

Like a sautéed mushroom

Because, like a sautéed mushroom, the moment itself renders up — what is possible, a feminist counter-apocalypse will not reduce itself to a few “great moments,” as in the Creation, the Fall, or the Second Coming, or as in Matriarchy, the onslaught of Patriarchy, and the Birth of Feminism. Perhaps such master narratives can only take over in an undernourished history of deferral, of postponed moments, where one story conquers, where it subdues the parabolic openings and prophetic possibilities tucked even into the biblical narratives. Amidst the habitual deferral, the subtler lure of timeful possibility fades into insignificance. Its little parables of the moment cannot hold up to the exaggerated predictions, the dooms and the utopias.

Newer

Older

19th February 2025 someone I cannot live with	16th February 2025 "Let the cracks between things ...
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