34-39 *Reimagining Many Selves*, performance/sculpture, 15 mins/day over 21 days, G Gallery, Toronto, 2015. Photos: Samuel de Lange



EMILIA-AMALIA meets on the ancestral and traditional territories of the Mississaugas of the New Credit, the Haudenosaunee, the Anishnabe and the Huron-Wendat, who are the original owners and custodians of the land.

EMILIA-AMALIA is currently initiated by Cecilia Berkovic, Yaniya Lee, Annie MacDonell, Gabrielle Moser, Zinnia Naqvi, Leila Timmins and cheyanne turions. It is hosted by Gallery 44, but sessions have also taken place at Trinity Square Video, Dufferin Grove Park and the Feminist Art Gallery (FAG) in Toronto and The Showroom, in London, UK. From May to August 2017, EMILIA-AMALIA was the artist in residence at the Art Gallery of Ontario, where these chapbooks were produced.

EMILIA-AMALIA would like to thank Gallery 44 for hosting sessions; Trinity Square Video for lending space; and the Ontario Arts Council and the Art Gallery of Ontario for financial support. Special thanks to Sean O'Neill for inviting us to be residents; Adriana Monti for giving us permission to use stills from her film; Laura Guy and Kajsa Dahlberg for sharing their writing activity; Helena Reckitt and the Feminist Duration Reading Group in London for their inspiration, mentorship and friendship; Zinnia Naqvi, Sophie Le-Phat Ho and Helen Cho for their contributions that make up this chapbook; and lastly to all of the participants who have come to sessions over the past year who shared their thoughts, writing and time with us.

A portion of the proceeds from the sales of the chapbooks will be donated to Black Lives Matter Toronto's Freedom School. freedomsschool.ca

published in 2017 by EMILIA-AMALIA in an edition of 200
designed by Cecilia Berkovic
printed in Canada by printNG.ca on 100% recycled paper
typeset in Visuel, New Century Schoolbook and Rational
EMILIA-AMALIA.com



- Chapbook 1** **EMILIA-AMALIA Session II: Affidamento/Entrustment**
- Chapbook 2** **EMILIA-AMALIA Session I: Translation/Annotation**
- Chapbook 3** **EMILIA-AMALIA Session VII: How to Ask a Question**
- Chapbook 4** **EMILIA-AMALIA Session VIII: Questioning Through Writing**
- Chapbook 5** **EMILIA-AMALIA: Syllabus/Workbook**

This series of five chapbooks is a partial record of the conversations, texts, images and output the EMILIA-AMALIA working group sessions have generated and engaged with over the last year.