

News from the Feminist Caucus, by Anne Burke, Chair

**SAVE THE DATE:
2018 FEMINIST CAUCUS PANEL,
BUSINESS MEETING, AND OPEN READING
Remembering Forward: Lest We Forget**

The 2018 Feminist Caucus annual proceedings will be taking place at the Canadian Writers Summit, in Toronto, on the morning of Friday, June 15 from 9am to noon. The Business Meeting is free and open to all who share the goals and objectives of the Caucus. Thank you to Carol Casey, Vanessa Shields, Action Committee Chair, Susan McMaster, and Nicole Brewer for their organizing skills. For the 2018 Caucus Panel, I will be participating with others:

Charlie Petch, Freelancer and performer specializing in spoken word. Workshop facilitator, curator, host, creative director, playwright, musician, lighting designer, photographer and published author of many things.

Lillian Allen is a Canadian dub poet, reggae musician, writer and Juno award winner. She is a Faculty of Liberal Studies Professor at the Ontario College of Art and Design University, where she teaches creative writing. She recently held the distinction of being the first Canada Council Writer-in-Residence for Queen's University's Department of English. Allen also co-produced and co-directed *Blak Wi Blakk*, a documentary about the Jamaican dub poet Mutabaruka.

Canisia Lubrin was born in St. Lucia. She has had work published in literary journals including *Room*, *The Puritan*, *This Magazine*, *Arc*, *CV2* and *The City Series #3: Toronto Anthology*. She has been an arts administrator and community advocate for close to two decades. Lubrin has contributed to the podcast *On The Line*, hosted by Kate Sutherland for *The Rusty Toque*. She studied at York University where she won the President's Prize in poetry and the Sylvia Ellen Hirsch Memorial Award in creative writing. Lubrin holds an MFA from the University of Guelph and teaches at Humber College. She lives in Whitby, Ontario.

Lee Maracle is the author of a number of critically acclaimed literary works including: *Sojourner's and Sundogs*, *Ravensong*, *Bent Box*, and most

recently, *Celia's Song*. She is the co-editor of a number of anthologies including the award-winning publication, *My Home As I Remember* (Natural Heritage Books).

Gwen Benaway is of Anishinaabe and Métis descent. Her first collection of poetry, *Ceremonies for the Dead*, was published in 2013 and her second collection of poetry, *Passage*, was published by Kegedonce Press in Fall 2016. As emerging Two-Spirited Trans poet, she has been described as the spiritual love child of Tomson Highway and Anne Sexton. In 2015, she was the recipient of the inaugural Speaker's Award for a Young Author and in 2016 she received a Dayne Ogilvie Honour of Distinction for Emerging Queer Authors from the Writer's Trust of Canada. Her work has been published and anthologized internationally. She and her many vintage dresses can be found on Instagram @gwenbenaway

Each panelist will submit a c1500 word essay (please try to include at least one poem!) on what feminism means to them, how they became a feminist, what issues most resonate, what it means to be a feminist poet, and what they hope to accomplish for future generations (i.e., what changes would you like to see for women, and society, 30 years from now). Older members will also be asked to recall and reflect on the vision they held, at that time, of the changes they hoped to effect for younger generations. The hope is that this will result in a dialogue about how and why feminist visions, ideals and objectives change over time: how they get sidetracked, sabotaged, diluted, morphed, or generate new unexpected issues; the importance for future generations of feminists in understanding the original intentions of their predecessors; and what all this means to us as feminist poets. Your essays, poems and responses will be published in a chapbook.

Questions to guide your writing:

Elder Poets

How did you become a feminist (or someone committed to women's issues)?

What does feminism mean to you?

What issues and ideals do you most resonate with?

What does/did it mean to you to be a feminist and a poet, then and now?

What was your vision (what did you hope to accomplish) for future generations 20-30 years ago?

What is your vision now? How has it changed?

What do you want younger feminists to know (about your dreams, your efforts, your experience- wisdom you would like to pass on)?

Younger Poets

How did you become a feminist (or someone committed to women's issues)?

What does feminism mean to you?

What issues and ideals do you most resonate with?

What does/did it mean to you to be a feminist (women's advocate) and a poet?

What do you see as different about current feminism/women's issues as compared to 20-30 years ago?

What is your vision for 20-30 years from now (what do you hope to accomplish)?

What do you want future feminists to know (about your dreams, your efforts, your experience- wisdom you would like to pass on)?

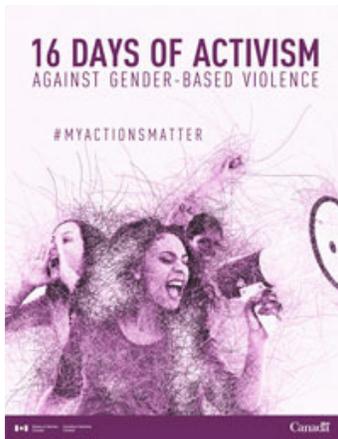
What do you want elder feminists to know?

Together:

In comparing notes, what has changed in the past 30 years of feminism (women's advocacy)? What has remained the same?

What issues were important then? Now? What has been accomplished? Has there been progress? What has been gotten sidetracked, sabotaged or diluted? What has generated new unexpected issues?

How have issues evolved? Why have these issues changed over time? How does it help to remember past efforts?



<http://www.swc-cfc.gc.ca/commemoration/vaw-vff/index-en.html>

The [16 Days of Activism Against Gender-Based Violence](#) began on the International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women on November 25 and end on International Human Rights Day on December 10.

They also include the [National Day of Remembrance and Action on Violence Against Women](#) on December 6. The 16 Days of Activism is a time to both reflect on violence against women and to take action to end it.

This year's theme, **#MYActionsMatter**, is a call to action that asks everyone to take concrete steps to question, call out, and speak up against acts of gender-based violence (GBV). Recently, public attention has shone a light on what statistics have long confirmed: women in Canada and around the world continue to face disproportionate levels of violence each and every day. In response to this all-too-familiar reality **#MYActionsMatter** asks the question: **what will you do?**

GBV involves the use and abuse of power and control over another person and is perpetrated against someone based on their gender identity, gender expression or perceived gender. Violence against women and girls is one form of GBV. It also has a disproportionate impact on LGBTQ2 and gender non-binary people.

Look closely and you will see the roots of GBV all around you — in sexist jokes that demean women, in the language that we use, in media messages that objectify women and glorify toxic masculinity, and in the rigid gender norms we impose on young children. With the release of [It's Time: Canada's Strategy to Prevent and Address Gender-Based Violence](#), the Government of Canada is committed to taking immediate action to end this form of violence.

We are using **#MYActionsMatter** to ask Canadians what they can do to prevent GBV, and invite you to use one of the five ways in which you can become an ally in our efforts to end GBV:

- Listen – be open to learning from the experiences of others.
- Believe – support survivors and those affected by violence.
- Speak out – add your voice to call out violence.
- Intervene – find a safe way to help when you see acts of GBV.
- Act – give your time to organizations working to end violence, and be the change you want to see.

[Take the pledge to end gender-based violence! #MYActionsMatter](#) Share these infobites and start a conversation.

Warwick announces the winner of the inaugural Warwick Prize for Women in Translation

Memoirs of a Polar Bear by Yoko Tawada, translated from German by American translator Susan Bernofsky and published by Portobello Books, has been announced as the winner of the inaugural Warwick Prize for Women in Translation.

Memoirs of a Polar Bear is a family saga about three generations of polar bears who live and move in human society despite really being polar bears in every physical and metaphysical sense.

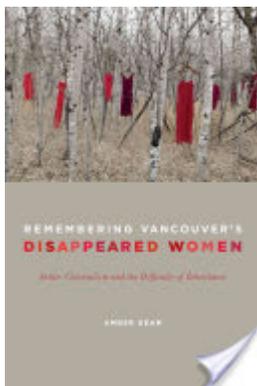
The Warwick Prize for Women in Translation aims to address the gender imbalance in translated literature and to increase the number of international women's voices accessible by a British and Irish readership. The 2017 prize, which saw 16 titles longlisted, was judged by:

- Boyd Tonkin, Special Adviser, Man Booker International Prize
- Susan Bassnett, Emeritus Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Warwick
- Amanda Hopkinson, Visiting Professor in Literary Translation, City, University of London

Translator Susan Bernofsky says of her winning translation: "This is an incredibly important book that quietly takes on some of the most vital themes of our time - inclusion and othering, racism, nationalism and xenophobia, the environment - while hiding its seriousness beneath a veneer of playfulness. I loved every minute of working on it."

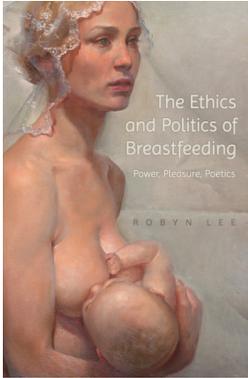
Memoirs of a Polar Bear was chosen from among six shortlisted titles that included translations from Polish, Russian and Irish. The competition received a total of 58 eligible entries and 16 titles were longlisted.

Project KARE is an RCMP task force which created a registry of DNA samples for vulnerable women. The National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls met in Edmonton. The executive director is Debbie Reid, a former Assembly of First Nations adviser, is from the Skownan First Nation in Manitoba. Commissioners listened to seventy-five family members and survivors, in sharing circles or expression panels. In all, there were two hundred and sixty-nine reports during hearings in the Yukon, British Columbia, and Manitoba, with six more scheduled. ("My biggest fear is finding out she was murdered", by Clare Clancy, *Calgary Herald*, Nov. 10, 2017, Section A, p. 12)



Remembering Vancouver's Disappeared Women: Settler Colonialism and the Difficulty of Inheritance, by Amber Dean, Assistant Professor in the Gender Studies and Feminist Research Program and the Department of English and Cultural Studies at McMaster University.

Between the late 1970s and the early 2000s, at least sixty-five women, many of them members of Indigenous communities, were found murdered or reported missing from Vancouver's Downtown Eastside.



The Ethics and Politics of Breastfeeding Power, Pleasure, Poetics challenges the dominant understanding of breastfeeding and cultivates an alternative conception as an ethical, embodied practice of the self. Drawing on the work of Michel Foucault, Emmanuel Levinas, and Luce Irigaray, Lee develops a new understanding of breastfeeding as an "art of living," where the practice is reconsidered in the light of ongoing social inequalities. **Robyn Lee** is Assistant Professor in the Department of Sociology at the University of Alberta

KEMOSA SCHOLARSHIP FOR INDIGENOUS, METIS, AND INUIT MOTHERS WHO WRITE

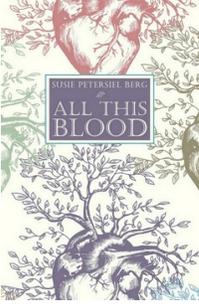
We're proud to help announce the launch of the **Kemosa Scholarship for Indigenous, Metis and Inuit Mothers Who Write!** This scholarship will award an emerging writer \$1,000.00 to focus on her creative writing. This \$1000 award will be awarded annually to help an emerging writer focus on her creative writing. If you are interested in applying for this scholarship, please send a sample of your writing (no more than 15 pages) — either prose, poetry, nonfiction, fiction and/or illustrated literature, eg graphic novel, comic etc. — with a cover letter to KemosaScholarship@yahoo.com. Please feel free to share this listing! The Kemosa Scholarship is now open to eligible authors across Canada. Deadline for the 1st Annual Kemosa Scholarship: **Dec 15, 2017** (Judges will include Tlicho Dene author **Richard Van Camp**)

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: ROOM MAGAZINE – QUEER ISSUE (Poetry, Fiction, Nonfiction) *Deadline: January 31*

Room magazine invites women and genderqueer folks who identify as part of the LGBTTQIA+ spectrum to submit their best poetry, fiction, CNF, and art to our first queer-themed issue. We especially encourage submissions from writers affected by multiple intersections of oppression, such as racism, classism, ableism, fatphobia, ageism, and transphobia.

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS: AL PURDY TRIBUTE ANTHOLOGY **Deadline: December 30**

To mark the centenary of the birth of famed Canadian poet Al Purdy, his long-time publisher is calling for submissions for a 2018 anthology of poems written in tribute to the author. B.C.-based Harbour Publishing will issue the tribute poetry anthology in fall 2018. Previously published and new poems written in Purdy's honour are both eligible for consideration. Up to three poems per poet may be submitted; the deadline for submissions is Purdy's 99th birthday, Dec. 30, 2017. Along with their poems, poets should include: a short bio (maximum 50-words); a brief statement about what Purdy and/or his poems have meant to the writer (maximum 200 words); and the name of the original publisher of any previously printed Purdy tribute poems. **Submissions should be sent to: purdytribute@harbourpublishing.com.**



Review of *All This Blood*, by Susie Petersiel Berg (Port Perry, On: Piquant Press, 2017) 70 pp. paper.

The collection is based on the three major phases of the stopping of the flow of blood known as "hemostasis" (which is the opposite of haemorrhage) 1) vaso- constriction; 2) temporary blockage of a break by a platelet plug, and 3) blood coagulation, or formation of a fibrin clot by means of blood changing from a liquid to a gel. These processes seal the hole until tissues are repaired. The Vascular Phase lasts about thirty minutes after injury. In The Platelet Phase a chemical is released to promote vascular spasm, clotting, and vessel repair. The Coagulation Phase ends with clot formation.

Part One is "The Vascular Phase". In "Falling", a memory of injury, her own at the hands of her cousin and of her young son's, is evoked ("How far he has fallen. This angel.") After the code, she, an Eve figure, seeks the truth of words in a poem. Ellen Bass is an American poet and coauthor of *The Courage to Heal: A Guide for Women Survivors of Child Sexual Abuse* (Harper Collins, 1988, 2008).

"The Newlyweds" bring life into the world without the necessary *gravitas*. Their words are personified like the tide, in the service of Earth's story. The mother figure is found wanting, paranoiac, "when the hull/ heaves." ("Growing Up") One must "think that thought", though "No thud", "No scratch", "No blood." ("Accident") The father figure is fallible, his offspring exposed to adult behaviour not suitable for children. ("More Rocks")

The title poem provokes scissors, spills, and a wound. The power to win against the father. ("Dad Words") Public school, stories of girl-gangs, "there is more to fear." "Break your heart", "The heart is a muscle", these lessons result in the end of childhood, the end of "wild".

Part Two is "The Platelet Phase". An overheard remark is a found poem. A Facebook account leads to a "fine line between/ awkward. And you." ("Personal Space") Musician ARi Lyon appears on Instagram and Facebook. The dating scene is dull. Elana Wolff is a Toronto poet, essayist, translator, creator, and facilitator of therapeutic art courses. A symphony remembers the story differently, the first time; the second time there was still no love. "My surprise./ A shocked heart" meant to beat. ("In the Room") An inventory, catalogue, or list poem. ("Gaze") "Dear Groupon" ironically alludes to the purchase of deals on services. There could be a change of heart on trash television and texting. ("On Watching the Bachelorette") Overhearing at Starbucks. A conversation in another coffee shop. ("An Armful of Maybes") A shoe speaks of affection and loss. ("Anywhere") With sinking heart, the lines gleamed from books. A found poem deliberates over syllables. An ode to "The Art of Porn" and, under erasure, a resolute tourist ("At Last") using song lyrics. A detached retina should be the promise of a detached heart. ("Brown-Eyed Girl") The harmony of a body, whose belly is shaped like an orange, is a lesson on names having no meaning. Illegal abortions storied in a Buddhist Temple. A prose poem clipped from pieces of phrases closes out this section. ("An Army of Staring Women")

In the third and final section “The Coagulation Phase” the poet paradoxically tells us of “In the beginning”, about packing for travel as though the mouth of a whale “swallows each item”. The light changes, over a week, then “We are “list-less” (a homonym) but we are full.” (“Begin”) An exchange between the two-tone call and the five-note-scale response in nature is compared with voice, pitch, density. (“All the Words”) Survival depends on predator and prey, seeing and not being seen. (“I Have Come to the Water”)

Emergency Room triage divides a couple on God’s personal inside joke. (“Afternoon Nap”) Don McKay is a Canadian poet, editor, and educator. She separates truth from belief, in writing at his house. “Bergamot” is a plant which produces citrus fruit. Its scent is compared with Jasmine. “For those who desire.../to remove the stain.” She seems apologetic, but only after injury, heart spasms, and loss of trust. The Angel Vadim passes as family code for violation. (“Reading Ellen Bass”) One of the readings of “Queen of Collage” is a blogger, about crafts, “Collage, loom, explode”, in this instance an obituary, but proffer for hopes and dreams. “Hooves” remembers childish beliefs. Rubens the classical painter produced “St. Michael Expelling Lucifer and the Rebel Angels”. “Understand” appears based on a viewfinder, with the common observation “Imagine ketchup is a vegetable”, at least according to Ronald Reagan. The poet’s icons are Yoda, Anakin, and Luke from “Star Wars”. (“When Your Brother Dies”) What is “Wanted” is the mediocre. An Inconvenient Truth is personified as a character “The Existential Debate”, a morality figure who faces mortality. *The Morning After: Sex, Fear, and Feminism on Campus* is a 1993 book about date rape. However, the poet consciously alludes to *Like a Beggar*, a poetry collection by Ellen Bass. In any case, this is a drug deal gone wrong, “if it’s the only story either of us is ever going to tell.” Patrick Phillips is an American poet, professor, and translator. An elegy “In the Museum of Your Last Day” recounts the remnants of a relationship, ended by a suicide. Life hurts too much. (“This Is My Note”) The efforts to overcome grief rely on time passing. (“Searching for a Boy Who Is Not There”) Frank X. Gaspar is an American poet, novelist, and professor. “We can only smell absence” an example of synesthesia. A form of Kaddish is an ancient Jewish prayer sequence recited for the dead, herein associated with Babel-voices and sacrifice. A crib built and then taken down marks the passage of time. Your words, a sanctuary, on Pulpit Rock, is a tourist attraction in Norway. Christopher Pratt is a Canadian painter and printmaker. “Winter Solstice” is one of his many images. Love is the last word, in promiscuity, monogamy, whatever. Starbucks is a venue, “my public parlour”. His heart stops after “One Cold Beer”.

Among the “Notes” the poet reveals how she transcribed some Facebook posts by musician ARi Lyon, who tends bar. She imitated the pattern of “The Morning After”, by Ellen Bass. This is her second full-length poetry collection after *How to Get Over Yourself* (also by Piquant Press, in 2013). Berg has previously published in journals and anthologies. She has chapbooks, such as *Awaiting Butterflies*, from words(on)pages press and *You Will Still Have Birds: A Conversation in Poetry*, with Elana Wolff, from Lyrical Myrical Press. She writes with the 7 O’Clock Poets, and spent two years as the co-curator of the Plasticine Poetry reading series in Toronto.

Her work has appeared in print and online in such publications as *Ars Medica*, *carte blanche*, *Switchback*, and the anthologies *Desperately Seeking Susans* and *Body and Soul*. She reads frequently on Toronto stages, and was a participant in the 2017 IFOA Battle of the Bards. She has featured at Authors4Indies at both Book City in the Beach, and at Blue Heron Books in Uxbridge, ON.

Susie Berg is the author of two full-length poetry collections, *How to Get Over Yourself* and *All This Blood*, both from Piquant Press, and three chapbooks, including a conversation in poetry with Elana Wolff, from Lyrical Myrical Press. She is the editor of the anthology *Catherines, the Great*, forthcoming in 2018 from Oolichan Books.

Anne Burke

Sue Sorensen grew up in Saskatchewan and now lives in Winnipeg. Her poems have appeared in the journals *Room*, *Grain*, *Prairie Fire*, and *CV2*, and in the collection *Desperately Seeking Susans* (2012). In December 2016 she performed her *Mary Cycle* of poems with Winnipeg choral ensemble Renaissance Voices. Sue teaches at Canadian Mennonite University, where she is Associate Professor of English. Her book publications are the academic study *The Collar: Reading Christian Ministry in Fiction, Television, and Film* (2014), the novel *A Large Harmonium* (2011), and *West of Eden: Essays on Canadian Prairie Literature* (edited collection, 2008). *A Large Harmonium* was the winner of the award for Best First Book by a Manitoba Author at the Manitoba Book Awards in 2012. At the same awards *A Large Harmonium* was a finalist for the Margaret Laurence Award for Fiction. Sue's poem "On the Road to Golders Green" won an Honourable Mention in the 2011 *Prairie Fire* Poetry Competition.

Exhibit EA 36 British Museum (a four-sonnet sequence)

1. I loved them long before I met you

I loved them long before I met you: man
and wife in limestone, a picture that could
move with me from place to place before I
had a home with you. The glowing ruby

background in accord with my idea of
happy married love. State unaligned with
anyone's idea of me. Yet I hoped
for her composure, a serene look both

my old Egyptians shared, smooth because of
limestone, yes, but still: the unlined faces
telling of calm and joy. How could it be
that so much love could last three thousand years

to arrive in my twenty-something hands,
a postcard-longing that one day you'd solve?

2. Apparently they have lion-paw feet

Apparently they have lion-paw feet,
my Egyptians, but the view I've treasured
all these years is not quite full. Now I look
them over from skewing angles and find

what difference another-coloured setting
makes to my perception. For years it was
his left hand clasped on hers protectively
I noticed, and their overlapping arms.

Only today I see her hands are gone,
though her small smile tells no distress. Yet think:
from the new viewpoint now been accorded,
what might have been her smile now seems all else;

against a black wall her face is more blank
than I recall, her lips a pretty ruin.

3. She has a name: Amenia

She has a name: Amenia. And he is
Horemheb. It turns out she is one of
several, but at least perhaps the favourite.
The missing hands could be restored, I read,

but have not been, to my slight knowledge. Still:
one reads *vulture* in her name – *aleph* – and
I know enough not to resent this word,
sacred and royal as a vulture is,

no more than I am worried by the reed,
or water, or the glyph for *game*, once
I find out that means *strength*. And pictograms
for women are identical for queens.

I did not remember her breasts are gone:
crushed, missing. *No inscription*, reads the note.

4. Poor limestone wife

Poor limestone wife. I keep finding new, hard things about her. He was a pharaoh; for years no one matched this statue with the rest. She did not reign; instead she died, young, and

had even a replacement queen entombed beside her. Science says the second wife gave Horemheb children, if briefly. I vouch for the first one, am wantonly glad

the statue of the second wife is less intact. His hand, older now, outstretches to a new wife just as tenderly. Though, even with Egyptian eyes the wayward

botching of his sculpted arm could not bode well: hard augury. Poor inconstant man.

Freud Museum, London: *Too beautiful for us*

I stand in the study where he died, where he took no notes. Even when he wasn't dying. Porcupine on desk indicating sense of fun. A place marinated in antiquity, replete with totems, relics, artefacts. I like him. When he arrived, fleeing the war, he called the house *far too beautiful for us*. Yet it's not beautiful: only calm, real, serious. He waited months for his dog to be freed from quarantine. He liked England, despite *fog and rain, drunkenness and conservatism*. Entering the study, he would greet a certain figurine as a friend. Partly deaf, he placed himself to patient's right. His dog came at last and sat under the desk. Anna wrote dog poems as birthday presents for her father and later gave her patients cake.

Divert my eyes from the couch: do I wish I could die here too? He would probably say so, in the nicest way possible. In a sense a feminine space, that couch, with its oriental throw. The garden, where he calmly listened to air raids, is full of roses.

I should really thank you, he said to an artist, *for the trouble you have taken in reproducing my ugly face*. He was too ill to travel, too smart for vanity, at least the bodily. I pace, back and forth, to the study, to the mugs and book bags, the roses in the garden, the careful photographs, the drawing by Dali. About whom Freud was ambivalent. You were not ugly, I whisper. Departed, departed, the room says. Here, but departed.

Freud: Epithelial Carcinoma

He has many doctors: Vienna, London. The chic, but not to him, sound of *Parisian specialist*. Operations, 33 of them, and then he says, *It is only torture now and it has no longer any sense.*

Diathermy, excision, electrocautery, short wave treatment.

You promised me you would help me.

But what part had sense? *Atheroma, evipan-narcosis, ramus ascendens, submandibular area?* I look at my notes: *fulgurizing of borders*, I read. Could I have written that properly? *Rhinolaly, epithelium, coryza*. What part ever made sense? *Novocaine* I understand.

Manifold discomfort, read his own doctor's case notes, and *There has never been a worse week*. In '34 a *scintillating migraine*, which distracts me. Scintillating. The era of screwball comedy: fast-talking wits and sharp dames. Why not?

Trichloracetic acid, keratosis, leukoplakia, scotoma.

His daughter Anna administers orthoform, stands by as radium is inserted. Helps with difficult prosthetic devices, false jaws. Which he hates. They interfere with eating, make his voice nasal, cut into him. Prosthesis after prosthesis, necessary because there no longer is a mouth. Mouth nose become continuous; part of jaw gone. Grafts from arm. Which don't stop suspect growths, *suspicious nodes*.

I am diverted again. Suspicion lives in Dr. Freud's mouth, something at war within him. Poor mortal. His doctor writes: *worse is the depressive hopelessness about the inability to do anything.*

And later: *Everything bad.*

The photographs of Freud now read differently: the grim line of the mouth. The severe eyes. The man's commitment to reason, whatever you think of his science, is supreme. But when cancer does battle in his eye-socket, how to account for it? What does reason tell him?

Is there no solution that would allow him to *disappear from the world with decency?*

Excochleated. I work over the word, press it on my tongue. Mandible it. Must look it up later. But clear enough is the pain – and still he works: hours of analysis conducted, hundreds of letters, essays, lectures.

All my reading and the approach to him still dark. His wife shadowy. Anna, less so. But then a glimpse. The first air raid, September 1939. Lying on, of course, his couch in their London garden, where he loves the roses. Watching proceedings with curiosity, asked about war, he has no solution. *Anyhow*, he says, *it is my last war*.
You promised me you would help me.

Dragonfly

The dragonflies have little to tell us
as they flap backwards and float, fold themselves
in air on slim, rickety limbs. Yet I
read them anyway, their too bright bodies
and thin wings as vectors or parables
or tricks. They should be heavier and fail.
They should age faster and stop responding
to music. Their silence should mean nothing.

But they insist on knowing who they are.
They don't belong to my metaphor and
they hate the word *gossamer*. Dragonflies
couple in the air for their own good, or
not. I don't know. I should learn instead this
blood-sustained body again. This mouth, these needs.

They are all over

They are all over, the verses written
and rewritten, in varied states of un-
dress or rehabilitation. I can't
collect them, make them heed; they go out in
search of you, make exhibitions that are
bound to rebound on me; they want to tell
about the winter house that still moans so much
for you, the skin that burns at your mere name.

Which is the first version of this poem, which
the last? They are all one, the poem of need,
the grateful one, the one insisting you
are made of stars, of birdsong. Even this
sad poem that asks you, please, to sheathe your claws,
darling, touch me instead with tenderness.

Freud: Uncanny

I remember best this story:

seeing a man in a rail carriage he
instantly disliked him, then recognized
himself, mirrored

*let us retain this discovery
which we do not yet properly understand*

this story is, however, in a footnote
and has also happened to me
and to you

*there seems to be a contradiction here
but perhaps it is only a complication
which may be helpful to us later on*

and then his use of the word *excite*:
losing his way in a foreign town
he found himself in the red light district
no matter which street he took to leave
he circled back
and his returns began to excite attention

*a word the meaning of which develops towards an ambivalence
until it finally coincides with its opposite*

found and lost

*this uncanny is in reality nothing new or foreign
but something familiar and old*

distressing, perhaps, to be lost in the realm of women
mistake he cannot rectify, does not care to

should he die, he wonders, in this lovely English garden
among the roses
should he die in his study
among his signs and emblems
he says he has come to this other foreign land
to die in freedom

*our unconscious has as little use now as ever
for the idea of its own mortality*

visiting his home, I notice others
aside from me who circle back
again, again
to his study

*it only remains for us to test our new hypothesis
on one or two more examples*

he read with his legs draped over the side of his chair
like a boy

*having followed the discussion as far as this
the reader will have felt certain doubts arising in his mind
about much that has been said*

Karen Quevillon is an award-winning author of short fiction, poetry and creative nonfiction. Her work is forthcoming in *Grain Magazine*, *CV2*, and with *Demeter Press* and has appeared in *Geist Magazine*, *Fieldstone Review*, *In/Words*, *FreeFall*, *Cargo Literary*, *Philosophy Now* and other publications. Karen teaches literature and writing courses at Ontario colleges and works as a freelance writer in the field of education. Originally trained in as a philosopher (PhD, Northwestern University) she lives in Hamilton, Ontario with her two children and their menagerie. Online, please find her at theartofwriting.ca and follow her @KarenQuevillon.

The Day I Played Baseball With Habermas

He played a coach, or maybe an ump
shifting his weight around on the sidelines,
watching me at bat.

I played
on an all-boys team
against an all-boys team—

philosophers practicing *philia*
under Sunday's autumn sun;
the sort of thing sometimes done
by graduate students.

I hit the pitch
—cracked the ball
drove it low into the outfield - - - - -
and ran

to first base. He noticed.
His thick voice, I can hear it still in my ear:
“Zo! Girls play bazeball!”

Though this was obvious, I thought, this was true
even if there were no
baseball players in Germany.

In that other world
all we do is deep

tongue tied tongues underwater meet

Ours is a watery planet
where words
are divers'

weights
plunging

then
shim-
my-
ing

to soundless
milky

depths

They come to lie
under
veils

of silk.

Image of a Soon-to-be Lobotomized Woman

The first photographed patient:
a thick-browed woman called Case 17
posed with

nothing much more than a copacetic smile
to accessorize her new life.

She sits at the edge of a low bunk
in a dank asylum. You can almost smell the audacity

of the young physician who unroofed medical science
to define the outliers and rope each one in--

with a bombastic vocabulary
and the zeal of a hustler.

Doctor Freeman eyes me too from a stippled
daguerreotype.

Degeneracy begets degeneracy. The abnormal's fate is fixed in utero.

Edwina Turner was a foundling
whose foster father complained she was rebellious.

One of thousands to have her brain
whisked with a grapefruit spoon;
modern psychotherapy
absquatulated her soul.

I try to imagine who she is

before her surgically induced childhood
before she was made socially amenable

I try to picture her rebellious.

that year, in Paris

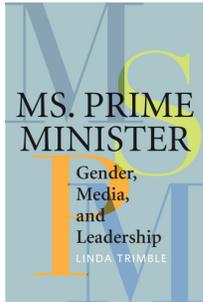
that year, in Paris
i heard your diagnosis
in the not-yet tick tocks
of my traveller's alarm clock.
i woke in time, always
to prevent the buzzer.
slept terribly
turning, turning, in my dreams
kick-boxing the cancer
in another woman's breast.

that year, in Paris
i climbed the hill to Monmartre
alone
read English novels
found them English for the first time
watched American movies
like the one about Eileen Warnoc, who killed a man.
in the cavernous *Bibliothèque Nationale* I cried at my workbench
over Eileen Warnoc on death row.

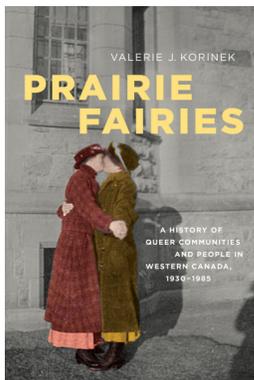
in Paris, that year
i rescued a mouse from my kitchen garbage
swiftly carried the creature scratching and mewling in the bucket
--pizza pan for a lid--
down six double flights to the cobbled courtyard.

that year, in Paris
your concerned eyes watched me
from the portraits in the Louvre
and in the mirror, when i sat for haircuts
'Don't you want to add some colour?,' the stylist asked me twice.
she was frustrated, i was a poor advertisement
looks '*un peu triste*,' were her words
but if the hair fits, wear it
no thanks, *non merci*, no colour
that year, in Paris.

PREVIEWS:



Ms. Prime Minister Gender, Media, and Leadership provides important insight into the news frameworks that work to deny or confer political legitimacy. It concludes with advice designed to inform the gender strategies of women who aspire to political leadership roles and the reporting techniques of the journalists who cover them. **Linda Trimble** is Professor in the Department of Political Science at the University of Alberta.



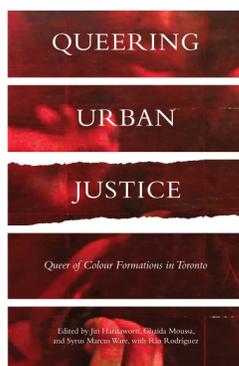
Prairie Fairies A History of Queer Communities and People in Western Canada, 1930-1985. *Prairie Fairies* draws upon a wealth of oral, archival and cultural histories to recover the experiences of queer urban and rural people in the prairies. Focusing on the five major urban centres: Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, and Calgary, *Prairie Fairies* explores the regional experiences of queer men and women from 1930-1985.

Valerie J. Korinek is Professor in the Department of History at the University of Saskatchewan.



Fighting Fat: Canada 1920 - 1980 analyzes a number of sources to expose our culture's obsession with body image. The book also includes over thirty interviews with Canadians, who defined themselves fat, highlighting the emotional toll caused by the stigmatizing of fatness.

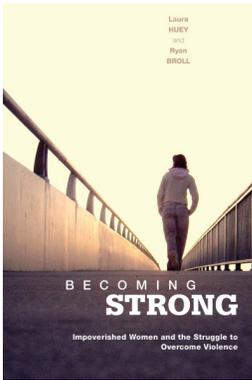
Wendy Mitchinson is a Canadian historian and a distinguished Professor Emerita at the University of Waterloo.



Queering Urban Justice: Queer of Colour Formations in Toronto Edited by **Jin Haritaworn, Ghaida Moussa, and Syrus Marcus Ware**, with **Río Rodríguez** *Queering Urban Justice* foregrounds visions of urban justice that are critical of racial and colonial capitalism, and asks: What would it mean to map space in ways that address very real histories of displacement and erasure? What would it mean to regard Queer, Trans, Black, Indigenous, and

People of Colour (QTBIPOC) as geographic subjects who model different ways of inhabiting and sharing space?

Jin Haritaworn is an associate professor in the Faculty of Environmental Studies at York University. **Ghaida Moussa** is a PhD Candidate in the Social and Political Thought Program at York University. **Syrus Marcus Ware** is a PhD Candidate in the Faculty of Environmental Studies at York University. **Rio Rodriguez** is a Toronto-based latinx queer educator working in queer, trans and POC communities.



Becoming Strong: Impoverished Women and the Struggle to Overcome Violence, explores the diverse effects of trauma in the lives of homeless female victims of violence. *Becoming Strong* offers not only a comprehensive examination of trauma and the role it can play in shaping homeless women's lives, but it also explores how women may recover and develop strategies for coping with traumatic experiences. **Laura Huey** is an associate professor in the Department of Sociology at the University of Western Ontario. **Ryan Broll** is an assistant professor in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at the University of Guelph.