

Cross-country Funding Opportunities

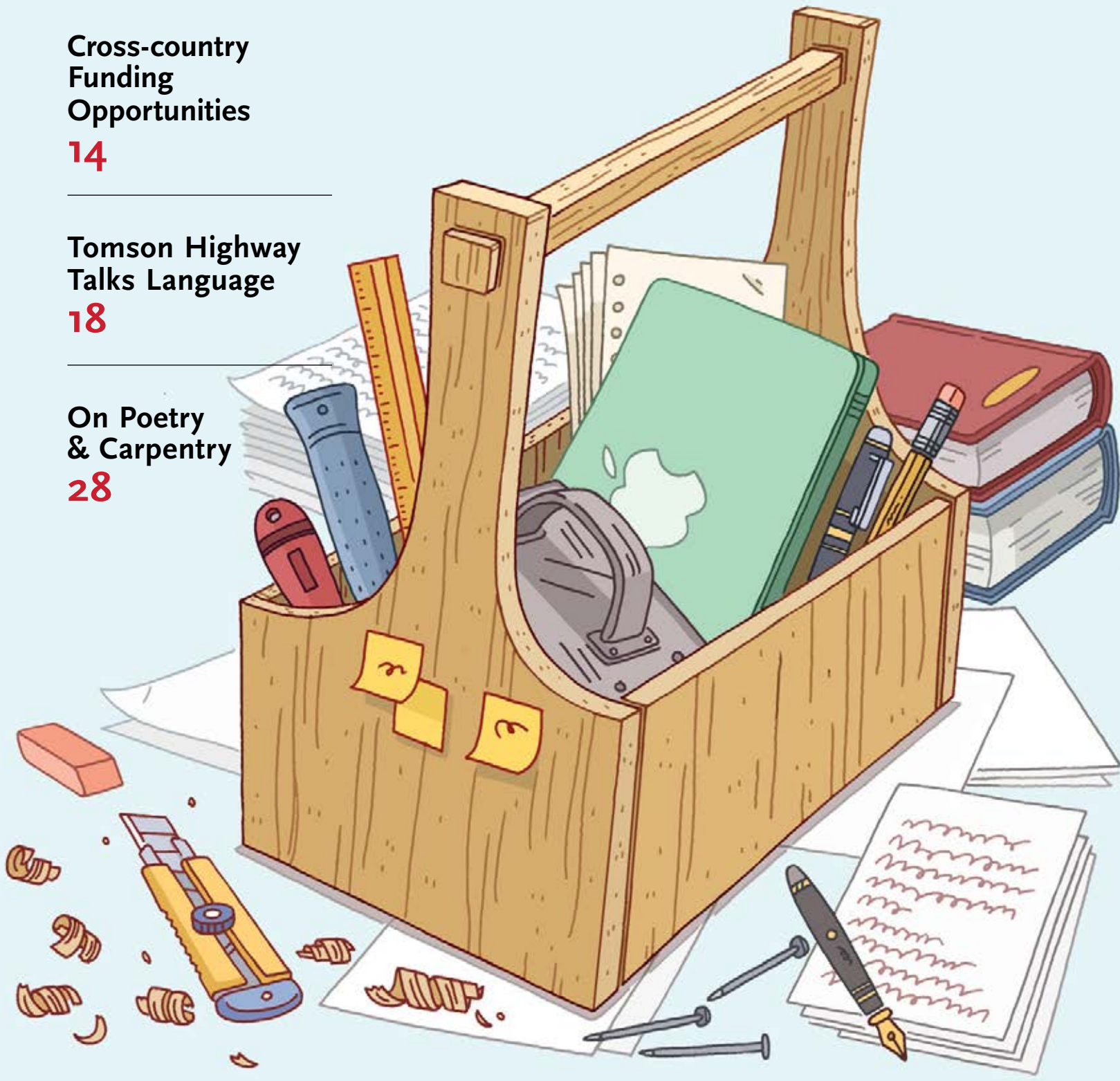
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If economics is the “dismal science,” as one Victorian historian once wrote, then bookonomics is surely its even uglier offshoot.

The mechanics of this market — the push of supply and pull of demand for books — has faced some unprecedented upheavals of late. Schools and universities wantonly copy our works without recompense. Big-box bookstores are closing across the continent. Publishers are merging or dissolving in bankruptcy. While self-publishing has created welcomed opportunities for professional writers, it has also flooded the market with cheap, amateurish supply. Apple, Amazon, and Alphabet (Google) appear to be the new publishing oligarchs. The traditional book industry, at times, feels like it’s in the remainder bin of history.

Bookonomics is indeed more Malthusian than Malthus, freakier than *Freakonomics*. The publishing industry is as odd as it is brutal. But as writers, we already knew that.

And so, while I cast a dark cloud over you on this surely sun-splashed day in July as you peel open this summer edition of *Write*, I don’t mean to depress you, but refresh you. Diving into the cold, clear reality of bookonomics, I believe, can invigorate us, perhaps even awaken us to new possibilities.

I was told that members of the Writers’ Union are curious to know what the Chair is “thinking,” which is one of the purposes of the Chair’s Report. Well, I’m thinking bookonomics — the unsparing dynamics of supply and demand on which every writer swims or sinks.

So, let’s start with demand. The challenge here is that demand can only grow with the sheer number of readers (think population), how much each Canadian actually reads (think habits), and what they are willing to pay for our writing (think copyright royalties). Writers may be able to influence population growth by perhaps writing more (and better) romance and erotica, but even the best writers among us will have only a marginal effect on Canadians’ libidos. We know that habits are best formed when young, and so promoting CanLit in schools — the earlier, the better — is likely more effective at nurturing a hunger for Canadian culture and stories in the long term.

Ironically, it has been the least sexy topic of all — copyright — that has preoccupied the Writers’ Union since the Copyright Act was revised in 2012. Behavioural economists call this “loss aversion” — a cognitive bias in humans and other animals designed to give priority to bad news. Losses loom larger than gains, which is

why we, as writers, are so consumed by copyright battles.

At its heart, copyright infringement is really about suppressing demand for our commercial creations. If you can freely copy part of a book in a university course pack, then you don’t need to buy it, reducing its sales and ultimately royalties to us, the authors. So, while strong copyright protection may not increase demand for our books, at least it stops it from sliding.

Yet even if we win all of our copyright battles, we may not be able to stop the decline in writers’ income. Why? Because bookonomics and the business model behind it are broken — at least for writers.

How did the economics of books get into such a shattered state? Three words: Supply. Supply. Supply. Traditionally, there’s been a high barrier to entry to publish a book with most first-time authors being established professionals in their forties. Publishers also systematically excluded many marginal voices, due to the brutality of mass-market bookonomics and, frankly, discrimination.

Self-publishing, ebooks, and digital printing have lowered these barriers, making even small print runs viable for niche audiences. As a result, authors are going to be younger and more diverse in the future. At the Margaret Laurence Lecture in June, for example, Tomson Highway pointed out the recent explosion of published Indigenous writing. That’s the good news.

But the result has been what I call the “killer content tsunami,” a world awash in digital content where nothing ever goes out of print. A recent search of Amazon’s Kindle Store retrieved 7,278,530 titles. This deluge of supply — much of it unprofessional and posted online for a pittance or free — has made making a living as a writer tougher and tougher. Indeed, the number of traditionally published titles in Canada slipped by 6 percent between 2014 and 2016. And most of us have personally felt the pinch on our writing income.

My sense is that the Writers’ Union should invest more time investigating the supply challenge. How do we increase income for writers in a market flooded with digital content? Proactively exploring new ideas and business models for publishing and writing is trying work. There’s no easy answer.

Over the course of my one year as Chair, I hope to provoke thinking on this important issue. It is time for us to think beyond copyright.

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Deadline for Fall issue August 27, 2018

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Design soapboxdesign.com

Layout Gaeby Abrahams

Cover Illustration Hayden Maynard haydenmaynard.com

Views expressed in *Write* do not necessarily reflect those of The Writers' Union of Canada. As a member magazine, *Write* provides space for writers' individual opinions. We welcome a diversity of views and respectful debate in these pages. All submissions are welcome.

Services advertised are not necessarily endorsed by the Union.

We acknowledge the support of the Canada Council for the Arts, which last year invested \$153 million to bring the arts to Canadians throughout Canada.



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We acknowledge funding support from the Ontario Arts Council, an agency of the Government of Ontario.



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
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an Ontario government agency
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Write is produced four times yearly by The Writers' Union of Canada, 460 Richmond Street West, Suite 600, Toronto, Ontario, M5V 1Y1
T 416-703-8982, F 416-504-9090, info@writersunion.ca, www.writersunion.ca.

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Something from (Almost) Nothing

Creating Large-scale Impact with Small-scale funding

BY LEAH HORLICK

Over the past month, I've been lucky enough to work with almost 1000 high school students across Surrey as part of a writer-in-residence program through the Surrey English Teachers' Association.

At the end of each workshop, I open up a question period, letting students grades eight through twelve know that as long as they keep it PG-13, they can ask me almost anything — including how I actually pay my bills as a working artist. Some of these savvy students have the foresight (and sense of the fiscal calendar) to ask me how much money I made last year, and I have the privilege of introducing them to the concept of

an arts grant (I received Canada Council funding during the last cycle). It is strangely refreshing to be met with a chorus of students shouting, "You mean the government just gives you money to write books?!" — and while they have the good sense to know that it's not quite that simple, it's exciting to introduce students to the idea of arts funding after spending many an hour learning to navigate this particular Canadian hydra and lamenting the loss of some of its heads over the years.

When Estlin McPhee and I ran REVERB, a Vancouver-based reading series for LGBTQ writers, we struggled to figure out where exactly our project fit.

Sadly, in an hour-and-twenty-minute high school workshop, I never have enough time to introduce students to the provincial nuances and regional opportunities that exist outside of the major funding sources (like Toronto's so-called "tri-secta"). Smaller-scale opportunities like neighbourhood or community grants don't always come with an equivalent bag (who says purse anymore, really?), but they can in some instances allow for more flexibility, less rigorous reporting, and greater receptivity to interdisciplinary projects.

When Estlin McPhee and I ran REVERB, a Vancouver-based reading series for LGBTQ writers, we struggled to figure out where exactly our project fit: We were mostly quarterly, and we highlighted both emerging and established writers but worked within a specifically anti-oppressive framework (providing a scent-reduced, sober, and wheelchair-accessible space with ASL interpretation) and centred the work of femme-identified writers of colour, especially trans and gender-nonconforming writers with disabilities. Our venue, Gallery Gachet, was also located in the Downtown East Side, which meant we worked specifically to integrate our programming into the neighbourhood rather than be another gentrifying art-bomb in search of another affordable venue.

For writers who are struggling less with venue-related costs and more with the somewhat rigid genre brackets of traditional funding, Canada has an incredible resource in the work of spoken-word artists and storytellers, since programs and granting bodies have only recently recognized their work. Organizations like Vancouver Poetry House continue to provide smaller-scale funding for local projects — such as slam poetry mentorship and high school workshops — which can still be a challenge to place into the framework of a traditional discipline-specific

grant. Fortunately, provincial and territorial funding is catching up, with Quebec's Conseil des Arts et des Lettres du Québec (CALQ) specifically naming a funding branch for literature and storytelling.

Provincial and territorial funding also tends to reflect the challenges and unique features of the regional arts landscape. It is worth noting that the Yukon houses their Arts Advisory under the Tourism and Culture Department. Similarly, Nunavut provides arts funding through the Department of Culture and Heritage, which supports initiatives related to elders and youth, heritage, Inuit societal values, and official language programs. The Prince Edward Island Arts Grants program, funded through Innovation PEI — an economic acceleration initiative that also supports small businesses and emerging sectors like bioscience — includes specific funding for established and emerging professional artists and recognizes interdisciplinary arts alongside the traditional single disciplines. The Alberta Arts Council specifically names "new media" along with visual arts, an exciting opportunity for artists working in digital forms.

I know many of the arts programs available to Saskatchewan artists working with young people are funded through SaskLotteries, with political dilemmas emerging — as they inevitably do in every province and territory — related to additional funding provided through the energy sector. (This tension threatens wherever artists choose to seek funding, of course, and is not absent for many artists when they apply through traditional federal and provincial programs.) It's important to note that many funders are responding to the gig economy and providing — or have provided, for some time now — granting streams that recognize the multiple forms of writing work that require support.

When in doubt, just call the granting officer. If their program is not the right fit, no one knows better where else you could pursue funding.

Beyond subsistence and creation, research and travel grants remain an important option for writers to consider.

For writers working in languages other than the official languages or involved in a language revitalization project, opportunities may also exist through heritage funding or culturally specific organizations. The Saskatchewan Arts Board has two streams of funding for Indigenous and Métis artists: one supporting independent Indigenous artists working in either a traditional or contemporary art form, and another that supports both Indigenous artists and Traditional Knowledge Keepers or Elders in facilitating community projects. The Manitoba Arts Council offers a Community Connections and Access Program, which purports to “address specific needs identified by artists who face barriers to equal opportunities in artists, professional development, and presentation,” in addition to offering an Artists in the Schools program and recognizing what they term “multidisciplinary arts” in their application streams.

In the Maritimes, Arts Nova Scotia funding offers a similar Arts Equity Funding Initiative and specifically designates groups that have faced historical barriers in the province, including Deaf artists, artists living with disabilities and/or mental illness, artists from the Mi'kmaq Nation, and African-Nova Scotian artists. (It's worth noting that these funding opportunities have an ongoing application intake with no deadlines!) The challenge faced by artists who struggle to meet the definitions of either professional or emerging artist is apparent — particularly, I imagine, for artists in Newfoundland and Labrador where the council solely recognizes professional artists and organizations or community organizations with their grants. However, one oft-ignored barrier to provincial and territorial funding is the residency requirement — for example, the Northwest Territories requires that artists applying for funding through their Arts Council be a resident of the Northwest Territories for at least two years prior to the deadline. Such guidelines may pose a particular challenge to

emerging and/or millennial artists, who may find municipal or cultural funding sources more accessible in the midst of navigating transience, relocation, and the changing economy.

Ultimately, Estlin and I chose to pursue funding for REVERB based on another tacit agreement in the granting process — our energy levels. Grant applications take work and time; Estlin and I had too much of the former and not enough of the latter. We successfully applied and continued to seek funding through the Vancouver Foundation Neighbourhood Small Grants program, which ended up being a suitable fix for us as far as low-stakes applications, high receptivity to our mandate, and a fairly luxurious turnaround time with low reporting expectations. Had we only looked to see where in the provincial matrix we fit, we would have remained discouraged and likely would not have been able to sustain the series for its nearly five-year run. (Of course, we've since learned that we likely would have qualified for BC Arts Council funding, since it's possible to apply as a collective — a new possibility within the last few years that improves accessibility for groups.) I relied and continue to rely heavily on the advice of my mentor and MFA supervisor, Rhea Tregobov, when it comes to arts funding — when in doubt, just call the granting officer. They want to talk to you, a real person and artist; in most cases, they (and their juries) want to give you money! If their program is not the right fit, no one knows better where else you could pursue funding.

As grantors respond to the changing landscape of the arts — and increasing expectations of equity and representation for marginalized artists — I'm hopeful that councils will continue to respond by diversifying their programs to meet the needs of artists and audiences.

Leah Horlick is the author of two books: Riot Lung (ThistleDown Press, 2012) and For Your Own Good (Caitlin Press, 2015), which was a 2016 Stonewall Honor Title. She lives on unceded Coast Salish territories in Vancouver. leahhorlick.com

USEFUL LINKS BY PROVINCE/TERRITORY

British Columbia	<p>BC Arts Council</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • bcartscouncil.ca/artists/creativewriters.htm • bcartscouncil.ca/organizations/publishers.htm
Alberta	<p>Alberta Foundation for the Arts</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • affta.ab.ca/funding/find-funding
Saskatchewan	<p>Saskatchewan Arts Board</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • saskartsboard.com/menu/grants/grant-programs/independent-artists-program.html • saskartsboard.com/menu/grants/grant-programs/indigenous-metis-art-and-artists.html <p>Saskatchewan Writers Guild</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • skwriter.com/programs-and-services/swg-writers-groups-grants
Manitoba	<p>Manitoba Arts Council</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • artscouncil.mb.ca/apply-for-a-grant/grants-for-artists-and-individuals/
Ontario	<p>Ontario Arts Council</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • arts.on.ca/grants/discipline/literature
Quebec	<p>Conseil des Arts et des Lettres du Québec</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • calq.gouv.qc.ca/en/aide/discipline/literature-storytelling/
New Brunswick	<p>ArtsNB</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • artsnb.ca/site/en • artsnb.ca/site/fr
Nova Scotia	<p>Arts Nova Scotia</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • artsns.ca/grants-awards/grants/grants-individuals
Newfoundland & Labrador	<p>ArtsNL</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • nlac.ca/index.htm
Prince Edward Island	<p>PEI Arts Grants</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • princeedwardisland.ca/en/information/innovation-pei/arts-grants-program
Yukon	<p>Yukon Arts Advisory – Tourism & Culture Department</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • tc.gov.yk.ca/arts_funding.html
Northwest Territories	<p>NWT Arts Council</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • www.nwtartscouncil.ca/forms/NWTAC-CATNO-2017-guidelines-lignes.pdf
Nunavut	<p>Arts Development Program</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • gov.nu.ca/culture-and-heritage/information/grants-and-contributions-o



Languages like Plants

BY TOMSON HIGHWAY

Good evening, ladies and gentleman, my dear friends and colleagues, my heroes, my idols, my loved ones. I know my mother did it first — but thank you for having me, thank you for being here, thank you for being you even though it must be incredibly difficult being you.

I don't know how you do it. No, but seriously, thank you from the bottom of my heart to the folks at the Writers' Trust of Canada for seeing it within their hearts and minds to invite me to this august occasion. I'm not used to august occasions. Humble occasions are more my style. In fact, I didn't even know what "august" meant until some ten years ago. Up until then, I thought it meant "to brush the teeth" — just like I thought that a "bitch" was a place you went to go swimming and a "conservative" was something

you wore when you wanted to have safe sex. I mean, it was only recently that I learned the difference between "flattery" and "flatulence" — not much difference, as it turns out — mutilation and titillation and, particularly challenging, matriculation and ejaculation — as in, "I suffered from premature matriculation as a young man; I graduated from high school too early." My point being, one can't go around assuming that English is the mother tongue of every person in this country. For many of us, it isn't. For many of us, it took years of very hard work to learn it, years

One can't go around assuming that English is the mother tongue of every person in this country. For many of us, it isn't. For many of us, it took years of very hard work to learn it, years of pain and suffering.

of pain and suffering and writhing discomfort and asphyxiating humiliation, just to be able to wrap our tongues around such syllables as “uncharacteristically” or “philosophical substraction” or even “remove it. It hurts.” Because, you see, if we hadn't gone through this ordeal — for you — we wouldn't have been able to read and appreciate the literature that we are about to talk about tonight and to which Margaret Laurence was such an illustrious contributor.

But what better way to thank and remember the woman for her place in the history of Canadian letters and culture than with this lecture series, huh? And double whammy for me personally because she was, and is, a fellow Manitoban, which sterling fact automatically makes her a Rez Sister, at least in a corner of the blackboard of my heart. (Sorry; I write country song lyrics for a living or, at least, a part thereof! Hey, rent costs money.)

I never had the honour of meeting the woman myself, not in the flesh, because, of course, her career flourished at a time when my English was still in development but I understand, from people whom I know who have, that she was a very kind woman who cared deeply about people and the human condition which, of course, is why she wrote about it with such conviction and so well. But I've seen her pictures. I've seen the house in Lakefield, Ontario where she lived out her last years. And I've read all her books. In fact, I think that hers might have been the very first works of Canadian fiction that I ever read. Which, of course, takes us back to the days of the construction of the stynx (which is Cree for “sphinx,” by the way, because, you see, the sound “f” doesn't exist in our language).

* * *

Our languages, of course, have undergone two traumas. One: they were nipped in the bud at a crucial point in their development, most directly as a result of germ warfare levelled at them. (Read: small pox blankets where millions died, the land effectively

denuded of its original population.) Two: they were stripped of their dignity — much as German was stripped of its in the 1930s — and are presently wallowing in muck and mire, barely alive. In fact, many of them are already dead. Only three will survive, linguists tell us. And they should know because linguists, as you know, can be very cunning. And those three are Cree, Ojibway, and Inuktituk — though the Innu of northeastern Quebec would argue hard to have theirs included in the list, as would the Navaho in the American Southwest. And we, the Native writers of this country today, have simply inherited the responsibility of rebuilding those languages, of giving them back their dignity, their beauty. And their brilliance.

Yes, language, that quintessential tool of the craft of writing. Without it, it wouldn't get very far, would it now? But why is it so important to save these particular languages at this point in our history? Because languages are like plants. If they say that each plant, herb, and leaf in the Amazon jungle holds the possible key to the curing of physical illnesses such as AIDS, MS, and cancer, then so does each syllable and vowel and consonant of any and all languages. Each has its genius. Each holds the secret to the curing perhaps not of physical but of the mental, emotional, and spiritual maladies that haunt us, that have been known to cause such conditions as depression that lead up to suicide.

To cut to the chase, English is the quintessential intellectual language. It lives in the head, and most brilliantly, but the head only. Anything below the neck and it freezes with terror. [...] If you want to laugh and laugh until you cry — that is, if you want to go back into the Garden — you will have to resort to other languages, ones that come not from the head or from the heart or from the stomach... but from the part of the human body that looks most ridiculous but is most pleasurable, the home of the Trickster, that Cosmic Clown, that garden of pleasure at the heart of which stands a certain tree that, in some languages, you are not supposed to touch but in others, should, ten times minimum

Languages are like plants. If they say that each plant, herb, and leaf in the Amazon jungle holds the possible key to the curing of physical illnesses such as AIDS, MS, and cancer, then so does each syllable and vowel and consonant of any and all languages. Each has its genius.

per day. Try it tonight; guaranteed, you will scream with pleasure, pleasure that the English language is absolutely terrified by, the gate to which — that is, the neck — a certain, very vengeful angel guards with a flaming sword.

Example: *neeee, awinuk awa oota kaapee-pitig'weet*. We Cree laugh at that. We laugh and laugh and laugh. We laugh until we cry. See how it affects the movement of your body? I'll say it again. Even if you don't know what I'm saying, your body has already started to shake and jiggle and rock and roll. Now I'll say it in English. "Hey, who just came in the door?" See what your body does by comparison? It does nothing, absolutely nothing. It stops moving and sits there penitent, afraid. (Read: In one language, the reason for existence on planet Earth is penitence; in the other, it is laughter. Who on Earth — what evil genius or what benevolent genius — constructed these fascinating structures?)

* * *

[A]t death, in the Cree language, one's soul, theoretically, does not go up to heaven or down to hell which is the most terrifying of straight lines that I can think of, one that has made death such a traumatic experience for way too many. Rather does one "get translated" from one part of the circle of life (that is, the part with the soul) to another part of the circle (the part with no soul). But he/she remains on the circle. Margaret Laurence hasn't gone anywhere. Her soul has merely been translated from one side of the circle to the other. She is still here with us — in the leaf of that tree, in that blade of grass on her lawn in Lakefield, Ontario, in the ray of sunshine that falls on your forearm in the morning, in the words she has left us.

* * *

Margaret Laurence helped me. In her own way — reading through the lines — I could tell that she loved me, that she cared deeply for me and my people. And for my language. Because she knew, instinctively, the wisdom that rested deep inside the folds of its syllables. And its vowels and its consonants. And even its sighs. And she wanted us, its future caregivers, to share that wisdom before those languages died; she wanted us to write. In fact, she more than likely would have been tickled pink to know that this new body of literature, this voice that is now heard clean around the world... She would have been tickled pink to know that it lives, that it's here, and that it's here to stay. And what a thrill it's been for me to be along for the ride.

Thank you, Margaret Laurence, thank you from the bottom of our hearts. We love you. We will always love you. For us, the Native writers of this country — the most beautiful garden on Earth or in Heaven — for us, the honoured members of this movement to whom you gave birth, if inadvertently, you will always be... a Rez Sister.

Excerpted from the 2018 Writers' Trust Margaret Laurence Lecture, which Tomson Highway delivered on June 15 as a keynote speaker during the Canadian Writers' Summit at Harbourfront Centre in Toronto (recording available at soundcloud.com/writerstrust). The Margaret Laurence Lecture is a program of the Writers' Trust of Canada and is delivered annually on the occasion of The Writers' Union of Canada's AGM.

Tomson Highway grew up in two languages, Cree, his mother tongue, and Dene, the language of the neighbouring nation. He is best known for The Rez Sisters, Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapusakasing, as well as Kiss of the Fur Queen.

ACCESSIBILITY.DOC /

A Spotlight on Four Disabled Writers

BY ADAM POTTLE



I feel like a curmudgeon, a bitter dusty old prick trying to ignite a glow in his heart.

I've written in *Quill & Quire* and on All Lit Up about how disabled people are drastically underrepresented in literature, film, television, theatre, and... well, the arts in general. I've written about how even though disabled people make up the world's largest minority — approximately one in five people is disabled — they are not proportionally represented in the arts, in terms of both the number of creators who are given the opportunity to share their work with the public and the amount of portrayals in artistic mediums.

Disability discomfords people. To live a disabled life is to live with one's vulnerabilities completely in the open. Because of that, able-bodied and able-minded people typically prefer disabled people remain silent. Every day, whenever I open a newspaper or log onto Twitter, I see dozens of instances where a disabled person has been denied access to a public facility, has been unable to make a living for themselves due to inaccessibility, has been forcibly removed from a protest, or has been ignored, mocked, harassed, or assaulted. To live a disabled life is to continually fight against being silenced.

Constantly reading, writing, and thinking about such things has made me bitter — made me into a thirty-four-year old curmudgeon. As a result, I often feel that oppression is the central story of disability.

But that's not necessarily true.

I've written plenty about the pessimistic side, but I haven't written enough about the optimistic side — specifically, about the work that disabled artists are creating. I have a terrible tendency to focus too much on oppression rather than on celebration; I have to persistently remind myself that oppression is one of the stories about disability, but it doesn't need to be the main story.

Disabled artists, and especially writers, are creating some of the most innovative and challenging work in Canada. They are taking familiar stories and flipping them on their heads. They are fleshing out and expanding our history by hauling their predecessors from the background to the foreground. They are deconstructing old and harmful ways of speaking and showing us new ways of employing language. Most importantly, they are demonstrating that disability and what it intersects with — race,

gender, sexuality — can be vital perspectives from which to create.

In no particular order, here are four disabled Canadian writers who have created and continue to create beautiful and challenging work.

LEAH LAKSHMI PIEPZNA-SAMARASINHA

Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha's works include the poetry collections *Consensual Genocide*, *Love Cake*, and *Bodymap*, and the memoir *Dirty River: A Queer Femme of Color Dreaming Her Way Home*. They have won the Lambda Award for *Love Cake* and have been shortlisted for several other awards. They identify as "a queer disabled non-binary femme writer and cultural worker of Burger/Tamil Sri Lankan and Irish/Roma ascent." Piepzna-Samarasinha's work explores intersectionality from multiple perspectives: disability, gender, sexuality, and race. This fall, they will publish an essay collection titled *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice*; a new poetry collection, *Tonguebreaker*, will follow in Spring 2019. Piepzna-Samarasinha has been a lead artist with the disability justice performance collective Sins Invalid since 2009. They blog about disability, chronic illness, and other subjects at brownstargirl.org. They divide their time between Toronto and South Seattle.

KIM CLARK

A novelist, playwright, and poet, Kim Clark frequently incorporates disability, including her own condition, multiple sclerosis, into her work. This past spring, she published *A One-Handed Novel*, which boldly explores disability and sexuality within a comic structure. Her previous books include the short story collection *Attempts* and the poetry collection *Sit You Waiting*. She was a finalist in Theatre BC's playwriting competition and has a novella under option for a feature film. Her website is kimclarkwriter.com; she can also be found on Twitter @[kimclarkwriter](https://twitter.com/kimclarkwriter) and on Facebook at facebook.com/kimclarkwriting.

ARLEY CRUTHERS

Arley Cruthers has published two novels, *Post* and *The Time We All Went Marching*, both of which were published under the name Arley McNeney. *Post*, which explores disability, athletics, and womanhood, was shortlisted for the Commonwealth Writers' Prize for Best First Book. Cruthers is a former Paralympic basketball player who lives and teaches in Vancouver. Her Twitter handle is @[Arley_McNeney](https://twitter.com/Arley_McNeney).

LYNX SAINTE-MARIE

According to their website, Sainte-Marie identifies as a "disabled/chronically ill, non-binary/genderfluid person." They produce poetry in various mediums, including writing, performance, visual art, storytelling, multimedia art installations, short films, and songs. They have presented at galleries, universities, and institutions across Canada, as well as in American, Britain, and Australia. Their Twitter handle is @[afrogothmusings](https://twitter.com/afrogothmusings), and their website is lynxsaintemarie.com. They live in Toronto.

Adam Pottle's writing explores deafness and disability from a variety of perspectives. His three published books have won and been shortlisted for several awards; his fourth book, a memoir and craft exploration, will be released in Spring 2019. He lives in Saskatoon.