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Editorial

A New *Atlantis*? Shifting Shorelines and Salt Marshes: Between Third and Fourth Wave Feminism in the Twenty-first Century

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The road to Atlantis is neither straight nor narrow. It, may, however, have been paved in gold. It depends on which Atlantis you are talking about; there are as many Atlantises as there are geopolitical positions, symbolic-historical references, and philosophical-literary discourses claiming to be authentic, authoritative sources. In celebration of the 50th anniversary of Mount Saint Vincent University's women's studies journal *Atlantis: Critical Studies in Gender, Culture, and Social Justice*, this essay endeavours to bring together three unlikely bedfellows: Plato, Shirley MacLaine, and *Atlantis*. I reflect on the references each of these sources make to the infamous lost city of Atlantis as a means to make sense of the tumultuous, conflict-laden, and volatile political situations feminists are currently facing. I believe that feminism finds itself once again in a murky, transitional period and is experiencing an ever-shifting/eroding shoreline. Contrary to my previous claims in *Atlantis* (Zimmerman 2017), I now sincerely doubt whether a fourth wave of feminism emerged, and I have pivoted to thinking that we (in the Global North) have witnessed instead the tail end of the third wave. But it's precisely the gap in between waves or feminist movements (some might say backlash) that I'd like us to imagine differently—as a saltmarsh. At the risk of cliché, environmentally-charged imagery is used throughout this piece to articulate what I am calling marsh feminism. Coding feminism with ecologically-rich language and vice versa is far from discursive originality, but the specific image of the saltmarsh does illuminate new paths for understanding different women's movements and activisms in terms of a deep, rich, and murky subversive space where timelines and goals overlap and intermingle whilst continuing to compel us to confront the risks and threats we, like all species, all face on our planet in crisis.

The concept of Atlantis as a fictional utopian island is typically traced back to Plato's dialogues *Timaeus* and *Critias*. But upon close reading (which is the methodology I employ here), it becomes increasingly clear to me that Plato's Atlantis is far from ideal. In *Timaeus*, Critias tells Socrates (as told by old Critias and as reported by Solon who received the story from priests in Egypt long before that) about the great island of Atlantis, which was once ruled by royal power (Plato 1997b, 25a, 1232). After extending its rule to several other geographic locations, Plato writes how this formidable power set out "to enslave all of the territory inside the strait [of Gibraltar, or 'the Pillars of Heracles']" (Plato 1997b, 25b, 1232). Remarkably, Athens withstands this military assault and triumphs: "She prevented the enslavement of those not yet enslaved, and generously freed all the rest of us who lived within the boundaries of Her

acles" (Plato 1997b, 25c, 1232). In the next eponymous dialogue, Critias continues his tale of Atlantis and the ensuing war between its rulers and the city of Athens.

Critias elaborates on the genealogy of Atlantis's rulers starting with the Greek God of water, Poseidon, and how he, and later his sons, including his first one Atlas (begot with the mortal Clito_) received the island as their domain (Plato 1997a, 113c, 1299; 114b, 1300). Atlantis's rulers observe primogeniture and Plato describes the empire of Atlantis as amassing more wealth than any previous region, hence "paved with gold" (Plato 1997a, 114d, 1300). Initially this wealth benefits all its citizens, for in addition to imports, the island's resources provide much that is needed. Critias names next the mines "that produced both hard and fusible ore" and a copper/*oreichalkos* that was nearly as valuable as gold (Plato 1997a, 114d-e, 1300). Moreover, the sacred island provides lumber, abundant flora and fauna (with access "to graze in marshlands" (Plato 1997a, 114e, 1300) and "sweet smelling roots and greens, herbs, trees, and gums from flowers and fruits as well, and they flourished there" (Plato 1997a, 115a, 1300-1301). Critias continues to describe the establishment of palaces, temples, canals, bridges, and other marvel constructions like a shrine to Clito and Poseidon. Yet, Plato notes that as Atlantis became increasingly obsessed with possessions the "divine portion" waned (Plato 1997a, 121a, 1306). Compromising their virtues, the empire became "disordered." Interestingly, Critias remarks that to the untrained, undisciplined, or ignorant eye, Atlantis would appear at its zenith but to those committed to higher truths and virtues, Atlantis was "hideous…losing the finest of what were once their most treasured possessions…filled with an unjust lust for possessions and power" (Plato 1997a, 121b, 1306). The dialogue ends with Critias describing Zeus's determination to punish the deeds of the Atlantis empire but what follows next requires turning back to the *Timeaus*.

The *Timeaus* fills in the gaps left by Critias's earlier story. We are told that after Atlantis's failed militarized naval attempt to seize and destroy Athens, an earthquake erupted and the island "sank below the sea and disappeared" (Plato 1997b, 25d, 1232). Submerged, Atlantis remains known only by its unexplorable, impassable mud shoals—this fate is also mentioned in *Critias* (Plato 1997a, 108e, 1295). Plato's depictions of Atlantis as a lost imperialistic, monarchal land and its failed attempt to overthrow the new democratic polis of Athens proves to be a cautionary and punitive tale. So how, if at all, does this concept of the island relate to feminism in the twenty-first century? Why should a women's studies journal be named after a war-loving ancient island, one known from its brief citations by a Greek philosopher whose writings on women are at best ambivalent? The discussion of women and wombs alone at the end of *Timaeus* should make anyone cringe. So, I find myself asking: Why wouldn't a feminist journal want to distance itself from both the patriarchal polis and the island of kings and the "language of Atlantis" (Plato 1997a, 114b, 1300)? Plato, too, casually remarks upon comparing "ancient laws with ours today" writing, "You'll discover many instances that once existed among you, existing among us today" (Plato 1997a, 24a, 1231). For isn't it reasonable to say that the likes of Donald Trump and Elon Musk in the United States are new Atlantean figures boldly amassing wealth and power? That they are putting democracy at risk with their repeated threats to subsume nations like Greenland, Canada, Panama, and Gaza into America's national fold?

But the story of Atlantis precedes Plato; pre-Socratic writers like the historian Hellanicus and the poet Hesiod, for example, both mention the Titan Atlas's daughters, specifically the eldest, Maia. O.R.H. Thomas claims that Hellanicus was likely working from Hesiod's *Catalogue of Women* (Thomas 2007, 15, 22) since in his Atlantis, Hellanicus names a genealogy of daughters on the "islands of the blessed" (as qtd. by Thomas 2007, 15). While the literary, historical, and philosophical origins of this island are not my main concern here, what strikes me about these earlier pre-Socratic texts is their focus on women. A genealogy of women is centralized by both Hesiod and Hellanicus, whereas in Plato's dialogues women often seem peripheral at best. Instead, Plato offers us a story of kingship and the deeds of men.

Now consider the epigraph to the very first issue of *Atlantis: A Women's Studies Journal* published in fall 1975:

> Atlantis was an ancient kingdom, an island in the Atlantic which disappeared during an earthquake. Fabulous stories are told about the beauty of the people who lived there and the kind of civilization they

> created. We take Atlantis as a symbol of the lost kingdom which women are striving to rediscover by discovering themselves.

If feminists are to reclaim the lingering layers of land and deep shoals of mud then the legacy and the logos of the patriarchy (*patros*: pater=father; patriot=countrymen) must be discarded. Monuments to our mothers are comprised of sand and silt, tethered to the banks by threadbare roots. They rise for a time, then sink with the tides. This shifting, unstable, disturbed ground shares affinities with the pre-Socratic recognition of the power and agency of women; the maternal-feminine must be revived as an alternative foundation for Western thinking.

We cannot replicate the errors of the old vanguard (replete with armadas and battles at sea or military occupations and invasions). The disembodied Atlantean masculine, (neo)colonial-hyper-capitalist subject—selfish, dangerous, and violent—accelerates human-made climate disasters, catastrophes, and cataclysms; turns time upside down; celebrates a logic of theft; and threatens to bring to heel vulnerable and/or disobedient communities. We also know that "[w]omen, girls, and gender-diverse people often face harsher impacts of climate change, especially when marginalized by racism, poverty, and other forms of inequality" (The Canadian Women's Foundation 2025). Climate justice is conditional upon gender equity. Atlantis for me therefore invites a continuous process of reflection (watery pools and puddles facilitate and necessitate self-reflexive critiques of feminism, the limits of women's and gender studies, as well as my own overt references in this essay to the Western tradition and white feminists, too). You can't discipline water into a binary of 0 or 1. There are other codes (languages of hysteria?): wool, blood, ooze, milk, tides, rivers, moons, some call this stream of consciousness. The work we do is overflowing: there is no done, only doing. We must seek beyond. We must search for something else that lays hidden, buried, a messy Eleusinian mystery that is subterranean, submarine, rivulets and droplets, bones and pellets, scat and urine, caves, and the places where the reeds lay flat because an animal has been sleeping. All of this is a part of marsh feminism: to let things seep, drip-dry, flood, and evaporate. Reciprocity. A marsh can be shockingly cyclical but it too escapes that grasp. There is no map to marsh feminism but a marsh wants to write. It wants to give itself up to writing every morning (confessional poetry preferred) and inscribe itself in the chatter of stillness, embracing the perfumed stench of decay and rot A marsh has a biography in the strictest sense of the word's etymology: bios, for life, graphia for writing. We can write the life of a marsh if we read the earthy red mudflats dotted with filamentous algae and trace sandpiper tracks and bill-holes as marking the place where third and fourth wave feminist goals coalesce and co-mingle. Distinctions, like linear timelines, are difficult. Yet, it is in this sticky, messy, richly diverse, and thriving place that feminists must dwell. As those seeking to make sense of third and fourth wave feminism, we must learn to embrace the contradictions and contrapuntal aspects of marsh feminism.

Marshes are therefore often associated with the feminine. For instance, in Margaret Atwood's poem "Marsh Languages," she writes, "The dark soft languages are being silenced:/Mothertongue Mothertongue Mothertongue/falling one by one back into the moon" (Atwood 1995, 1-3). For doesn't the Greek poet Sappho also tell us, "The moon has set and the Pleiades/Have gone"? (Sappho, The moon has set and the Pleiades). The languages of the marsh are plural, sibylline. They express a certain kind of fecundity that is closely linked to the feminine/maternal. Marshes are wet, moist, dense, deep womb-like locales that harbour an innumerable number of species and vegetal life and whose shores are constantly in flux and motion. High tides and low tides reveal a wetland always in transition; a marsh by definition is never static. Marsh feminism is unapologetically performative. To survive against the war-machine, that persistent, pernicious polis, is to dance and sing underwater or to "trample the hyacinths/Upon the mountain-side until they stain the earth" (Sappho, Purple Earth).

In 2017, I published an article in *Atlantis* called "#Intersectionality, The Fourth Wave Feminist Twitter Community." It examined the Twitter hashtag #intersectionality and attempted to trace the transition from third wave feminism to a new fourth wave. To summarize, the third wave was predominantly ushered in by Black, anti- and post-colonial, and 2SLGBTQIA+ feminist thinkers such as Alice Walker's daughter Rebecca Walker, Audre Lorde, Kimberlé Crenshaw, Kim Anderson, Chandra Talpade Mohanty, Gloria Anzaldúa, and Judith Butler as well as Jack Halberstam among others. I argued that although the third and fourth wave shared some overlapping goals like emphasizing difference, applying intersectional frameworks, and putting LGBTQ+ rights at the forefront, e.g., the legalization of gay

marriage in Canada (Bill-38, 2005), one major distinction was the inception of social media and its ubiquity by the end of 2010. This is when we switched to smart-phones and apps. Facebook, YouTube, and Twitter were all media platforms that were readily being taken up—but Twitter, I argued, proved to be the most useful and widely used for disseminating feminist discourse. I was especially interested in how Twitter users were introducing hashtags like #intersectionality to call out white feminism for racism and to put forth an agenda of inclusivity. It was this activism that signaled to me at that time—and, then, shortly thereafter—solidified with the Women's March on Washington (2017) and the viral #Metoo hashtag (indebted to activist Tarana Burke who used the term in 2006 and was revived by actress Alyssa Milano on Twitter)—that indeed we were in a new wave of feminism, aptly called the fourth wave.

Many gender theorists (e.g., Judith Roof 1997 or Linda Nicholson 2013) have critiqued the wave metaphor for oversimplifying complex feminist movements, generalizing or universalizing women's experiences, and advancing white feminism by misrepresenting or excluding those in the Global South as well as women's and people of colour's perspectives. As I reflect on feminist activity, social media, and our current socio-political milieu, I find myself leaning towards believing that a fourth wave did not happen ... (marsh feminism is infatuated with ellipses) ... instead, we are in a transitional period, one that marks a shift between third and fourth wave feminism. I still find the wave metaphors helpful, especially for understanding the first and second wave, but like Nicholson who questioned when the third wave began and ended, I too have been asking myself this question and whether there was or is a fourth wave. Several interrelated events have prompted this crisis in thought: 1) In 2022, the US Supreme Court overturned Roe v. Wade, effectively ending abortion as a fundamental right in the United States.[1] This right has traditionally been marked a major achievement of the second wave. As a follow-up, Olivia Rodrigo also caved into backlash and stopped handing out free contraception at her concerts. 2) In 2022, Twitter devolved into X, the once left-friendly space is now owned and operated by Elon Musk, an until recently fervent Trump supporter. 3) Donald Trump was elected as President of the United States in late 2016 after defeating Hilary Clinton and was re-elected in 2024, after defeating the Democratic Party leader Kamala Harris. Trump has publicly affirmed the gender binary, essentially erasing or denouncing the existence of trans and non-binary lives.

Turning to the award-winning actress and writer Shirley MacLaine can be unexpectedly helpful. I learned about this strange reference while out horseback riding with my second-wave feminist aunt (a la Woolf, let's call her Mary Beton). She studied at Acadia University, but unfortunately not in 1975 when *Atlantis* came into the world through a homebirth: the estuary and tidal landscape of the Minas Basin. In her memoir *Walking the Camino: A Journey of the Spirit* (2000) MacLaine, recounts one of her past lives in Atlantis. After having lived as an "androgynous soul" (MacLaine 2000, 242), MacLaine describes, in ways that echo Aristophanes' speech in Plato's *Symposium* (minus the extraterrestrials found in MacLaine's account), how the complete self was separated into two bodies according to a binary of sexual difference. MacLaine claims she lived in Atlantis as a male, while her soul mate (born from her own body) lived as her female counterpart. MacLaine remembers in ways that resonate with Plato's dialogues how the island, which had once shown Edenic promise, became increasingly corrupt. Consumed by materialism and technology as well as the self, Atlantis turned away from spirituality (MacLaine 2000, 232). The result was the island suffering destruction at the hands of its own greed and godlessness. Yet, it is not Atlantis that MacLaine witnesses crashing into the sea but rather her original spiritual motherland Lemuria. The result is that she is "forbidden reincarnation until the end of the Atlantean civilization" at which time she will be reborn and "remain earthbound until the end of the Adamic Age at the turn of the twenty-first century" (MacLaine 2000, 281). MacLaine thus combines her present experiences of walking the Camino, her past memories of *another* Atlantis, and her search for spirituality to offer a scathing critique of our hyper-capitalist, techno-driven, celebrity-obsessed, anthropogenic, androcentric world in the twenty-first century.

Incidentally, fourth wave feminism, strictly speaking, has roots in the new millennium, circa MacLaine's pilgrimage, with E. Anne Kaplan's 2003 article "Feminist Futures: Trauma, the Post-9/11 World and a Fourth Feminism?" Kaplan references the 2001 terrorist attacks on the United States and a feminist response by American psychotherapist and activist Kathlyn Schaaf as inaugurating the fourth wave. Schaaf began organizing women on her website "Gather the Women" as a call for world peace. Shaaf 's website on 9-11 likewise prompted journalist Pythia Peay to claim, "the long-awaited 'fourth wave' of feminism [is]—a fusion of spirituality and social justice reminiscent of the Amer-

ican civil rights movement and Gandhi's call for nonviolent change" (Peay 2005, 59). It seems to me that if peace was heralded as a founding principle of fourth wave feminism, we have lost that focus in the twenty years since. When one thinks about humanitarian crises, as a result of militarized conflict, in Gaza, Sudan, or Ukraine, for instance, peace does not spring immediately to mind. It also strikes me that feminists in the Global North have drifted away from considering class as a meaningful category of feminist inquiry. Is the influence of celebrities on feminist issues and our society's idolization of the rich and famous to blame? A confluence of celebrity, politician, and feminist has arguably dampened the socialist agenda that seemed to go hand-in-hand with second wave feminism. And despite the achievements of recent online movements like #MeToo, might it also be true that social media is an anathema to feminism? A handful of technocratic men own the means of communication, the means of (re)production: Mark Zuckerberg (Meta,formerly Facebook, Instagram, and WhatsApp), Elon Musk (X, attempting to purchase Sam Altman's OpenAI) and, Zhang Yiming (Bytedance, TikTok) not to mention Jeff Bezos, Amazon founder who purchased the *Washington Post.*

In 2025, how do we make sense of the original raison d'être of *Atlantis,* the women's studies journal? The lost kingdom of Atlantis surely cannot be that described by either Plato or MacLaine. This is to say, *this Atlantis* advances gender studies and social justice by rejecting the founding fathers of the philosophical tradition in the West that begins, primarily, with Plato and ends with the patriarchy-plutocracy (Pluto was the Roman god of the underworld after all) of the twenty-first century. This *Atlantis* offers an alternative feminist space, a wet-land premised on equity, empowerment, diversity, consciousness-raising, anti-capitalist struggle, and peace. Such a flooding, overflowing, vibrant ecosystem celebrates the exchange of ideas and critical dialogue, yet, there are no philosopher-kings—only kingfishers chasing wind patterns through narrow channels and steep cliffsides. It's easy to envision *Atlantis* as a utopic feminist space but this is too simple and it teeters on escapism and/or bio-essentialism.

Still, an old Atlantis remains. Isn't the real catastrophe that the earthquakes, global warming, and natural devastation are neither events in the past nor in the future but are here and now? Is this not why *Atlantis* dearly matters to our slowly sinking (ethical-philosophical-bios) Atlantis? This is how history folds and unfolds. Two parallel bloodlines. Atlantis's mythic origins in Ancient Greece and the journal's birth from an estuary, led by Donna E. Smyth and the members of the Editorial Board: Maureen Baker, Margaret Conrad, Carrie Fredericks, Lethem Sutcliffe Roden, Lorette Toevs, and Lois Vallely-Fischer. These feminist scholars and the many others who have kept the journal afloat have, through continually striving to rediscover and discover themselves, re-created and re-imagined Atlantis as a veritable catalogue of women and gender studies in the form of the journal *Atlantis*, encapsulated by Suzanne MacKay's stone sculpture "Emerging Woman" featured on the first cover in 1975. To answer the call of embracing plurality and intersectionality, we are diving into the archive to rediscover our beginnings and all the polyphonic feminists we have been and all the voices and lives still waiting to resurface in the next 50 years to come. We are still living in the time of Atlantis but it's up to us to decide which one.

Origin stories can be born in a cave or a marsh. In Spring 1979, *Atlantis* dropped its signature description: "We take Atlantis as a symbol of the lost kingdom which women are striving to rediscover by discovering themselves." A year later, *Atlantis* took root at Mount Saint Vincent University (Volume 4, Number 2, 1980). *Atlantis* inspires traitors, those who dare to skirt around in the dirt, get stuck in the weeds, and practice spodomancy. It is probably far-fetched and sentimental (twee?) but picture the Mount as Mount Helicon, the home of the Muses or Mount Cyllene, the home of the Atlantides—a mythopoetic endeavour to conflate and alchemize daughters, Muses (who breathed divine song into Hesiod for his *Theogony*) and Pleiades (whose catasterism is marked by fleeing the sexual advances of Orion)—or as Mount Saint Vincent University, the current home of *Atlantis* (incidentally, like the journal, I started my journey at Acadia and managed its student literary magazine *estuary* before arriving here). A university, overlooking the harbour and basin, historically a safe haven for women and the queer community but not without clear colonizer-settler ties; MSVU is located on unceded ancestral Mi'kmaq territory.[2]

The type of critical thought employed here is indebted to feminist borderland theory and decolonial thinking like that by the late twentieth-century writer Gloria Anzaldúa. Anzaldúa's (1987) anticolonial mestiza consciousness meant embracing her pluriculture heritage as an inhabitant of the contested Mexico-Texas (US) border. In the spirit

of Anzaldúa's disruptive narrative warning against rigid and limiting national or cultural identity markers, marsh feminism is predicated on plurality, webs, rhizomatic roots and shoots systems, plant communities, upward-rising botanical branches and leaves, and (sub)marine and (sub-) and (extra)-terrestrial life. Marsh feminism shares deep affinities with transnational feminist thinking: see how its elasticity stretches it from the fringes of a shoal to the depths of a nest concealing eggs within. Notice the name change in 2013—when one *Atlantis* ends, (*Atlantis: A Women's Studies Journal*) another *Atlantis* comes into being: *Atlantis: Critical Studies in Gender, Justice, and Social Justice*. Marsh feminism moves beyond land imagery—it seeps and saturates; it flourishes; it floods; it cracks; it replenishes; it binds; it protects; it safeguards; and beckons for us to "wreathe lovely garlands in your hair,/Weave shoots of dill together, with slender hands" (Sappho, But you, O'Dika, 1-2) For as Sappho reminds us "the Graces prefer those who are wearing flowers,/And turn away from those who go uncrowned" ("But you, O Dika", 3-4).

Not exactly jumping from a Leucadian cliff *a la* Sappho (a heteropatriarchal spurious claim anyhow), feminist philosopher and psychoanalyst Luce Irigaray was nevertheless exiled from the polis—she lost her position at the Sorbonne —for critiquing the origins of the phallocentric Western tradition e.g., Plato, Freud, Lacan in *Speculum of the Other Woman* (1985). Irigaray has in recent years increasingly turned towards a kind of marsh feminism that is significantly predicated on ecological and social justice in what she calls "she – nature, woman, Goddess" (2013, *In the Beginning She Was*, 2).[3] She has returned to Nature and the pre-Socratics as a means to resurrect the importance of the maternal/feminine and to contest the loss of women's voices under the Master's logos, e.g., Plato or Aristotle. Her work further invites us take the earth, sometimes given that maternal appellation Mother, seriously. Thus, "a return to the marsh, replete with excess, *jouissance*, fluids, blood, milk and an 'undefined flow that dampens, wets, floods"(Irigaray 1995, 64) offers an alternative feminist perspective. Because "Western culture associates the mother with contagion and contamination […] madness and death" (Irigaray, cited in Murphy 2001, 59), the marsh's abject position ensures it remains subversive: a refuge from the patriarchal Western polis, inclusive of its colonial and imperial exploits, which is certainly threatened by a feminine wild(er)ness; hence the need to tame, to drain, to consume, to draw hard lines, and to contain her, if not expel her.

In the first essay published in *Atlantis*, Margaret Andersen writes of the need for a feminist literary tradition of women writers ranging from Christine de Pisan to Margaret Lawrence to destabilize this male-dominated field. Atwood figures prominently in this piece but Andersen revises a well-known paragraph from Atwood's *Survival*: *A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature* (1972) to reflect the "the significance of the discovery of 'their' [women's] literature":

> What a lost woman needs is a map of the territory, with her own position marked on it, so she can see where she is in relation to everything else. Literature is not only a mirror; it is also a map, if we can learn to read it as <u>our</u> literature, as the product of who and where we have been. We need such a map desperately, we need to know about here, because here is where we live. For the members of a sex [*sic*] or a culture, share knowledge of their place, their here, is not a luxury but a necessity. Without that knowledge we will not survive. (Andersen 1975, 9)

Saltmarshes are key to our survival too. Belatedly, recognized as buffers, salt marshes prove to be a place of necessary resilience. Scientists and poets alike know that saltmarshes can provide a "better coastal defense over conventional engineering, but project realization is often hampered by practical and governmental obstacles" (Baptist et al. 2021). And, yes, there are active efforts not to just to appreciate saltmarshes but to restore and even create them. But creating new ("artificial") ones is difficult, i.e., they need to grow organically.

Saltmarshes, the places where feminists, women, queer folks write and dwell, are under increasing threat by right-wing politics; despite sustaining life in significant ways, marshes are often taken for granted, used-up, exploited, extracted, eroded, polluted, and threatened. A loss of autonomy (bodily, politically, ecologically) ensues. This reality of course maps onto the erosion of gender and sexuality rights we are witnessing such as the reversal of Roe V. Wade and the abolishment of DEI policies in the old-made-new-again Atlantis. This essay therefore encourages those of us in *Atlantis* to embrace the marsh, to be comfortable with getting dirty and to see the beauty in a submerged tangled mess of rushes and reeds. For it is in these murky depths and secret cavernous dens that feminism not only lives or survives but also thrives.

Endnotes

1. Abortion became legal in Canada in 1988.

2. In 2021, MSVU's then President Dr. Ramona Lumpkin MSVU apologized on behalf of the University to the survivors, their families and communities, as well as all Indigenous Peoples, for the University's role in the tragedy of residential schools in Canada. The Sisters of Charity Halifax, the founders and previous owners of Mount Saint Vincent University, had members who staffed the Shubenacadie Residential School in Nova Scotia, which was open from 1930 to 1967, and the Cranbrook Residential School in British Columbia, which was open from 1890 to 1970.

3. Irigaray's advocacy for sexual difference has resulted in her being regarded as a trans exclusionary radical feminist, however, a careful reading of her work, especially of the "other woman," in works like *Speculum* resists bio-essentialism.

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