town congregation of the 1950s. I blame Canadian anti-Semitism. If Canada had embraced the fleeing intellectuals and artists of Europe, instead of declaring that “None is Too Many,” we might have a more intellectually vigorous, challenging, and open-minded community. Instead, progressive Jews, including feminists, will have to continue to create their own small enclaves and events. We won’t have any home other than the ones we can create by ourselves—and that will demand far more energy and commitment than most have been willing to dedicate up till now.

Michele Landsberg has been an award-winning feminist columnist in The Toronto Star since 1978, with a three year stint in The Globe and Mail in the ’80s while she lived in New York. She is the author of three books: Women and Children First (Penguin, 1983); Michele Landsberg’s Guide to Children’s Books (Penguin 1986); and “This is New York, Honey!” A Homage to Manhattan with Love and Rage (McClelland and Stewart, 1989).

1 The festive meal on the first or second night of Passover during which the story of the flight from slavery to freedom is read from the Hagada.

2 The holiday that comes at the end of Succot and the beginning of Simchat Torah.

3 A rabbinic commentary on the Torah.

4 A set of branches of three specific plants waved during the Succot. Each branch is symbolic of different personality traits.

5 Between 1933 and 1945, Canada’s politely anti-Semitic government admitted fewer than 5,000 Jewish refugees when it could have rescued tens of thousands. MacKenzie King’s deputy minister of immigration, when pressed by desperate Jewish petitioners as to how many Jewish refugees would be acceptable, replied “none is too many.” This notorious remark was revealed by historians Harold Troper and Irving Abella in their award-winning book which used the phrase as its title.

ROS SCHWARTZ

Prelude

your quiet breathing soothes and relaxes me as you lie across my knees early in sleep

little movements of your hands and fingers as the dreams begin

What do you dream of? my little one so near to your memories of the womb

What do you dream of? as your world and mine slowly become on

On the Threshold

Midnight March 23rd, 1982 in memory as bright as day: my mother standing on the front porch waving my father turning back to give her “one last kiss before we become grandparents”

My mother would never have understood why my father detoured past the tennis courts to see if they were dry

This was his security: something solid in a world of change and transformation

He’d never before driven a daughter to the hospital in labour but he had played tennis many times.

Ros Schwartz has been writing poetry since she was three years old.