

JULIA STEINECKE

Jane And...

- 1
This is Jane and Bruce on the night of the Spring Prom. It was her first date. She spent all day bathing and powdering and dressing herself.
- 2
This is Jane and Bruce on the dance floor. They must have been playing *Stairway to Heaven* or something. See, his eyes are closed. Look at the smile on her face.
- 3
Jane and Harry at the beach, having a water-fight. That's Dennis with the beach ball aimed at her head.
- 4
Dennis and Jane showing us their own version of the tango.
- 5
Rudy presenting a bunch of wild flowers to Jane. Each one was a different colour. I don't know where he found them all. Her allergies went crazy but she wouldn't throw out a single one.
- 6
Jane and Rudy in their first apartment together. Those are all
- their house warming gifts around them. The lace tablecloth is from me.
- 7
Jane and Charles with little Sophie. Isn't Sophie beautiful?
Isn't Jane radiant?
- 8
Jane falling off Jim's bike.
- 9
Jane and Charles chopping celery. She's so skinny there you can hardly recognise her.
- 10
Jim and Sophie and half of Jane.
- 11
Jane and her mom and Daniel. I'm surprised he's got his arm around her mom there. Usually they wouldn't speak to each other.
- 12
Jane and Sophie and Brian. Sophie wouldn't go near Brian unless you forced her.
- 13
Jane moving out of Brian's house. She didn't tell anyone. She took all her furniture apart with a screwdriver and sent it across town, piece by piece, in taxi cabs. It must have cost a fortune. By the time we found out and went over to help she was done.
- 14
Jane
- 15
Jane
- 16
Jane in the living room of her new apartment.
- 17
Jane cycling on the outskirts of town.
- 18
Jane painting a portrait of her daughter.
- 19
Jane
- 20
Jane
- 21
Jane
- Julia Steinecke divides her time between writing, traveling and her job at a Toronto women's shelter.*

PHILIPPA

starting over

Post-menopausal women riting i have written my way through the
menopause voicing woman's sorrow written because i must can no
longer contain anguish so deep it seems dredged from some deep pit
written in order to become sane do you know they tell me how much
we yearn for writing like this
life-(w)riting a long life lived full written bold it is as if i
am standing naked no longer masked before friends who thought they
had known me—o so careful construct no longer to be borne
trapped in a glass house whose polished walls throw back images of
impotence and immolation i dream of this
now
i am a frontier woman cruising early morning streets
watch as day opens over the city
starting over
rage a song in my mouth a lover's tongue
becoming conscious now as natural as coming

Philippa is beginning a Ph.D in Women's Studies at York University.