

SPACE

My place
My space, or my room
Will be my domain.
No one but me
Will hold the key.

Kathy Gordon

L'auteure, une étudiante, dit que le seul endroit privé de sa mère était son sac. Elle jure de toujours avoir une clé ouvrant un espace qui lui sera entièrement réservé.

A forty-by-thirty metre office or a two-floor apartment with a private entrance (two bathrooms, two bedrooms, a living room, dining area, and massive modern kitchen), either or both could provide what a woman needs, SPACE.

Virginia Woolf clearly believes that, to write, a woman needs time, money, and a "room of one's own." I am taking that one step further; a woman needs time, money and "a room of one's own" to live.

My mother with a husband and seven children had a space not much bigger than my notebook; it was her purse. As kids, we were forbidden to go into that little black bag. My father too was restricted by that black leather and shiny clasp. That was all she had of her own. Even now when she is alone with only two kids at home and has a room of her own, it is not hers. We are constantly in and out, borrowing this or taking that; but for my mother that is what her life has been like. When we are all gone, will she miss it? Or will she be happy to have some space?

I am not my mother and I am not from my mother's time. I need a living space separate from mother, brother, sister, and lover. I need a place to experiment in, a place to try out all that this modern world has to offer me. Houseowners will not infringe on me or make me feel guilty like the woman who needed space in Alice Munro's "The Office."

But I thank you, Alice Munro, Virginia Woolf, and Mother for your experiences; from them I have learned what to expect and what to avoid.