I am (Un) Canadian:  
(A Middle of the Night Reflection from  
CAHPERD Conferences Past…)  

Joannie Halas  
University of Manitoba

I am not Joe.

I am not a Prairie farmer, a BC Lumberjack, a Maritime fisherman or a West Coast hippie. I do not dress in red and white.

I am Aboriginal, an Asian, an African, an immigrant.  
A refugee.

I am not White.

I am the boy who throws like a girl.  
The girl with two left feet.  
I don’t score five of five on a rubric.

I am not an athlete or a jock.

I am a fat kid. I am a freak. I have purple hair.  
I am a teenage mom who loves to skip rope.  
I am not on the honour roll.  
I have no Logo to signal my acceptance.

I am not a mesomorph.

I am the North. The East. The West. And the South.

I am not a Christian.

I am the abused child, afraid to change for gym class  
because Colonial scars mark my body in ways that others don’t (want to) understand.

I am not comfortably middle class.

I am a faggot and a dyke. Transgendered. Undefined.  
I am a gay presenter who dares to speak homophobia as PE teachers race out of the room.
I am not heterosexual.

I am not able-bodied. The prefix "dis" is attached to my identity.

I am an outlier situated on the wrong end of the bell curve.

**  *  *****  ***  *  ******* ** * * *

I am the true colours missing in CAHPERD: The abject, the unwanted, the unwelcome.

**    **   **  **

I am angry.
I am without hope.
I am heartbroken.

I am a burnt-out, struggling teacher whose distress is shunned in whispered judgements.

I am a conflicted professor feasting at a table of privilege and denial.  
The activist too numb to act.  
The anti-capitalist treading a swamp of complicity.

I am a drugged teenager who can't sit still.  
A back of the school smoker banned from shooting hoops in the gym.  
The child of a welfare cheat who has no runners to wear.

The wrong colour skin, the wrong body type, the wrong sexuality, the wrong class.  
I am the wrong body.

I am all of these and more. And I ask:  
When will the Spirit of CAHPERD celebrate me?

Looking ahead, I ask: Can a heart rate monitor measure the pain of my exclusion?