

work is taken up in North America. And you've made very clear that you are interested in having the work read and understood through literariness. A number of years ago you said in *Other Solitudes* you didn't write from any margin. You didn't write from any Canadian margin. You wrote from a centre. You wrote from the centre of black literature. And if people wanted to understand your work they had to read Derek Walcott, Kamau Brathwaite, and Bessie Head, a host of Latin American writers and so forth, just to name a few. And when *In Another Place* was published, the book still wasn't read from within that place.

DB: I really still think that Canadian criticism needs work. You still have reviewers who are struggling to figure out the origins of their own literature. That is those they consider "their own" and "literature," right? The level of criticism is not deep enough. It's not thoughtful enough. Well I often think, okay, how did I come to reading, right? And maybe I'm assuming that that is how everybody comes to reading. That is, reading is an act of faith, and it's also an act of investigation. So, when I'm sitting at ten or eleven, and reading Durrell, I don't have any idea about England. But I leap into it as a knowledge-making enterprise. I've just read this Italian novelist, a book called *Silk*. And another called *The Reader* by a German novelist. I leap. Right? I begin from the small assumption that it is possible to leap, and that I am curious. The novel doesn't only have to come to me, I need to go to it too. I have to go to the text and I have to say, I'm going to learn some things here.

As it is Black writers are either reviewed for what might be plumbed from their work as a sociology of Black people or they are remarked upon for not presenting any signs of it at all. Either way it revolves around the same preoccupations. Black writers in this country have still to receive an intelligent reading. The kind of reading that says "No, I don't know. I've never lived in that body but in good faith, I will go where the book is going because I am interested in what human beings do."

*Dionne Brand is a Governor-General award winning poet for Land to Light On. Her work includes two novels, In Another Place Not Here and At The Full and Change of the Moon, as well as a collection of essays Bread Out of Stone.*

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## MARIANE MATTE

### L'éclair

Finis les longs jours de ténèbres  
 Redevierai-je celle aux paupières de  
 rêve?  
 J'ai fait taire la nuit  
 Dans la mémoire frissonnante  
 Des plaisirs douloureux  
 Mes mains sont pleines de lunes blessées  
 Et mon âme hurle dans la solitude de ma  
 geôle  
 Mon regard se perd  
 Dans les ciels détrempés de l'angoisse  
 Mais mon esprit est réveillé  
 La philosophie culmine dans mes souliers  
 Je suis en prison pour mieux me libérer  
 Et danser sans fin  
 Ma nouvelle joie de vivre  
 Et l'ivresse d'un bonheur déjà acquis

*Mariane Matte a passée de nombreuses années en voyage de l'Amerique du Sud en Europe carnets de voyage et poésie sont en attente de publication.*

## SHEILA PETERS

### to the morel

through  
 black humus  
 de/composed  
 un/buttoned  
 the god's ancient erection  
 nosing wrinkled through leaves  
 the succulent phallus  
 un/figged  
 tastes the  
 un/folding  
 of may's warm and generous cunt

*Sheila Peters lives near Smithers in northwestern B.C. Her first book, Canyon Creek: A Script, was published in 1998 by Creekstone Press.*