Desire Change is organized into three sections, each prefaced by a "Proposition for Twenty-First-Century Feminism" in keeping with the section's themes. The first section, "Desire: Intersections of Sexuality, Gender and Race", includes art and essays dealing with themes including embodiment and the gaze, lesbian abjection, cultural appropriation, and the exoticism of Asian "ethnic apparel" in diasporic contexts. Section two, "Desiring Change: Decolonization" is organized around issues relating to settler colonialism in Canada, Indigenous mothering-as-resistance, Indigenous futurities, and the afro-futurism of Camille Turner. Section three, "Forms of Desire: Institutional Critique and Feminist Praxis," concerns itself with practice-based research, problematizes "community," and highlights institutional complicity in colonialism and the exclusion of female and Indigenous artists in Canada. The book begins and ends with historical context, opening with a genealogy of feminist art in Canada and closing with a timeline of same.

This collection is beautifully illustrated, providing the perfect amount of visual context for the reader. Particularly striking are the photos of Rebecca Belmore's work, still images nestled in amidst heartbreaking and graphic descriptions of her endurance art process. The essays in this book are well organized and mostly flow well together. Things become a little messy in section three, the pieces in this section ranging from interviews to short pieces to critical essays in a way that mostly works. Amy Fung's "How to Review Art as a Feminist and Other Speculative Intents" fits awkwardly in this section as a sort of half-poem, half-prose rumination on the anti-feminist nature of art reviewing as a process. In a volume filled with carefully historicized and thoroughly researched essays, this short piece may have worked better as a prologue to the institutional critique section of this volume. Placed as it is between Noni Brynjolson's critique on MAWA's Crossing Communities collaborative art project and cheyanne turions' critical piece "How Not to Install Indigenous Art as a Feminist", Fung's piece seems connected to the rest of the essays in name only; a personal feminist reflection that does not situate itself specifically in the Canadian context as the other pieces in this collection do. As a text considered on its own, Fung's piece is well written and gives the reader (and reviewer) a lot to consider despite its brevity, but in this collection it feels superfluous.

Desire Change is a valuable resource for researchers in art history, gender, feminism, and sexuality studies, as well as artists, curators, and Canadian feminists generally. It is a welcome and much needed source on feminist art in the Canadian context, and will hopefully inspire the creation or compilation of more books on this under-researched topic.

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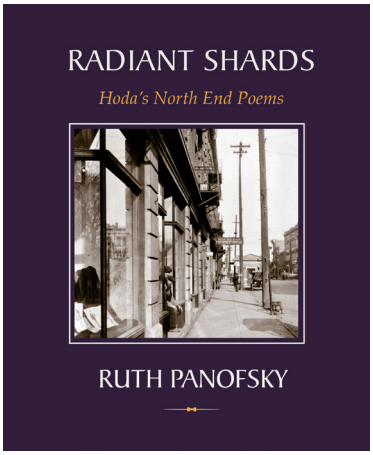
RADIANT SHARDS: HODA'S NORTH END POEMS

Ruth Panofsky
Toronto: Inanna Publications, 2020

REVIEWED BY CAROL DEBRA LIPSZYC



What does it mean to be so absorbed and compelled by a female character, one realized in fiction and modelled from an immigrant, that a poet imaginatively brings her back to life again?

The answer comes in Ruth Panofsky's new work of poetry, *Radiant Shards, Hoda's North End Poems*, narrated by Hoda, daughter of early twentieth-century Jewish immigrants to North End, Winnipeg. Hoda is a child born and trapped in poverty, her father, a blind storyteller," benign and blessed," her mother, a cleaner of houses who negotiates with the world from a fearful distance as a tumor grows like a "pink melon/seeding/ her stomach."

The answer comes in Panofsky's "yielding" to the character's "rare dignity/compassion/and grace," thus redeeming for Hoda the self-respect and worth she was robbed of throughout her life. The work is a searing yet loving portraiture which, true to character and circumstance, poignantly and credibly presents Hoda's story

in pared-down language that cuts to the bone. Inspired by Adele Weisman's fictional female protagonist in *Crackpot,* in turn derived from an immigrant's lived experience, Hoda, affectionately called Hodaleh by her father in the Yiddish vernacular, is a young girl hungry for affection, scorned by her peers, negated by her teacher. To feed both herself and her father, she eventually becomes a sex worker, though Hoda attests to offering "more than sex," [that her] "girth loves/takes suffering." Ensuing wounds and affronts become "shards/ of [her] being," as she sells her body to clientele in the Jewish neighborhood, their own satisfaction and grief, a "dirge for their small lives and [hers]." Is she "lewd, crude, and coarse?" she asks in a verse that reads like spoken word poetry. Her answer follows in a matter of fact voice with a rhetorical question: "I make my way/with my body/what else would I be?" That a woman of her socio-economic status had no alternative is part of her tragedy and that of her society.

At the foreground, then, is Hoda's first-person voice, which is double-edged: a narrator's voice that shares her storied life and the inner italicized voice which protests injustice. (At one point, Hoda joins a march for the working class, for seamstresses and their "piecework," physically assaulting a Mountie).

Other voices briefly emerge from backstage. For example, Seraphina, whose own mother "growls and whacks," encourages Hoda to "[meet] some classy meatballs/[make] a few extra bucks," which leads to Hoda's physical abuse as the men "romp about/ and roll off spent." Note the unadorned diction that lends an authenticity to this ethnographic and artful work, and the frequent use of monosyllabic words that amplify the writing with a direct, percussive beat. While Panofsky ushers in flashes of imagery, for instance, in the birth of Hoda's son, as she "gnaw[s] the cord/ knot[s] [her]self/into the fullness/ of [that] black night," the poet judiciously chooses language that will not so much transcend Hoda's harsh world through a figurative lens but will keep us grounded *in* that world, clear-eyed and empathically listening.

One timeless motif that resonated with me was Hoda's "ample body," perceived as a source of derision ("big fat cow") on one hand and as a source of pleasure on the other, as men "climb atop/explore the folds/of [her] body/plunge cocooning flesh." Hoda declares: "but I know better/ my body sparkles/my mind stirs." In her defiance, Hoda's voice sings.

If there is a distinct line between the lived and imagined life, that line merges in Ruth Panofsky's hands as she reconstructs the life of a woman from the past whose voice has been either historically erased, or most often, negligibly muffled and diminished of its humanity. If there is a touch of fatalism in Hoda's words, that "God made and/bound me/ whore," Panofsky opens our eyes, minds, and hearts to the peril the impoverished female children of the world face so that we might see ourselves in their plight.

Carol Lipszyc's book of short stories on children and adolescents in the Holocaust, The Saviour Shoes and Other Stories, *(2014) and her book of poetry,* Singing Me Home*, (2010) were published by Inanna. Her edited anthology of eighty poems on the heart,* The Heart Is Improvisational, *was published by Guernica Editions (2017). Integrating chants and narrative for ESL Literacy students, she authored* People Express *for Oxford University Press. A chapbook of poems,* In the Absence of Sons, *is slated for 2020 publication by Kelsay Books. Her web ite can be found at www.carollipszyc.com.*

NORTH: POEMS

Cecelia Frey
Calgary: Bayeux Arts, 2017

REVIEWED BY PHILIPPA JABOUIN

The Unbearable Heaviness of Being. The overwhelming weight of silence, stillness, passing days. The seeming eternity of time. Immutable yet passing. Cecelia Frey's collection of poems draws a portrait of life unhurriedly unfolding in a northern Alberta community during the first half of the twentieth century over a span of twenty years.

The narrator, a woman, a friend, a sister, a daughter, a mother, a homemaker, at times a student, and a spectator, relates her life in the spaced-out rhythm of time. The seasons, an autumn landscape, a drenched evening, a cold winter morning. In relating to the stories and experiencing this life through her eyes, the monotony of life in the countryside drags on into nothingness. Frey writes: we're neither heros (sic) nor victims of fate says the one who teaches philosophy// our lives are not written in our bones// we have a choice

Long periods of nothingness drown out her days. She has chores. They do not fill up her days, but alone, in a few words, they fill up the narrative of her days, in her point form diary. Just a few words, often abbreviated, only what is necessary to describe the eternal passage of time. What she does, the silence, everything else is left off the page: the immensity of nothing to do. Today she washed. The following day she finished washing. One morning her father shot a deer in the snow and that was quite the event.

Another day the dog had puppies. The weight of things left unsaid. The