

FROM THE EDITORS

Winter Solstice, 2005.

The sun is shining in southern Wisconsin; I appreciate that on the shortest day of the year. We've already had cold and snow for so long, it feels more like deep midwinter than the start of the season.

I've taken up knitting again — although “again” might be an exaggeration. I learned enough in high school to make my brother one raggedy scarf and then, in my late twenties, started a simple sweater I never finished. But my multitalented partner not only knits but spins too, and I'm inspired to help her use that lovely yarn.

She's also a glass artist, and last night she presented me with a gorgeous pair of glass knitting needles. Visions of cozily productive winter evenings are dancing in my head. Some who know me might wonder how I'll find the time, given my myriad other non-job pursuits, not to mention my job. But most of those pursuits — creative writing, editing, raising animals, being an active godmother, keeping the books for the art business, cleaning the house — require a type of engagement that isn't feasible while I'm visiting with guests, for instance, or attending meetings or riding in the car. And maybe I'll come to understand the resurgence of this craft and especially its apparent popularity among today's young feminists.

Speaking of that phenomenon, this seems like a good place to plug a zine we haven't yet reviewed in *FC*, which I picked up at the 2004 Madison Zine Fest: *Slave to the Needles* is published right here in Madison by Aimee Hagerty, one of whose fantasies is to “join a feminist marching band.”

Aimee even offers a knitting pattern for “a birth control pill case cozy.” The address for *Slave* is P.O. Box 260224, Madison, WI 53726-0224.

Writing is a pursuit I take up *again and again*, and just as often abandon for projects that seem more urgent. Last winter, with the encouragement of the same multitalented partner, I embarked on a “write a novel in 30 days” experiment. I stretched it to six weeks, but actually did draft something with a beginning, a middle, an end, and a few intriguing characters. To combat my abandonment ten-

This issue of *Feminist Collections* isn't about knitting at all, or about mysteries, although it does review zines. It *is* satisfyingly long on book reviews, with five feature-length articles, including one about book publishing and selling, one about feminist philosophy/theory, and two on gender and academia. The fifth, a tour de force from Catherine Orr about the “pasts and futures” of women's studies as a discipline, will be thought-provoking reading, especially for anyone heading for NWSA's June 2006 conference in Oakland, California. Catherine



Miriam Greenwald

dencies, I enrolled myself this fall in an ongoing critique group, with a goal of revising my murder mystery within a year. I'm not making phenomenal progress, but the group does push me to honor my intention to write. My story features a lesbian amateur sleuth with a poodle and a day job as an editor (imagine!). Migraine medication and espresso figure into the plot. The book is meant to be funny, at least a little, but I want it to be more than that at its heart. We'll see.

is one of the designers of the conference, the theme of which is “Locating Women's Studies: Formations of Power and Resistance.”

Maybe we'll see you in Oakland; our office will have an exhibit as always. With any luck, though, you'll see at least two more issues of *FC* (Fall 2005 and Winter 2006) in your mailbox long before that.

○ J.L.