

continent in San Francisco, a friend whom i have known since we were three. In the hope that hearing her voice would put something back beneath my feet, i called. And it worked, her voice helped me find my footing. i could walk down the mountain with the other friend, could walk and talk, and miraculously my body had not exploded. As i learn to trust my memories and write them down, i learn to trust my ability to compensate for the letter misplacements and syntactic reversals. i put new italics in my head, reverse the narrative that my abusers and the witnesses in denial put there, reverse the subject-object relationship to power forced on me, and reverse the subject-object relationships within my language.

The italics in my head now say more often things like, *You can get through. You can do this. Hold on. Do what you want to. If you were a person, what would you do in this instance? Follow your instincts, they are not lying to you.* i forge a different narrative and take a more autonomous direction, learn to act responsibly. i learn that i can become a subject and write my way toward opening doors that lead in new directions.

Victoria Littman currently lives in Toronto where she is pursuing a degree in Curriculum at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Formerly, she taught English and U.S. history at the secondary level in Northern California. She is now working on fiction and a children's book.

¹The italics represent both phrases that other people have said to me and those phrases which i have incorporated into an internal dialogue.

²In the writing of this i have accidentally once again reversed directions. Those readers who know San Francisco will notice that i reverse orientations to the Marina Bayside district and the downtown districts in the process of telling about reversing the directions of Bush and Sutter streets. i leave this in to demonstrate that the process of reversal is ongoing in the present.

ALEXANDRA PASIAN

undr the dislexic tree

ther iks a plaec
whre speling dose not count
wheer thots and imaginatons
run free
wher we express waht we feel
and no one laghs
ad it is important

there is plase
where eveyrone is equal
wher is not a lukery
where cleen air adounbs
where women are safe
and never alone
and speling dose not cont

I was diagnosed as dyslexic at age eight. I read my first book when I was twelve. This is how I see the world.

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