

similarly exclude those who do not fit into normative standards of “fitness” (College of Psychotherapists of Ontario 5). The College of Psychologists standards of practice emphasize the value of objectivity in its standard that members should not engage in practice if their “personal, scientific, professional...interests could impair their objectivity, competence or effectiveness” (College of Psychologists of Ontario 13), which inadvertently prioritizes experiences/knowledge deemed to be more professional and objective (i.e., those from white able-bodied men, “hard” sciences, etc.). Professional biopedagogies circulate not only in training and doctrines of our professional organizations but also (perhaps more so) in the everyday activities of our professions (our research, position statements, practices, prejudices, values, and affect) that together problematize othered bodies and teach that we cannot inhabit othered bodyminds and *be* professional.

Our performative understanding does not orient to professionalization as a top-down process; rather, it implicates

professionals in the “doing” of our embodied subjectivities as we adopt, adapt to, and resist professional standards and norms by engaging in specialized/accepted acts repeatedly to secure our professional identities and status even as we bring our own personal-political values and ethics into our work. In this context, we might consider non-normatively embodied health professionals as “bio-operatives” in how we possess authority required to enact biopedagogies on others but also become targets of our profession’s biopedagogies (Bessey & Brady 59). How those of us inhabiting unruly—fat, disabled, mad, neurodivergent—bodies and minds that do not conform to white, masculinist norms survive and sometimes thrive in environments that promote implicit and explicit standards of professionalism is the critical question that drives our inquiry.

In what follows, we disrupt the normative figure of the disembodied rational-minded professional through narrating the troubling moments of professional practice that highlight tensions and contradictions we encounter when our non-normativities clash with professional norms

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To Go to Donaustauf

To go to Donaustauf. Which wild sorrel grows by the Danube river? Raspberries, blackberries, and blueberries of the Bavarian Forest. Mauve violets after the spring snowmelt. Dandelions to braid a necklace. Bur-reed and purple thistle to make doll furniture. In rain and wild pink roses. The snails, the shells and stones, the dunes. You play with Ida and Christl and make mud pies. Play ball, play hide-and-seek. Pigtailed Magyar war refugee girl Ilka. To pack, to leave Budapest in March or April.

And you learn German at the farm village school in Schwabelweiss. You have head lice in first grade. You count the military jeeps racing by on the highway. Rifle-toting soldiers behind a barbed wire fence guard the US Allied-occupied army base across from your Baracke. You buy rye bread and lard at the grocery store. Grandmother Mariska plants a vegetable garden. Raises a goose. Keeps a goat for milk. Chains the mongrel Beno to the doghouse. She cooks palacsinta, a thin crepe, filled with cottage cheese and rolls them up. You dream in Magyar and write your homework in German on a black slate. Your father József drinks dark lager at the Hofbräuhaus under the tall chestnut trees by the railroad tracks and yells at your mother Magda in Magyar. You pray the Holy Mary in German and grandmother spansks you with a wooden spoon in Magyar, “Téged még elvisz az ördög!” The devil will take you away! Ilka, eat your goulash! You throw the meat behind a bench when she is not looking.

There was always too little of Budapest. The avenues, the fogs, the acacia.

Children pull your Zöpfe, “Ausländer!” they shout. Foreigner! Shove you to the ground. Then there is your plump four-year-old sister Éva. Animal names: Fette Sau! Fette Kuh! Fatso. Fat cow.