

Quinn Eades. *all the beginnings: A queer autobiography of the body*.
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**Écriture Matière matters:
a queer review of Quinn Eades's *all the beginnings***

To write *écriture matière* is to produce a literature of resistance—a text that speaks to theory, a text that shudders when theory speaks back. (Eades 30)

Before beginning(s): a question, then more questions

What am I doing here? Here being this moment, this place, this event: a writing conference panel featuring Quinn Eades, whose new book, *all the beginnings*, I am itching to buy and read. It's an exciting 'here' to be at, yes, except I'm in no fit state. My insides are knotted, pain knifing me the way it almost always does when I travel or stress or accidentally eat any of the multitude foods my body doesn't know how to digest (and right now is a triple-whammy). My bowel is writhing like a decapitated garden worm, blind and panicked, unable to grasp why I have dragged it via Melbourne's unfamiliar public transport system to this strange, too-bright room full of rigid chairs and strangers. Ironically, my bowel *is* the reason why—or a significant part, inextricable from all the o/Other parts and reasons collectively known as *the body*. This means *my* body, yes, but particularly my body as it relates (me) to those of o/Others, and to the problems as well as joys of embodiment, to the body as a shared cultural concept, a shared site for writing, thinking, rethinking and rewriting. For it is about writing the body that I am in this room, right now, to hear Eades speak.

Except I lie. I'm not in 'this' room and it's not 'now.' It's later, many later: at my desk, the kitchen table, local café, bus stop, library, sofa—all the fractured heres and nows in which I forge my blundering way in and through this writing, this text, all the text and texts it takes to make (fake) a single review. Yes, *review*. But not the kind where 'distance,' impartiality, 'logic' and 'evidence' reign supreme (Wallace and Wray 5). Pressed against such standards, my opening question is no longer just that of what I 'am' (was) doing in a gone here and now. It becomes a question of what my 'I' is doing in a text that ought to be all about Eades's book. In place of all that a review's introductory section ought to offer—namely, a statement of purpose, a set of review questions, and some overarching sense of focus (Wallace and Wray 137)—the reader has been subjected to self-indulgent whining about my personal problems. And not just any problems. Bowel issues. Yes, I have been writing pure shit.

I have been writing shit, but with good reasons, for writing 'shit' *does* introduce questions that relate and respond to *all the beginnings*. Most immediately, what is/am 'I' doing here— not to mention my shit? My response: 'I' is here in the spirit of Eades' own aesthetics-as-politics. For Eades's book leaks and spurts viscerality, makes the unspeakable speakable in deeply necessary ways—or so I will argue. In connection with the un/speakable, 'I' is also here is to practice and extend what Eades has elsewhere, under a different writing name, pioneered as 'queering the book review' (Quinn, 'I go far away . . .' 1). My approach to the queer(ed) review differs, it is true, from Eades's conversational interview strategy.¹ Yet it follows Eades in

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