



Association of Italian Canadian Writers

Executive

President Maria Cristina Seccia

Vice-President Delia De Santis

Secretary Giulia Verticchio

Treasurer Cristina Pepe

Editorial Board

Josephine Atri

Domenic Beneventi

Anna Foschi Ciampolini

Carmelo Militano

Newsletter Committee

Josephine Atri

Domenic Beneventi

Anna Foschi Ciampolini

Francesca Foschi Mitchell (editor)



AICW on Facebook and Twitter

Follow the AICW on Twitter [@AICWCanada](https://twitter.com/AICWCanada)

If you are on [Facebook](https://www.facebook.com/AICWCanada), please take the time to LIKE our page and to post information about your new publications and events

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Members,

We hope that you and your families are keeping well. In this difficult period we have kept ourselves busy by contributing to online events and promoting your work. We have celebrated National Poetry Month (April) and Short Story/Prose Month (May) by sharing your works on social media. And now, to mark Italian Heritage Month (June), we are organizing an online special edition of the Books & Biscotti Literary Series, featuring five-minute video readings (prose or poetry in English, French, Italian or dialect) on the theme of Italian heritage and roots. If you would like your reading to be shared on AICW's social media, please send your video file or link to info@aicw.ca by the 15th of June.

We were glad to see some members participating in the third edition of Librissimi – Toronto Italian Book Festival in May. On one of the panels, Dr Licia Canton presented the forthcoming documentary Creative Spaces: Queer and Italian Canadian featuring a group of writers who discuss their lives, work, and experiences as members of the LGBTQ+ Italian-Canadian community. The documentary, which aims to broaden the understanding and to increase the sensibility towards queer identities and everyday lived realities, is sponsored by the AICW together with the Queer Studies in Quebec Research Group (ÉREQQ), headed by AICW past-president Professor Domenic Beneventi.

Hosted by Professor Annalisa Panati, Dr Canton organized the first Shut Up and Write! session (on Zoom) on the 4th of June. These weekly meetings are an opportunity for authors to feel connected while getting some writing done. Write to info@aicw.ca if you would like to join.

The AICW is organizing a series of events hosted by the Italian Cultural Institute of Montreal. This will run from June to December 2020 on Zoom and will consist of one-hour long webinars featuring Italian-Canadian artists. They will be available on YouTube, the AICW website and Facebook page, and the Italian Cultural Institute Facebook page. The first event will focus on the AICW and celebrate the winners of the Venera Fazio Poetry Prize. The second event will feature publishers who produce books by our members. If you have an idea for an event, please send a 150-word proposal to info@aicw.ca by the 15th of June.

The AICW is pleased to announce that it will organize the next edition of the F.G. Bressani Literary Prize (please see page 3 for details). Executive member Anna Foschi Ciampolini, who co-founded the Prize in 1986, will be heading that committee. While several events have been, and will be, organized online, the next AICW Biennial Conference, The Traces We Leave: Italian Canadians and Their Works, which was to be held at the University of Turin this fall, is postponed to October of next year. We look forward to seeing each other and to enjoying some time together in person in 2021. More details will follow soon.

Finally, if you have not already done so, please create your profile at aicw.ca. Thanks to Maria Pia Spadafora who is sending reminders to members. Once your profile is complete, it will be shared on social media thus bringing visibility to your writing.

Since my second mandate as AICW president is coming to an end, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for supporting our Association. A special thanks goes to newsletter editor Francesca Foschi Mitchell for volunteering her time. I am grateful to Vice-President Delia De Santis, Treasurer Cristina Pepe, Secretary Giulia Verticchio and all executive members as well as our active past-presidents for their continuous hard work and dedication.

Stay safe and have a restful summer,
Maria Cristina
Dr Maria Cristina Seccia
AICW President

Our Association Becomes the Organizer of the F.G. Bressani Literary Prize

by Anna Foschi Ciampolini

Recently, the Board of Directors of the Italian Cultural Centre in Vancouver decided to terminate the Bressani Literary Prize. The 2020 edition, which was supposed to be the last, was cancelled as a consequence of the Centre's temporary closure in compliance with the B.C. Government orders aimed at containing the Covid-19 pandemic. As a co-founder, I had been involved in the organization the Prize since its beginning in 1986. I came back to volunteer in 2000, when the Centre re-established the biennial prize after a few years' interval. I must confess that I was saddened when I heard about the Prize's demise. I had a series of conversations with Giulio Recchioni, the Centre's Cultural Director, who was very open to discuss other possibilities so that the Prize could continue to exist. From the start, our Association appeared as the most reliable and prestigious new organizer. I then contacted our Executive informing them of this opportunity and then prepared a report for further discussion. Giulio Recchioni, on his side, presented the option of transferring the Prize to AICW to the Centre's B.O.D. obtaining their full support. Our Executive approved the transfer after a careful discussion.

This is a great opportunity for our Association. It is also going to be a lot of work in the future, but our Association can rise up to the challenge. On a personal note, I am pleased to see that the long-standing tradition of the Bressani Prize will continue under our Association's administration.



George Amabile, winner of the 2018 Bressani Prize, and Anna Foschi Ciampolini at the Italian Cultural Centre. *Photo by Luca Conte*



Dr. Maria Cristina Seccia, President
Association of Italian Canadian Writers (AICW)

April 24, 2020

Dear Dr. Seccia,

My name is Giulio Recchioni, Cultural Director at the Italian Cultural Centre in Vancouver, BC. On behalf of the Centre's President, Mr. Michael Cuccione, and the ICC Board of Directors, I am writing this letter to you with an update and a proposal for you and your organization regarding the biennial F. G. Bressani Literary Prize.

The Bressani Prize, which the Centre has initiated and managed since 1986, with the help of volunteers; local Italian authors (the late) Dino Minni and Anna Foschi, who created this award to honour and celebrate national Italian and Italian-Canadian authors throughout Canada.

Due to the impact of Covid-19, the Centre's Board of Directors decided to redirect the funds at this time, and to discontinue the Bressani Prize.

The long-standing cultural partnership between il Centro and the AICW has created tangible results, including the co-hosting of the literary series, Books & Biscotti, featuring Bressani candidates and AICW members. The AICW is best suited to pick up and continue the Bressani Prize. As the most qualified organization, we would like to offer the AICW the opportunity to organize the Bressani Prize in the future, starting with the 2020 edition. We are sure that your Association will take the Prize to new heights.

Il Centro relinquishes the Bressani Prize and offers the AICW complete autonomy over future decisions regarding this award. Il Centro respectfully requests that the AICW would acknowledge its role as the Bressani's founder and sponsor. We suggest that the following information be added to your web page, the call for submissions and on any other document regarding the Bressani:

The Italian Cultural Centre Society in Vancouver established the biennial F. G. Bressani Literary Prize in 1986, accepting the proposal brought forth by the late C. Dino Minni and Anna Foschi Ciampolini. The creation of the Bressani Prize coincided with City of Vancouver Centennial celebrations and the launch of the First National Conference of Italian Canadian Writers held at the Italian Cultural Centre. The Centre sponsored and organized the Bressani Prize till 2020.

We are looking forward to your feedback, and I make myself available to discuss this proposal in more details.

Regards,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "GR", written over a light blue circular background.

Giulio Recchioni
Cultural Director

NEWS

THE VENERA FAZIO POETRY CONTEST

Why a Literary Contest Named for Venera Fazio

By Delia De Santis



Venera Fazio. *Uncredited photo.*

I would like to share a short but significant reflection on the late Venera Fazio.

There were three things Venera was totally dedicated to, and they were her family, the AICW and her writing. But I know that quite often, the AICW got much more attention than her own creative work. She published one book of poetry, and I am sure if she had lived to a good long age, she would have had many more poems to share with the world.

We were very close as friends, and we also lived close to each other. I knew that the Association business was always on her mind, either transparently or on lurking in the background. And she always had ideas on the ferment. She understood the significant value of our writers' organization—the AICW. She felt that this group was vital in positively influencing new Italian Canadian writers and in showcasing their work; and that it also advanced the position of writers whose work was already being recognized. She

volunteered tirelessly as a regular member but most often on the executive; she was also a meticulous editor and a great organizer to the benefit of many people. Venera was a selfless person, with a gentle character that a lot of people admired. The AICW is pleased to honour her memory.

The Process

Anna Foschi Ciampolini, who is on the editorial board and already heavily involved in volunteering for the AICW and Cristina Pepe, with her not so easy workload of being the association's treasurer, were very happy to join me in organizing and working on the project. The three of us worked on it with great enthusiasm.

At first, I was worried that we wouldn't receive enough entries. After all, there are always a lot of poetry contests going on. But Cristina said, "You wait, they'll all come in just before the deadline." She was right. Entries began to arrive on email and through Canada Post, and queries came in from people who were worried they were too late for sending their poems. We ended up with an ample number of entries. The three of us were not readers or judges for the contest, but who could help not reading some of the poetry? As for me, I would have liked to make them all winning poems.

Our Association gratefully acknowledges Mr. Dwayne O'Neil for sponsoring the 2020 Venera Fazio Poetry Contest

NEWS

VENERA FAZIO POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

First Prize

Lynn Tait

“Clandestine Photo Shoot Inside Holmes Foundry, Sarnia Ontario”

Judge’s Comments – The poem exposes a darkness, “a noxious history,” through a sequence of sensory details and precise images of a deserted and soon-to-be demolished foundry. In the illumination of the physical ruin, the poet evokes the ruined lives of both the recent squatters and the long-gone, poisoned workers. The poem has it all: it is moving, thought-provoking, and with its measured tone and artful composition, beautiful.

Clandestine Photo Shoot Inside Holmes Foundry, Sarnia Ontario

3

Among the workers exposed for two years or more, there was a 600% increase in lung cancer, an 11,000% increase in respiratory disease, and five cases of mesothelioma. Women who washed their husbands’ clothes also suffered health effects due to inhalation. – Greg McConkey, Valley Review June 2, 2019

Camera’s click and whirl is startling on its own,
like disturbed wing flaps collecting air,
quick movements slapping deserted spaces.

Paint spray cans of fallen artists, empty of colour now,
but what they were – hissing hues of mists applied
like the drama of a thrown drink dripping down,
off-colour remarks smacked on poisoned walls tagged for demolition.

There is beauty in letters,
a history of tints in distress,
something to say in the dark –
it is almost, always night here.

Even humour permeates these ruins, unintentional art,
a single chair bathed in dusty patches of sunlight,
painted office signs sprayed with tongue in cheek,
the spit of sarcasm drenched in green.

The empty echo of no sound is too unnerving, scattered scraps
from vagrants, addicts who have called this place home.

NEWS



Photo courtesy of Lynn Tait

This vacancy cradles a discord of dead voices, whirl of machines,
the heat of lethal labour, bark and yell of ghost workers.

Reek of sweat and metal gone,
the walls withstand a noxious history,
venomous worms unseen settle into lungs and lives:
grime no one can wash off or demolish.

Lynn Tait is an award-winning poet/photographer residing in Sarnia Ontario Canada. Her poems have appeared in *Windsor Review*, *RE:al*, *Quills Canadian Poetry Magazine*, *Feathertales*, *The Tower Society*, *Contemporary Verse II*, *Vallum*, *Freefall Literary Magazine*, *Literary Review of Canada* and in over 100

Canadian and American anthologies, as well published a chapbook *Breaking Away*, co-authored a book *EnCompass I*, and is working on two full length poetry manuscripts. Her photos and digital art have appeared on numerous book covers including *Discovering Voice: Italian-Canadian Women's Writing*. She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets and The Ontario Poetry Society.

Second Prize

Carole Giangrande

“When The Plague Is Done With Us”

Judge’s Comments – The poem takes a fresh approach to a universal yet (for almost all of us) a previously unknown experience. The poet has mastered all the necessary elements of poetry—syntax, prosody, structure, and appeal to the senses—and uses them to challenge the reader to contemplate who we were before the pandemic and what we will be afterwards.

When the Plague Is Done With Us

How will we feel when the plague is done with us —
will we remember dawn on the creek, staccato
woodpecker’s tap, March tilting into spring?

What will we make of those solitary walks under the grave
indifference of sky: day’s consolation, careful distance,
brittle thoughts — will we see shards, the broken truth

that if we survived, it would be through the grace
of nothing understood, humbled by time and grief,

NEWS

comforted by daybreak, birdsong, calm at evening's rest?

When the plague is done with us, will we turn to each other,
regretting the loss of who we were before it began,
shards swept away in the pale gleam of sunlight?



Photo courtesy of
Carole Giangrande

Carole Giangrande's poetry has appeared in *The New Quarterly*, *Grain*, *Prairie Fire*, *Spiritus*, *Queens Quarterly*, *Braided Way* and in *People, Places, Passages: An Anthology of Canadian Writing* (Longbridge, 2018). She's the author of ten adult books and one children's book, *Do I Have To Go To Sleep?* (2020). Her novel *All That Is Solid Melts Into Air* won the 2018 Independent Publishers Gold Medal for Literary Fiction. Her most recent novel, *The Tender Birds* was awarded the 2019 Silver IPPY in the same category.

Third Prize

Anna Ciardullo Villapiana

"Ti bacerò domani"

Judge's Comments -This is an accomplished poem that commands the reader's attention, in particular by its audacious central metaphor that links the Passion of Christ to the suffering of the world from the corona virus, and His Resurrection to our eventual redemption.

Ti bacerò domani

Vedo il mondo in ginocchio,
sul suo capo una corona di spine,
non so se l'hanno intrecciata
o è nata da sola, da un rovo ribelle.
So che fa male.

NEWS

Vedo gocce di sudore
sulla fronte di medici e infermieri
nei loro Getsemani,
in quell'orto in cui è proibito pregare,
dietro le maschere rari sorrisi,
solo suoni soffocati di rauchi respiri.
Chi è salvo? Chi muore?
Suda il medico,
mentre gli apostoli
dormono nelle loro case,
qualcuno grida, prova a svegliarli,
ma Giuda ha già consegnato il mondo al flagello.
Una ferita dopo l'altra
la schiena si è tinta di rosso.
Inizia il Calvario,
chi grida, chi sputa, chi si lava le mani,
chi soffre, chi cade, chi scappa, chi muore.
Ma ecco Veronica ad asciugare il dolore
e Giovanni che abbraccia Maria.
Ecco i soldati che marciano in città vuote.
Una voce sovrasta il silenzio.
Ti perdono...tutto è compiuto.
Oggi è la terra a tremare.
Domani usciremo dalle nostre case per ungere il mondo
ma troveremo il sudario vuoto,
sapremo che è risorto
e lo vedremo brillare, bianco, al sole di primavera.
Increduli toccheremo le sue ferite,
le dita affonderanno nel vuoto.
Non avremo paura.
Ameremo la libertà,
sentiremo gli uccelli cantare in cielo
e in terra vedremo gli ulivi
...domani, ti bacerò domani.

NEWS



Photo courtesy of Anna Ciardullo Villapiana

Anna Ciardullo Villapiana was born in Cosenza, Italy in 1973.

She graduated in 2000 at University of Calabria in the Faculty of Art with a Modern Literature degree. In 2003 she moved to Canada where she started her career as translator and Italian language teacher.

In 2007 she published her first collection of poems, Percorsi Interiori/Inner Paths, Pandora Press. And later, in 2015 Frammenti di Luce/Fragments of Light, Pandora Press. In 2018 she published her third volume of prose and poetry "Al di là del mare/Beyond the Sea", I rumori dell'anima Edition.

Some of Anna Ciardullo Villapiana's poem have been published in several magazines and anthologies in Canada, Italy and USA.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Lynn Tait

"Early Mornings in the Barrios"

Early Mornings in the Barrios

Playa del Coco, Costa Rica

1

It's almost dawn and the usual half-miracles begin.

Mary Oliver, Morning at Blackwater

It begins when trees,
prepared for bare-root bursts of song and dance
shrug off their soil,
sway harmoniously if the wind desires,
air-skimming solo artists, small ensembles
breeze-bend through rhythms,
hot jazz it, or opt for paler blues;

or in motionless expectation
await the rooster's territorial lament,
earnest calls across roads and fence,
rhythmic cackle of cock-a-doodles doing
their best, standing their ground,

NEWS

shouting *YES WE ARE HERE*,
drowned out now and then by gringo dogs,
their job description over-emphasized in stupid unison.

Tiko dogs stretch out anywhere.
Slothful head-lifts acknowledge the presence of whomever
and whatever, the drama ends there,
gated canines' hysterics replaced by ecstatic squeals
and screams – children immersed in soccer,
silenced by local school bell revving up like an air raid siren.
Through it all, cicadas throb against air, resemble
thousands of tail-shaking rattlers
rather than the wing-rub of insect bodies dying for sex.

But there are mornings amid the commotion,
the rush of early wake-up,
howler monkeys begin a tree-top canon
starting with low notes rising,
an earnest momentum amplified.
Resounding rasps and power notes fill the air for miles,
low rolling, then staccato,
answered with a slow swell of chorus,
bass channels magnified across the vast expanse,
they bellow in concert, then fall away; the whole recital
a protest against the steady nonsense of dogs and roosters, their racket silenced only by rain.

Venera Fazio Poetry Contest 2020

Judge: Caterina Edwards

**Reading Committee: Marisa De
Franceschi, Gianna Patriarca**

NEWS

AICW Update

The Association of Italian Canadian Writers (AICW) has hired past-president Licia Canton as a part-time freelance administrator for the next three months. Licia has been an active AICW member and volunteer for 25 years.

She will be working closely with the AICW executive on numerous tasks such as recruiting interns and volunteers, applying for grants and increasing the AICW's visibility through online activities.

Books and Biscotti Literary Series (Online Edition)

Due to Covid 19, we are unable to organize or attend literary events for the foreseeable future.

Therefore, to mark Italian Heritage Month (June), the Association of Italian Canadian Writers (AICW) is pleased to announce a special online edition of the Books and Biscotti Literary Series.

Throughout the month of June, we will feature five-minute video readings (members only) on the theme of Italian heritage and roots (other themes welcome): fiction, non-fiction or poetry (in English, French, Italian or dialect). Readings by unpublished or emerging writers are welcome.

If you don't already have a recorded reading or event (with a link), simply use your cell phone or computer camera. Give the video a title and indicate your full name and title of the material you're reading.

Then post your video on Facebook, Twitter or YouTube. Send us the link at info@aicw.ca and we will share it on social media.

Here is an example of a reading currently posted on AICW's FB page:

<https://www.facebook.com/AICWCanada/videos/669956886896647/>.

Here is an example of an event with readings by AICW members:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q41X-Nekp3s&fbclid=IwAR18XSxQXZMjDrgm98vHftPXd5PuSbnE_IxtNu19TtQtvVko_ZFoSlug_Ew

Deadline: June 15, 2020.

NOTE: The AICW reserves the right not to share a video reading or link due to poor quality or content or length.

By sending your link to info@aicw.ca, you give AICW permission to share your reading on Facebook/Twitter/AICW membership list.

Best wishes from the AICW Executive

Accenti Magazine Awards - Winners Announced

Montreal, May 26, 2020 – Publisher Domenic Cusmano and Editor-in-chief Licia Canton are pleased to announce the winners of the 2020 *Accenti* Writing and Photo contests, as well as the winners of the Popular Vote for both contests.



“Piazza Navona” by Giuseppe Cardoni.

The winner of the *Accenti* Photo Contest and recipient of the \$1000 Grand Prize is **Giuseppe Cardoni** (Perugia, Italy) for his photo “[Piazza Navona](#).” The three other finalists each receive \$100: **Maria Cristina Campi** (Bologna, Italy) for her photo “Circolo Ricreativo,” **Robert Norton** (Mississauga, Canada) for his photo “Artistes,” and **Alain Schroeder** (Brussels, Belgium) for his photo “Venice in the Fog.” The judges were **Trina Costantini-Powell**, **Alvaro de la Fuente**, **Vincenzo Pietropaolo**, and **Christine Sansalone**.

Robert Norton is also the winner of the “Popular Vote” with 167 votes, as chosen by *Accenti* Readers, for his photo “Artistes” (see photos and final vote count [here](#)).

The winner of the *Accenti* Writing Contest and recipient of the \$1000 Grand Prize is **Robert Prescott-Allen** (Victoria, Canada) for his story “[La Divina Cucina: A Guide to Food after Death](#).” The three other finalists each receive \$100: **Krister Axel** (Ashland, U.S.A.) for “Drunk Promises Are Hard to Keep,” **V.J. Hamilton** (Toronto, Canada) for “Rows and Rows,” and **Silvia Falsaperla** (Toronto, Canada) for “A Crowded Bus on Kennedy Boulevard.” The judge was **Nino Ricci** and the reading committee was comprised of **John Calabro**, **Mirko Casagrande**, **Josie Di Sciasco-Andrews**, and **Rebecca Morris**.

Silvia Falsaperla and **V. J. Hamilton** are also co-winners of the “Popular Vote” with 16 votes each, as chosen by *Accenti* Readers (see final vote count and read the stories [here](#)).

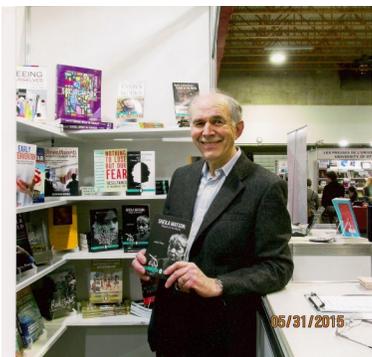
Congratulations to all the winners!

All winning stories and photos appear or will appear in *Accenti* Online. **Giuseppe Cardoni’s** photo “Piazza Navona” and **Robert Prescott-Allen’s** story “La Divina Cucina: A Guide to Food after Death” also appear in the special print issue of *Accenti*, Spring 2020. (Order your free copy [here](#), offer expires August 1, 2020.) Winning stories from past *Accenti* writing contests appear in the volume *Conspicuous Accents: Accenti Magazine’s Finest Stories of the First 10 Years*, edited by **Licia Canton**, available [here](#).

For details on how to enter the 2021 *Accenti* photo contest, [click here](#). For details on how to enter the 2021 *Accenti* writing contest, [click here](#). Follow *Accenti* on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/Accenti> and on Twitter [@accentimagazine](#).

About *Accenti Magazine*: Founded in 2002, *Accenti’s* mission is to document the evolution of the Italian-Canadian experience and to foster and disseminate its expression through the publication of literary and creative works. *Accenti* also aims to act as a conduit for dialogue among its readers and writers.

Writing Comments from Joseph Pivato



Joe Pivato at U of T Press Distribution table 2015 Ottawa book fair with his Guernica books Photo courtesy of Joseph Pivato..

The other day I was shocked. At 74 years of age I am only now realizing that I have never had writer's block. I have been writing since grade 7 when our new Scottish teacher, Mrs Connelly made everyone in our class of 34 students write a composition of two to three pages every week. When she returned the essays to the students after marking them she would give each one helpful comments. To those students who did not make an effort to write a half-decent essay she would throw the paper on their desk and exclaim, "Rubbish."

So I have Mrs. Connelly to blame for a life dedicated to writing. In my discussion with my wife, Emma, who also has no issues with writer's block, we determined that we are problem-solvers and our minds focus on concrete ways to deal with obstacles. And it is quite possible that the self-isolation imposed on us because of the Covid 19 pandemic has given me the time to meditate on, and record my long history with writing, and publishing. We are both working on

new books.

One of the highlights of my long career was the founding of our Association of Italian-Canadian Writers in 1986 at a meeting in Vancouver. It seems like only yesterday that I was chosen the first president and newsletter editor. It was a great honour for me to serve the members. I hope the AICW executive restores the hyphen in Italian-Canadian.

My other comments deal with publishing. In Canada we have always had problems with the distribution of our books across this vast country. In recent decades independent Canadian bookstores have disappeared. In Edmonton there were five.

Canadian bookstores in the 1970s; there is now only one left, Audreys Books.

I was fortunate to have begun publishing with Guernica Editions in 1985 with *Contrasts* and later *Echo* (1994). At that time Antonio D'Alfonso was able to secure the services of the University of Toronto Press Distribution, the major book distributor in Canada. It deals not only with bookstores but also supplies universities with books for courses and libraries. This service has helped hundreds of Guernica authors over the years. (See attached photo.)

My own experiences have been happy ones with my Guernica books. When I published the volumes on Mary di Michele in 2007, Pier Giorgio Di Cicco in 2011, George Elliott Clarke in 2012 and Sheila Watson in 2015 they were available in university libraries across the country within weeks. They could also be ordered for university courses. Michael Mirolla also organizes two book launches each year.

We should also remember the PLR, the Public Lending Rights Program supported by the Canada Council for the Arts. Canadian authors registered with the PLR can receive an annual payment dependent on the number of copies of their books found in libraries by the PLR survey. So it pays to have copies of your books in libraries across Canada. While authors get 100% of the payment, editors get only 20%.

NEWS

Our other problem is the lack of book reviews in the Canadian media. Newspapers across Canada used to review Canadian books almost weekly. Now most no longer do so, but use syndicated reviews of American or British publications. In 1983 Antonio D'Alfonso called on us to "Criticize ourselves!" That encouraged us to begin a system of writing book reviews of fellow members in AICW. We writers do not seem to be reviewing each other's books anymore and we need to start doing that again. Reviews can appear in *Accenti*, on Goodreads, Amazon.ca, Google books, 49th Shelf or some other platform. We could include two book reviews in every issue of this AICW bulletin. The editorial board can consider this proposal.

Since 1985 one of the ways that we have been promoting Italian-Canadian books has been with the Bressani Prize. The Italian Cultural Centre in Vancouver no longer wants to administer this prize. But the executive of AICW is now in the process of taking on the Bressani Prize for the future.

In addition to the Bressani Prize, Giovanna Riccio, George Elliott Clarke and I have proposed the creation of two new prizes: a poetry prize named after Di Cicco and a fiction prize named after Maria Ardizzi. We are now investigating how we could go about establishing and funding such prizes. We welcome suggestions and comments.

AICW Starts a Collaborative Project with the Italian Cultural Institute in Montréal

by Anna Foschi Ciampolini

Dr. Francesco D'Arelli, Director of the Italian Cultural Institute in Montréal, has offered us a wonderful opportunity to participate in a collaborative project which will help to showcase our authors and our activities. The Institute is launching a Zoom-webinar series starting in June 2020. Each webinar will last one hour and will explore a variety of cultural and literary themes related to our Italian heritage.

On May 11, I joined a virtual meeting with Dr. D'Arelli, Connie Guzzo McParland and Dr. Licia Canton to discuss the organization and details of the project. I then sent a short report to our Executive. After a brief consultation, the Executive decided to accept the offer. Giulia Verticchio stepped forward to fill in the much-needed role of Webinar Series Coordinator. Her experience in communication is a great asset for our Association.

We are still in a preliminary planning phase, but so far, the possibility of a once-a-month AICW webinar is very much on the table. There is considerable work to do and we will need more discussion, brainstorming, and more input about topics, suggestions, and new ideas, from the Executive and the membership.

The following excerpt from Dr. D'Arelli's e-mail of May 15, 2020, reproduced with his permission, explains some "technical" aspects of the webinars:

NEWS

“Sono molto lieto che l’Istituto Italiano di Cultura possa confidare, anche in un momento così avverso, nell’Association of Italian Canadian Writers (AICW), essendo un solido e creativo interlocutore culturale, a riprova anche della lunga, comune e proficua collaborazione culturale.

L’Istituto, come già ebbi modo di accennare, ha sottoscritto l’abbonamento annuale alla piattaforma Zoom webinar per offrire cicli di conferenze, dibattiti, letture, eventi musicali etc., perseguendo in un contesto difficile e contrario alle relazioni umane la promozione della cultura italiana. In tale prospettiva, il contributo offerto dall’AICW sarebbe inestimabile, per la varietà e ricchezza di attività ideate e la numerosa comunità di riferimento. D’altro canto, sarebbe per la stessa Associazione un’occasione singolare per oltrepassare i propri abituali confini, spingendosi così ben oltre le terre già abitate.

Fra le particolarità della piattaforma Zoom Webinar si contano la possibilità di trasmettere ogni evento in formato Facebook live e al contempo di registrarlo, rendendolo così disponibile anche nel proprio canale YouTube. L’Istituto si premurerà di gestire tecnicamente la piattaforma e ai propri ospiti sarà richiesto solo una connessione internet e una postazione computer (portatile, iPad, smartphone...) dotata di microfono e telecamera.”

Call for Stories and Photos

Accenti Magazine is accepting submissions (on any topic) for its Writing Contest. First prize is \$1000 and publication. Details at <https://accenti.ca/writing-contest/>

Accenti Magazine is accepting submissions for its “Capture an Italian Moment” Photo Competition. First prize is \$1000 and publication. Details at <https://accenti.ca/photo-contest/>

NEWS

A Few Tips to Create Your Profile on Our AICW Website



Dear AICW members

All current members have a profile created on the new AICW website members page. 60% of members have populated their profiles. Those who have not, please go in and do so. If you are unable to write up the profile at present, please go in and at least upload a profile photo so that it does not look empty.

To populate/update your profile:

- (1) Go to www.aicw.ca and click on Members Log In (top left);
- (2) Click on “Lost your password” to request a new password. Enter your email address. The system will email you instructions;
- (3) Once you receive a new password, go back to the Member Login page and enter your email address and new password to access your profile;
- (4) A new page will open. Click on “My Account” to access your account.
- (5) Click on “Edit Profile” to access each field.

The headings are:

- Literary Genre
- Biographical Note
- Website URL
- Other contact (e.g. Instagram/Facebook/Twitter)
- Publications
- Awards

Any of these fields left blank will **not** appear in the final profile. You can go in and edit at any time, but the work can't be saved to publish later. It is a good idea to plan what you want to include by writing it in a word document, then cut and paste it into the profile. Don't forget to proofread twice before saving! You will also need to upload a profile photo and a banner photo. Click on some of the other member profiles for ideas!

For tech support send an email to support@aicw.ca.

Ciao, the AICW executive and tech support team

EVENTS

AICW Events on Zoom



The AICW will be organizing a series of events on Zoom, hosted by the Italian Cultural Institute of Montreal.

The series will feature Italian Canadian authors (including self-published), journalists, translators, publishers, documentary/video/filmmakers, bloggers as well as emerging writers and young creative people. Panels will consist of three or four speakers who can choose to speak English, French, Italian or dialect.

The series will run from June to December 2020, but it could extend to 2021. The one-hour long Webinars will be available on YouTube, the AICW website and Facebook page, and the Italian Cultural Institute Facebook page.

The first event will focus on the AICW and celebrate the winners of the Venera Fazio Poetry Prize.

The second event will feature publishers who produce books by our members.

We invite all members in good standing to send in a proposal of max. 150 words to Vice-President Delia De Santis at info@aicw.ca by June 15th.

Not an AICW member? Join the AICW at <https://aicw.ca/become-a-member/>.

Webinars will be broadcast at the end of each month. Dates to be confirmed.

Writing Together



You are invited to “Shut up and Write! (Silenzio e scrivi! / Silence et écris !)” with Annalisa and Licia.

This is an opportunity to feel connected while getting some creative/academic writing done (or other tasks you’ve been putting off).

The first session took place on June 4th (see photo). We will continue to meet regularly to just write ...

Photo by Annalisa Panati

Join us Thursdays throughout the summer, from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. (Montreal time) / 4 to 6:30 p.m. (Marseille time) on Zoom.

EVENTS

The 2.5 hours are divided as follows:

- 10:00-10:25 – Writing 1
- 10:25-10:30 – Break
- 10:30-10:55 – Writing 2
- 10:55-11:00 – Break
- 11:00-11:25 – Writing 3
- 11:25-11:30 – Break
- 11:30-11:55 – Writing 4
- 11:55-12:00 – Break
- 12:00-12:25 – Writing 5

No talking during writing time. Lots of talking during breaks.

Interested? Sign up by sending a message to info@aicw.ca and indicate "Shut up and Write!" in the subject line.

BOOKS AND OTHER PRINT

THE JOY OF WRITING *“Follow the River”*

By Osvaldo Zappa



Here is background information about writing *‘Follow the River’*. The book is based on the translation of my wife’s letters to her parents in France after she came to Canada as a Nanny. It details her early years in the new country. After publishing my first book *“Giovanni’s Journey”* I felt pretty smug about myself. I like to write although feeling that I have not been successful at it. But, as John Irving says in his book *‘To save Piggy Sneed’*:

“That you are not very talented need not be the end of it... I know, I am not a born writer. I seldom get anything right the first time. I have to write and revise again and again until I get it right (or I think) I got it right”.

Photo by Anna Foschi Ciampolini

To myself: *‘I am not a born writer, so what?’* I write as a hobby, and to express my sentiments. Soon after Jackie’s death I wrote *‘Cosette: The Wilted Rose’*. Three years later I began the present project when I met with a writer in a restaurant to review the first draft of my work. After having enjoyed a savory fish *sopa de pescado* and *camarones fritos* washed down with beer in Little Italy, we had a brief talk on the origin of the letters. Dated from 1960 to 1965, the letters were found in Jackie’s parents’ garage when the house was sold and their finding brought to light both joy and unexpected discoveries. Two weeks earlier I had e-mailed him the draft of the story. Extracting from his briefcase the pages, with pencil marks on the margins, he placed them on the table. Just on their own the letters were not enough for a story to make it into a book; it needed adding commentary from me. His remark:

“We all have a story to tell, but it’s not simply because we publish that we become writers.” Feeling uneasy: *“Don’t feel hurt”* I told myself. A voice inside me was telling me to swallow slowly. On a pretense, I got up and walked outside to breathe fresh air. Minutes later I return to the table as he was jotting down a plan for the edit. He took a sip of beer, then, sounding tutorial, advised me not give up just yet but try a new ‘take’. *“Do something that might do the trick”*. In the meantime, be creative; make cuts where needed; make changes, to prevail. We parted that day, but planned to return two weeks later with my commentary on the letters. Later, going over my work, I had a feeling that he had done his part and now I would be on my own. Handing me the papers, we decided to leave the restaurant walking into the blinding sun. That was three years ago. Nonetheless, I must thank him for his valuable contribution.

Lastly, I contacted Elspeth Richmond, the editor who helped in previous books. By then I had completed making cuts and changes and never gave up on my project. Elspeth agreed to work on the manuscript. A plan was discussed on how to proceed with input. It was agreed that I was to email the text manuscript to her and she was to return fifty pages at a time with her comments, observations etc. After my acceptance on of the changes, back it went. However, a snag surfaced where she wasn’t too happy about things she missed in the initial edit of the commentary that needed to be addressed. *“There is a hidden text revealed throughout the storyteller’s comments”*. This potentially required reshaping the story, and I wasn’t agreeable to do this. Luckily, this was resolved by both agreeing to a quote by accomplished Canadian storyteller Pierre Berton’s on the question:

BOOKS AND OTHER PRINT

“What was the best piece of advice you ever received?”

To which he replied:

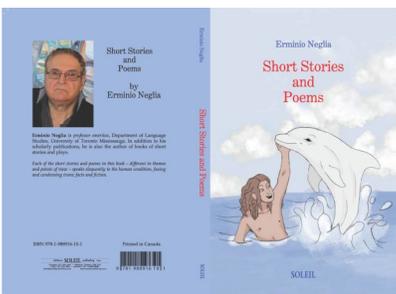
“To create suspense, **withhold information**” (*)

In the final edit Elspeth wrote: “I like (your) this latest version very much. You have invested thought, time and effort to produce this work! Well done!”

Here is the joy of writing ‘*Follow the River*’ with all the tensions and obsessions that went into it. If this book succeeds in waking someone up, even if only through a tear in the curtain of her brief life, I will have achieved my goal of translating the “*Lettres de Jackie*” and let the river run its course.

(*) The Colophon, the SFU publication

Erminio Neglia. Short Stories and Poems. Soleil Publishing, 2020.

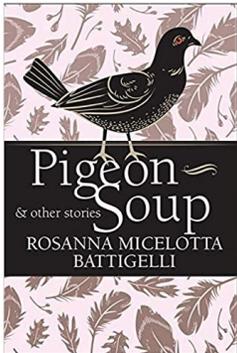


In his preface to his latest book *Short Stories and Poems*, Erminio Neglia writes “I have written the seven stories mainly to entertain the reader. I hope that my aim has been accomplished.” While Neglia states that “fiction doesn’t have to contain practical or moral lessons,” his short stories and poems have serious meaning and offer a sharp outlook on society and the human condition. (Anna Foschi Ciampolini)

BOOKS AND OTHER PRINT

Fall Book Release (Pigeon Soup and Other Stories, Inanna Publications)

By Rosanna Battigelli



The characters in this collection are embroiled in situations that test their limits with each other, outsiders, and themselves. They are navigating relationships and grappling with issues of translocation, language and identity, religion and culture, and food. These stories portray some of the dark places that the characters inhabit physically, emotionally, or metaphorically, with surprising twists that sometimes provide a flicker--or even a bright beam--of hope.

“Patterns of Nostos in Italian Canadian Narratives”

By Gabriele Niccoli

The articles in this volume study the manner in which patterns of nostos, of journeying and returning, in Italian Canadian narratives are both identified and deployed. The contributors incorporate myriad branches of knowledge: from diaspora and post-colonial studies to cultural sociology and anthropology, from literary criticism and semiotics to the history of immigration, from high-ranking diplomacy to creative writing and documentary photography, and from comparative literature to translation. Given this array of interpretative modes, the reader will garner the dialogic and specular tenor of these texts which, while intersecting, without, paradoxically, problematizing each other, compose a thematic ensemble whose heuristic motivations grant them a common sense of literary stability and scope. All the Italian Canadian narratives analyzed share one common thread, that of erranza, of wandering, a human condition that parallels their very “migrant” mode of representation. An erranza whose exilic voice becomes the language of the migrant text itself; a text, en clair, as displaced as the voice that engenders it, a language not at home. It is a textual language, however, crafted ad arte, given the supreme degree of literariness that characterizes Italian Canadian writing today. Felicitous diverse colours, and profitable ones, for the Canadian literary tapestry as they weave, in an indirect and belatedly foundational manner, their exquisitely unique Italian Canadian literary weft threads through the warp fabric of Canadian literature.

BOOKS AND OTHER PRINT

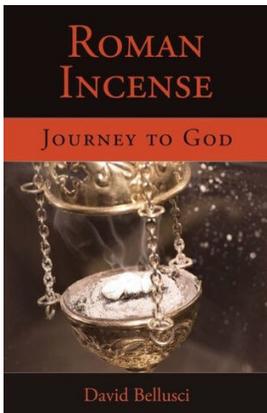
Contributors

Gabriel Niccoli (editor), V. Austen, S. Bancheri, F. Cadel, L. Canton, S. Casini, R. Cauchi-Santoro, C. Concilio, R. Culos, K. Eisenbichler, S. Floriani, T. Guma, G. Iacobucci, F. Loriggio, S. Migliore, V. Pietropaolo, S. Piraro, J. Pivato, F. Sturino, S. Terzian, V. Teti

Gabriel Niccoli is Professor Emeritus at St. Jerome's University/University of Waterloo. He has published extensively on 16th and early 17th-centuries Italian and French dramatic theory, a volume on Baroque comparative drama, as well as on women writers of the Italian Renaissance. He has also edited a volume and published a number of essays on Italian Canadian diaspora studies. He is currently working on a monographic study of a Renaissance Venetian poet.

Culture and Belief

By David Bellusci



David Bellusci has recently published a book of poetry of 142 poems, *Roman Incense: Journey to God*. The poems -- a personal journey -- offer a portrayal of Catholicism in relation to beliefs, practises, artistic expression, and its underlying philosophy of truth and love. Besides Catholicism in family life, the poems explore the inculturation of Catholicism in different parts of the world. Cultural and artistic emphasis is placed on Rome. The poems include readings/publications from the AICW. The Foreword is written by Italian Literary Critic, Professor A. Jatosti.

MEMBER SHOWCASE

Daddy's Little Girl

By Anna Panunto



I find myself in my bedroom, the only place where I can seek refuge from the world. Resting my body on my comfortable queen -sized bed, I take my two favorite loony-tune pillows and carefully place them underneath my head. Ah, this is comfort! The house is quiet because it is 2am. Yet, just as I am about to fall asleep, I get this sudden urge to look through my secret box. This box is placed directly underneath my bed. One wouldn't be tempted to look inside it because it is a beat up old shoe box. Yet, to me, this is a precious box holding just a few sentimental items. I carefully pull out the most sacred item of all, which is my favorite picture of you, daddy. You were 19 years old in this black and white picture, taken in the summer of 1962.

"Anna, I got married very young, you know. I was 21 years old. Your nonno told me that I was too young. I should have listened to my family. But, your mama, she was so beautiful ... Ah, yah! But, we didn't know each other very well, you know. Back in those days, there was no dating. Your mama's papa was very strict. We were chaperoned all the time. Anyways, we wanted a family, especially your mama. It took so long for you to come to us ... Ah, then it was all worthwhile!... My angel was born!"

"But, but, but... do you still love ma?" "Is she still beautiful to you now?"

Silence... and more silence. How I hated the damn silence.

You were my genie, papa - all that I wished for you granted me.

My childhood memories were luminous, like a bright summer day. I am smiling to myself now as I hear myself giggling and see myself jumping and hopping in our large yard.



An inquisitive child, who often inundated you with countless questions. I often amused and frustrated you all at the same time.

"DADDY- DADDY, what does the word intelligent mean?"

"DADDY- DADDY, Why did that strange lady look at us that way?"

"DADDY- DADDY, my teacher told me today that she teaches me things not learns me things. Why is that daddy?"

MEMBER SHOWCASE

“Oh, Anna!!! You drive me crazy sometimes - what am I going to do with you -eh?! Doesn't your tongue ever get tired?!”

“DADDY-DADDY, how can a tongue get tired?”

You always saved the last word for me. Thank you, Daddy...

But, the years quickly passed us by and then, my countless questions transformed into something else.

“Daddy- it's time that you give me more responsibilities. I'm not a baby anymore. I think I could create a nice ad for our company...”.

“Are you telling me how to run my business? Who is the boss here?” I want to matter. I want to matter. I want to matter...

These words echo in my brain, blasting me into a state of hysteria. Are they just distorted mumbblings or is it my voice trying to resonate?

I am kissing the picture now and it feels cold against my lipsIt is cracked around the corners and there's a fine white line at the center of the picture, almost splitting your face in two. Is it symbolic of the kind of man that you are, a man of sheer duplicity

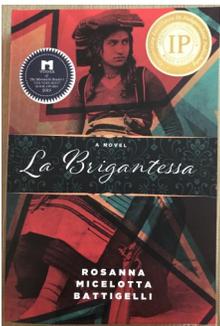
You are imperfect. I mourn over this truth as any daddy's little girl would. My illusions look like neon colors on dirty walls. I now feel light-headed...

Photos courtesy of Anna Panunto.

MEMBER SHOWCASE

Crossing the Threshold. Excerpt from *La Brigantessa* (Inanna Publications, 2018).

By Rosanna Micelotta Battigelli



With every jolt of the cart over the ruts in the mule path, Gabriella feels something plummet within her. As they continue to descend the mountainside, she peers behind her and in the charcoal mist sees the dim twinkle of candles still burning in Camini, their configuration eerily resembling a cross. Convinced it is a bad omen, Gabriella shivers and makes the sign of the cross herself. How she wishes she could run to Tonino, collapse in his arms, let him comfort her, protect her . . . But how can he possibly protect her and Luciano? Where could he bring them to avoid the authorities? No, much as it is tearing apart her very soul to be skulking away like this with Don Simone, her instinct tells her it is the only way to avoid a life in prison, a life without Luciano. And a life with Tonino was already uncertain, given his decision to join Garibaldi's army.

How quickly a life can shatter. She feels the hot tears streaming over her cheeks and doesn't bother to wipe them. Life is so cruel, promising something with one breath and snatching it away with the next.

She repositions herself on the mound of straw on top of which she and Luciano are huddled, and draws one of the blankets around herself and her brother, who has finally succumbed to sleep. Her arm tightens around his slight body. She stares ahead numbly at the mule's back side as it ploughs its way forward. A breeze passes over them from the nearby Ionian Sea, and Gabriella opens her mouth to gulp at the air; her lungs feel as shriveled and closed up as the figs hanging in the cellar. The clapping of Vittorio's hooves on the ground reverberates around them, and she squints around her fearfully, expecting the carabinieri to jump out from behind the cypresses or prickly pear bushes lining the path.

A sob catches in her throat at the sight of Don Simone, his black cassock draped around his slightly bent body, walking alongside Vittorio. Don Simone, who has put everything aside to bring her and Luciano to a safe haven.

The dampness of the earth rises to pervade her senses. Gabriella can tell they are near the river. Although she can't see it beyond the thick canopy of chestnut trees over the narrow path, the scent of the river tickles her nostrils like a dampened feather. Gabriella hears it slurp and gush now, and immediately thinks of the devil that pulled Vincenzino in and took his soul. A flash of red explodes in front of her eyes and she squeezes them shut. But her eyes betray her, and she sees the alternating face of a scarlet demon and the red jowls of Alfonso Fantin.

A scurrying through the bushes makes her straighten in alarm. Since her childhood, she has heard stories of wolves, wild boars, gypsies and brigands. Again her eyes seek the figure of Don Simone, and his steady gait reassures her that the noises are nothing to be concerned about—perhaps some hares or quails.

She starts to recite the Ave Maria silently. Closing her eyes, she feels the presence of a quieting, calming hand, and without a doubt in her mind, she senses that her own mother, Elisabetta, is with her. Gabriella fishes for her mother's handkerchief in her pocket and wipes her tears. Letting out a long, drawn-out breath, she allows herself to drift toward sleep.

MEMBER SHOWCASE

Cercando

di Pier Angelo Piccolo

Roma, quel giorno, era splendida.

C'ero arrivato al mattino presto, con il cielo limpido e l'aria fresca, tersa: non comprendevo il motivo per cui mi avessero convocato urgentemente in quelle stupende, antiche stanze spaziose, splendenti di luce, così cariche di lusso, di bellezze artistiche sparse in ogni angolo, immerse nella città eterna, nello Stato del Vaticano.

Studiaii lì da seminarista e poco mi era mancato per prendere i voti, quando avvenne un fatto inspiegabile, in un giorno di nebbia: d'improvviso un lampo. Capii che Dio non esisteva. Mollai tutto.

Lavorai ugualmente nella Santa Sede, prima come consulente psicologo, poi come investigatore ma, senza accorgermene, fui dentro ai Servizi Segreti Vaticani. Poi me ne andai.

Cosa volessero ancora da me i preti, me lo stavo chiedendo quando, da un grande portone in legno pregiato, con fregi in oro, uscì un pretino dalla voce angelica, mi invitò ad entrare per parlare con "Sua Eminenza" che mi aveva convocato

"Caaaaaro Marco, come stai? Tutto beneeee?"

mi gridò Monsignor Ottaviani, un omone alto con la faccia forte, ma gentile, che non incontravo ormai da diverso tempo, non pareva assolutamente invecchiato.

"Tutto in regola"

risposi con serietà, aspettando che mi rivelasse il mistero della mia presenza in quel luogo ma, come tutti i preti, tendeva a girare sui discorsi e a prendere tempo, dicendo sempre una parola in più del dovuto.

Versò del the caldo e mi porse alcuni biscottini.

"Caro Marco, tu solo puoi aiutarci."

Poi, mentre parlava, guardò fuori dal grande e antico finestrone chiuso, da cui si potevano vedere, appena in basso, le vie trafficate della città eterna, i bar che fanno caffè meravigliosi, le trattorie romane che offrono odori e sapori di pietanze deliziose, il frastuono e la caciara, i clacson, le urla e le grosse bestemmie, arrivavano ovattati.

Guardai anch'io fuori e ne restai estasiato.

"Ho letto molti tuoi articoli, ragazzo e i tuoi libri, per questo ho stima di te."

MEMBER SHOWCASE

Il Cardinale, grazie a Dio, venne finalmente al dunque. Mi rivelò il motivo per cui mi aveva cercato.

“Ti ricordi Giovanni Scarpa, tuo compagno di classe?”

“Come no? Il mio amico ai tempi del collegio.”

“Bene, anzi male. Giovanni è partito qualche mese fa per il Sudamerica in una missione in Amazzonia. Ci ha inviato i suoi messaggi varie volte, poi è scomparso. La notizia non è ancora stata diffusa, ma l’abbiamo cercato in ogni parte.

Nell’ultimo messaggio, ci aveva informati della pericolosità di una potente setta indigena, rivelandoci il luogo in cui stava ma, alla polizia peruviana, quel luogo non risultava esistesse.”

“Giovanni Scarpa è diventato prete?” Chiesi stupito e addolorato.”

“Certo che sì, lui non ha mai avuto dubbi.”

“Tu lo potresti trovare per noi.”

“Dovrei andarlo a cercare, in che veste? Come psicologo, storico, come investigatore o esorcista?”

“In realtà tutti e quattro. Il tuo aereo parte sabato al mattino, se tu lo vuoi. Destinazione Lima, Perù.”

Continuai a guardare fuori.

“Hai due giorni e due notti per goderti Roma.”

I am Poet First...

By Anna Panunto

I love words for their color, texture, sound, weight, and most of all, for their multifaceted impact. Poetic words, when uttered profoundly, can touch one’s core.

Writing poetry has been part of me since the age of 13. I can still remember my very first poem and sharing it with my 3 best friends. The poem was about love, unrequited love, to be exact. The words were genuine and heart-felt. My best friends, upon

MEMBER SHOWCASE



hearing the poem, shed a few tears. I then declared myself a poet. *“Write more poetry for us, Anna!”* they commanded. Ever since then, my poetic voice has spoken vicariously through the broken-hearted.

One can say that, over the decades, the mechanics behind the poetic verses have been refined. Matters of the heart continue to be my muse – lamentations of a lost euphoria or a paradise lost. What was once a black and white vision of the world is no longer. That hazy shade of gray has graciously replaced it in between verses.

Free verse has always been the most appealing to me – it leaves room for experimentation of all sorts. Playing with words and their nuances and at times, coupling them with my native language seems to fit just right with my soul. The search for one’s authentic voice can take a lifetime. Luckily, mine was found within 3 decades.

Through publication, I am able to share my poetry with diverse populations. Getting others to identify with a feeling, a word, a thought even, enriches my creative journey. Sharing awakens the muse and reminds me that we are all struggling through life together.

Hence, I have made it my mission to expand my consciousness by not only presenting poetry readings but also teaching poetry in my very own classroom.

Some can identify with the heaviness of the verses, while others may find certain words unnerving and stark. Some have even compared my poetry to electricity – electric shocks running through their bodies, unexpectedly.

Periodically, I ask myself the fundamental question: Who am I now and why am I still writing? The answer remains the same – writing is my channel of liberation.

I love sharing ideas, thoughts, creative expressions because it empowers everyone. Poetry is no different – it is the sharing of words. Whenever I am reading a poem or two or three, I am confessing.... the imperfections of my soul, the ultimate journey that unites us all, if we want to. Connecting with others brings forth other ways of knowing, seeing, and doing. Perceptions of tangibility.

That existentialist voice brings forth meaning to my existence, peeling off layers of oppression, suppression and repression.

As a teacher, I acknowledge that both words and silence have power. As a poet, words flow or fragment, disempower while at the same time, empower unspoken wounds. Raw pain. Most of my poetry depicts a woman in pain, unraveling an intricate bi-cultural identity of daughter, sister, wife, friend, mentor, empathy, and teacher. A lover of love in all its manifestations.

Finally, as a poet, I gloriously capture a moment in time, freeze it for eternity, and then, slowly but surely, resurrect from it. I politicize multiple voices, that of my mother, my grandmother, and the rest of my ancestors. I unify them within me, a gift to my audience. The fruit of my words regenerate as time passes – I am poet first...



**BECOME A MEMBER TODAY!
DEVENEZ MEMBRE AUJOURD'HUI!
DIVENTA SOCIO OGGI!**

CONTACT INFO / COORDONNÉES / DATI PERSONALI:

First Name/Prénom/Nome:		Middle Name/ Deuxième	
Last Name/ Nom de famille/		Salutation/ Titre/ Titolo	
Street / Adresse / Via e			
City / Ville/ Città		Province/State / Province/	
Country / Pays / Stato		Postal Code / Zip Code/	
Telephone/ Telefono (home / maison/ casa)		Telephone/ Telefono (work / travail / ufficio)	
Email		Website / Site Web / Sito	
Areas of Interest / Champ			
Biography/ Biographie /			

New or Returning Member: New/ Nouveau / Nuovo Renewal / Renouvellement /Rinnovo

Choose One

<input type="checkbox"/> \$100.00 CAD —Voting member/ Membre votant / Socio con diritto di voto (1 year/an/anno)	<input type="checkbox"/> \$175.00 CAD —Voting mem- ber/ Membre votant / Socio con diritto di voto (2 years/ans/anni)	<input type="checkbox"/> \$100.00 CAD —Associate mem- ber / Membre associé/ Socio Ordinario (1 year/an/anno)
<input type="checkbox"/> \$175.00 CAD — Associate mem- ber / Membre associé/ Socio Ordinario (2 years/ans/anni)	<input type="checkbox"/> \$25.00 CAD —Student mem- ber/ Membre étudiant / Socio student (1 year/an/anno)	<input type="checkbox"/> \$100.00 CAD —Supporter / Sostenitore

Please make all cheques payable to the Association / Les chèques doivent être faits au nom de l'association/ Gli assegni debbono essere intestati all'associazione

Please mail the completed form accompanied by a cheque or money order to:

S'il vous plaît envoyer le formulaire complété accompagné d'un chèque ou un mandat à:

Si prega di inviare per posta il modulo completato, accompagnato da un assegno o un vaglia a:

International: please send money orders. *À l'étranger: il est préférable d'envoyer des mandats. Estero: si prega di inviare vaglia.*

Association of Italian Canadian Writers