

the

FEMINIST WORD

-Expressions Féministes-

ISSUE 2



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The Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women respectfully acknowledges our presence on Indigenous territories and recognizes the legacy of colonization upon the Indigenous peoples in Canada.

L'Institut canadien de recherches sur les femmes reconnaît respectueusement notre présence sur les territoires autochtones et reconnaît l'héritage de la colonisation sur les peuples autochtones au Canada.

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Founded in 1976, the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women is a not-for-profit charity, encouraging and producing feminist research for the advancement of women. The ideas expressed in The Feminist Word are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of CRIAW.

Fondé en 1976, l'Institut canadien de recherches sur les femmes est un organisme à but non lucratif et de charité qui encourage et produit de la recherche féministe pour l'avancement des femmes. Les idées exprimées dans Expressions Féministes sont celles des auteures et ne reflètent pas nécessairement celles de l'ICREF.



The Feminist Word was originally conceived by the following women: Sarah Baker, Stacy Corneau, Rachelle DeSorcy, Caroline Flocari, Tess Kim, Susan Manning, Jessica McCuaig, Caitlin Menczel, Caroline Paquette, Jacqueline Neapole, Elizabeth Seibel, Jessica Touhey, and Miriam Illman-White.

Introduction

The Feminist Word (aka The F-Word) is produced by a team of young feminists working and volunteering for the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women (CRIAW) from locations across Canada. The need and desire to elevate the collective voices of young Canadian feminists inspired this publication. We are thankful for the support and encouragement CRIAW has provided to The F-Word team for this project. The Feminist Word gives today's generation of young feminists a platform through which they can express their thoughts and priorities regarding women's equality in Canada. Our overarching goal is to provide a meaningful space in which young women can contribute to the women's movement.

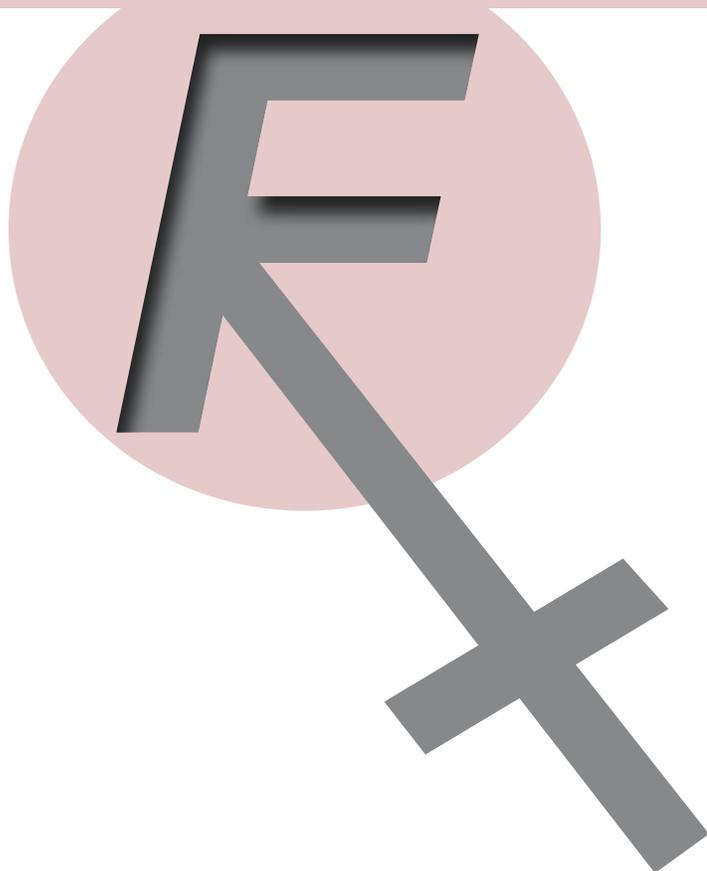
The F-Word is comprised of articles, poetry, and art submissions collected from women aged 15-29 around Canada. We welcome new submissions all year long! Send us your opinion pieces, research, reviews (of literature, film, music), and stories, and your submission could be featured in an upcoming edition of The Feminist Word! The Feminist Word is a bilingual publication and all submissions are published in the language that they are submitted in. Regretfully, no articles were submitted in French for this issue. We encourage French speaking young feminists to submit material for our next issue to ensure that it is more inclusive and representative. The ideas expressed in The Feminist Word are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of CRIAW.



La publication Expressions Féministes (soit The F-Word) a été produite par une équipe de jeunes femmes travaillant et faisant du bénévolat à l'Institut canadien de recherches sur les femmes (ICREF) à partir de divers endroits au Canada. La publication est inspirée par le désir de cette équipe et un besoin de magnifier les voix des jeunes féministes canadiennes. Nous sommes reconnaissantes envers l'ICREF pour le soutien et les encouragements qu'il a offert à la publication de ce projet. Expressions Féministes offre aux jeunes féministes d'aujourd'hui une plateforme par laquelle elles peuvent exprimer leurs pensées et leurs priorités concernant l'égalité des femmes au Canada. Notre objectif primordial est d'offrir un espace significatif dans lequel des jeunes femmes peuvent contribuer au mouvement des femmes.

La publication est composée d'articles, de poésie et de soumissions artistiques provenant de femmes âgées de 15 à 29 ans et de partout au Canada. Nous vous invitons à nous envoyer vos soumissions tout au de l'annpendant toute l'année! Envoyez-nous des textes d'opinion, de la recherche, des critiques (de littérature, films, musique) et des récits; et votre soumission pourrait être présentée dans une prochaine édition d'Expressions Féministes! Expressions Féministes est une publication bilingue et toutes les soumissions sont publiées dans la langue auxquelles elles sont soumises. Malheureusement, nous n'avons pas reçu de soumissions en français pour cette publication. Nous encourageons les jeunes féministes francophones à soumettre du matériel pour notre prochaine publication afin de s'assurer qu'il soit encore plus inclusif et représentatif. Les idées exprimées dans Expressions Féministes sont celles des auteures et ne reflètent pas nécessairement celles de l'ICREF.

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Cover Art

By: Natalie Floros-Wright

This mixed media work explores conceptions of femininity and culturally prescribed gender roles. A stark contrast is offered between the rough, textured background and the soft, patterned figure. This contrast is coupled with the figure's assertive gaze to defy notions of gendered subordination.



About the Artist:

Natalie Floros-Wright is an artist currently based in Toronto. Since receiving her undergraduate degree in both Fine Arts and Psychology from Western University she has entered a graduate program in Art Therapy at the Toronto Art Therapy Institute. Natalie often looks to feminist discourse when executing her work, exploring both the historical and contemporary role of female artists.

Embracing Your Jiggly Thighs

By: Megan Elliott

I watched the clan of women - my grandmother and her sisters - walk two-by-two down the concrete path, lipstick on, heavy bags swung over their shoulders. The door to the minivan slid open and my great-aunt threw herself into the seat next to me, smacking her palm down on my thigh. It jiggled under my tight denim shorts. "You got some t'ick legs m'dear," she said. I gave her a weak smile, blushed, and stuck my nose back in my book.

The van was full of purses, snacks and animated conversation, ready for the 45-minute drive to the shopping malls Corner Brook, NL where the ladies of my family spent a full Saturday every summer. I always loved these trips. My fondest memories are of tuna fish sandwiches from Aroma's restaurant, Zellers clothing racks and the loud, cackling

laughter of my great-aunts. The year of the thigh smack, though - the year I turned 12 - sticks out the most. As I tried on outfit after outfit that afternoon, I picked apart the body reflected back at me in the mirror, taking note of every jiggle.

Between frowning at my tummy, bum and thighs, something else caught my attention. For the first time, I listened to the words my family shouted over the stalls. "This would fit if I lost a'nudder 10 pounds," and "I wish I could take some a' my big gut and stick it in my boobs" bounced off the changing room walls.

"Every negative comment was echoed by another: a chorus of women finding harmony through their equally flawed bodies."

It wasn't long before I chimed in with my own nervous chuckles and cries of disappointment. Isn't it enough that we are bombarded daily with thousands of messages telling us we need smaller waists, brighter smiles, clearer skin and perfectly winged eyeliner? We scroll through ads for detox teas and 20-minute workouts that promise us self-esteem and confidence, while the radio cheerfully reminds us it's all about that bass. Somehow, though, messages about our bodies are louder when they come from the mouths of people we love.

I *cannot* **BLAME** my mother, grandmother, great-aunts or any of the **WOMEN** in my life for my *negative* **BODY IMAGE**.

We are each products of a culture fixated on flaws; a culture that suggests imperfections must be recognized so they can ultimately be fixed. Yet when we criticize ourselves, others hear us. They hear it through the words we speak, but also in our scrunched up noses, pinching fingers and loud sighs. When we criticize our bodies, we tell those who hear us that it's okay for them to hate themselves too. What does announcing, "I look so fat" accomplish?

Does it
make us
feel better to
vocalize our
INSECURITIES?

Are we hoping that someone will contradict us, showering us with compliments? When you hear a friend criticize her body, how many times have you responded in a way that criticizes your own?

Next time something like "I wish my (insert body part here) was smaller/bigger/ longer/smoothier/ brighter" spills out of your mouth, consider who

might be listening. Ask yourself how it would feel to hear that person say the same thing about their body. To watch them go to extremes to change it. To starve themselves, disguised by the awful term of "counting calories."

Just as I have trained myself not to curse around children, I am learning to hold my critical tongue. To my future 12-year-old daughters, granddaughters and nieces, I hope I compliment you on your intelligence rather than your hair. I want to ask you what you're reading instead of teaching you about makeup.

Though my thighs may always jiggle, and though there may forever be days when that frustrates me, I hope I never make you feel like it's okay to hate your body.

About the Author:

Megan Elliott is a Master's of Public Relations student at the University of Stirling in Stirling, Scotland. Originally from Stephenville, Newfoundland, her interests in writing and feminism were propelled during her bachelor's degree at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She is a member of the Qalipu Mi'kmaq First Nations Band, an avid reader, a world traveler (with 25 countries and counting) and the world's largest consumer of green tea.

To Veil or Not to Veil?

By: Faiza Mehboob

“Few articles of clothing provoke as much imagery as the niqab. This small piece of cloth worn by some Muslim women—covering the majority of the face [except the eyes]—has created a firestorm of controversy in a number of Western countries, many of which have been struggling to integrate an increasing number of immigrants and minority groups within their borders”.¹ The niqab debate calls into question gender, political, religious and human rights issues on the topic of religious apparel permissibility more contentiously now in Canada.

Bill 94 and the Veil

In 2010, Bill 94 was introduced to the provincial government of Quebec, targeting the right to veil through a call for state secularism. Its purpose was to promote the right to equality between women and men and the principle of religious neutrality of the State. The bill had garnered much of the public’s attention, both positive and negative as it outlined that it will legally deny services to anyone who had their facial features covered during the delivery of government services. The mandate of the bill was to achieve greater security, enable proper communication, and represent clear identity as well as promote gender equality; as argued by its proposers.

Opponents of the bill argued the right and freedom of religious expression in the Canadian Charter, blatant discrimination, and misunderstandings of cultural oppression that many supporters of the bill have. By outlawing the veil, it not only violates our rights and freedoms but it furthers the idea of who is ‘Us’ vs. who is the ‘Other’. Those who veil will become more of an outsider and ‘different’ rather than accepting identities of various faiths, our future generations

will normalize specific Western ideologies and become hostile to differences. Muslims, specifically Muslim women have become the obvious target of Bill 94, and are the clear “other” in this scenario.

Nation, Identity, and the Woman’s Body

Regardless of where one lives, the items we choose to wear carry a significant sexual, social and political impact “serving as a non-verbal medium of ideological communication”.² In regards to gender, Muslim women are well aware that the veil is an important form of gender expression *not* oppression. Not only are Muslim women being subjected to a potential religio-cultural assertion through veiling on one hand – as assumed by the bill’s mandate-, on the other hand, they are being dictated by men both Muslim and non-Muslim in an effort to define what the “correct” attire for a Muslim woman is or rather is not.³

“the female body is a walking canvas of power struggles which each society attempts to illustrate”

It is no coincidence that religious apparel is emblematic and projected largely on a female’s body making the issue of national identity also a discussion of religious identity and above all a discussion of gender identity, as fashion garners a certain image of gender appropriate attire. If national identity rests on a woman’s body then do bikinis define Western

culture? If revealing one’s own body in less apparel is not contested then why is covering one’s own body so controversial?

As a society, we continuously target a woman’s body. Whether we do this sexually through their appearance or out of concern for oppression, the female body is a walking canvas of power struggles which each society attempts to illustrate. In the debate to veil or not to veil, the real question is, why do we always identify women as either being oppressed or threatening? It seems as

though if we aren't trying to emancipate women from patriarchal subjugation then we are labelling them as a threat to a nation's identity; in either case, the female body is always an issue. Whether the cause is sexuality, religion, oppression, or identity, women are steadily oppressed in my opinion, by this very repetitive discussion.

Why the Veil?

It is interesting to many Muslim women that Western society finds the veil to be a form of oppression whereas they view it as a form of liberation. In a state where religious freedom is guaranteed, I question how the religious veil even a topic of contestation? It is often mistaken that by wearing a niqab a female is oppressed by religion or a man, however, many Muslim women argue

“Outlawing the veil merely trades one form of compulsion ‘you must wear this’ for ‘you may not wear this’.”

that wearing the niqab is emancipating and comforting to them.⁴ Western definitions of gender equality must understand that the term varies in meaning by state and by culture. Projecting Western views and values on all cultures is very problematic as it creates a rhetoric of hegemonic imperialism. Muslim women in Canada do not need saving from an oppressive religion, what they need is saving from the infringement that Bill 94 brought forth in an effort to preserve national identity. Outlawing the veil merely trades one form of compulsion ‘you must wear this’ for ‘you may not wear this’; trading oppressions perhaps. Doesn't sound so great now does it?

Removal of the veil and prohibition of it from society is regarded as a victory for some feminists who claim that women have lived far too long with clothing and standards dictated to them by men.⁵ Interestingly, this claim fails to take into

consideration a significant majority of women who are not forced into veiling and instead take this decision on for themselves without male and state interference.

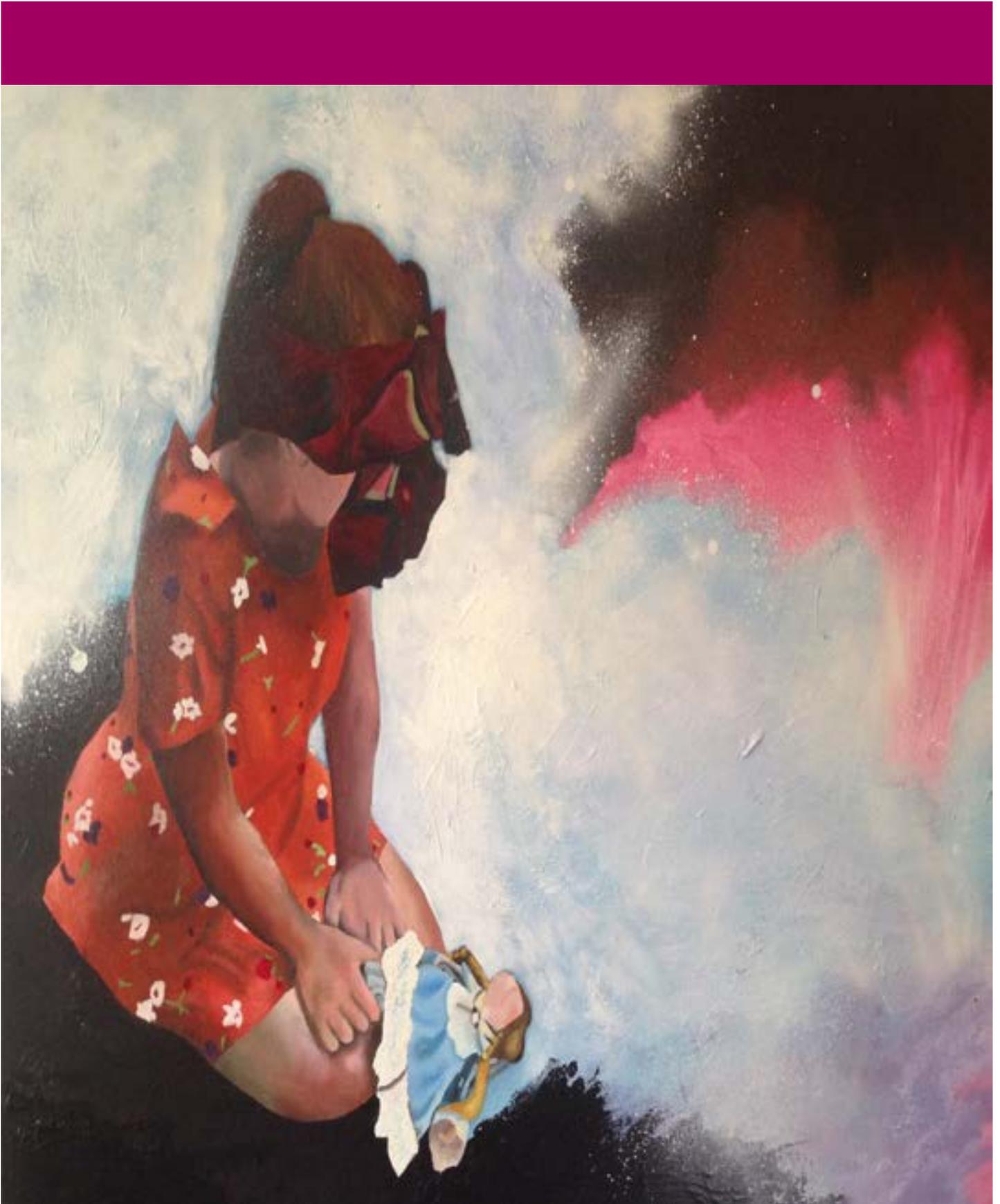
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About the Author:



Faiza Mehboob is a 22 year old recent graduate from Carleton University with a BA. Honours in Political Science and Human Rights and a specialization in Gender and Politics. She was born and raised in Toronto, ON but has been living in Ottawa for the past five years for school. Faiza is a Pakistani-Muslim woman, and find the topic of the veil to hit close to home despite the fact that she chooses not to veil herself. She is a self-proclaimed shawarma connoisseur and enjoys the occasional long walk on the beach. Faiza hopes to continue working in the field of gender justice, particularly in developing countries, to give girls better access to education.



Artwork by Natalie Floros-Wright

Revelations

By: Morgan Buch

No matter how many positive thoughts posters I saw around my high school, I never actually gave them any thought. They listed statistics of girls in my age category who had some form of eating disorder or body dysmorphia, usually by highlighting a portion of a pie chart. I sometimes wondered where they got the statistics; they certainly didn't come and ask my high school. Maybe if they did I would have realized something was wrong sooner. But they were just sort of there as background noise, encouraging people to reach out, ask for help and most importantly that you are not alone. I passed them every day on my way to math in Mrs. M's room.

“I never thought I was one of those statistics until I fainted and fell down a flight of stairs.”

I never thought I was one of those statistics until I fainted and fell down a flight of stairs. That was the day I realized I had a problem and it was the scariest day of my life. I cried myself to sleep, trying to be quiet so I wouldn't wake up my parents. I knew if they found me I would have to tell them and that would make it all real. But deep down I knew it was real. I knew it wasn't normal to be throwing up the piece of celery I ate earlier that day because I didn't like what I saw in the mirror. It wasn't ok that the guy I thought I loved never told me anything but hurtful and negative comments about myself and would go out of his way to embarrass me in front of my friends. It wasn't okay that I felt like my parents abandoned me when I needed them the most.

“I wanted to YELL, CRY, and SCREAM into the universe...”

But what those posters didn't tell me was that the next few months of my life would hurt like hell. I would have to relive everything that got me to the place I was in. I remember being mad at the world. I wanted to yell, cry and scream into the universe that I hated myself and I hated everyone else who made me feel this way. I also remember being mad at the posters for not telling me it was okay to hurt. That hurt and pain would be the thing to keep me going; they were a constant companion of mine. At first they started off as my enemy, they were the things that had me tracking calories and food.

But after a while, they became an ally.

“I remember thinking if only one of those posters had a mirror on it, I probably would have stopped.”

They would be the motivation I needed to show up to all my appointments and talk and relive everything even when I didn't want to. They became my training wheels, I needed to feel the hurt and the pain to realize I didn't need them anymore and I could do away with them forever.

It wasn't until a few months later I was sitting outside of my counsellors' office that I saw the same poster. It took me a few seconds to realize where I had seen it before, but when I did it hit me. It was the exact same statistic ridden pie chart poster that was outside Mrs. M's math class. I remember thinking if only one of those

posters had a mirror on it, I probably would have stopped. I would have wanted to look to see if my face looked puffy, or my arms were chubby in the tank top I was wearing that day. Then maybe I would have seen the words and something would have clicked. And maybe realizing I wasn't alone sooner wouldn't have hurt as much as falling down a flight of stairs did.



About the Author:

Morgan Buch is from the small town of Arnprior Ontario. In the fall she is returning for one semester to Carleton University to finish her degree in history and law. Morgan, like many soon-to-be graduates describes herself as entering a period of post-undergrad crisis and is exploring future possibilities. Her immediate plan is to start a healthy sleep schedule and attempt to limit her caffeine intake one day at a time ("I have to dream big, right?"). She also hopes to travel and is not picky as to where as long as flights are cheap and the food is great!

Will-O'-the Woman

By: Stef Menasce

The Will-o'-the-wisp is described as something that cannot be explained; a phosphorescent light people would claim to see whilst passing through a wood, usually flickering in the same location. It is also the first word that comes to mind to explain my thoughts every time I look in the mirror, to explain the spontaneous, sudden, rush of feelings that overwhelm me- pressure, judgment and shame towards my body.

Outside the realm of myth and folklore, the closest expression I can think of to explain these feelings, are what Marx termed "latent thoughts", to refer to the feelings of stress and tension the subservient worker would feel because of his position within the oppressive social hierarchy, and whose origin from which these complex feelings stemmed was hard to identify. Translating Marx's proletariat's unrecognized sense of oppression into the female experience and how women fit within the societal hierarchy,

perhaps it most closely explains the overwhelming sense of powerlessness and helplessness I feel when I look at my body: like the phosphorescent wisps and Marxist theory of latent thoughts, the combination of fear of being rejected by society, and the chase after an unattainable body, reduces and limits me and my sense of self, even when I do not understand where this tension and restraint comes from.

"Instead I blame myself, the person who carries these feelings, and I blame my body, which triggers them."

The Will-o'-the-wisps are said to be deceptive, and in this way too, these thoughts are often misleading; firstly, because systemic pressure is not visible and hard to point a finger at, and secondly, because I have internalized these thoughts and it becomes easy then to overlook the root cause of these feelings. Instead I blame myself, the person who carries these feelings, and I blame my body, which triggers them. The consequence of these thoughts are also only visible in the body of the person who carries them, manifesting themselves

into issues of self esteem or eating disorders – and when issues do arise, they become proof that the problem is the individual rather than a social issue, something that is wrong with the victim, and which the victim must suffer and fix alone.

This all comes back to why I believe social body-standards are oppressive, but also, why individualistic thinking about these issues prevents many of us who suffer from voicing our feelings. It means that I carry the burden of proof, to prove that society has reduced me as a human being to my body image, and how in turn, my own human experience has been reduced to the size of my body. I do not know how to prove that my body has become the basis on which society judges me, and how in turn, I have become trapped by these measurements, caged within my own body.

And whilst people around me contemplate whether it's my fault or society's, this is my reality. I *live* in this body that I no longer feel I own; when I contemplate missing a Wednesday morning lecture because I ate "unhealthy" food the night before and am afraid "of being caught", like I have done something wrong; when I don't eat all day because I must choose between attending a party or eating beforehand, but feel as though I don't have the option to do *both*; when I will miss an interview because I feel fat and therefore undeserving of the job; when I don't exercise and wake up the next day questioning my entire self as a woman as if my self worth is only earned on the basis of calories restrictions and calories burnt; and when I am tempting to censor myself even in a feminist magazine issue that is a space designed specifically for me to speak out, because I feel that, as a woman, I am meant to be a flawless and beautiful object, and I am afraid my genuineness and assertiveness makes me vulnerable and cracked in the eyes of those around me, then I know there is a problem, and I need to speak out about it.

"I live in this body that I no longer feel I own"

I return back to the willow o' wisps. The people who saw the wisps claimed that when explored and followed, the light would lead to one's destiny; others who never saw the wisps did not believe in them and claimed they were a myth. I compare the wisps to oppression because people who have not faced oppression and who do not live it do not understand it and can easily deny its existence, whilst those who feel oppressed are paralyzed by it, and are often shamed and stigmatized for these feelings, and discouraged from talking about it. But I think people like me, who see oppression every time they look in the mirror need to start exposing it and talking about it. Oppression is not a myth, it is the social construct of the ideal woman that is disordered thinking and a fantasy. Once we recognize oppression and can shift the distorted thinking about the female body, we can start liberating women into manifesting their own lives, without the constraints that so often blind us and restrict us from following the path and life we desire to wield for ourselves.

About the Author:

Stef Menasce is a student of human rights and conflict studies at the University of Ottawa. In her spare time she epitomizes the writer stereotype, and spends all her time at home drinking coffee, scribbling down writing ideas on the back of receipts and bill envelopes, and playing with her fur baby, Buddy.



The Feminist Word team thanks everyone who submitted poetry, artwork, and essays for the Spring 2017 issue.

Expressions Féministes remercie tout le monde qui ont soumis de la poésie, œuvre d'art, et des essais pour l'édition printanière de 2017.

To be featured in our next issue submit your artwork, poetry, opinion/editorials, movie reviews, popular culture analysis, essays, stories etc to info@criaw-icref.ca

Vous pouvez soumettre de la poésie, oeuvres d'art, un éditorial, une critique de film, une analyse de la culture populaire, un essai, une histoire etc à info@criaw-icref.ca



Artwork by Natalie Floros-Wright



We're celebrating our 40th birthday!

Since 1976, CRIAW-ICREF has been researching and documenting the economic and social situation of women in Canada. This year we celebrate our 40th anniversary and in order to continue on in our mission, we need YOUR help!

Support CRIAW, support feminist research! CRIAW relies heavily on membership and donations to continue doing our work.
Help us stay strong for another 40 years!

For more information visit our website or email us at info@criaw-icref.ca

Depuis 1976, nous produisons la recherche féministe sur la position des femmes au Canada dans les domaines sociale, économique et politique. Cette année marque notre 40^e anniversaire et pour poursuivre notre mission, nous avons besoin de VOTRE aide !

Soutenez l'ICREF, soutenez la recherche féministe! L'ICREF dépend énormément sur nos membres et les dons pour continuer dans notre travail.

Gardez nous forte pour les prochaines 40 années!

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The Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women (CRIAOW) is a charitable, not-for-profit, member-driven organization. Since 1976, we have produced research, publications, and events to advance women's substantive equality in Canada. Using intersectional feminist frameworks, CRIAOW is inclusive and supports the rights of diverse women in Canada.

L'Institut canadien de recherches sur les femmes (ICREF) est un organisme sans but lucratif, de bienfaisance, dirigée par ses membres. Depuis 1976, nous avons produit de la recherche, des publications et des événements pour faire progresser l'égalité réelle des femmes au Canada.

En utilisant des cadres d'analyse féministe

intersectionnelle, l'ICREF est inclusive et soutient les droits des femmes diverses au Canada.

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in Canada!***

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L'ICREF est facile à joindre.

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*Ten Reasons Why Universality is Important in Public Services, 2016 (Only
available in English)*

Quelqu'unes de notre nouvelles publications

*Les femmes et la précarité dans le secteur public: causes, conditions,
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