

Queen's Feminist Review
2008
Volume 16

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Thank you to all of the talented artists and authors who fearlessly submitted their works for consideration. Without you and your incredible creativity, our publication would not exist, and we would lose a valuable forum for the exploration of feminist issues. As well, thank you to those who supported our publication in less visible ways, and to those whom we have missed.

**Queen's Feminist Review
Editorial Board**

Chair	Alison Preece
Managing Editor	Rosel Kim
Editorial Board	Adèle Barclay Madison Bettie Molle Dorst Caleigh Minshall Devon Murphy Abby Nicol Gloria So Jane Switzer Amy Uyeda
Layout and Design	Molle Dorst
Cover Images QFR Logo	Molle Dorst Tara Corless
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Editors' Note

These days, talking about feminism is tough—it has become an elephant in the room, a necessary topic everyone wants to skirt over and put on the back burner.

When we sat down 10 months ago as new faces in charge of putting together the publication, our concern was precisely that. How can we bring feminism to the forefront, and make it more accessible? How can we address the inequalities women are privy to every day as not ok or acceptable, regardless of how small or insignificant it may seem at the time?

So we tried a few different things. We navigated our way through the feminist community in Kingston, and whether it was organizing a dance party, a craft/music/poetry night, or even just a booth in the JDUC, we did it to remind everyone – and ourselves – that being feminist was not a cautionary label or a license to aggravate. It was simply living as a woman, loving and respecting our experiences and rights.

We received over 100 submissions this year—the 77 chosen ones sitting in front of you represent many (in)decisive days spent on discussing, sometimes arguing, and sometimes agreeing a 100 per cent. We owe every success of this year 16th annual review to our contributors and our dedicated, hardworking committee, as well as many helpful individuals always believing in and supporting QFR past and present.

One day, we hope to see a social atmosphere where nobody has to preface their feminist views with a pre-emptive “Well, I’m not saying I’m a feminist, but...”

And we hope that this publication can provide that positive beginning.

Sincerely,



Alison Preece and Rosel Kim

QFR Chair & Managing Editor
2007-8



Photo by Molle Dorst

The Queen's Feminist Review seeks to explore feminist issues through academic, artistic and creative medium in the Queen's and Kingston community. By representing different aspects of feminism, we hope to inspire dialogue and action within us all.

We share a common goal among the Social Issues Commission committees to fight all oppression in its various forms.

Why Feminism?

Because we've come so far:

In January 2008, journalist-turned-activist Jody Paterson and her business partner Lauren Casey announced their plan to open a co-operative brothel in Victoria, British Columbia. Paterson said Casey and herself plan to provide an establishment with quality management, fair shifts and wages, and staff involvement. By advocating for the decriminalization and legalization of brothels, Paterson and Casey will provide sex workers with a safe working environment, and aid the growing global advocacy for sex workers' rights.

In 2005, Health Canada approved the emergency contraception pill Plan B for sale without a prescription, allowing the pill to be sold in pharmacies nationwide. Because of this, Canadian women now have access to a safe and effective method to prevent unintended pregnancy.

In the 2008 United States presidential elections, Hilary Rodham Clinton has established herself a strong front-runner. This is the first time in the history of the U.S. presidential elections that a woman has a strong chance of being elected president.

V-Day, which stands for valentine, vagina, and victory, is celebrated every year on Valentine's Day in correlation with the Vagina Monologues in the effort to end violence against women. Every year, all around the world, the Vagina Monologues are performed to promote female empowerment and self-love.

Every year, a new crop of magazines, journals, e-zines, and online communities are created to exchange ideas and encourage dialogue on ongoing feminist issues and efforts. Well-known magazines such as Ms., Bust, and Bitch continue to address the feminist perspective topics like pop culture, abortion, domestic violence, politics, and economics.

Because there's far to go:

At least 60 million girls who would otherwise be expected to be alive are "missing" from various populations, mostly in Asia, as a result of sex-selective abortions, infanticide or neglect. (UN Study On The Status of Women).

Benazir Bhutto, the first woman to head the government of a Muslim-majority state in modern times and the founder of the Council of Women Leaders, was assassinated in Pakistan on December 27, 2007.

In 1988, women occupied zero of the 304 seats in the House of Commons. Although twenty years later women now occupy 64 seats, this is only 21% of the House.

In Saudi Arabia, women still have not won the right to vote.

Overheard in class: "But I think women just want to be housewives, you know?" Globally, at least one in three women and girls is beaten or sexually abused in her lifetime. (UN Commission on the Status of Women).

On December 6, 1989, Marc Lépine entered the École Polytechnique in Montreal, Quebec armed with a semi-automatic rifle. After proclaiming "you're all a bunch of feminists. I hate feminists," Lépine opened fire, killing 14 female engineering students before killing himself.

For 2008 Olympic Games in Beijing, the women who will give out awards at the ceremonies are held to rigid physical standards. Candidates must be 1.65-1.78 meters in height, have "regular" facial and body features, may only show six to eight teeth when they smile, and conform to the "directive standards" for the chest, waist and seat measurements.

On March 28, 2007, political activist and key figure in the anti-feminist movement Phyllis Schlafly denied the psychological damaging effects of spousal rape, saying: "by getting married, the woman has consented to sex, and I don't think you can call it rape."

Table of Contents

Great Lake Sailor	10	Adèle Barclay
When Will Drawing be Fun Again?	11	Amy Uyeda
The Construction of my Childhood	12	Vlada Bilyak
Trop Mangé	14	Angela Hickman
Bog Doll and Bird Friends	15	Morgan Wedderspoon
Abuse	16	Rosanna Smyth
Unbreakable Woman	17	Naomi Adams
summertime three	18	Katherine Laidlaw
Full of Grace	19	Erin Foley
Distortions	20	Carlyn Bezic
First Pecker Sighting	22	Jennifer Londry
Final Breath	23	Rosanna Smyth
Framed	24	Adèle Barclay
Vanishing season	26	Theresa Nowlan Suart
Erection	27	Joanna Nicholson
Not Eczema. John. Not Excusable. Me	28	Alyssa Johnson
Calculus for the weakhearted	30	Anna Maxymiw
Running scared	31	Tess Crosby
My Summer as a Media Prostitute	32	Julie Stewart-Binks
Keeping clean at 6:15	36	Adèle Barclay
For Laura	37	Janina Fisher
I wanted to be a temple	38	Jess Dudek
"Never Got the Email" #94	39	Kyle Topping
Empties	40	Angela Hickman
Danae	41	Breanne Brown
Equality and growth	42	James Brenton
I finally Saw a Marina Abramovic	45	Amy Uyeda

Finding out about the abortion	46	Leah Browning
Disney Princess	46	Crystal Metham
We're here, we're queer!	47	Amy Uyeda
Helpless Love	48	Laurie Lewis
On Sex and Text: Women and the Koran	49	Pansee Atta
The miscarriage	50	Lara Szabo Greisman
Beth	52	Kate McIntyre
From Sestos to Abydos	53	Crystal Metham
Dry Bones	54	Adèle Barclay
Lydia	55	Jen Kenneally
In the bush on the edge of the morning	56	Morgan Vanek
Catseesh	61	Marie McCarthy
To be a feminist	62	Rosel Kim
Today we walked our dogs in wigs like fools	63	Aly Ogasian
Over the rainbow	64	Angela Hickman
Piece for my mother	66	Lara Szabo Greisman
Freedom	67	Lhisha Bennett
Sexual Evolution	68	Theresa Nowlan Suart
Dirty Ledge	68	Crystal Metham
Wo/men's razors	69	Joanna Nicholson
Stained Fingers	70	Angela Hickman
Untitled	71	Jen Keaneally
How the Rattlesnake got its tail	72	Lara Szabo Greisman
What Virginia Said	73	Rosel Kim
Tradition	77	Theresa Nowlan Suart

great lake sailor

Adèle Barclay

If she was a hailstorm cracking windshields
caught in the gale, then I am your lake.
I never made you lose sleep for months and I kept
calm through those nights and red mornings.

Although my fall is a deep dive—there are safe shallows
but to reach the bottom is to drown.
So that's why I never wanted to invite you past toes dipping,
sending ripples over the surface.
It takes a certain strength to swim these lengths.

Water dissolves everything, but it's a slow process
to devour the vestiges of shipwrecks and sailors.

We live by great lakes that trick us into thinking they're
oceans
and yet I still subscribe to the sea of modest thinking,
as if to calm the winds lifting my edges up and over land.
I don't want to spill or send anything of myself away,
but there is so much to contain.



when will drawing be fun again?
Amy Uyeda

the construction of my childhood

Vlada Bilyak

I run to the neighbour's house in my diapers
and the grandma there lets me sew with her and cook with her
and I come home with strawberry all over my clothes and face.

My grandpa buys me my first set of paints.
He gives them to me through the wrought iron fence
around my daycare. He hides little gifts for me every day
in the zippered stomach of my plush bulldog.

My grandma spoon-feeds me and tells me stories
of the woman who swallowed a fork
and the woman who drift out to sea on her inflatable mattress
(she was saved by dolphins).

My mom sews outfits for my Barbie dolls.

My dad takes a photo of my brother and I
sitting on soccer balls in a field of dandelions.

I climb a tree outside and get stuck.
I cheat on a Mad Minute.
I take great pleasure in harvesting brine shrimp.
I want to be Matilda.

I jump off the monkey bars at school,
our own bridge to Terabithia,
and fall right on my back.

I walk around my grandmother's apartment,
her antique mirror reflecting the ceiling in my hands,
and pretend that I am walking on the ceiling.

She asks me to promise never to let my parents
put her in a nursing home. I say 'I promise' and she cries.

I wonder whether my parents really love each other.

My grandma tells me that no one marries a girl
incapable of keeping her room clean and tidy.

My mom and I walk to Zellers
and I think, 'the Earth is round but I don't feel it.'
So I watch my feet on the concrete
and think about how the concrete is actually round; I just don't feel it.
And in my head is an image of me walking on the Earth
and I am three times as big as the planet.

I cry thinking about how good-looking Nick Carter is.

I refuse to play Spin the Bottle because I want a real first kiss.

I feel like throwing up watching my grandmother
in the hospital. She offers me her hospital juice
and tells me about World War II.

Now my brother is nearly as tall as me.
And my fingers crack to their own rhythm
when my mother isn't listening.
And my backpack is a garbage disposal.
And I don't go to sleep for nights on end,
rushing to finish what I haven't yet
(I will never catch up).

Now I stand at the doorway, rolling-luggage at my side,
my dad yelling from the driveway that I'll miss the bus,
and I watch my mom's nose turn pink as her face scrunches up.
I cry when I see her crying.

trop mangé

Angela Hickman

stuffed to the bones and deeper
even the marrow is suffocating
pants discarded, squirreled up on the floor
their hungry waistband biting the shag
while my hips enjoy their wide respite

sprawled out, a wine stain on my carpet
to move would disturb the delicate balance
that the soup in my stomach has achieved

three hours later and waking up, half dressed
with bits of hair and something like sand
stuck to my bare legs, reminding me to vacuum
and that the dinner dishes still need to be washed.



bog doll and bird friends

Morgan Wedderspoon

abuse

Rosanna Smyth

Sexual?

Why is this your first question?
Would an affirmative response
validate what I say?
A negative response leads to...

Physical?

Why is this your second question?
Is there; can there ever be
a hierarchy of abuse?
An affirmative response leads to...

Silence.

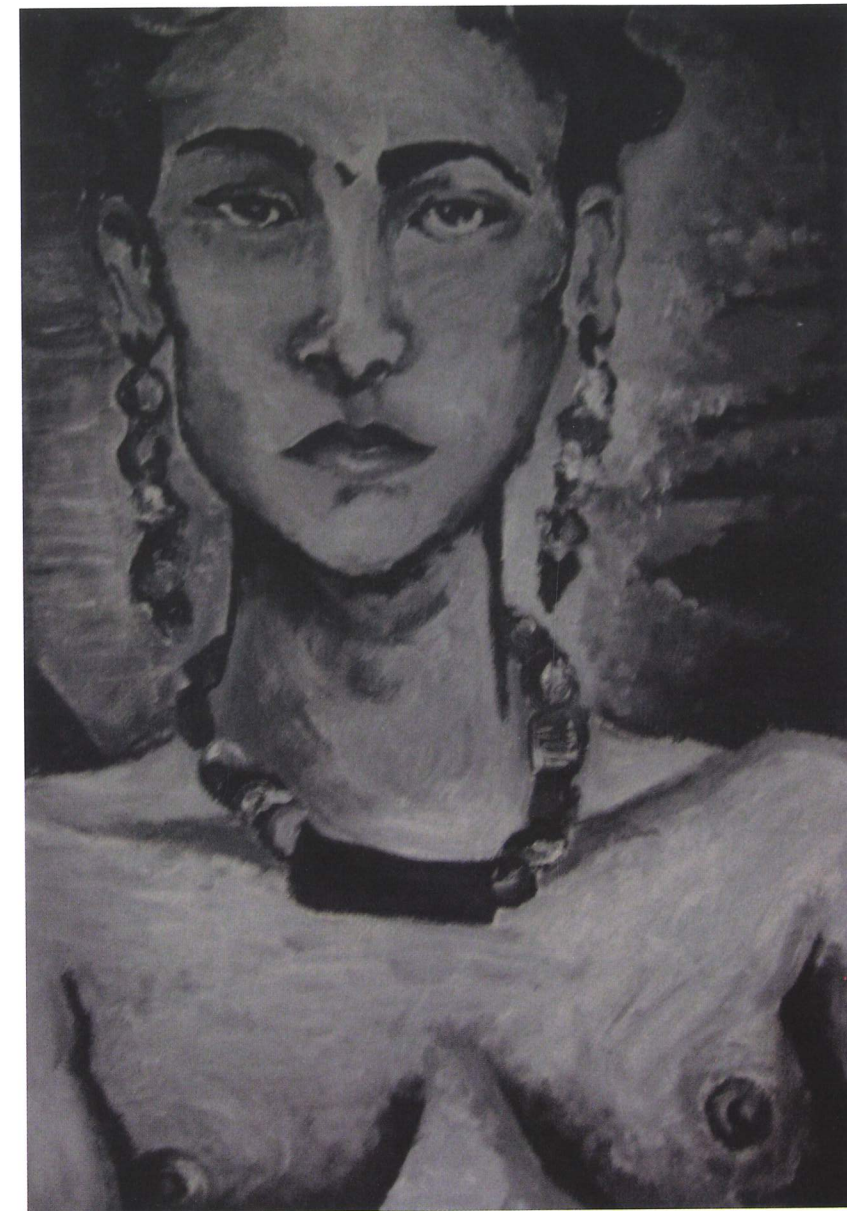
An appropriate response.
Yet it silences all other abuses
that have been equally violent:
 financial, emotional, spiritual.
And your hierarchy silences
The impossibility of separating my
 sexual, physical, emotional,
spiritual selves
 regardless of the form of abuse.

*Are you sure it was abuse?
That's a strong word to use.*

I know too well;
I know how many years I have lost
Trying to call it
love, good intentions, poor choices, maybe
next time will be better, it's not that bad, other
people go through this, it must be my fault.

Abuse.

We say it not because we are
 vindictive, unforgiving, helpless,
victims.
But because we cannot begin to heal
until we recognize the damage done.



unbreakable woman

Naomi Adams

summertime three

Katherine Laidlaw

A stove, a refrigerator,
two desks,
one bed,
you.

Ferry rides, splintered docks,
green apples and too many
countertop rendezvous
to count.

There were times that summer
I wished I could cry you away.
There were times you said you
felt sorry for me; my addiction,
you said, to the grind.
There were times I could see
my life
spread out in front of me far ahead;
your blue eyes, my wild hair,
those ferry rides.
I had it in mind, had
you
in mind.

I didn't realize I was cheating until you did;
unfaithful with my work, my electric circus grind.
A boy kissing a strange girl on a
ferry. And not a day goes by now
when I don't think of those ferry rides.

Our summer in that small apartment stands, lonely.

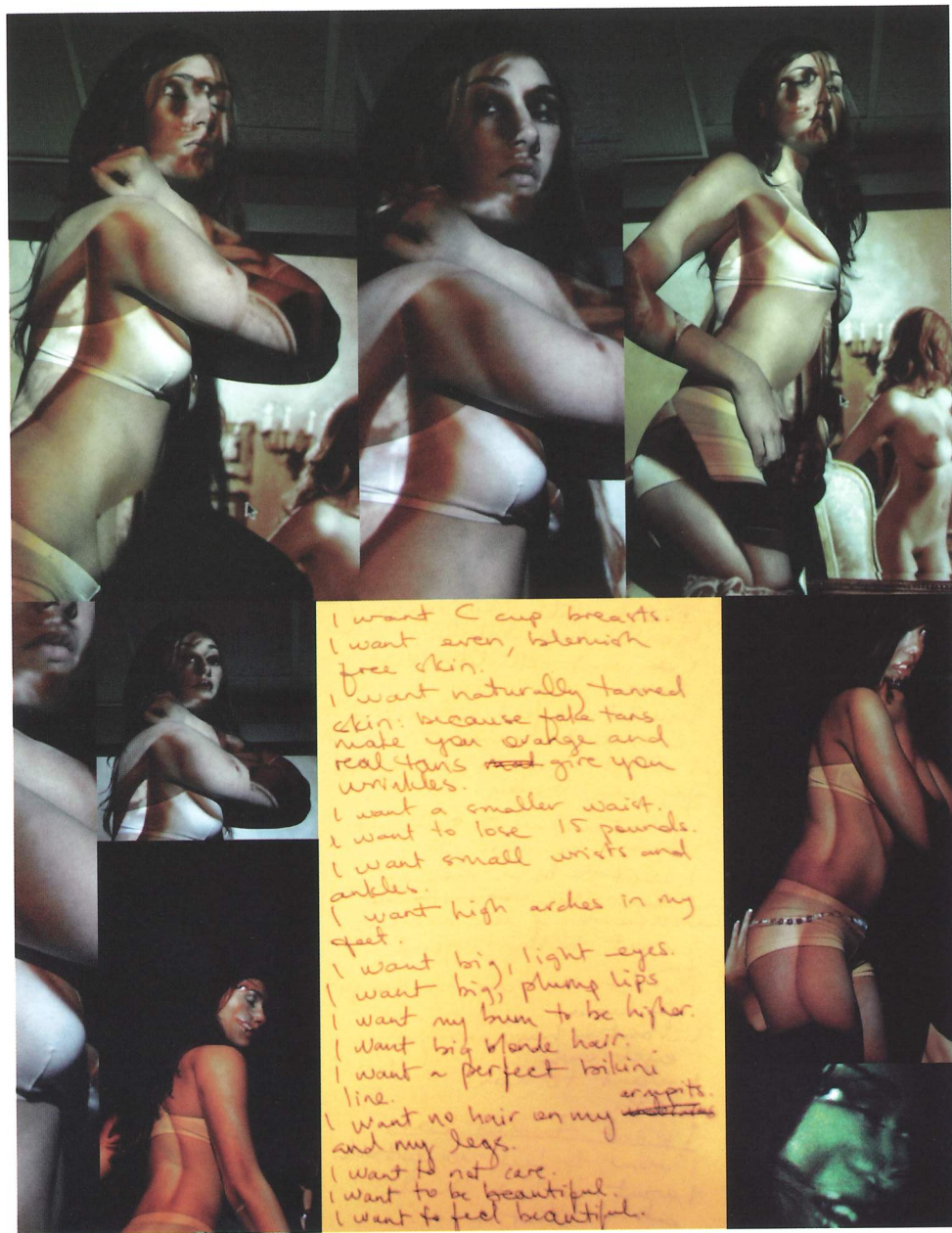
full of grace

Erin Foley

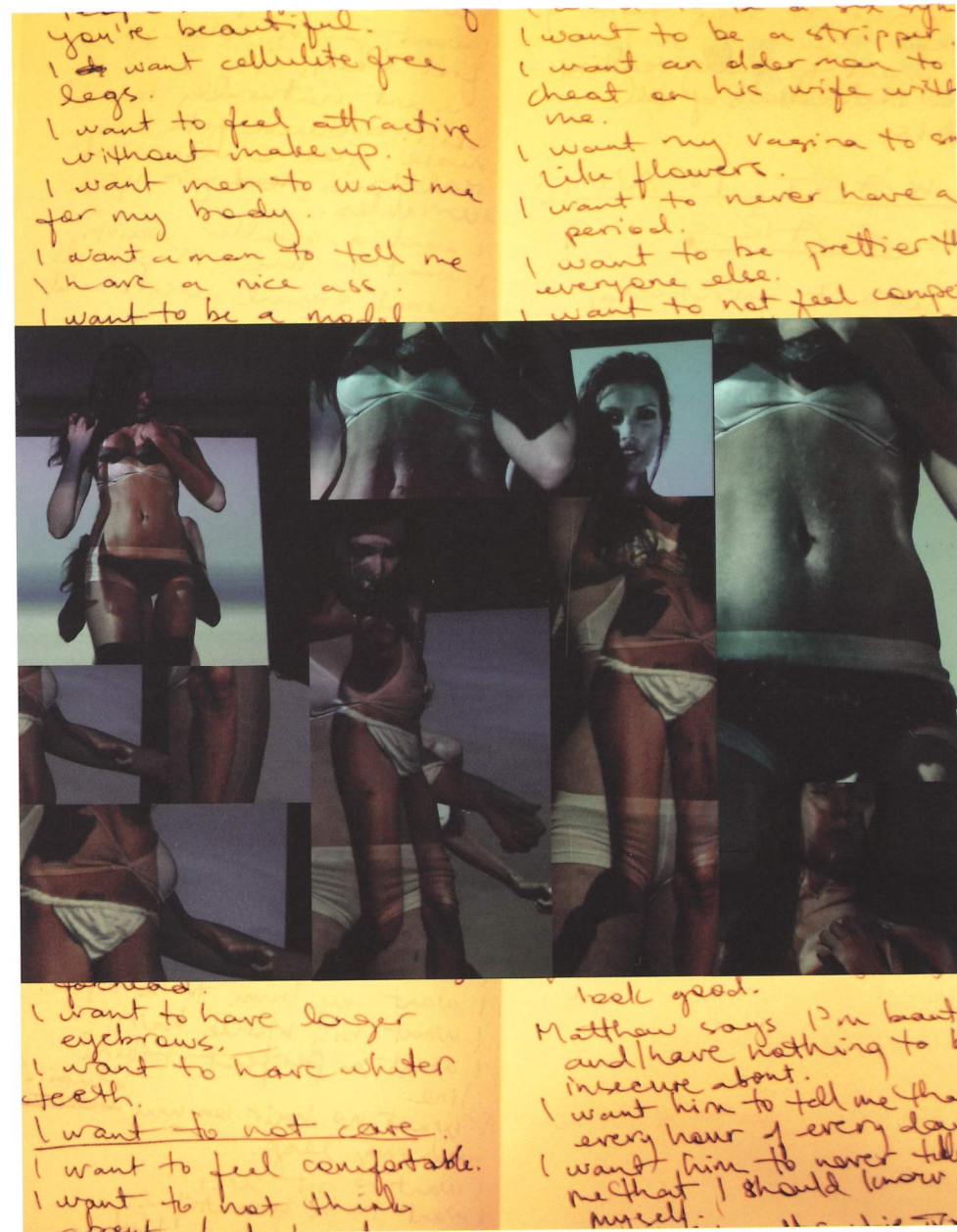
That was the day we decided. Watching a cartoon about Mary appearing to children in Fatima. I ran home to collect my rosary and met you in the park. We crawled beneath the branches into the clearing, pushed aside the tattered skin magazines and knelt. We were going to make her appear. I prayed so hard but I couldn't remember The Sacred Mysteries and all of the things I was supposed to think about. My knees grew sore and I knew Mary wouldn't come. Suffering and sacrifice nothing more than words.

Crawled beneath the branches into the clearing.
This time with your brother but thinking
about the time I came with you, how we prayed.
He gave me the cigarettes he stole from your father
and we smoked while his hands rubbed over top of my shirt.
I was kneeling again but this time
everything was different.
The sound of his zipper
louder than the Hail Marys.
He pushed my face into the dirt
and I wondered
was this sacrifice?

Pregnant at thirteen.
Not much younger than Mary.
I thought about lying
"I'm having God's child"
but feared sacrilege.
How can you have a baby you can't explain?
Emptied
I rode the train home from the city
never lifting my eyes from the floor.



I want C cup breasts.
 I want even, blemish free skin.
 I want naturally tanned skin: because fake tans make you orange and real tans ~~and~~ give you wrinkles.
 I want a smaller waist.
 I want to lose 15 pounds.
 I want small wrists and ankles.
 I want high arches in my feet.
 I want big, light eyes.
 I want big, plump lips.
 I want my bum to be higher.
 I want big blonde hair.
 I want a perfect bikini line.
 I want no hair on my ~~armpits~~ ^{armpits} and my legs.
 I want to not care.
 I want to be beautiful.
 I want to feel beautiful.



you're beautiful.
 I want cellulite free legs.
 I want to feel attractive without make up.
 I want men to want me for my body.
 I want a man to tell me I have a nice ass.
 I want to be a model.

I want to be a stripper.
 I want an older man to cheat on his wife with me.
 I want my vagina to smell like flowers.
 I want to never have a period.
 I want to be prettier than everyone else.
 I want to not feel compared.

I want to have longer eyebrows.
 I want to have whiter teeth.
 I want to not care.
 I want to feel comfortable.
 I want to not think about.

look good.
 Matthew says I'm beautiful and have nothing to be insecure about.
 I want him to tell me that every hour of every day.
 I want him to never tell me that I should know myself.

distortions Carlyn Bezic

first pecker sighting

Jennifer Londry

The first time she saw a thingy, it was in the barn. Tractor of a horse pulsing
out what she thought was an oversized turd all muscle
and mother's bran-cakes.

When it didn't drop off – eyes as binoculars glued themselves to its garden hose stiffness
in muddied shoes and poker face stealth she cut holes
in a burlap bag

sloops it over her head and goes
to investigate.

She wasn't supposed to be in the barn alone.

She crept up behind the horse,
stood on a milking stool, on top of a wooden crate,

stuck her hands out, beak-like pruning shears reaching for overripe tomato.
It felt like mother's yellow rubber gloves; the ones that advertised, they'd last a lifetime.

When finally It shrivelled, she thought it was dying –
a firefly retreating into darkness;

collapsing as mother did when she removed her hands from
dish soap.

final breath

Rosanna Smyth

Mankind thinks he's got Mother Nature whipped.

She's
an easy-going one she
can take a joke she'll
let him believe
for a while at least.

But she's
nobody's fool she's
more than her beauty she
does not forget
as mankind does.

And, with the spirits who were
deemed as worthless
as her,
she is preparing mankind's
final
breath.

framed

Adèle Barclay

In this fishbowl morning I wake up. Sun filters through purple curtains, airborne dust swirls in random currents. The light just misses my head, its abstract gold nudging my lazy eyelids. A funny taste rests on my tongue and I can hear my neighbour outside hosing her garden while listening to the radio. I've never met her but the voice I always hear yelling for "Peter!" sounds older. I'm still wearing a plain white tank top from the night before that I wore under my clothes to cover the bits where my pants slide down and my other shirt rides up. My jeans are bunched up in the corner of the bed, opposite of where my head is as I stare up at the hairline cracks in my ceiling. The house is empty and it feels even more vacant than usual because there is sun out today. I can feel the light penetrating the spaces where no one is breathing, illuminating patches of dust, hairballs, and abandoned crumbs. I sneeze and think, "Bless you." "Bless this mess," my mother would say and put her hands on her hips. I turn over. Somewhere on the highway a bus is rolling past blonde Alfalfa fields while Paul looks to the girl beside him and tells her stories about his band. He brought the guitar with him, a conversation piece. I scratched an 'S' onto the case with my keys once. I wonder if that's a conversation piece too. And that funny taste seeping in between my teeth is from not brushing my them last night and drinking vodka. I evaluate the signs: a fairly settled stomach, a pulse behind the eyes and the urge to never crawl out from the groove I've made. Somewhere a baby I can't see is crying, gulping for air and turning red. The neighbour has a newborn granddaughter. I have the beginnings of a headache.

In search of water, I rise from the small hills of my yellow comforter. Parched throat and fuzzy in the head, I need water. Kate's room is empty and the door's ajar; she's gone to work at the hotel. Morning shift means she leaves behind the smell of coffee and cigarettes. I yawn and trespass the hallway, half-naked since no one's home. With each step the floorboards creak. I dash to the bathroom. Brush teeth, wash face, comb hair with my hands and let the water drip and air-dry off of my face. Mirrors don't bother me, especially on mornings like these. There's only one person I have to greet. I run the tap until it's cold. Fill the glass until it's good and full. I drink. It's vaguely metallic, its cool chlorine, but there's relief.

Back in my room, I spread like a starfish across my bed, let the sunshine and stale air surround my limbs. The stillness envelops me, decorates me like icing or a thin crust. Sleep is out of reach now no matter how slowly I breathe or lie listless on my right side with arms

and legs outstretched, shoulders relaxed, elbows and knees bent at the right angles. Giving up, I pull on red plaid shorts, material like picnic cloth. Shoving open my window, I make the painted wooden frames squeal. I step onto the fire escape, barefoot on metal and rust. An unsettled summer wind cools the bits of my face that are still damp, lifts my hair. I grab the bars and hoist myself up onto the ladder. My feet and hands grip, feel the grit of the bars under them. I'm the top and maneuver up onto the roof. I shift until I'm sitting, huddled, feet just at the edge. I pick at the bits of loose tar and hate its smell. Jill and Dave will be working the bar tonight. Dave always makes the waitresses drinks at the end of the night. But work isn't until a while and so the world feels serene, a few cars roam the block and bicycles and children buzz by like quiet fruit flies. I look down and have that urge to jump. I always have that a sense, like an undergrowth, to topple over the edge of platforms or buildings set at great heights. Of course I stay planted where I am, the height makes me shaky and unable to move. But there's a doubt, an instance where I wonder if it's possible but immediately I lean back, stomach rising, hands held tight together. The green below isn't far and I'm drawn for a moment but pull back, the larger magnet of reason.

Here, I can really tell it's a clearer day, with the town spread out beneath me. The sky looks free of a haze, at least for now. I look to what I remember as being west, past the tops of houses. I squint to find a horizon but it's clouded by buildings. Just simply breathing on the roof, I sit, the granulated texture pressing into my palms and thighs. Lifting my hand I relieve it of the tiles' pressure, there's an imprint and some dirt in the creases. I brush it off and replace the hand. A woman wearing one of those large garden hats walks a fluffy, orange dog; it's half her size. Across the street there are two trees that border the little red brick house perfectly. I stare at its empty roof and shift my feet.

Eventually I climb down as the morning eases to afternoon heat. I feel the sun's touch on my shoulders. I must leave before it's too much. On the fire escape I notice the metal is burning from the sun and in combination with its jagged corroded pieces, it's uncomfortable to stand on. In love we rust. I look into the lack of garden in our backyard, the tufts of wild grass, depressions of mud. There just isn't the time. I stare back through the window, it's clear and clean like a picture frame.

vanishing season:

reflection in haiku on moving to Kingston
Theresa Nowlan Suart

moving to Kingston
summer highway pilgrimage
someone disappeared

writer, teacher, mom
downsized temporarily
now "just" mothering

lost in rhetoric
fading with autumn's splendor
my identity

metal mailbox taunts
with its too-brief label and
back to school flyers

two-year-old Michael
a worry, not yet talking
picking up acorns

I narrate our walks
amateur Mister Rogers
another leaf falls

shining girl Celeste
bravely meeting new school-mates
slides into routine

driving to Belleville
another Irish dance class
snow on the road

His chance dictated
good move for our family
But what about me?

An October feast
new personal ritual:
pumpkins and coping

November's project
Necessary reflection
rediscovering: me



erection

Joanna Nicholson

not eczema.john.not excusable.me
Alysssa Johnson

We used to laugh, or so our mother says,
It was impossible to put us to bed,
We would only sleep curled on the floor,
Blanketed, bundled together so warm.
I was three, you were my sister.

We used to dance for hours on end,
To Broadway shows we'd never seen,
Bubble-bearded terrors in the bath then
Towel-wrapped and toast to watch the TV
I was five, you were my sister.

We moved schools because of you,
Bullied and breaking, sensitive you,
I ached and was angry for the loss of my friends
Whatever was wrong, you didn't start to mend
I was nine and you were my sister.

"Your sister's in therapy," they jeered at me,
You always cried at night, I could get no sleep,
I hammed on the wall SHUT UP SHUT UP
I went to school and beat people up.
I hardly remember a thing, except for your screams.

My nose was blocked, my ears were throbbing,
The room was dark, somewhere bells were ringing,
I called and called and no one came to help,
I got up, shaking and fumbled through the house.
I found her there, by your sodden pillow.
You stole my mother, you were competition.

I trashed your room, ground mud in your rug,
Wiped snot on the curtains and soap under the covers,
When they found it the tears I heard was my mother's,
Feeling hated and guilty I hid in the dark, and listened
To the helpless voices of parents who were falling apart.

You smelt funny, you said stupid things,
You made people awkward; you lost me my friends,
The grandparents stopped coming,
The house was so cold, your eyes pleaded for love,
I would give you none.

You slept with that boy on the ferry to France,
You kissed that old man at a formal dance
You wouldn't wash, you wouldn't eat
You were so dirty and broken to me.
A knife under your pillow, fingers down your throat,
Sent away to be fixed, return still broke.

I wouldn't cry at your funeral, I said.

I cried that day the smell brought your memories flooding back,
When you are in the front of the car, I cry secretly in the back,
I cried reading your testimony, I fucking hate that man,
So why can't I look at you? Show how sorry I am?

I wrote to you the other day, forgive me forgive me for all that pain
We have so much in common, we could be great friends,
I am twenty, I hope, one day I will deserve you as a sister.

calculus for the weak-hearted

Anna Maxymiw

at what point do i sacrifice my dignity?
i've tried to calculate this for years.
there is no formula –

such that me, pinned between your body
and the bed
and you, your hands against my knees,
divided by that vast space between our lips
and multiplied by the shaded bruises
results in my freedom.

there is no formula
such that i, long-legged and sinuous,
brash, brash, and slapdash,

and you,
rude, cold, unyielding, cruel,
hard, hard, and hardly living,

to the power of pain times
three and four years
results in something good.

or is it something bad?

at what point between the air and the mat-
tress,
in the fall to the sheets,
between the locked door and our locked
hands and our locked hearts
in the midst of gnashing and fight
bruise blood sex sweat and living wildly...

...do we destroy?

at what point do we lose ourselves?
and while seeing how deep the pain goes
tear ourselves worse

at what point
do i lose my interior?
at what point
do i lose my woman?

at what point
do i lose myself?

running scared

Tess Crosby

Not fleeing - patrolling!
My thighs hurtling
Wielding myself against the fences encircling.

A shadowy chaperone emerges and keeps
pace.

Miss, he says, please be advised
Jogging at midnight is unsafe in this place.
I will escort you home - We can't have you
compromised!

Menacingly:
There are terrible men who will do terrible
things to you
Please, yield the night to them, and stay safe.

I laugh and whoop and begin to gallop
Wielding my powerful body, imposing it
against the night
Daring it to prefer terrible men to my primal
right.
What an upsideworld! I tell him,
Where I am responsible for the crimes others

commit upon me.
I thrust myself into the park grounds and yelp
with joy to ravish the land denied to me.
I stomp my feet in its gardens and deflower its
beds.

It is unsafe, he menaces.
Leave this place, careless girl, you are in dan-
ger! (I laugh in its faces)
"Careless and carefree!" I spurt hysterical satis-
faction across the grounds.

I sprint ahead and throw myself wild.
If I am to be caged I refuse to be shamed into
acceptance.
Do what you will but know that it is over
my violent,
my unapologetic
my impatient
body.

my summer as a media prostitute

Julie Stewart-Binks

This past summer I decided to work for a sports radio station. I was offered a job that would allow me to experience live broadcast, learn more about sports journalism and network with various important individuals. In my interview, I was told that I would be working with two other females, driving around to different sporting events such as baseball and football games, as well as many others, in the company "cruiser" car. We would set up for broadcasts and hand out promotional material. I felt as though I had scored a good job to help me enter the world of sports broadcasting. Little did I know how my summer would play out.

My first day on the job, my boss brought me my "uniform". It consisted of a white t-shirt, black skirt and white zip-up sweatshirt. It seemed a bit risqué at first glance, the skirt was short and the top low cut but then I realized I was going to be wearing a t-shirt and skirt for the summer, what everyone else my age would probably be wearing, so I justified it to myself.

Things started off well. I enjoyed my co-workers and the job was fun. However, there were a couple times when the other women and I would be harassed verbally by passing men. Our boss told us that if this was to happen, to "walk away from the situation" and not to say anything that would make the radio station look bad. So, in light of these comments, we decided not to make a big deal when males shouted sexual slurs at us. I had many men ask me to be their bride and to come home with them, which I learned to ignore. However, at the opening FIFA World Cup game in Toronto, I was approached by a man wanting to shake my hand. The gesture seemed harmless so I stuck out my hand at his request. He then proceeded to grab my hand, pull me towards him and hold me in a tight grasp. I felt uncomfortable and told him to let me go. At this time, he asked his friend to take a picture of the two of us. The man begged me to kiss him on the cheek for the picture, whereby I forcefully told him no. I was in a grip I could not get out of, and this man was probably 3 times my size. He had my arms locked and kissed me on the cheek for the picture. I pushed him away with all my strength. They proceeded to call me a "feisty cat" who would be "an animal in bed." I wanted more than ever to run up and fight this man with all the rage I was feeling, however I knew that would mean my job was in jeopardy. Looking back now, I realize I should have done it anyways.

These incidents were infrequent at first, so I learned how to brush them off, however, as the summer progressed; almost every person who we encountered had something inappropriate

to say to us. I soon realized I was not in a normal job. This is not how women are supposed to be treated. At one baseball game, as I was politely talking to interested listeners to the station, when a man who was carrying his son on his shoulders said to his wife, "hey honey, you think you could let me have her for just one night?" I was appalled that this man said this to his wife, and also assumed that he could just use me if his wife said so. The couple walked by again and the man told me "my wife is jealous, she wants in on the action as well." I didn't say anything. I felt upset and angry that by first glance at me, all everyone thought of or mentioned was sexually harassing. They treated me as though I were an actual object. Something with no emotion or that deserved any respect. They fail to realize that by sexually harassing women like myself, they are also encouraging this behaviour for the likes of all men towards someone such as their sister, daughter or girlfriend.

Growing up as a feminist in an uber-feminist household, I had strong opinions and beliefs about women. I had attended an all-girls' school where girls were taught to work to their full potential. When I played hockey on all boys team, I was always treated with the utmost respect by the players and their parents. The one time a player on the opposite team shouted a sexual slur my way, I did what any hockey player would do – I punched him. He punched me back and we settled things on the ice- and of course spent our five minutes each in the penalty box.

However, here in a job, where I was representing the station, a well deserved punch, wasn't an option.

I learned a lot about myself, men and life while working at this job. I definitely wouldn't say it was a good experience, but it was an experience. I learned a lot about how society views women, and how we can kid ourselves into thinking we are equal, but many men still don't hold that view. I'm sure when the marketing people at the station designed this summer's promotional campaign, they had no idea that we would be subjected to this type of harassment.

On the other hand, perhaps they might be advised not to use young women dressed in enticing outfits to promote their station. Marketers have learned over the years that you don't need a girl to sell a car, if you're selling a good car. The same goes for sports. While basketball and football seem to rely on scantily clad 'dancers' during halftime (and my heart goes out to those women who are likely all serious dancers who need to make a buck and hate being every-man's fantasy) hockey manages to pull in the crowds with nary a pert woman.

To this end, I might gently suggest that the station start marketing towards women and families more. I know that the Laurel Lindsay, a former Queen's grad and vice president of consumer marketing for the Toronto Blue Jays has specifically targeted women with families. She boosted attendance 18% in the first year.

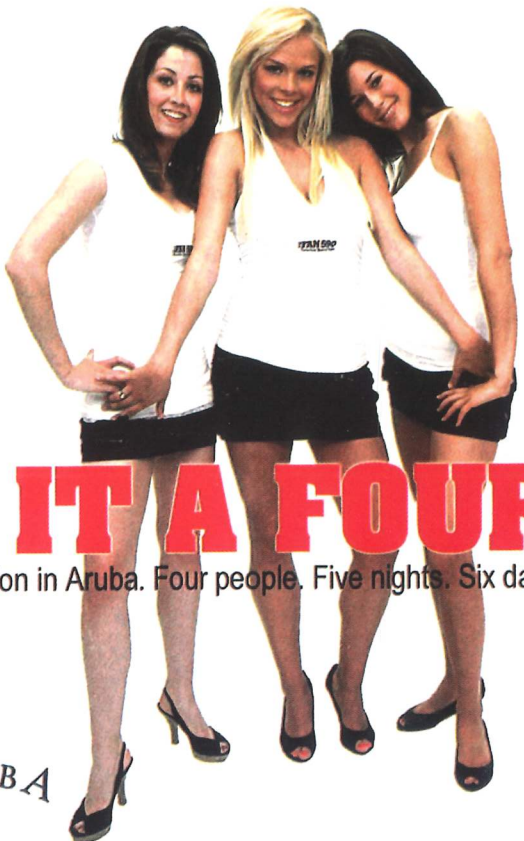
Men have a lot to lose by women being equal to them and not being their slaves or sex objects. This is how they have fought back from the women's movement -encouraging them to dress like a slut and fuck whomever. However, it's not only men we should blame for sexual put-downs which create an anti-feminine takeover. I encountered numerous women who would scowl or use derogatory terms such as "slut" or "whore" in response to my attire. They are letting themselves fall into the grasp of the world of men. They are allowing themselves to think that if a woman is dressed in little clothing she is a being with no moral significance and should be ridiculed.

You are probably wondering why, if I have such strong beliefs about feminism, I continued to work at the radio station. I'll admit, I could have easily quit mid-summer and found a job at a restaurant or a clothing store, but I decided to wait it out, hoping things would turn around, since having a radio station on your resume is a bit more credible then a restaurant if you are trying to get into the sports broadcasting industry.

Throughout my life, I have been surrounded by respectful males such as my brother, father and grandfathers. I learned not to stereotype the male gender, as I had seen first hand the encouraging and understanding individuals they can be. On this note, I should add that the general manager of the radio station was an extremely respectful individual, who I consider a mentor. He supports the careers of women in sports journalism, and is a positive influence towards my involvement in broadcasting.

People may think that when they insult women and demean them, that they are putting them down. In fact what they are doing is politicizing them and giving them the desire to fight back. They are creating feminists; one woman at a time.

Oh and by the way, that was a flyer I was offering – not a blow job.



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keeping clean at 6:15am

Adèle Barclay

In memory of Steph Gear

In through the kitchen window outside drips then licks the sill mouldy while I rinse dishes and even though I keep trying to wash myself of you, the water I've been using comes from the wells beneath our houses so there's going to be some residue like that taste of metal scraping tongue leached from limestone bed and we can boil the water but the calcium precipitates, sinks to the bottom of cups and slides gritty down the throats that have been too busy choking out names of other places to run to...

but you
could run so fast
it took a train to stop you.

... even then there's something I can't scrub off the kettle because it sticks and stains and there's something that bubbles under my skin and blisters like burns from the pots I keep spilling with a flick of my hip when I enter this tiny kitchen and every time my fingers heal I go and lose my grip so the handle slips and I'm left running hands under cold water while the pipes squeak and scream and the steam rises up off the floor.

you can clean the kettle twice
and place it
in exactly
the right spot,
but the water we keep pulling up from the ground below this town
well, it won't change for anyone.

for laura

Janina Fisher

Her shoulders droop with letting go
as she smiles in surrender.
The outer edges of her lips
melt the old tightness of holding on.
Her being liquefies...
becomes a golden puddle that

s - l - o - w - l - y

s
i
n
k
s

Her fears, her past, her shame
quench the parched ground
And from its arid centre
rising and reaching upward
- like a bubble breaking the surface
The goddess emerges -
Golden
Radiant
Awakened
Desiring...

Ready.

i wanted to be a temple

Jess Dudek

i wanted to be a temple
standing heavy on the earth
with my name in a frieze around my neck.
i wanted tired pilgrims to collapse awestruck at my door
and desperately wonder what lay behind
the shining marble walls.
i wanted to be a mystery

to draw people in
like the pretty pink mouth of a venus fly trap
and leave them hanging from my fangs.

i dreamt that i was a vessel,
my steadfast bow breaking through
the wildest pacific storm
but i woke in the night
to the quiet beating of my own heart.

now a worshipper, i fall to my knees
and pray for the rapture that has always evaded me.

i should never be a step ahead of love,
reading tragic fate in the palm of something unborn.
neither should i fall behind,
dragged through dirty streets like a wounded hector.

love should humble me, yet make me infinite
burn me down and spread my ashes in constellations across the sky.



"never got the email" no. 94
Kyle Topping

empties

Angela Hickman

My first rainbows were
refracted through the bottom
of a broken bottle of Skye.
I remember lying on the floor,
the living room wall-to-wall prickly
against my cheek, the sofa alive
with bands of bent light.

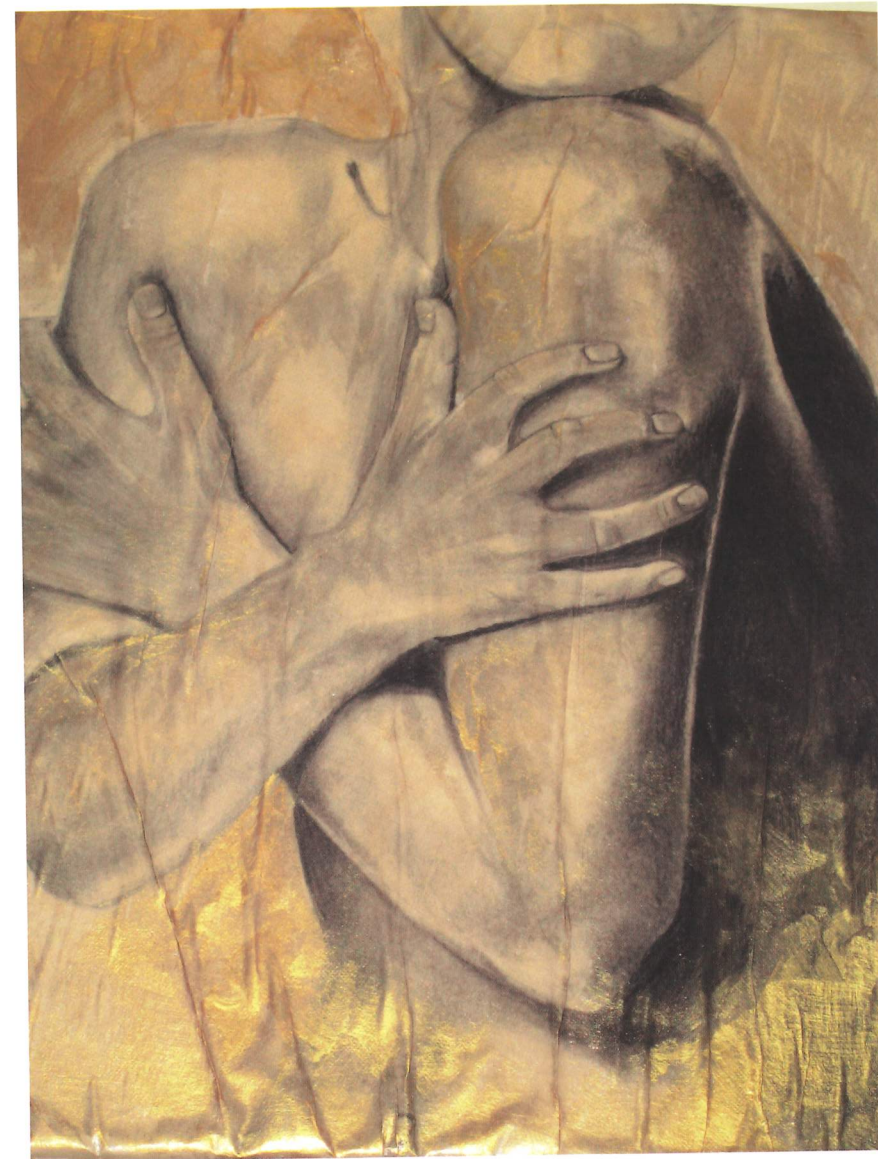
At the age of five you don't see
what things are as much as what
they seem to be, or should be.
I saw everything through the
tindal effect of my parents.
They filtered things down to me
and I soaked them up like the ocean,
drawing bands of light before a storm.

Light and bottles were everywhere
spread through my childhood
like an epidemic of questionable parenting
and faulty recycling practices.
The curb never saw our disgrace,
my parents needed the money to refill;
bottles, glasses, and the hole that was
somewhere deep inside them.

The depot was my childhood park
and deposit day was my favourite,
no matter that it alternated with my parents'
pockets.

When I helped by being quiet and polite
I was rewarded with licorice babies,
gummy and cold, their blackness stained
my hands and later my dress,
but no one was observant enough to punish
me.

As an older child, old enough to go to school,
I moved from home to home, none with glass
collections,
and I found myself missing the colours, almost
forgetting
the shapes of the many brands, the smooth-
ness
and the curves. One Tuesday, I sat on the
curb
between blue boxes and garbage bins,
searching for the smell of home and the
gentle breath of my parents, husky with the
heaviness of life.



danae

Breanne Brown

equality and economic growth

James Brenton

Arguably, one of the most fascinating aspects of the economic mindset is its complete lack of morals. While concepts like cost, benefit, and efficiency can be measured numerically, morals and ethics are somewhat more transient, and for this reason they're often left out of consideration. The conclusions you arrive at using this variety of logic are therefore simple and objective; they can tell you the outcome of a given set of preconditions, but have little to say about the desirability of that outcome. Cold as this may seem, when applied to social problems, economic logic frequently has the benefit of placing general social welfare¹ above the concerns of any individual group. One such problem where particularly fascinating results are obtained is that of the economic position of women in the developing world. Without placing any weight upon considerations of equality or fairness, an economic examination of the problem provides inspiring rationale for gender equality in employment.

Of primary concern to this assessment is the role played by the fertility rate in the developing economy, and the way in which fertility decisions are made within a relationship. It's no coincidence that many of the world's poorest nations are characterized by extremely high birthrates. A high birthrate strains a nation's infrastructure in a number of ways: first by dividing the pre-existing national wealth amongst an ever increasing group, meaning that per-capita incomes will fall unless overall income growth is able to outpace this division, and second by changing the economy's age structure. An age divide which is heavily biased towards children means a great deal of dependency, often compounding issues of poverty, child labour, and low education. These problems drastically restrict a country's future growth prospects, creating situations of spiraling economic insecurity.

Having shown the costs of high birth rates, the real question remains why individuals in the developing world choose to have so many children, and this question is intimately mixed-up in the economic status of women, as will be demonstrated. We assume that the decision to have children is a rational one; one which will be made on the basis of some analysis of its potential costs and future benefits. Benefits of love and family aside, children entail economic benefits in their eventual usefulness as labourers on family farms, or as providers for parents as they age, while they represent costs in terms of nutrition, clothing, and education. Separate costs are also involved however: the opportunity costs of the mother. Specifically, by having children the mother sacrifices her ability to engage in paid labour during the later stages of pregnancy, and typically during the initial development of the child.

This decision then brings with it obvious monetary costs to the family, calculated as the value of the mother's lost wages. In a situation where women are often discriminated against in employment, and thus face limited opportunities, these costs are frequently quite low. This is precisely the problem. In a situation of discriminatory employment, the decision to have children will be made under the assumption that the mother-to-be is very limited in her earning potential. Bearing this in mind, couples will choose to have more children than they otherwise would have, had the woman's time been assessed at its actual value. Such considerations, while perhaps carrying only small effects in each family, can have a broad social impact, and dire consequences for economic development in the face of drastically inflated birth rates.

Another logical result of employment discrimination has to do with the ability of children to provide for their parents. This loyalty can be of particular importance in developing nations where, often, no other protections exist. Without properly functioning insurance markets, financial institutions, or government social policy, parents can often hope only that their children will provide for them when they are no longer able to do so themselves. This, however, is far from certain.

Consider a number of possibilities. First, a child may die at birth, or of common childhood disease. Second, they may not be an adequate income earner. While third, they may earn an adequate income, but nonetheless be unwilling to support their parents. For the purposes of demonstration, consider a value of $\frac{1}{2}$ as the probability that any given child will support their parents into old age.

Additionally, each couple must consider what level of risk they are willing to accept. Suppose that it's absolutely imperative that at least one child be willing to provide support. There will then be a certain number of children each couple must produce in order to provide for their future security, given their own tolerance for uncertainty. Specific attitudes toward risk mean that there must exist a certain minimum value that each couple finds acceptable as a probability of receiving support. For demonstration, we assign a value of $\frac{9}{10}$, a reasonable value given the stakes at hand.

With these probabilities, finding the required number of births is simple arithmetic. Even with these quite reasonable values, a couple would have to conceive no less than 4 children, simply to feel financially secure². In areas with high infant mortality, or frequent disruption of families, this number could be considerably higher.

The possibility of gender bias however is what makes this model most shocking. Within the analysis, we have previously assumed that each child inherently possesses the same earning potential. If we assume instead that women's labour is not valued, and that only male children constitute economic players, the effect is devastating. Provided the same values from above, a family would now need to double the number of desired offspring. No less than eight conceptions would be required, simply to ensure the support of a single, male child³.

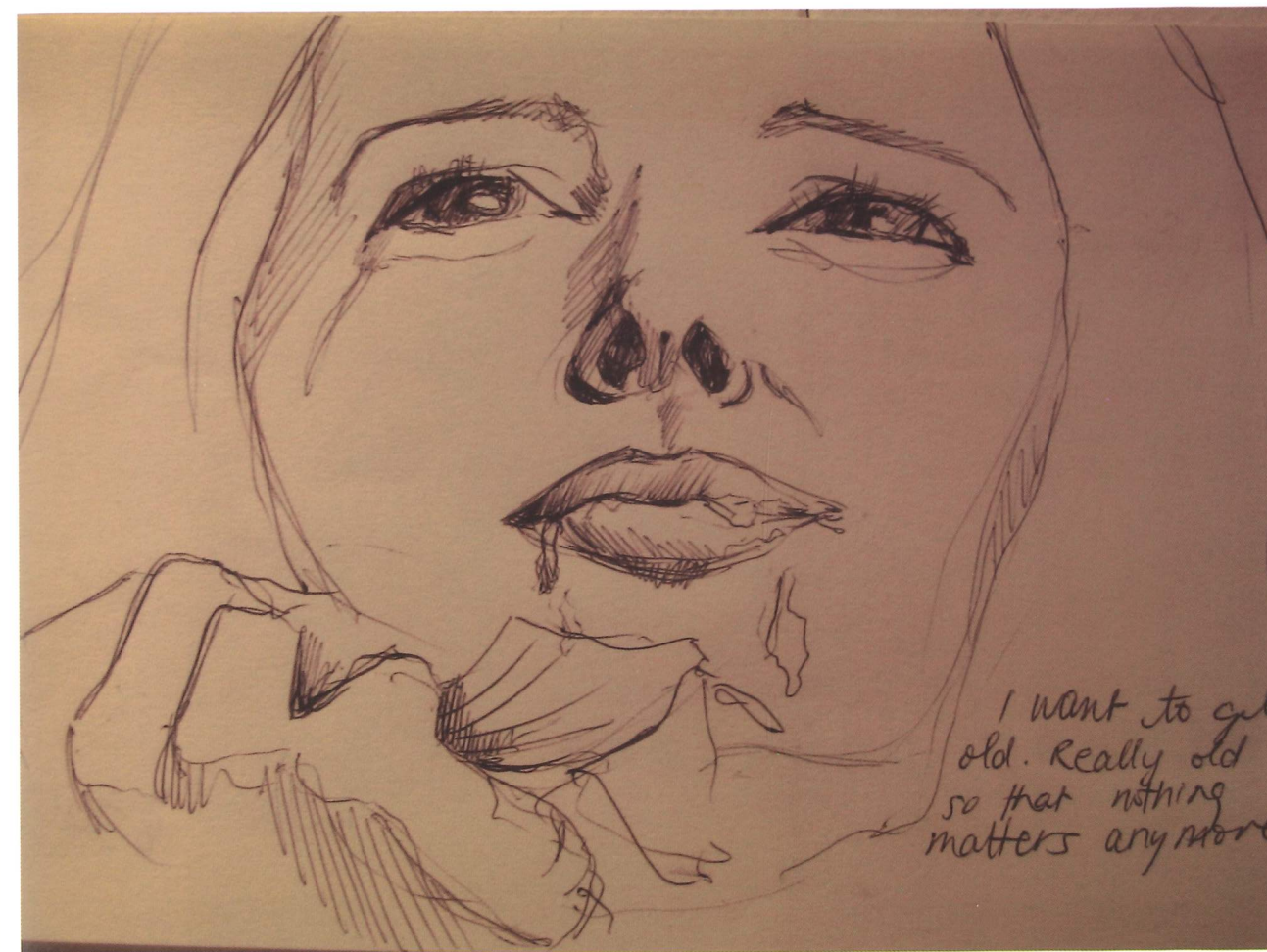
These two examples alone demonstrate the extensive damage caused by discrimination against the women in the labour markets of the developing world. Following this discrimination to its logical conclusion, undervaluation of women's economic potential will lead to distortedly high birthrates, with a broad range of adverse results. Outside of the costs to the family of caring for these children from their already limited means, these additional births promote environmental degradation, and dampen hopes of any economic progress for the nation. Economic progress is precisely what makes these considerations most universally motivating. Outside of the ethical obligations towards fair treatment, these models reveal that such fairness is, on average, beneficial to the entire society. Lower birth rates relieve downward pressure on wages, allow for greater investment in human services, and raise per-capita incomes. This in turn enhances a country's growth prospects, a fact which makes pursuing this end of primary concern for both present and future generations.

Through these effects, we see that even without a regard for fairness, or a thought for equality, these advances should rationally be pursued by everyone involved out of simple self-interest. By paying women a fair wage, society as a whole stands to reap economic benefits which will compound over generations. Outside of their value to these women as individuals, the value for the society, and for their future development, cannot be underestimated. In this way, the gains of women in the developing world are the gains of all involved.

¹As measured by per capita income

²Using $1 - (1 - p)^n \geq q$, where 'p' is the probability that a child will eventually care for its parents, 'q' is the parent's tolerance for risk, and 'n' is the number of children.

³These ideas appear originally in Ray, Debraj. Development Economics. Princeton University Press (1998).



i finally saw a marina abramovic
Amy Uyeda

finding out about the abortion

Leah Browning

The plane arrived late,
almost midnight.
You wore a purple sundress
and white sandals that
twined around your ankles
like ballet slippers.

In the morning,
we ate pancakes with butter
and maple syrup from Canada,
almost \$7 a bottle.
We didn't speak.

disney princess

Crystal Metham

Rip up the dandelions
And braid them around my skull.
I am queen of the weeds!
If only they were luxurious red poppies.
Fall into hot grass,
And fade into sleep.



we're here, we're queer!

Amy Uyeda

helpless love

Laurie Lewis

I have fallen in love again
this sunny winter morning

An old white teapot has quite
stolen my heart with its chubbiness
the erotic protrusion of its spout
the mismatched lid
the network of cracks rounding its plump
white curves

We have been together a long time,
this teapot and I, since we first met
in our middle-aged mellowness
brought together by my mother
light-fingered at a motel in Mexico

For years I abandoned it
never giving it a thought
while I flirted with exotic pots

lean modern ones from Denmark
overpainted, brash, from China

But this morning thoughtlessly
I picked it up and filled it to water the plants
and Oh

There am I with my mother,
sharing tea in the afternoon,
with her favourite crumpets and jam

Mid-morning tea now in this sunny room
the teapot and I
both mellow with age
my mother long gone

All our history contained
this morning in tenderness
this sunny winter morning



**on sex and text:
women and the koran**
Pansee Atta

the miscarriage

Lara Szabo Greisman

I watch it make a perfect round ball on the side of my knee. It catches the light and glows a pure, bright red before gravity drags it down, breaks its shape to make a trail of blood down my leg. The tiles are covered in the dark flowers. Irregular drops, exploding individually. I feel my body rise inside me. There is a giant hand, pulling its way up the red walls of my chest inch by inch. The ladder of my ribs leads its fingers in higher, kneading the flesh out of the way. Its nails cut into me as it climbs, sharp pains accentuating the consuming wave. It is gathering, gathering my breath, my will and my own grasp. The hand finally makes it to my throat, tightens itself and punches out a scream that fills the space around me. I let the release distract me from the wave upon wave of crippling loss that is tearing through my muscles, one by one. Blood. My blood, my own body's rejection. My hands are on my legs, leaving white pressure streaks. I touch the stains on my thighs, then clutch the bathroom counter as another earthquake burns through my flesh. I dig my fingers into my stomach, trying to hold everything in. Pulling, holding. Trying to keep it inside of me. My mind is betraying me too, so silent. It can't deal with the suicide of this dream. Not this one. This one, this child to keep, to sacrifice everything for.

I see myself in the mirror, my dark hair still wet from the shower, but I have lost my face. I don't see myself in those eyes. I can't see the woman that has cried before, washed her face before. I just see tightness. I try to breathe and locate my features in hers. To calm my breath down, stop this sound. Find my bones, my structure.

I choke on the air, taste bile in my throat and heave into the toilet beside me. The cold seat pushes against my breasts. Flattens them, makes them retreat. I grab the edges of the porcelain, my knuckles the shade of its base I scream again, through acid.

There are no words coming to me. I can't condense this into a beginning and end of blame. I

can't deny this in any language or sound, but a wrenching keen cuts through the smothering confines of my throat. I couldn't have stopped it but I had tried. God, I had tried. I had listened. I had followed every guideline this time. I had stayed at home; I had rested until I thought I would go mad. I let myself lie there on my white sheets cursing the helpless creature I had become.

My life is all movement, chaos, colour. The balls of my feet expect exhaustion when I get home, without the weight of papers and potential painters. They feel cheated at 5 o'clock, useless. I stopped teaching, resolved to counter everything for this. Alter my hours, my everything, for the potential of this. Happily, I sacrifice the description of beauty to small faces in order to make beauty with my body. I would feel so limp lying there, like my flesh became weaker by the hour, more restless by the moment. I would doze, feeling my body grow and knowing there was a purpose. A purpose in waiting hours for my husband, getting him to reach the vase on the top shelf. A purpose in not risking anything.

All of this so I could've kept this one. So I wouldn't lose it, wouldn't have to do this again. Wouldn't have cut myself away from another imagined being, another name on the list. Wouldn't be here. On the floor, beige tiles spattered with blood. Naked here. Hoarse, empty. So empty. I am vanquished.

He is home now, crashing up the stairs. Standing on the cracks of the tiles, then broken between them, a pile in front of me. I press my back against the bathroom wall, my thighs sticking to the floor in imprints of blood brown death. I can feel the edges of the stucco embedding themselves in my back. I want to push myself further, let them cut me, punish this body that is punishing me. Punishing us. His face is wet. He is more helpless than I am. He can't even feel this, he can only witness and imagine. He is lost and I am too selfish to let him touch me.



beth

Kate McIntyre

from sestos to abydos

Crystal Metham

You will be my Byronic hero
And I will be the sea.

You will swim from nipple to navel
And part me biblically.

I am the broad Hellespont.
I know what sailors want.
My waters are
Cool, calm, and deep.

So wade in a little further,
Whet that manly appetite
While you wet your feet.

Drown in me my hero.
I am not the shore.

Is it such a bad end then?
If the sea could swallow more?

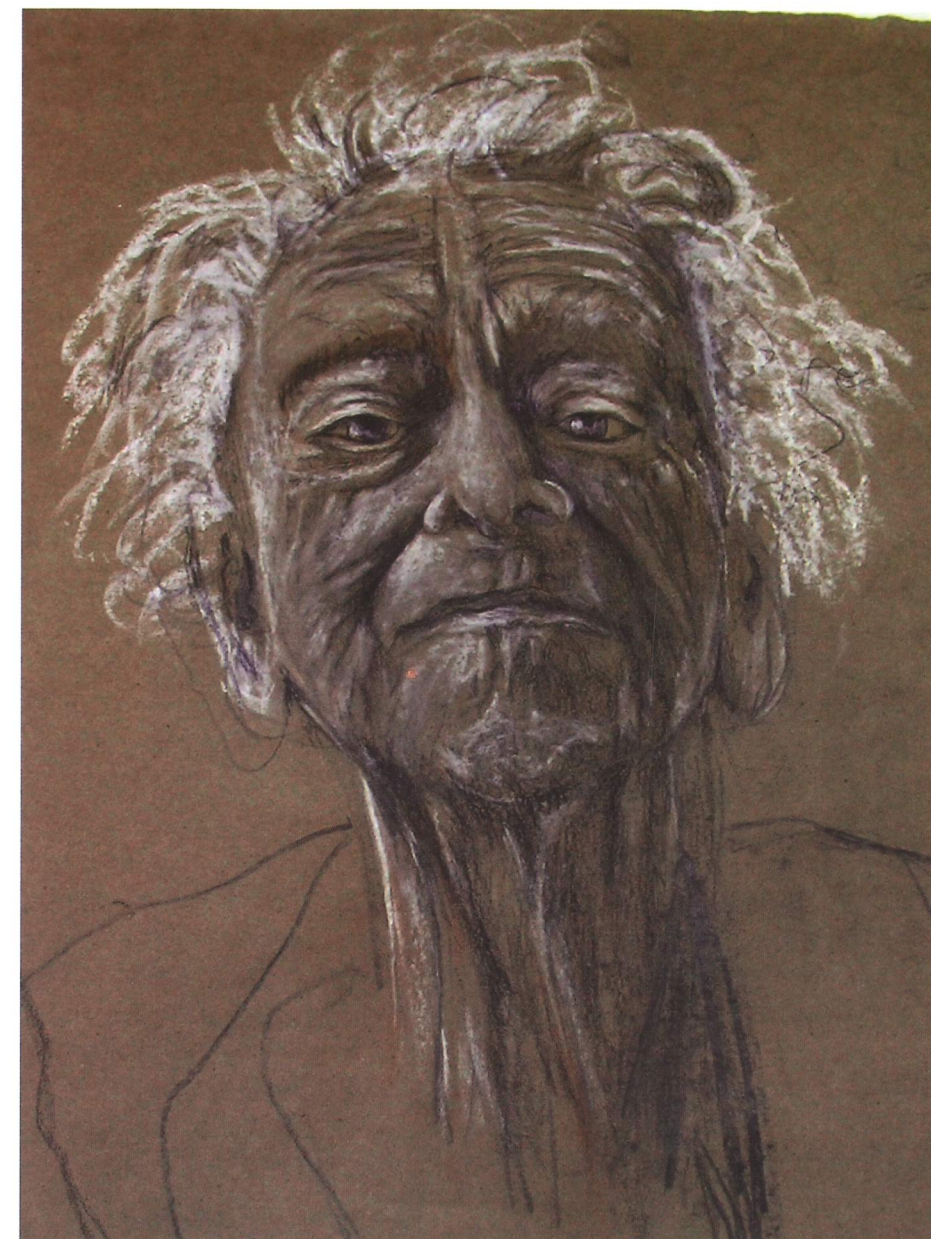
dry bones

Adèle Barclay

we run with palms, measure the steps it takes
to trace one another's length:
you are twelve and half spans of my hands.

we make rain go away
and even if the ground sinks from wet,
we will know we tried.
lying there with the moss and the mud stuck to our shoes,
we can come to know what songs belong to us
and which ones need release from tight fists.

but graves are shallow these days,
you can find them on every street corner,
no need to dig at grass.
I don't know if I will see you walking home after the long, grey day
when the fog is caught all between us in the air
if this water would only condense and let free
what's trapped, heavy from humid breathing,
wait for that audible gasp in the atmosphere
I will flood your grave before it's made,
wring your body dry if need be.



lydia

Jen Kenneally

in the bush on the edge of the morning
Morgan Vanek

Ankh, she started asking – telling – him to call her, in the same year that her ankles started banging against chair legs that they used to swing through, in the same year she started thinking of her limbs as monstrous when sprawled, and photographing them incessantly. She would hang the proofs in the bathroom. Right there, while he was shaving, there'd be hanging the pale acres between her shoulder and wrist, and the contoured miles before the first painted teenage toenail, black and glittering in the last light of the photograph's afternoon. She told him she would put the pictures on the Internet if she ever needed cash – because it's too lonely out here, she'd say without blinking, to sell lemonade or babysit. She started mailing away for magazines with offensive names and pretentious bylines – for girls who get it; for girls who want to get it off their chests – and aligned herself and that much-prized chest with them against the crooked edge of the rest of the world. She would glance up from her magazines with a cultivated sneer – one that she worked on in the mirror while she was brushing her teeth. She liked the foaming white sneers the best. "Do you have any idea how many different types of genetically modified organisms are going into that lasagna?" She would draw pictures of chickens with huge swollen breasts and potatoes with real glaring eyes and stick them to the stove with magnets. The magnets came in the shape of rutabagas and blueberries, and they would smile at passersby in their own modified way.

He let her open up the attic as a studio for her seventeenth birthday, and it is terrifying now: she wedges the canvases between the rafters along the slanted ceilings, like skylights, so it looks along the northern edge like the room gazes out over a desert. She tends to repeat one image – the wasteland – until it feels like the room opens into it as she turns around. Along one wall, there is only sand and shadowed dunes, six moons rising in an arc over her dresser; along the wall opposite, a series of burned out forests, trees by turns closer to and farther from the foreground, and one in the centre that she's painted in high contrast. There's a huge piece above her bed of the rim of Frobisher Bay in winter; it's cold and white and like a window right out onto the ice. She's working now – feverishly – on another acrylic, the world's skin peeling off in a spiral to reveal an orange, achingly bright and dripping. He comes in to find her there, sweatpants shoved up to her knees and standing barefoot on newsprint. She only paints at night, with the TV on behind her.

"Do you want to come with me tomorrow?"

She stops, and turns around.

"Into the bush?"

He nods, sticking his lower lip out slightly and crossing his arms.

"Where are you going? Are you going to drive?"

"I'll probably take the four-wheeler, yeah."

She nods; it's the same expression.

"OK. You'll wake me up?"

Sure, he says, and turns to go back down the stairs. He stops before his head disappears below the railing, and turns back to watch her work. She kneels to shade the curve of the peel and mutters along with the news. A satellite has blown up somewhere; he expects she'll begin a new work, a void starred with space junk, any day now.

He wakes her early, when the first bruised streaks of light are just muddying the dark, and the ground is still cool to an inch above the grass. It's too cold, she says, and heaps her comforter closer. She's right; the floor of her attic is freezing, even through slippers. He's holding a glass of water.

"I'll pour this all over you." And he'll do it, too. Those first days of school out here were the worst: waking up terrified that she'd wet the bed, kicking her legs against the slick suction of the sheets, and then inevitably late for the bus. All the soft cotton in the world the evening afterwards couldn't make that feeling go away.

"I'm up." She sits and rub her temples with the balls of her hands. "OK. I'm awake."

He leaves her to dress. He is wearing his long, grey underwear, he says, tucking his shirt in on the way down the stairs, and he recommends she do the same. She nods. Her long underwear is white and flecked with pale blue flowers, and stained yellow under the arms by some woman who used to wear it before her. She puts on her painting sweatpants and three pairs of socks. She pulls her hair out of her eyes and sticks her neck out at herself in the mirror. She grabs her camera.

She checks the camera for film and fiddles with the aperture at the breakfast table. He's warmed milk for her in a pan, but it's cooling now and has developed a skin. She hates the skin on milk, she says.

"So spoon it off. It's getting late." She takes a spoon from the drawer and squints at it like it might not be clean. She spits on her thumb and rubs it.

"It's still dark out. I don't even know if I'll be able to see anything."

"I'm going to go check the gas."

She pours her milk into a mug and drinks it, standing up by the stove, alone.

The four-wheeler is waiting, revved and warm, by the time she gets outside, stomping her feet and blowing into her fists. The air is blue and grey, but bright enough to see through now, and her father is late for his hunt. He walks out of the garage and pulls the door down, his jacket straining over the barrel of his back. He's already loaded his quiver and bow onto the four-wheeler; they'll be digging into her back the whole way there, and mean that she's going to have ride pressed up against him like a girlfriend, instead of bouncing on the cargo back like a kid. Ankh hates the four-wheeler. She's always been a little afraid that they'll flip, or that she'll burn her ankles on the tanks and gears. She gets on when he tells her to, though – she's right; the end of the quiver case is a fist against her spine – and waits for him to turn the key.

"Are you holding on?"

"Yes." Tightening her grip on his jacket, she slides her hands from the wide blades of his shoulders down and around his stomach. "Close enough for you?"

The four-wheeler spits blue exhaust.

He takes them off the road quickly; they are late, and he doesn't respond to Ankh's fervent tapping and waving to stop at each jutting mailbox and burned out pine. Ankh remembers now, though, how much she really likes being able to rip through the trails and trees like this, even if each hill her father takes with only one or two wheels threatens to throw them both to the ragged ground. There are moments where the sky opens out into perfect blue above them, just in pockets between the leaning, grasping arms of trees, and then other, slower going times where they crawl over log-dammed streams, both eyes to the trail just ahead as if to draw them forward, and fists tight to the sides of the machine, holding on. Finally, they arrive. He cuts the engine, leaves the four-wheeler by the side of the bush, and hands her the keys.

"You have those zip-up pockets in your coat. Take these."

"This isn't the place I remember. I was sort of hoping for a clearing for these shots – not so many trees, you know?"

"We need to walk in."

"Oh."

So they walk. The melting frost of the ground gives under Ankh's sneakers; she stops and squints at the dark mud sucking at her shoe.

"I wish you'd told me to wear better boots. I wore the long underwear like you said; I

would have worn boots." He turns to face her.

"You need to stop talking. There are already men out here."

She looks around as he begins to walk ahead, more quickly now, with his big bow case shifting back and forth across his back. It doesn't look like there is anyone in the woods around her, but the business of the hunters is to hide from animals, much better than she is at discerning men from trees. She takes out her camera, focuses on the tree farthest, and zooms up its trunk. She catches a darting squirrel, and, just beyond that, a blue flash of bird.

He has built his platform in the birch trees, though they are too smooth and soft and prone to shifting in the air. "Location," he'd told her when she asked, years ago. "These birches own this clearing; they're tall and close together, and no one is ever going to take them up on me because they move around. All you need to do, though, is not move around yourself once you get up there, and we're golden." It's been a long time, though, since she's been up to the platform, and now she has to climb on her own, with her camera dropped down the back of her jacket. The steps are wedges of wood nailed in at intervals to accommodate a man's stride up the tree, and she's got to hoist herself with her arms between each desperate toehold. When she reaches the top, glaring and gasping for air, there is barely room for her between the breadth of her father and his rig. He sits with his back to the trunk, jutting up the middle of the platform, and to her. When she looks out over the edge, the birch seems to bend out over the trail and threaten to dump the load of them both back to earth.

"This tree is just a stalk! It can't hold all of this stuff."

"Be quiet. If you don't like it, don't look down."

Ankh swallows and takes out her camera, looking for a test shot. She takes several of birches close by and two of the ground, adjusting the light meter; the sun is changing the colour of the clearing quickly now, and things are beginning to melt and move. She remembers the other men waiting in the bush, and looks for them in the trees. Her father has settled in, stretching onto his stomach and ducking his head into his shoulder to make room for the bow. He looks over at her, and then into his sights again, and she wonders what they're trained on.

The wait is infinite, and the sun's rising ceases to warm the platform at six, once the shadows have soaked into the ground. Ankh shivers and cups her hands around her camera. She bends her toes inside her sneakers and imagines that they've gone numb. She thinks about pissing herself, and then about how horrible it would be to freeze to this platform. Her father doesn't move, except every now and then to wipe the steam off of his sights and to crack his knuckles

– silently – through his gloves. Suddenly, there is a deer. They both see her at once, rustling slowly past a clump of pines near the edge of the clearing. Ankh sets up her shot and steadies her hand; she can hear her father now, leaning into his weapon. She thinks she can hear that shift from the trees around her, too: hunters taking a collective breath in, fingers on their triggers and strings. The deer ducks her head, gnawing on a red twig and shaking the berries to the ground. They whisper as they land, but Ankh can hear them.

Her father braces his foot against a branch supporting the platform and lifts his head from his sights for a moment. Ankh, in her peripheral vision, thinks he is watching the deer. She refocuses her lens on the tree behind the dogwood bush; there is another hunter lying wait. His aim is lazy, though, and he will not hit the deer, though she is straight ahead, if he shoots. Ankh takes his picture. He seems to look at her, or at her father, as the shutter clicks. She props herself up on her elbows for a vertical shot, seeking some striking angle that might include the deer and the hunter in the same frame. Something small shudders and snaps under her weight.

The deer jerks her head up and around. The air is still, though Ankh can hear, underneath the pause, all the movement of those animals just beginning to scuttle up to meet the day. The legs of the deer buckle. For a moment, Ankh believes she might have just not heard the shot, but the recoil is the doe's, gathering strength for her silent leap off into the bush. The twig she leaves juts into the air, its end raw and white and jagged.

When Ankh looks again, the sights of the other hunter are on her father's platform, and they are no longer lazy. Mouth dry, she lowers her camera and turns to her father. The birch sways, but he does not move.



catseesh
Marie McCarthy

to be a feminist

Rosel Kim

"I
am
not
a feminist,

but I understand
where you're coming from."

*There are
virtually
no
faculty members of
underrepresented minority women
in science and engineering departments
at research universities.*

"It's just that
we've come
so far,
you know?"

*Of all
law partners,
15.6 per cent are
women.*

"And I understand
that you're
all feminists, and
that's great."

*When asked
about feminism,
Rebecca West said:*

*"I only know that people call me
a feminist*

*whenever I express sentiments
that differentiate me from
a doormat*

*or
a prostitute."*



today we walked our dogs in wigs like fools
Aly Ogasian

over the rainbow

Angela Hickman

She held her wine glass just as she had watched her parents hold theirs: fingers cupped under the bowl, the stem between ring and pinkie fingers. She had been thinking about this for a while, studying in her mind how best to look like she knew what she was doing. It was a practiced air of accustomed elegance. There were a lot of people there that she didn't know, dressed strangely and all spouting incredibly existentialist positions between their cigarettes and disappearing into the bathroom for a turn at the mirror. Vanity, she thought, was kind of a ridiculous asset these days.

She was dressed as a saltshaker and felt a little self-conscious about her choice. There were other people there, people she recognized from the other parties, and they were dressed in the most fantastic and exotic designs. There were fairies and brides, and a couple of lumberjacks and a Viking. She couldn't believe her mistake. The other girls wore costumes that showed them off to an advantage, gave them silhouettes and legs; she was in a tube, her arms only sticking out from the elbows. All elbows and knees, she thought, the definition of awkward.

The apartment was long and thin, all the rooms were lined up so that you could run from one end to the other without encountering any walls. It offered flow to the setting, the turn-tables were at one end, under the windows; drum and bass blasted forth. The dj had just taken a turn at the mirror and was moving like the music has somehow gotten inside him, like he felt the music instead of the pulse in his wrists and the heart in his chest. It must be amazing to be so in touch with something, she thought, looking at her carefully held wine glass.

Tonight the dj was a transvestite. He looked as though he should have been in a stretched, silent cartoon. Long and thin like his apartment, he spun and dipped and she was entranced. She couldn't sit because her costume didn't have enough space to bend her knees, so she

swayed over, determined to say something, intimidated by the girl dressed as Tom Cruise in Risky Business. Why hadn't she though to come without pants on? Stupid.

When she finally broke down and had to use the bathroom, she threaded her way through the crowd and managed to squeeze the door shut. She stared at herself and wondered what she was even doing there, washed her hands but couldn't find any towels, was looking for them when the door opened and the dj walked in, one hand in his pocket.

Everyone thought that salt was a clever metaphor for the party's theme. She didn't understand really, but laughed along with them, happy that her costume wasn't stupid. Someone got her another drink and she chatted awkwardly until it was suitable for her to leave, promising to come back next week, to wear real clothes. We want to see your body, someone said, she just smiled and waved, walked home.

The dj asked if she wanted a piece. She didn't understand, so she just shrugged, turned to leave, and then he caught her arm, smiled. Alright, she thought, maybe I'll see what this mirror is all about. He made such pretty tracks, like tires in the snow, but reversed, was patient when she didn't know what to do. Smiled with her now. They ended up awkwardly wedged between the sink and the toilet, barely room to move—room enough.

The next morning she woke up wondering why her head hurt. She didn't remember getting home really, just running the last few blocks, tears of something on her cheeks. Her bed was warm and soft – like him, but who was he? All she could picture was long and thin, like you could run the whole length and not hit anything until you got to the window at the end, thrust into bursting fresh air. Cold on your lungs and in your eyes.

piece for my mother

Lara Szabo Greisman

Each time I call, I am reborn
Re-become the un-hewn edges of her per-
petual project
She projects her hopes to find perfection in
my form
Afraid I'm not,
Afraid I'm sick, bored, lost, alone
Because I am the most tangible of God's
creations
To my Atheist mother
Who had three abortions and my brother
Ryan
Would be almost 30 now.

Allowed to be born,
I am the pulsing package with a convenient
delivery date.
Fate, if you will, arrived whole if not punctual.
And I confide my fears, my lies at my mother's
right side
Overflowing to her while knowing
We can't disconnect,
from calendar reflect of a tearless September
baby.

But that was then and this is then too,
And for you, Mama, I wish I could have bled
it first.
Not a rehearsal but just a what if,
I had the piece to release you with.

I'm a part of you and I'm a piece of others.
And under this cellophane skin cover,
I'm a piece of me too.
And from Eve to you to me to maybe
It takes a real mother to know, to fight
For the love she admits she's not ready to do
right.

From a piece of a girl, peace-less but patient,
This personalized daughter's interpretation:
Maybe she's fearless or it's all over
But either way, I am proud to still owe her
Herself.

As a chosen mother
As a chosen child
For having chosen, for having been brave
For telling the doctor who he had to save.



freedom

Lhisha Bennett

sexual evolution?

Theresa Nowlan Stuart

there is a phenomenon
– centuries old? –
whereby
parents
and grown children
tread warily
around knowledge of
each other as
sexual beings
parents don't sleep together
and adult offspring
don't take lovers
believing somehow
this is
less unsettling
than the alternative

dirty ledge

Crystal Metham

Alone on a dirty ledge,
Of my own invention,
In my dirty mind,
Thinking dirty thoughts.
Knowing that dirty ledges only make one think.
Dirty ledges are only dirty to people like me.



wo/men's razors

Joanna Nicholson

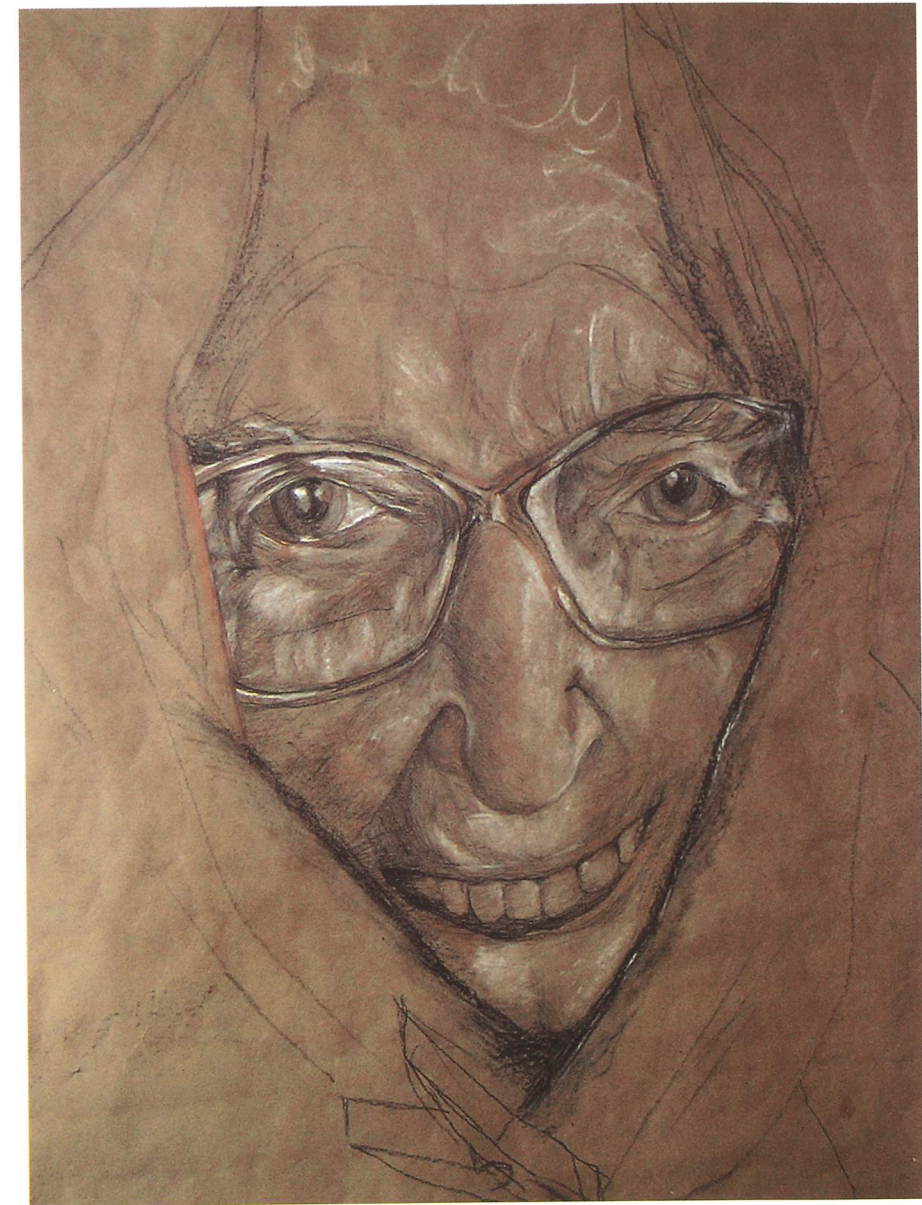
stained fingers

Angela Hickman

I write better when I've had a cigarette and my feet are bare. You laugh at this but obligingly draw my toes in charcoal, looking up with that slyness that lurks around the edges of your mouth when your thoughts will distract both our tasks. You prefer me to write by hand, my careful printing endearing itself to the page, the ink filling the whorls of my fingers.

Last night I wrote while you were in the shower, graphite verses about washing paint off my shoulders and the Spanish songs you sing while waiting for the kettle to boil. Water from your hair dripped onto the page as you read it, the little drops creating pools, magnifying clusters of letters beyond their due.

You paint me in pieces, knees and shoulders rarely seen together, my left hip framed and hung on the stairs, my ankles a work in progress. When I imagine words for you I can only see wholes, you in your completeness and the way we dance at night, when the dishes have been washed and the lights are off. You gather me up and sway me across the room, through lights from the street and the fridge, left ajar, the floor a splashed, cool glow.



untitled
Jen Kenneally

how the rattlesnake got its tail

Lara Szabo Greisman

The rattlesnake's wife knows what it is to love a bad man.
She knows the feel on her skin of someone's recent death.
The rattlesnake's wife knows that smell, and hates that smell.
And the rattlesnake's wife kisses it goodnight every evening.

When her old man couldn't take her eyes lookin', lookin' anymore,
He kissed her till her eyes went silent,
Her hating and her breathing stopped.

But the rattlesnake's wife loved him too much for that,
And she held on to her man after death,
She held his tail tight to her heart and holds him still.
Her voice is dry from crying now, soft like sand.
But she doesn't stop whispering her warnings,
Whispering her lullabies as he husband leans forward to kiss,
She croons as she watches,
She croons that she knows,
Knows what it is to love a bad man.

what virginia said:

A Dialogue Between Woolf and Wordsworth
Rosel Kim

Virginia Woolf: Good morning, William. I am so glad you could join me here this fine morning.

William Wordsworth: G'day, Mrs. Woolf—it is with great reverence that I join you here. I hear that you are quite the elite lady now in the early 20th century.

VW: I am curious to find out who told you such a thing. But William—do you mind that I call you William?—I must ask you this. Not just for myself, but for all voiceless women. You must understand, literature is such a powerful medium, and I often wonder about how to make it more universal, you see—

WW: Ah, but it already is universal. As I state in the Preface of my Lyrical Ballads, the poet is “a man speaking to men” (Wordsworth, Preface 655)—he is the ambassador of the everyday life, enabling their universality through his exalted language. You see?

VW: William, William... While I am not necessarily disagreeing with your idea of genius, you are forgetting two crucial elements. Allow me to explain two concepts that may sound new to you. I believe, in order to achieve the genius you speak of, the material condition of genius and the importance of androgyny must be present. Without them, genius is but a neglected seed.

Androgyny

WW: I must ask you to elaborate on this concept of “androgyny”—my friend Samuel [Taylor Coleridge] mentioned it once, but I cannot grasp what it entails.

VW: Androgyny is a difficult state to achieve. Androgyny indicates a state of complete absorption, where one does not filter the word with overtly masculine reinforcement of the “I,” nor the female anger against the oppression.

WW: I must defend that my version of the poet is completely absorbed with the world—as a man speaking to man, the poet must be inspired and moved by his worldly surroundings to be able to illustrate it clearly to the rest of the mankind.

VW: You distress me with such single-sexed language, it will do no one any good. This is why I categorize you under the “masculine writers” in my essay, A Room of One's Own. While I admit there is some merit in reading masculine writing—it is blunt, with no sense of guilt hovering around it—it becomes redundant. There is so much assertiveness, so much force.

WW: But to make poetry productive and balanced, one must exert that sense of power and

authority to establish that sense of equilibrium throughout, because poetry invokes excitement. And excitement, as you know, is not a stable state of being. To contain this spilling of excitement all over, one needs the rules of metre.

VW: Masculinity is so full of rules, so full of anxiety to prove one's power, full of this...this sense of self and superiority that distracts from the sense of aesthetics. Too set in your own ways, too sure of yourselves, you men are.

WW: You call my style too manly. Who, then, is the real-life "androgynous" writer you speak of?

VW: One name I provide confidently is that of William Shakespeare. His writing is porous; ideas ebb into and out of the text, with no outpour of anger or an air of superiority. Jane Austen—she is a little bit after your time, I apologize for the obscure reference—is another writer I prefer; she writes calmly, with a straightforward unassuming manner. It is much more effective to the anger of Lady Winchilsea.

WW: But what, exactly, is the connection between gender and genius? Are there specific traits in each one that you wish to address? I must confess it has never been an issue of mine. I would not distinguish "woman" or "man" kind—it seems rather superfluous.

VW: There must be a balance between the two to make a full genius. I will show you an example of manly writing. Would you mind if I use one of your poem "My Heart Leaps Up" as an example?

(Reads) "The Child is the father of the Man; / And I could wish my days to be / Bound each to each by natural piety." (7-10) Why, that is a nice sentiment, William. But—oh, I must interject with a "but". Your directness leaves nothing much to the imagination, no mystery or suggestive power to draw the reader in. Nothing behind the curtains to see, nothing left to wonder—soon the reader will say: "but—I am bored!" Do you understand now?

Single-sexed writing is detrimental—it is like ploughing only half of your vastly fertile field. Why let that good soil sit idle? Do you see? Woman-manliness, or man-womanliness, is what I desire. And so must you, William. Only then can the mind race free and let the imagination run amply, bountifully, with no superiority complex or guilt obstructing the way.

Material Conditions

WW: But I, too, believe in the impromptu nature of free-flowing genius. Poetry is an unmediated and spontaneous medium.

VW: To quote King Lear, "nothing can come of nothing" (Shakespeare 1.1. 90). The fruit of genius cannot grow on a desert. The ability to create must be sustained by comfortable physical conditions. For who can concoct grand notions when he or she is hungry? Or oppressed

by illness? Or denied the education they wish for?

Allow me to illustrate a more tangible example. Since I've already quoted him, let us think about Shakespeare's sister. Her name is Judith.

WW: I was not aware he had a sister...

VW: While her brother transgresses the homely boundaries and leaps towards the ethereal realm of ideas by learning Classics and Rhetoric, Judith tends the earthly matters of the home—sewing, sweeping, cooking—the domestic realm is tedious and tenuous.

WW: Such were the natural courses of upbringing at the time...

VW: Pha! Natural, you say—is it natural to deprive plant of sunlight? But I meant to say more. While her brother is off never thinking about boundaries, Judith must be aware of hers and ensure she does not go beyond them. Even the occasional verse she fancies and writes down when the parents are unaware—so unacceptable for a woman to write, especially verse!

WW: Did she write about nature? Did she engage herself as a true poet would?

VW: We would all be richer for knowing, were her poems not destroyed by the fireside every night! And soon, Judith faces new boundaries, yet again—because she is to be married off to a stranger. She abhors the idea, she absolutely dreads it; so she makes a desperate attempt to free herself, for the last time—she runs to London, because that's where her brother is, after all, and the theatre companies.

WW: The dreadful city!

VW: The poor soul! What is she doing outside of the home—is she unaware that the theatre is no place for a woman? The domestic mark will not leave her, but sadly she has no home to go back, except for the squalid abode of the actor-manager Nick Greene. He pities her enough to construct yet another confine for her—this time, with pregnancy. And you must know the dangers of childbirth and poverty crossing each other's ways; Judith Shakespeare must return to the earth that detain and control her, with no word or dream escaping the earth into the realm of the page.

WW: How tragic, indeed. And to have it all happen in the desert of the man-made city! It is indeed a miracle Shakespeare could create such beautiful poetic works in the space of London. For me, only nature can correspond to the unrestrained and enriched nature of the poet—

VW: So you understand the need for the fertility of scenery; then again, you are a Romantic, and you worship the scenery of Nature excessively at times. Do you see how impossible it may be to sow the seeds of genius effectively when the land is ploughed with salt of oppressive custom? Asking for genius under impoverished conditions is like asking for water in a scorching desert. When you are shut out and belittled, the will to transcend will be buried across from

Elephant and Castle, where the omnibuses pass by, indifferent and unaware.
 WW: Was there any particular reason why you chose Judith Shakespeare as an example? Do you hold her mind in high esteem?
 VW: I speak of her to demonstrate why it has been impossible to produce women Shakespeares to speak of—they need the privilege that men enjoyed for so long instead of being rejected. On that tangent, I must confess that the narrative of Judith Shakespeare is the product of my imagination only, as she died during childhood.
 You speak of the mind as though it exists entirely on its own, when in fact, the body is so closely linked to it—no Cartesian dualism about it! And this is why women have not created poetic masterpieces. Women need a room of their own, privacy that leads to privilege that will allow them to unleash their genius—for there is no voice without the presence of vocal chords.
 WW: You have certainly done well taking away my vocal chords today, Mrs. Woolf. For that, I would like to buy us some drinks, to re-nourish those vocal chords and the rest of our constitution. Would you kindly direct us to a nearby pub?

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tradition

Theresa Nowlan Suart

I made Grammie's Christmas cheesecakes today
 Pastry – Cake – Cheddar

I used canola oil for the pastry
 instead of homemade lard
 and a wooden tart shaper
 instead of a rolling pin
 and my Teflon pan
 instead of tin

I mixed cake batter
 with my new 12-speed West Bend mixer
 and exchanged margarine for butter,
 fridge-fresh eggs for farm-fresh,
 pasteurized skim for straight-from-the-cow
 and filled the tarts using my
 cake decorator
 before tearing open a new package
 of shredded cheddar

And slid it all in my 350°F Hot Point
 instead of wood fire...

Then checked my email
 while they baked.

the contributors

Bios

Naomi Adams is in her first year at Queen's and is from Montreal. She has always had an interest in art and most of her work has a feminine theme to it. Through facial expression and gesture, she attempts to portray natural emotion. She paints with a sharp contrast of colour as well as theme. My painting attempts to illustrate the contrasting female powers: to be strong and unbreakable yet tender and caring. Any woman can find a small part of this woman in themselves. She is all of us.

Pansee Atta is a second year Fine Art student. In her work, she attempts to reconcile her Egyptian background and Canadian upbringing, especially in her self-portraits. She works in many different media, both traditional and contemporary, to explore different aspects of personal philosophy.

Adèle Barclay is twenty-years-old. Her love for feminisms and art manifests in many ways and through various activities such as the SHRC, spoken word poetry, Queen's Feminist Review, Vagina Monologues and all things A&E at the Queen's Journal.

James Brenton is an undergraduate economics student at Queen's with an interest in economic development.

Breanne Brown is a closet art-lover enrolled in the faculty of Applied Science. She enjoys participating in all things practical while coveting all that is not. She has proudly considered herself a feminist since the fourth grade.

Leah Browning is the author of three nonfiction books for teens and pre-teens. Her short fiction, poetry, essays, and articles have appeared in a variety of publications including Queen's Quarterly, The Saint Ann's Review, 42opus, Literary Mama, Blood Orange Review, Autumn Sky Poetry, Salome Magazine, Tipton Poetry Journal, and several anthologies. Her website is located at www.leahbrowning.com.

Jess Dudek is a poet and photographer from Mississauga, Ontario, currently in her second year

studying English and History at Queens. Her favorite writers are Dave Eggers, William Blake and Antoine de Saint-Exupery. She plans to spend her life making poetry more accessible to all readers by writing about important subjects in a way that sounds good and is easy to understand. Why should it be any other way?

Janina Fisher is an inspiring Coach, speaker and writer whose passion is taking the ordinary and making it extraordinary. She believes that by celebrating and sharing our own and each other's talents and living engaged, meaningful lives we can transform the world. She has shared visionary ideas with audiences in Canada, the US and Panama. In 2007, at 51, she completed a B.A. in Global Development Studies from Queen's, and thanks the Ban Righ Centre from the bottom of her heart. She has been a federal candidate for the Green Party, and enjoys renovating run-down houses and creating beautiful gardens.

Having graduated from Queen's University and the Humber School for Writers, Erin Foley now spends her days working for The Beer Store. Her evenings are spent haunting the local blues establishments. When not dancing until sunrise, she can be found huddled with her calico, Annie, and dreaming of Virginia Woolf.

Lara Szabo Greisman is writing about herself in the third person, waiting for the out of body experience of an immediate voyeuristic insight into herself ...but instead is feeling the vertigo and noticing a hole in her left sock. She likes crushed chili with breakfast, stealing her friends for scrabble dates in bars and collaborating on projects that skip down the yellow brick road towards insanity's neon lights. Lara is a student, a lacy-feminist, an untidy person, an adventure addict and the proud owner of a pair of castanets.

Angela Hickman is a fourth-year English major, French minor. She enjoys the sound of snow squeaking under her boots, the smell of autumn and the warmth of summer.

Jen Kenneally graduates this spring with her BFA clutched tightly in her hot little hand and a desire to go out and draw the world. Real life will soon intervene and to that end she is hoping to go onto teacher's college next fall. The daughter of a teacher, she literally grew up in a

classroom and initially vowed never to have to work that hard. Her mother is still laughing at this recent career choice. Mother of two daughters herself, she has made a firm vow that any career her children choose will be wonderful... so long as it's in the Arts!

Rosel Kim is a reader and a lover.

Katherine Laidlaw would like to believe in something more organic than self-image. After all, what's wrong with telling your own secrets?

In a little room by a window Jennifer Londry writes.

Kate McIntyre is in her 3rd year at Queen's taking geological engineering and she hopes to change the world. She is originally from Calgary, where she is continually running away to the mountains to hike and camp. She dabbles in photography and sings in a choir. She loves art, hip jewelry, flowers, tea, and swimming in lakes.

With the ink on her Queen's diploma just barely dry, Joanna Nicholson dashed off to join the frenetic pace of Osaka, Japan in 2007. When she's not busy teaching English, she enjoys exploring Japan's temples and shrines, learning katakana, drinking Chu-Hi and umeshu, sampling okonomiyaki and other tasty concoctions, saying "sugoi!" and "kawaii!" whenever she can, riding through the city on her grandma-style bicycle, and writing. Although she loves Japan, she has become genuinely unimpressed with the patriarchal attitudes that exist almost everywhere and wishes she could somehow change them.

Aly Ogasian is a 4th year student in the BFA program. Her piece 'Today we walked our dogs in wigs like fools' is part of a collaborative project done with Amy Uyeda.

Julie Stewart-Binks is currently in her third year at Queen's University completing a BA/BPHE. This year she was a member of the Women's Empowerment Committee, Queens TV, and The Vagina Monologues. After Queen's, she would like to continue her education at Columbia University's Journalism program and become a Sports Broadcaster. Julie is thrilled to have her work published in the Queen's Feminist Review. Although her experiences this past summer objectified her, they also made her a stronger feminist.

Theresa Nowlan Suart, a native of Oromocto, NB, is a writer, researcher and adult educator. She has bachelor degrees in journalism and adult education, a master of education and is completing her doctorate in interdisciplinary studies at the University of New Brunswick. She currently teaches print journalism at Loyalist College and in the teacher of adults program at St. Lawrence College. She lives in Kingston with her husband John and their children Celeste and Michael. She writes poetry in precious stolen moments alone in her basement office.

Amy Uyeda is a graduating Fine Art student focusing on printmaking and drawing.

Morgan Wedderspoon is a third year BFA student studying printmaking and painting, as well as art history and english. Her work often explores tension between beauty and ugliness, between attraction and repulsion, seeking to create a sense of ambiguity between aesthetic opposites.

Please address all correspondence and submissions to:
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John Deustch Univeristy Centre
Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario
K7L 3N6
qfr@ams.queensu.ca

