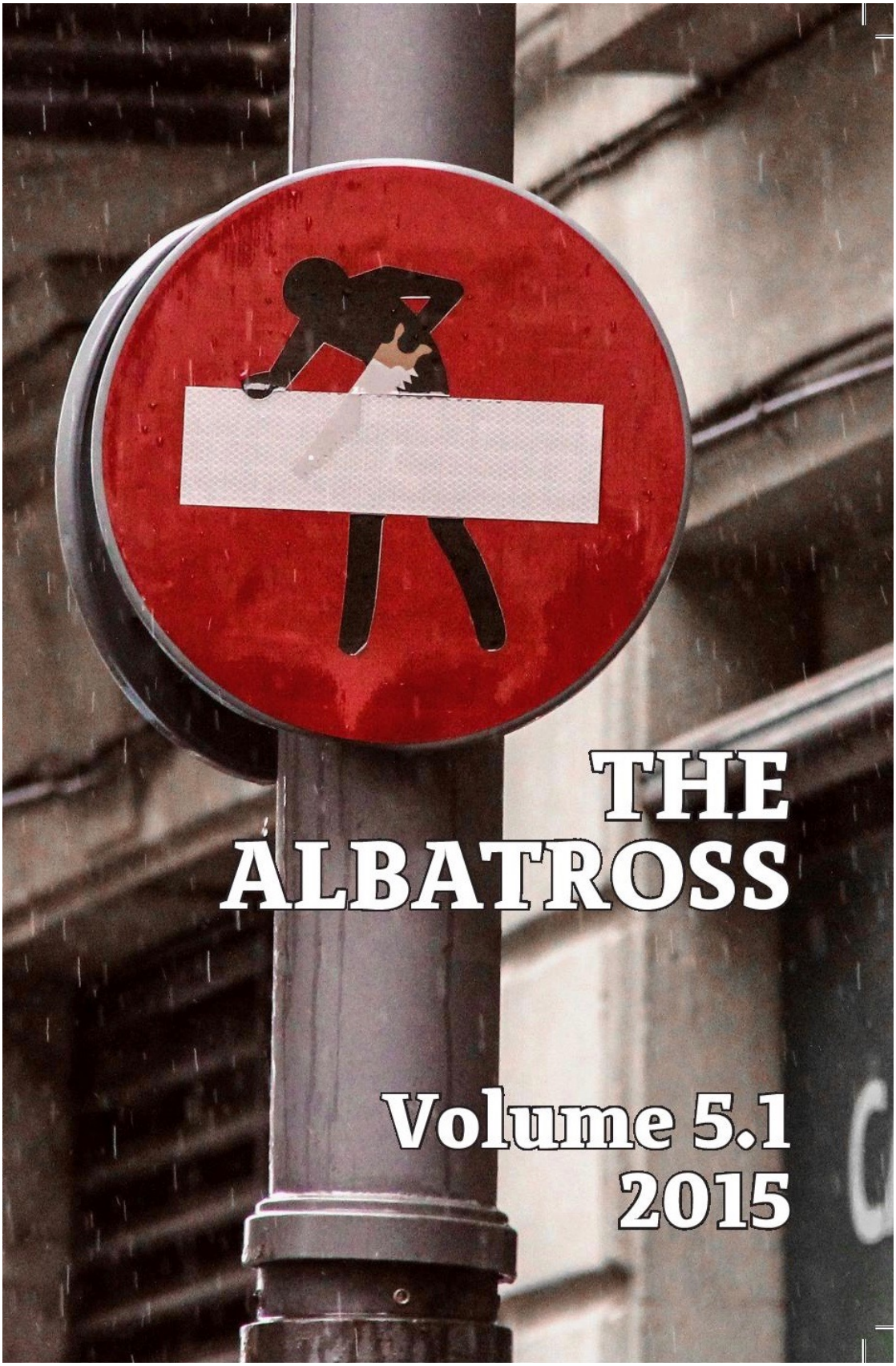

THE ALBATROSS

Volume 5.1
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The Albatross

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Editorial

Articles

STEPHEN E. LECKIE

Wings Off the Ground

> *The Poet is a kinsman in the clouds*
> *Who scoffs at archers, loves a stormy day;*
> *But on the ground, among the hooting crowds,*
> *He cannot walk, his wings get in the way.*
>
> —Charles Baudelaire, "The Albatross"

It has been my sincerest honour to facilitate *The Albatross*' production this year. Without the excellent service of the undergraduates we would never have seen this project come to fruition—especially with the newly expanded scope of the journal. The inclusion of poetry written by English-major undergraduates both challenged and bolstered the project. Of course, the critical essays—a staple of past years—will speak for themselves. From the Restoration period to postmodern cultural critiques, as well as two papers about children's literature, the students delve into some pertinent issues.

Ellen Spacey's "The Function of Metafiction in *The Book Thief*: Tension, Self-Reflexivity, and the Critical Reader" and Renee Gaudet's "'You Eat the Red Cheek and I'll Eat the White Cheek': Wholesome Nourishment and Chaotic Consumption in the Grimms' Fairy Tales", two essays about children's literature, serve as fine undergraduate responses to a recent course addition to the department. Gaudet examines how food in the Grimms' fairy tales embodies both the monstrous and the righteous. Spacey pulls apart the layers of Markus Zusak's *The Book Thief*, revealing how metafiction and *mise-en-abyme* help the young-adult reader weather the traumas of history.

Tye Landels and Katherine Goertz return to volume 5.1 with essays that follow other aspects of their research

passions. Goertz explores a feminist hybrid identity in "The Mohawk Princess Recites and Writes: How Pauline Johnson Battled Negative 'Indian' Stereotypes through her Performances and Prose." Landels takes on multicultural theory, diasporic identity, and misrecognition in his paper "Liberal Multiculturalism and the Limits of Recognition in Caryl Phillips's *The Nature of Blood*." These two writers represent the diversity of the critical discourse involved in the department's English Honours program.[1]

Another soon-to-be graduating Honours student, Reuben Copley, challenges the critical reader with denoting the sacredness of a text. In "The Good Book: Reading Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* as Neo-Hoodoo's Sacred Text," Copley elucidates the novelist's counter-narrative to the dominant story of Western civilization. *Mumbo Jumbo* is a book to put on your list.

Finally, Kristina Holm's investigation of gender stereotypes in the Restoration period allows the reader of "The Libertine, the Gypsy, and the Lump: Gender Inversions in Wilmot's 'The Imperfect Enjoyment' and Behn's *The Rover*" to better understand the strength of a woman's intelligence and use of language.

Without the modernist poetry assignment in Dr. Luke Carson's course(s), we would not be reading the amazing poetry in this year's edition. Zach McCann-Armitage and Brenden Speers both followed Gertrude Stein with their submissions. With more time and space, we could have published the complete projects. As it stands, the works are representative of thoughtful, unique poetics, and they utter with strange fluidity. Alexa Eldred, inspired by Kenneth Koch's "The Boiling Water," turns this issue on its side. "Rocks" solidifies a burgeoning poetic talent with its extended description of time and tide.

This year's inaugural recipient of the English Students' Association's poetry scholarship, Krista Cotê,

1 See The Albatross, volume 3 and 4.

takes flight through her derivation of Marianne Moore. Moore's absence is personified in "Prosopopoeia of M.M.," which showcases Cotê's precision and rigor, as well as the ESA's discerning selection.

On a personal note, I am indebted to everyone who offered support for this project. At times I worried we would be trapped by the sheer density of responsibility, both of the journal and our course work, but the crowds dissipated and it happened. Thank you to all for helping this issue take flight.

One more year behind us and our wings are off the ground.

KRISTA COTÊ

Prosopopoeia of M.M.

Ten twenty fifty birds
        fly by windows as I read a poem
by Marianne Moore—shut book—think
feast cooking in hot crowded adjoining room, stuffing,
        gravy, yams, turkey, cin-
        namon, nutmeg, pumpkin. Take in History
lesson from ancient philosopher
uncle swigging beer can cocktail
while stewing at televised show
                of bravado—
                recreation of captured yards and
muscle. Second quarter, stanza, six-pack,
History falls apart. At First Thanksgiving

new colonizer wraps
        snow-down, eagle feather, arm around the
leather dress, colour of bread served
to seated companions. Of visitors there are man-
        y, of natives there are
        six (one woman); armed with peace pipe not musket
or sword. The foul water stands royal
empty: where is the Turkey? Three
days later we sat with stomachs
        stuffed deceptive
        depiction—an idealized
vision—Wampanoag would wear not feathers,
sit not on ground. Feathers yet bird-free, valued,

forged, forgotten. Foul
        friendly found-nations words torn on tattered
leaves stamped in the eagle's hand, cock's

scratch, rapt around the branches of the crooked-leg
flaming-
        go-pink crape myrtle like
        cherry or plum made idealized by gei-
sha or Victorian streets loved by
tourists, same species different home,
seeing new perspectives. Inside
        hollow, unfilled,
        uncompleted, unegged nest like the
poet more known for being a bachelor.
'Each with an excellence!' and waterfowl

supreme efficiency,
        who have seen water, seen air, seen land. And
poets whose stories were legends
told to new houseguests the Pilgrims. The sun never sets
        after the darkness sur-
        rounds and *ignis fatuus* light's on. The frigate-
bird, frigate pelican, poetic
endeavor and man-of-war bird
inflate your red disposition
        to acquire
        your mate, live like pilgrims, congregate,
take your food. There are patterns in the way
that your wings flap—that the lines end—you are

a man most artistic
        in the way you sweep your wings across the
sky. You are a man dangerous
in the wisdom of your wing; disturbed that lived in this
        nest, flies languid in love-
        ly circles, like a ship, resting in harbour
it sinks in the wind and raises the
mast in freedom and liberty.
The bird makes its art. We are told
        (by extinct breeds)

'art is unfortunate.' And dancing
this way, like the ladies in dresses, swept
across floors that were swept and scrubbed and soaked

in the colours of this
property only just yesterday. How
easily yesterday is for-
gotten on the tail of beauty and pride. A wee
timorous dormouse squeaks
to escape harsh underfoot of daintily
trod on by lovely, lordly, lady
of house; squeals back, alarmed of a-
ttack on her house. The family of
this knavish mouse
await him for dinner— he never
comes. Instead he has stained the parquet floor-
boards, the ground of this house, the foundation of

this lady's ball where her
friends and polite enemies will stuff on
duck fat and goose eggs, pygostyle
with schmaltz imported from lands they've never
seen and call themselves no-
ble. Silly laughing crying baulking howling loon,
also seen by the name *Colymbus*
glacialis, more like a wolf than
any bird, swimming bird, avoid
the land sight and
swim quickly, Only the blood-ruby
red-throated noble loon still lives clustered
in nest. Yet males sail to pick nesting sites

fight to claim and defend.
A talisman of the lake, crying in
darkness, 'making the woods ring with
his wild laughter'; forlorn for it has forgotten

the untouched daytime. In
Walden, sweeps away from boats while faithful
albatross sweeps down onto their decks.
Most notable known for their wing-
span and Coleridge and the *poète*
maudit, like friend
Rochester, though no one has seen it.
Idols, destructive, intelligent praise,
tie burdens 'round necks, may they disconnect?

Wings get tired flying
on the shoulders of giants. A painter's
palette casts the shading of a species—
The more blue-green the deeper the red. How odd for
the flamingo—long legged,
standing on one foot, unsteady relation
of spoonbill and ibis—more recent
compatriot of loons—in his
bright suit, headdress of rose feathers,
salmon fish cake
h'orderves, of fresh blood on new snow or
down, made by gregarious greed: the white
flamingo is a rarity, an under-

nourished breed. The New World
or Old Dominion lost and founded Old
World traditions, sees that Ra ate
tongues of pink-bird for breakfasts but ladies still wear the
colour and eat quails eggs.
Mache and Ra invoked by the foul poured oil, lost
ancient dinosaurs of
youth, of plastic molded figures on lawn-beds
and mirrored neon bar walls lined with
excessive libation, bottle
green. Bottle-green neck and pilgrims white
collar, ancestor of the domesticated,

duck, distinctive by distinguished clothing, chin

strap of white, most often
companion, Canada Goose, trademark of
skies, loved for their honking and their
horns. Goose who flies sometimes East to the West,
where they are just *Branta*
canadensis, not the patron saint of new
urban settlement. Once seen as though
gone, found in Rochester—sat-
ire against reason, of another
kind, making light
of kings and fowl misgivings; from un-
seen to overseen, served to wrong hands. What
of the paternal pheasant past primitive

polygamist? not al-
ways a native and not always regaled.
Even it has a blue-green bright
ancestor bedecked in outrageous rags. Watch as its
eyes get caught in the jaws
of the lion then thrown on the heraldry
of Man. Once plucked, the pink skin betrays
no disguise but take Darwin to
dinner and he shall say they will
still drive away
or kill their rivals, ask Locke and they
will take them for spoils—read Seneca, through
Wilmot—and become "lumber of the world."

To the Greeks a symbol
non-decaying longevity forev-
er, to Christian's the all seeing
God, to Kartikeya a stead, rode
to war, and royalty everywhere, placed on the King's
table for obvious

display. Braised and fried and pickled and poached, salt-
cured to ensure the longevity
Swans—the only forgotten fowl—
        relatives to geese and the ducks.
Relatives—through the driveways of poor—
to flamingos and peacocks, alone in
their place in the fountains and rides. Relatives

muses and grace, Helen,
        famous twins, famous lovers, and Hermes.
        Birds that understand the divorce.
Aggressive defenders of home. Name means to
sing and in sanskrit say
        hamsa and holy by Norse, although hated
        by Skathi. "To bake a Swan Scald it remove
bones, parboil, and season place in deep
Coffin of Rye—downfall of which
        Salem—serve like
        a British Beef-Pie. Four and twenty
fowl-birds baked in, then fly away with old
traditions consumed, subsumed by the new. Like

frigatebird, dancing man-
        of-war, beautiful stealing, like the dark-
ness surrounding the Wasteland. Dry
desert, picturesque, ignoble nobility. For-
        give the darkness. Follow
        the *ignus fatus*. Deny the monkey and
bear. When following the beauty and
light the direction always seems
right. Like a phoenix reborn; new
        tail feathers,
        the colour of blood and fire-red
crucible—insurgence of outsiders
flown inside, and painted by poets their own.

Noises fade on drunken
        Relatives—fathers, uncles, grandfather—
in adjoining room, as we fall
asleep on grandmother's water bed—Slish Slosh, Slish Slosh—
        dreaming of wild turkeys;
        waterfowl, paddling with their frantic feet,
under the surface of this water,
seen only by experts diving down
through the wreck of these webbed toes.
        Spider web pattern, thrust between
        the claws of these,
evolution's prize is in this scene
and invisible except through these dreams.
What's seen above water is only the tip.

REUBEN COPLEY

The Good Book: Reading Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* as Neo-Hoodoo's Sacred Text

Sacred - adjective \ˈ*sā-krəd*\
worthy of religious worship : very holy
: relating to religion : highly valued and
important : deserving great respect

Text - noun \ˈ*tekst*\
a verse or passage of Scripture chosen
especially for the subject of a sermon or for
authoritative
support (as for a doctrine)
passage from an authoritative source
providing an introduction or basis (as for a
speech)
source of information or authority
—*Merriam Webster Dictionary*

Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* uses a bricolage of techniques, forms, and styles to tell a tale of viral cultural and religious transmission: the story of Jes Grew. *Mumbo Jumbo* is a trickster that textually transmutes information (some true and some false) into a sacred text detailing the influences and history of the Neo-Hoodoo.[1] The text incorporates a large number of influences from a diverse array of artistic and intellectual sources to make a case for an alternative understanding of the cultural history of

1 Neo-Hoodoo is a term coined by Ishmael Reed that refers to the growth of traditional African religious practices within the modern context of American culture and society: the religion of Dahomey translated and transported to Haiti and then onwards to New Orleans.

the world that challenges the mountebank constructions of the White man: the "White man will never admit his real references. He will steal everything you have and still call you those names. He will drag out standards and talk about propriety" (Reed 194). Throughout the book there is constant reference to a larger conceptual notion of aesthetic and religious understanding called The Work. The Work is the comprehensive totality of a flourishing pagan view of life in complete opposition to the death culture of their opponents, the monotheistic Atonists.[2] Jes Grew is the unfettered and abandoned outward expression of The Work and is accompanied by something called The Text. The Text exists in different forms within *Mumbo Jumbo* and, though seemingly destroyed by the character Abdul,[3] is shown instead to have merely changed appearance. The Text does what all loas are capable of doing:[4] to ride another horse.[5] In fact, *Mumbo Jumbo* itself can be viewed as an incarnation of The Text, a sacred text that educates and proliferates, provided one could read it inventively. In this paper I will show how the Text can take a number of forms: the sacred text of *Mumbo Jumbo* for instance.

Throughout *Mumbo Jumbo*, language and culture are seen as viral things infecting and mutating constantly. Both the Atonists and the Jes Grew Carriers are engaged in a literary and linguistic viral holy war that ebbs and flows based on control of the written word:

> This Jes Grew thing. How did you predict that?
> Mundane astrology?
> No. Knockings.
> Knockings, huh? You're quite good at that. What do you think that this Jes Grew is up to?

2 I will follow Reed's example and use Atonist as a term for White culture and individuals.
3 The character of Abdul can also be read as Malcolm X.
4 Spirits or gods of Dahomey, Haitian, or American Voodoo/Hoodoo.
5 The loas are said to ride the possessed 'like horses'.

> It's up to its Text. For some, it's a disease, a plague, but in fact it is an anti-plague. You will recall, Black Herman that in the past there were germs that avoided words. (Reed 33)

The germ of Jes Grew finds its liturgical form in The Text, which spreads like a plague but is instead: "an anti-plague [. . .] yearning for The Work of its Word or else it will peter out [. . .] it must find its Speaking or strangle upon its own ineloquence" (Reed 33-4). This flourishing of ancient Black religion and culture requires a Text and it is essential for growth and definition of purpose: "but Jes Grew is the delight of the gods [. . .] So Jes Grew is seeking its words. Its text. For what good is a liturgy without a text? In the 1890's the text was not available and Jes Grew was out there all alone" (Reed 6). As we see in the protagonist Papa LaBas's extended retelling of history, the result of a lack of language or voice leads to a tarantellic pandemic:

> He called on Osiris 1 day and argued his theory that the outbreaks occurred because the mysteries had no text to turn to. No litany to feed the spirits that were seizing the people [. . .] A Book of Litanies to which people in places like Abydos in Upper Egypt could add their own variations.
>
> Guides were initiated into the Book of Thoth, the 1st anthology written by the 1st choreographer. (Reed 164)

The Book and The Text are similar, but where the Book is but one static liturgy, *The Book of Thoth*, the Text is the language of Jes Grew.

Jes Grew's main opposition, the White monotheistic death cult known as the Atonists also have sacred texts and linguistic viruses.[6] The Judeo-Christian Bible is rarely, if ever, directly mentioned. Instead, the religious texts of the

6 The word Atonist is understood within *Mumbo Jumbo* to refer to the ancient Egyptian god of Aten but it also resembles the word atone. This word carries many connotations that are damning of White culture: redemption, expiation, recompense, and redress to name but a few.

modern Atonists are newspapers, such as "the Atonist voice, the *New York Sun*" (Reed 55). The newspapers are the only literature that the Atonists trust, but in contrast to the lustful and life-affirming Jes Grew, the Atonist method of survival is violence and the threat of death: "They are required to yield their column inches to the Wallflower Order if they are to survive" (Reed 133). The Atonists use the newspapers, and have always used them, to rewrite history and modify events to benefit their narrative: "Atonist scholars up to their old yellow journalism of the *Daily Heliopolitan* decided to depict Osiris as Pluto, a castrated god of the underworld" (Reed 170). The majority of Atonists believe the information conveyed by the sacred newspapers, but only a select few know the truth about the *objectivity* (emphasis mine) that simply enforces their view of reality. The sacred Text of Jes Grew embraces a sweaty, rich, earthy, fecund life and the sacred Text of the *New York Sun* embraces sterility, correctness, and (supposed) accuracy. The Atonist aesthetic is exemplified by their headquarters: "You have nothing real up here . . . The aesthetic is thin flat turgid dull grey bland like a yawn. Neat. Clean, accurate, and precise but 1 big Yawn they got up here" (Reed 62). The Atonists borrow and distort, and instead of creating like J.G.C.s they destroy. Any creativity and originality is undermined through subversion of Black literature: "Their writings were banished, added to the Index of Forbidden Books or sprinkled with typos as a way of undermining their credibility, and when they sent letters complaining of this whole lines were deleted without the points of ellipses" (Reed 46). *Mumbo Jumbo* is the antithesis of the boring and staid journalistic prose that is the byline of the Atonist linguistic authorities. Ishmael Reed uses his novel as a postmodern J.G.C., infecting those who read it with questions and doubts about the mechanisms of the world. Reed unquestionably includes false and misleading information, but there is also truth within The Text, enough to make the thoughtful reader curious. This is another

function of Reed's sacred text: it bestows the impulse to investigate.

An investigatory impulse is enmeshed within the Text. The reader receives hints in the generic form which resembles a bizarre gumshoe mystery. The investigator, Papa LaBas, is searching for the roots of Jes Grew and the Text throughout the novel (while existing within the Text he is searching for). There is secret knowledge and secret rituals performed by secret societies, all waiting to be unmasked. The divination of secret histories as accessed through the loas is a major plot device of the novel. All of the alternate religious and cultural history is translated from the *loa* Agwe[7] through Benoit Batraville[8] and then through Papa LaBas to the assembled crowd at the Talking Android's reading.[9] The character of Papa LaBas is also a mystery waiting to be solved. If we embrace the information provided in the quote above about typos, or consider the metamorphic nature of text within the Text, then we could see Papa Legba as the *loa* Papa Legbas—the god of the crossroads, the divine linguist. In Herskovits's *Dahomean Narrative* Legbas is understood to:

> Know all the languages known to his brothers, and he knows the language Mawu speaks, too. Legba is Mawu's linguist. If one of the brothers wishes to speak, he must give the message to Legba, for none knows any longer how to address himself to Mawu-Lisa. That is why Legba is everywhere.
>
> You will find Legba even before the houses of the vodun (gods), because all beings, humans and gods, must address themselves to him before they can approach God. (Herskovits 125-6)

7 The Vodoun God of the Sea.

8 A Haitian General and Houngan who conveys secret knowledge to Papa LaBas.

9 A constructed Black Atonist mouthpiece that is intended to act as a double agent against Jes Grew.

This is not to suggest that LaBas and Legbas are *necessarily* (emphasis mine) the same individual, but Papa Labas's function within the novel certainly seems reminiscent of the *loa* Legba. In the Dahomean root-religion that gives birth to Voodoo and Hoodoo, Legba "has the 'words' needed to foster and sustain the unseen cosmic relationships on which the visible universe rests. He alone knows and links the speech of primordial intimacy and the many tongues of less numinous realms" (Pelton 73). Though Legbas would certainly have more power and agency than LaBas would seem to have, this can be explained by the viral mutation of Jes Grew. If the original Vodun loa is Legbas, then the Hoodoo descendant is Papa Labas: "Papa LaBas carries Jes Grew in him like most other folk carry genes" (Reed 23). He assumes his genetic destiny as prophet of the Neo-Hoodoo in *Mumbo Jumbo*. He is the linguistic detective unmasking the truths behind the Work and the Text.

The Jes Grew understanding of truth is in complete opposition to the Atonist perception. Black Herman explains the essential difference between these truths to Papa LaBas: "1st they [the Atonists] intimidate the intellectuals by condemning work arising out of their own experience as being 1-dimensional, enraged, *non-objective*, preoccupied with hate and not universal, universal being a word co-opted by the Catholic Church when the Atonists took over Rome, as a way of measuring every 1 by their ideals" (Reed 131, emphasis mine). There is a subjective truth and an objective truth, but the objective truth renders any personal experience null and void, thus producing a paradox of veracity. The J.G.C.s know that truth can only be understood subjectively, but the Atonists use any expression of that belief to attack their method. The mysteries revealed by LaBas to the crowd assembled to hear the Talking Android are ridiculed in exactly this way. The Atonists cannot allow a J.G.C. to define their work and lash out violently when confronted with alternative readings, as Biff Musclewhite

reveals in his plea to Thor:

> Son, these niggers writing. Profaning our sacred words.Taking them from us and beating them on the anvil of BoogieWoogie, putting their black hands on them so they shine like burnished amulets. Taking our words, son, these filthy niggers and using them like they were their god-given pussy. Why [. . .] why 1 of them dared to interpret, critically mind you, the great Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*!! (Reed 114, emphasis original).

Any reinterpretation or translation of fact is a site of violent opposition within the Text of *Mumbo Jumbo*. The HooDoo of Jes Grew must reinterpret, given the circumstances of transmission, as Black Herman explains, "we were dumped here on our own without the Book to tell us who the *loas* are, what we call spirits were. We made up our own" (Reed 130). Yet, instead of being imaginary constructions, the loas are shown to wield considerable power. The act of making it up is shown to have succeeded in transmitting the Jes Grew anti-plague and the knowledge that accompanies it. The oral tradition is revealed to have immense power as Jes Grew rapidly spreads across the nation. The forbidden and made-up knowledge has more allure than the correct and accurate headlines of the Atonist rags.

Language is constantly shifting and twisting within *Mumbo Jumbo*. In many instances the Text itself transforms and finds new ways to transmit its message or escape from those who would do it harm. The form and style of Ishmael Reed's novel prevents the reader from easily comprehending the Text—as any good mystery should. There is even a beautiful nod to the fellow detective mystery, *The Maltese Falcon*, when an innocuous old man is encountered by LaBas. Black Herman and Papa LaBas believe the Text has been destroyed but it has simply taken another form.

> I am 29 but I don't look it. I said the words that night when we turned the Plantation Club upside down. I

> said the words and she vanished into thin air [. . .] Into thin air, do you hear? She just went away. Flew away like a delicate, beautiful white bird. A WHITE BIRD, DO YOU HEAR? (Reed 199)

The pages of the Text have simply flapped away; the treasure has flown the coop. The Book, translated by Thoth for Osiris (alternately known as Horus) has changed into a bird. The Text within a text is a bird of unbelievable value—*Mumbo Jumbo*'s *Maltese Falcon*. In *Mumbo Jumbo*'s case, the jewels obscure the value of that which is inside the package, an inversion of the plot device in Hammett's novel.

Ishmael Reed deliberately camouflages the Text in the form of a post-modern detective novel. The truths are obfuscated behind multiple layers of historical and religious information and a shifting morass of imagery that mesmerizes with complexity. Ishmael Reed's text is the living embodiment of "Jes Grew . . . the manic in the artist who would rather do glossolalia than be "neat, clean or lucid . . . Jes Grew is the lost liturgy seeking its litany. Its words, chants held in bondage" (Reed 211). Papa Labas "demands the right to his own idols and books" (Reed 48) and in *Mumbo Jumbo* Jes Grew finds a new form for the Text. Though he hints at the nature of his Text, there is also skepticism about whether it can truly accomplish its destiny, as Papa LaBas says, "I don't know the extent to which the Haitian aspects of The Work can be translated here" (Reed 52). In *Mumbo Jumbo* the setting and form must be in unison; the aesthetic and religious practice of one locale is not always suitable for another. This is why The Work, Jes Grew, and The Text must continually ebb and flow and change; they must find the most effective form to transmit the relevant information. If one form does not work it is discarded and a new one develops: this is the strength of the anti-plague Jes Grew. As the novel progresses it tells us what we need to know, that "Jes Grew needed its words to tell its carriers what it thought it was up to. Jes Grew was an influence that sought

its text, and whenever it thought it knew the location of its words and Labanotations it headed in that direction" (Reed 211). We even see a prophecy encased within the pages of *Mumbo Jumbo* when the Haitian Batraville states,

> You see the Americans do not know the names of the long and tedious list of deities and rites as we know them. Short hand is what they know so well. They know this process for they have synthesized the HooDoo of VooDoo. Its blee blop essence; they've isolated the unknown factor which gives the loas their rise [. . .] That talk you drum from your lips. Your style. What you have here is an experimental art form that all of us believe bears watching. (Reed 152)

The postmodern novel *Mumbo Jumbo* is describing itself as sacred text. It contains the rites and the knowledge of the HooDoo aesthetic. This passage could be describing Jazz, Ragtime, or the Blues, but it could also be describing the postmodern literature of 1970s America. As the Black Mason says to Papa LaBas, "we had invented our own texts and slang which are subject to the ridicule of their scholars who nevertheless always seem to want to hang around us and come to our meetings and poke into our ceremonies" (Reed 194). The sacred text of HooDoo has simply taken on another form and will someday take another.

It may seem far-fetched to assert that *Mumbo Jumbo* is a sacred text, as it is commonly understood. The dogmatic and monolithic texts we normally associate with the sacred are books like the Bible, Koran, or Torah. These texts are usually seen as static and unchanging fonts of wisdom to their followers, and this would commonly be seen as a minimum requirement for a sacred text. This vision does not stand up to scrutiny if we scratch the paint off the proverbial falcon though. The Torah is a selectively edited collection of texts that has been usurped by the Bible and the Koran. In addition, all of these sacred texts are accompanied by their own apocrypha that are often seen

to be as important as the foundational texts. *Mumbo Jumbo* never explicitly names itself as a sacred text, but if we think about the terms at play we can see that it follows the definitions of a sacred text. More importantly, it follows the conditions for a sacred text as defined by the followers of its faith. Jes Grew must continue to evolve and the HooDoo aesthetic requires new forms and *Mumbo Jumbo* is simply the latest incarnation of the loa Text that began with Osiris and Thoth in Egypt. At the end of the novel Papa Labas and the old man (who remains unnamed) disagree over what is needed, and the next step forward is that "he wanted them to have his head. An Atonist head. While LaBas wanted them to have the heads their people had left for them or create new ones of their own. A library of stacks 1000 miles long" (Reed 217). For LaBas, the object of worship and adoration is not a shrunken doll head, but is instead textual knowledge and comprehension. Ishmael Reed's *Mumbo Jumbo* is but one sacred text in a immortal lineage: "Jes Grew has no end and no beginning [. . .] We will miss it for a while but it will come back, and when it returns we will see that it never left [. . .] Jes Grew is life [. . .] They will try to depress Jes Grew but it will only spring back and prosper. We will make our own future Text. A future generation of young artists will accomplish this" (Reed 204).

The sacred Text has spoken.

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ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE

Pointing

Dead word dredged word be a conductor there something here of dread. Something happening in movement in happening in not stop happening what what happens what passing phenomena of every day happening so this is writing.

The world tremors away from not. Write that down. The world tremors away from not and death a thin membrane click and write that down write that down. A blast and a calming and a going and a returning produces.

Now frame the shelf as keeping dust and duster jobbed and a chasm receives flingings. Map a spread of hooks across quilt not holding anything less than wine and time for the time and eye and eye and eye and know this to know anything a terror state of alive. A spelunk of tea-eyed mime dares it all.

Stir actually a swaddled dredge. Actually a mire in stiffed clothing, in a bald eagled day's habit, in stilt in rivet in capturing plate, in wooded cardboard wood so fine surveyed, in anticipation shut and anticipation to go, in incensed city in ceiling in sidewalk name and in the graveyard again all draw close far closed weave away close to spell this pane—to birth the mad jester!— needs a peat of rusted vanes, a gathering of circles a coppering of noises and so many agains.

Why a woman dark in a door way and outside the night. Why not the blue forward that cannot be looked directly until meeting face. If it worked, the actor is dead and this or whatever is sacred.

RENEE GAUDET

"You Eat the Red Cheek and I'll Eat the White Cheek": Wholesome Nourishment and Chaotic Consumption in the Grimms' Fairy Tales

Snow White eats a poisoned apple, Hansel and Gretel nibble a house made of bread and sugar, and Little Red Cap herself is gobbled up; whether the protagonists are eating or being eaten, consumption is central to the plot of each of these tales by Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm. First published in 1812, stories like "Snow White," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Little Red Cap" are rife with food imagery. In these tales, food soothes, nurtures, entices, and foils, and often represents a relationship with a maternal figure; wholesome eating is associated with benevolent motherliness, while inappropriate eating is linked to the ubiquitous evil mother archetype. Although fairy tales are now considered children's literature, they were originally intended for adults as well. In *Why Fairy Tales Stick: The Evolution and Relevance of a Genre*, Jack Zipes elucidates that the Grimms' tales were "appropriated from an oral tradition that included the entire family and [were] a cultural form of entertainment determined by adults" (206). Therefore, the Grimms' depictions of food express contemporary anxieties about consumption that affected all levels of society despite age and class, and continue to be relevant today. As Carolyn Daniel suggests in *Voracious Children: Who Eats Whom in Children's Literature*, "food events are always significant, in reality as well as in fiction. They reveal fundamental preoccupations, ideas, and beliefs of society [. . .] and produce visceral pleasure" (1-2). In this essay, I will

demonstrate that positive and negative depictions of eating connote order and disorder, respectively. I will then explore the relationship between food and parenting, followed by a discussion on the prevalence of the cannibalistic mother in the Grimms' fairy tales. I intend to show that the Grimms placed emphasis on food and eating in their tales, in order to reinforce the appropriate behaviours concerning consumption for children and adults alike.

When food is depicted positively, it represents stability and order; conversely, negative associations connote disorder. Zipes quotes Marina Warner: "food – procuring it, preparing it, eating it – dominates [fairy tales] as the overriding image of survival; consuming it offers contradictory metaphors of life and civilization as well as barbarity and extinction" (Zipes 224). In the Grimms' tales, food either signals safety or tricks and entraps. For example, upon reaching the safety of the dwarves' cabin, Snow White sees a table spread with a white tablecloth and helps herself to "a bit of bread and vegetables from each plate and [drinks] a sip of wine from each cup" (Grimm 118). She then finds the most comfortable bed and allows herself some rest, because she feels safe. This same sense of security is evident in "Hansel and Gretel" when the witch takes the children warmly by the hand and says, "Don't be afraid, come in and stay with me. You will come to no harm" (114). She treats them to a beautiful feast before showing them to "two little beds made up clean and white" which they climb into, thinking all the while that "they were in heaven" (114). In each of these scenarios, food , coupled with a warm place to sleep, is an indicator of security and order after an ordeal in the perilous forest. These are positive associations between eating and order that the young reader will be familiar with.

However, both the protagonists and the villains use food to foil their foes. Snow White falls prey to her wicked stepmother by way of a poisoned apple, and Hansel and Gretel are seduced by a house "made of bread, [with a] roof

made of cake and the windows of sparkling sugar" (114). The very foods that the fairy tale protagonists trust put them in harm's way. These scenes suggest that there are times when we ought to be wary of other people, of food, or of that which is ordinarily comforting to us; this is where the representations of food become didactic lessons in control and identity. Daniel writes, "to be a proper (human) subject one must eat in a controlled manner, according to cultural rules" (3). Self-control and caution are the lessons being taught here; in these stories, food does not always symbolize order and stability, and the tales show the importance of being cautious during encounters with strangers. Little Red Cap learns a lesson about trusting strangers when the wolf swallows her whole; however, she escapes and retaliates against the wolf, tricking him through an appeal to his appetite. She fools the wolf once, when she fills his belly with rocks, making him feel full so she can escape; she fools the wolf a second time when she lures him off of her Grandmother's roof with water leftover from cooking sausages: "the smell of the sausages rose up to the wolf's nostrils. . . he stuck his neck out so far that he couldn't keep his footing. . . and he slid off the roof and slid straight into the big trough and was drowned" (30-1). Gretel also uses the witch's appetite to her advantage and pushes the greedy hag into the very oven where she intends to cook Hansel. Again, food, or the promise thereof, is employed to harm. In all of these scenarios, food is associated with disorder, demonstrating what ought to be nourishing can sometimes be used inappropriately, to trick and entrap.

The positive associations between safety, comfort, and nourishment stem from the child's primal relationship with their mother. As such, the good mother stereotype in fairy tales is always associated with wholesome food (Daniel 90). Daniel argues, "the physical and psychological satisfaction derived from (babies) feeding creates a fundamentally important and lasting attachment to the

mother's body and to rich, sweet foods" (90). These sweet, nourishing foods are found in abundance within the Grimms' tales. For instance, Little Red Cap's mother sends her daughter to grandmother's house with freshly baked cake. The girl tells the wolf "we baked yesterday, and we want my grandmother, who's sick and weak, to have something nice that will make her feel better" (Grimm 29). There are clear connections between Little Red Cap's loving mother, a safe home warmed by the oven, the comforting smell of food baking, and notions of nurturing and care. Daniel notes, "[. . .] protagonists receive 'emotional nourishment' (in varying degrees) as well as gastronomic pleasure from the food provided by maternal figures. The food symbolizes love, comfort, and safety" (95). Thus, as Daniel further argues, when protagonists crave rich, intoxicating foods, they are yearning for that "primal mother-child relationship" (90). Hansel and Gretel are ravenous when they see the witch's house sparkling with sugar; they have been abandoned by their mother twice, and the sweet chunks of roof and window that they gobble voraciously represent a desire to re-establish some maternal comfort in their lives. They are then easily taken in by the witch, who pretends to be a sympathetic mother figure and offers them "a fine meal of milk and pancakes, sugar, apples, and nuts" (Grimm 114). Though she later reveals herself to be evil, the children accept the witch unquestioningly as a woman who will take care of them because they associate rich, sweet foods with a nurturing mother. Thus, in fairy tales a mother who feeds and nurtures her child appropriately is the paragon of love, order, and the good parent against which all other maternal figures are measured.

Unfortunately for the protagonists, bad mothers appear more frequently in the Grimms' tales than good mothers do. These woman are just as closely linked to food and consumption as their benevolent alter egos; however, the food they are associated with is as unfulfilling and

dangerous as a good mother's food is wholesome and safe. As Maria Tatar writes in "Hard Facts of the Grimms' Fairy Tales," "the many faces of maternal evil in fairy tales represent the obverse of all the positive qualities associated with mothers. Instead of functioning as nurturers and providers, [. . .] female villains withhold food" (140). Hansel and Gretel's mother abandons them to starve in the woods, with only crumbly pieces of bread to sustain them. She does this so that she and her husband might have a chance at surviving the famine (Grimm 111). While such a heartless act might seem unthinkable to modern readers, the Grimms touched upon an issue not unheard of to their contemporary audiences; they likely employed this didactic story to "warn against child neglect in times of suffering" (Tatar 140). Zipes argues that translating "Hansel and Gretel" for a modern audience exposes the plight of impoverished families and "means revisiting the social conditions that make poor people desperate" (205). Starvation is not the bad mother's only motivation for neglect or harm. As the evil stepmother in "Snow White" demonstrates, jealousy could also be a factor. When the Queen discovers that she is no longer the fairest in the land, "envy and pride [grow] like weeds in her heart. . . she [sends] for a hunstman and [says]: 'Get that child out of my sight. Take her into the forest'" (117). When the Queen discovers the girl has survived, she deliberately crafts a poisonous apple to finish the job. She offers it Snow White: "'look, I'm cutting it in half. You eat the red cheek and I'll eat the white cheek.' But the apple [was] so cleverly made that only the red cheek was poisoned" (121). Clearly, the Queen's maternal instinct is wanting; not only is she withholding safety and order, by sending Snow White into the woods, she seeks to poison the girl by feeding her an ordinarily wholesome apple that she has pointedly tampered with. The mother figures in "Hansel and Gretel" and "Snow White" are the Grimms' attempt to illustrate neglectful or inappropriate parenting. These examples of bad mothering

are exhibited through the associations with food, which stand in direct contrast to fairy-tale representations of good mothers, in order to inform children and adults on appropriate behaviours regarding childcare.

Mothers who relish feasting on children are even more terrifying than mothers who neglect, starve, or poison them. Cannibalism is the ultimate evil intention for negative mother archetypes. In both "Hansel and Gretel" and "Snow White," the child who seeks love and safety through food becomes the object of the mother's appetite instead: the witch, who is arguably a parallel of Hansel's bad mother, desires to roast and eat him, and when Snow White's evil step-mother receives the lungs and liver she believes to be her step-daughter's, "the cook [is] ordered to salt and stew them, and the godless woman [eats] them" (117). The implication that a mother may desire to eat her child plunges readers and protagonists alike into a world gone topsy-turvy; a mother's priority should be satisfying her child's appetite, not satisfying her own appetite with a child. Zipes notes, "folklore is filled with [. . .] a fair share of mothers, grannies, witches, ogresses, sorceresses, and female demons who lust after children, punish them, and destroy them [. . .] Human beings are [. . .] projected as monsters who eat and destroy their own. Why?" (216).

There are several theories regarding the prevalence of maternal cannibalism in fairy tales like "Hansel and Gretel" and "Snow White." Tatar suggests that evil females who "threaten to turn children into their own source of nourishment [. . .] take ferocious possessiveness to an extreme" (140). She explains that other lesser-known Grimms' tales that feature the consumption of humans, "suggest[s] that cannibalism was not unknown in times of famine" (140). Perhaps the Grimms addressed this greedy perversion of nature as another attempt at real-life didacticism, urging parents not to eat their children, but to nurture and share with them even in times of famine.

Jacqueline Labbe argues that there is more to the mother-as-cannibal trope than a lesson for parents: "when food transmutes from nourishment for the child's body to a metonym for the child's body, eating is less about satisfying corporeal needs than about symbolizing moral needs" (101). Being eaten as a punishment combines "bodily sensations like satiety and self-flagellation" (101) and, Labbe notes, it is only ever the bad children who end up "culinary delights" (100). For example, Little Red Cap disobeys her mother by straying from the path, and is consequently feasted upon (Grimm 29); in this context, the lesson in morality lauds obedience for the young audience. However, according to Zipes there is

> no one exclusive reason for the unsavoury and uncontrollable appetites of adults, often represented metaphorically as monsters, who abuse their power over children. The causes are numerous: famine, starvation, disobedience of the young, fear of losing power, jealousy, sensual pleasure, and so on. The adult as ogre or witch arbitrarily eats children, lives off children, is obsessed by children, and devouring the young is his or her way of life. The appetite rules. (225)

Juxtaposed with the nurturing mother, whose motives are clear, the cannibalistic woman's reasons for eating the young are numerous and yet loosely defined. Like the witch in "Hansel and Gretel," the child-eating woman is the antithesis of the loving mother but looks just like her. Children cannot immediately discern whether this woman intends to eat them or not; this is what makes the cannibal's appetite so frightening, and this is why she features so frequently as the ultimate fairy-tale villain. Despite the differing opinions of scholars like Zipes, Tatar, and Labbe, it is clear that depictions of mother figures who aim to dine upon children illustrate the ultimate in disorder and terror.

At the beginning of "Hansel and Gretel," their father

sighs and wonders, "how can we feed our poor children when we haven't even got enough food for ourselves?" (Grimm 111). As Labbe notes,

> [in the nineteenth century] food was a contentious issue. Whether it was the dining etiquette newly demanded by an increasingly prosperous middle class, or the outrage occasioned by the scandal of food adulteration, or the moralities attached to eating too much or too little of the right stuff or the wrong stuff, eating, appetite, and digestion occupied many minds. (93)

These tales are still remain popular today because they deal with issues that are worrisome two centuries later. Starvation, poverty, obesity, and a concern about what is in our food and where our food is coming from all remain contentious issues: food is still as closely linked to feelings of order and disorder as it was in the nineteenth century (Zipes 219-20). For the young reader, eating is already tied to notions of survival, comfort, love, and order due to the primal mother-child relationship. By reinforcing the image of the nurturing mother through food symbolism and instilling suspicion and fear with examples of bad and cannibalistic mothers, the Grimms' fairy tales demonstrate how food can also represent disorder. As Tatar writes, "It is telling [. . .] that the Grimms elected to include this kind of account in their collection. Clearly, for them there was no distinct dividing line between the fiction of fairy tales and the facts of everyday life" (140). Whether rich or bland, sparkling or crumbling, saccharine or poisonous, the food motifs in these tales are seductive vehicles for reinforcing cultural norms regarding appropriate and inappropriate eating, feeding, sharing, and parenting.

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KATHERINE GOERTZ

The Mohawk Princess Recites and Writes: How Pauline Johnson Battled Negative 'Indian' Stereotypes through her Performances and Prose

Pauline Johnson was a woman of both Mohawk and British ancestry, which allowed her to occupy a space that would have been inaccessible to her if she had been either fully British or fully Mohawk. While her mixed-heritage family experienced some prejudice, according to Johnson's account in "My Mother," her parents were generally respected. In one example, Johnson shares that her father, George Johnson, gained government admiration and some fame for stopping many of the "whiskey dealers" (Johnson 224) that plagued the community. She describes her family home as "a hospitable country house [where] men and women of culture, of learning, of artistic tastes, of congenial habits" would visit (Johnson 225). In the years after her father's death, she took advantage of her unique position and became a writer and performer. While her performances often required that she succumb to traditional 'Indian' stereotypes, Johnson would undermine these stereotypes with her descriptions of Indigenous life in her writing. Despite her primarily western education, Johnson's works of prose constantly compare British ideology with traditions of the Iroquois confederacy. Johnson argues that the Iroquois surpass the British in many ways, particularly when it comes to the Iroquois' inclusion and treatment of women. While some critiques view Johnson's presentation as the "Mohawk Princess" a mere perpetuation of native stereotypes (Lyon), her writing allowed her to "present a strong although ideologically undeveloped support of native people" (Goldie 61-62). In several of her works,

Johnson juxtaposes the values and behaviour of the British to those of the Iroquois confederacy; these comparisons challenge the dominant Eurocentric and patriarchal culture and present the Iroquois tradition as a far better alternative.

While reflecting on her parents in "My Mother," Johnson explains that in their own cultural realms their union cost them both respect and privilege. By marrying a British woman, George Johnson broke the matrilineal family line that would have allowed his heir to succeed his position as chief. Consequently, this role was passed to the children of his aunt (Johnson 191). For Pauline Johnson's mother, Emily Howells, the union was socially fortuitous, since she recently had lost her sister and primary caregiver. In spite of the support of her deceased sister and brother-in-law, several of Howells's remaining siblings ostracized her for marrying an 'Indian' (Johnson 198). After her marriage, Howells's citizenship was changed to the reductive Canadian title of 'Indian' (Johnson 214). In spite of their difficult introduction to marriage, Johnson describes her parent's union as nearly perfect, claiming, "these two lived together for upwards of thirty years and never had one single quarrel" (206). While Johnson's father "eagerly absorbed white culture" (Lyon) and her mother strictly schooled the children in "English middle-class culture and manners" (Gerson and Strong-Boag xv), Johnson and her siblings learned many Mohawk legends and traditions through their grandfather, Chief John "Smoke" Johnson (Keller 5), and were all "reared as Indians in spirit" (Johnson 215).

After the early death of her father Johnson felt compelled to begin a career in writing and performing poetry in order to contribute financially towards the support of her mother and sister. Since her Mohawk lineage was already known, Johnson's agent, Frank Yeigh (Keller 2), capitalized on her heritage; he marketed her as "the Mohawk Princess" (Keller 20), despite the inaccuracy of the title, and introduced her by her great-grandfather's name, Tekahionwake (Keller

16). Meanwhile, Johnson created a costume to enhance her performances. Although the costume was a full-length buckskin dress, it was not an accurate representation of what her father's people wore. Some unique characteristics included a sleeve of rabbit pelt, silver brooches made from hammered coins, ermine tails she received from the Hudson's Bay Company, and a red woolen cloak made from a ceremonial blanket (Keller 21). She also added gifts to her costume, including a necklace of bear claws that she received from naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton, as well as a scalp given to her by a Blackfoot chief (Gerson and Strong-Boag xvii). Johnson quickly became a popular performer. She would commence her recitation in the buckskin dress and then, for the second half of her show, she would reappear in a stylish evening gown, shocking the crowd with her ability to move between both cultures with such ease. The popularity of the poems she recited, like "The Song My Paddle Sings" (Keller 18), eventually allowed her to publish several books of poetry and develop a career as a writer.

After many years of travel and performance, Johnson finally settled in Vancouver for the latter part of her life. During this time she began regularly contributing prose to *Boy's World, Mother's Magazine*, and the *Vancouver Province Magazine* (Gerson and Strong-Boag xx). Throughout her prose she juxtaposes Iroquois culture with the allegedly more civilized British ideology of Canada. This is particularly noticeable in her examination of British infrastructure and the resulting role and treatment of women.

In "The Lodge of the Law-Makers" Johnson contrasts the British-Canadian system of government against that of the Iroquois Confederacy, concluding that the Iroquois government works more effectively. She opens her article declaring that "the paleface is a man of many moods; what he approves to-day he will disapprove tomorrow" (215). After self-identifying as one of the "ancient Iroquois race," Johnson insists that this indecisive behavior is not found in

the Iroquois Confederacy: where the "paleface" is "never content to let his mighty men rule for more than four or five years" the Iroquois are "pleased with [their] own Parliament, which has never varied through the generations" (215-216). Ironically, Johnson explains that she wanted to further explore the "wisdom of the white man's superior civilization" by visiting the "abode of the wise men of this nation" (216). After visiting the House of commons she refers to their style of debate with disgust. While the "white man's" speech is unpleasant, undiplomatic, disrespectful, and unadorned with symbolism (216), the formation of the Iroquois Confederacy required "the council fires" and "council pipes" to smoke endlessly until "the fifty chiefs in conclave all ratified the policy under discussion" (217). Indeed, describing the debate in the Canadian House of Government, Johnson compares the representative's behaviour to the behaviour of "Hiawatha"[1] and the chiefs who formed the council of the Iroquois Confederacy; Johnson also reminds the reader that her father's tribe is part of "the oldest constitutional government of America—a free Commonwealth older than any in Europe, save [. . .] England and [. . .] Switzerland" (216).

Johnson's description of Iroquois policies in "The Lodge of the Law-makers" also includes a topic that appears often in her works of prose: the role of the "chief matron" (217). According to Johnson, after the death of a chief, the role of chief matron "bestow[s] the title upon one of his kinsmen" (217). She is quick to point out, however, that this does not mean the role automatically falls to the elder son; often the chief matron will pass by the "inadequate eldest son" to nominate a younger "more capable" candidate (218). She goes on to explain that the choice of the chief matron is final.

1 According to Micah L. Issitt, Hiawatha is the "[legendary] Iroquois leader who helped craft a peace treaty among Native North American peoples during the sixteenth century", but that "most modern historians believe that Hiawatha is an amalgamation of several Iroquois leaders involved in the foundation of the Iroquois Confederacy between the twelfth and seventeenth centuries" (1).

> The old and powerful chiefs-in-law never attempt to question her decision; her appointment is final, and [. . .] when he is installed [. . .] the chief matron may, if she desires, enter the council-house and publicly make an address to the chief, braves, and warriors assembled, and she is listened to not only with attention, but with respect. (218)

Johnson concludes her text by comparing the rights of white women with the rights of Iroquois women. She insists that there are not "fifty white women even among those of noble birth" who could speak and be heard respectfully in the lodge of the [Canadian] law-makers" (218).

The theme of the "chief matron" appears again in many of Johnson's other prose texts. In "Mothers of a Great Red Race" she reiterates the role of the chief matron in the Iroquois "parliament" and insists that "there is not a feminine influence known to civilization that means to this nation what the title, "chief matron", means to the Iroquois" (225). To demonstrate the chief matron's influence, Johnson describes her grandmother's experience in the role. Johnson's grandmother had appointed Johnson's father as chief, even though he was the second-born son. When George Johnson began to work as the official tribal translator his two roles were considered a conflict of interest by many of the other chiefs. When it was suggested that he withdraw from his role as chief, his mother, the chief matron, refused to appoint a new leader as alternative chief and thus threatened to "annul the title forever... weakening by one the Mohawk position in the [Iroquois Confederacy] council" (225). Again, in "The Iroquois Women of Canada" Johnson describes the role of chief matron, insisting that not even the "civilized races honour their women as highly as do the stern old chiefs, warriors and braves of the Six Nations' Indians"[2] (205). In each of these stories, Johnson

2 The Iroquois Confederacy was "initially comprised of the Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Oneida, and Mohawk nations". In the mid–

argues that the Iroquois have a more successful government system because of the respect they have for women.

According to Gerson and Strong-Boag, in "Paddling her Own Canoe" Johnson is often associated with the "Canadian New Women" of the 1880s to 1920s (59). These women were "often identified with feminism although [were] not always suffragist[s]" (Gerson and Strong-Boag 59). Many had, for the first time, set about to "earn their own living" while still maintaining "respectability" and "some independence from their families" (Gerson and Strong-Boag 60). The "New Woman" espoused many causes, all promoting gender equality, including "better education, paid work, egalitarian marriage, and health and dress reform" (Gerson and Strong-Boag 59). Many of these causes are reflected in Johnson's prose about Iroquois women and her glorification of the role of chief matron. Johnson's positive representation of powerful women in the Iroquois Confederacy encourages readers to reconsider the role of women in the Canadian political infrastructure. While Johnson compares these two systems carefully, she tends to only focus on the aspects of Mohawk culture that she considers ideal. This has led some critics to accuse her of perpetuating the "noble savage" stereotype (Lyon).

While Pauline Johnson could be accused of encouraging "fantasies about primitivism" in her depiction of the Iroquois people, her position as a child of both cultures allowed her to challenge the more prominent view of the "imperial project" (Gerson and Strong-Boag 20). The prominent Indigenous stereotypes of Johnson's era "pictured Indian societies as the inverse of middle-class Victorian propriety, censuring them for debauchery, sloth and violence" (Gerson and Strong-Boag 20). In reaction to this dominant view, there was an alternative view "adopted by a few Euro-Canadian observers" that looked

eighteenth century "the Tuscaroras were admitted as a sixth constituent nation" (Snow).

to Indigenous culture in search of a "golden age" before industrialization (Gerson and Strong-Boag 21). Much of Johnson's work contributes to this second perception of Indigenous culture. In her examination of "Literature in English by Native Canadians" Margaret Harry explains that much of Johnson's work "appealed to the romantic view of the Indian as a noble savage" but admits that it also expresses "resentment against imposed stereotypes and the suffering resulting from a disrupted way of life" (Harry). Angry over the misrepresentation of the First Nations community, Johnson employed this idealized image of indigenous life to combat the much more negative view of First Nations peoples that dominated Canadian society.

Johnson's representation of Iroquois life and their treatment of women may create an overly idealistic pre-colonial Eden and reinforce stereotypes of the noble savage; at the same time, her access to the white community allowed her to challenge the prevailing negative stereotypes of the "North American Indian" that excused the violence of imperialism and patriarchy. Her representation of the Iroquois Confederation, like her recollection of her family history, expresses a profound optimism that Euro-Canadians might learn to respect the traditions of her father's people. Johnson's depiction of Iroquois traditions in her prose challenges the limitations of European patriarchy. As a middle-class woman of both Mohawk and British heritage, Johnson was granted a unique opportunity: she was granted access to the white Canadian community, where she then shared the Mohawk stories she had collected. That is to say, through her writing and performances, Pauline Johnson confronted the prevailing Eurocentrism that excused the violence of imperialism in Canada.

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ALEXA ELDRED

Rocks

Even when they skip from human hands, rocks are always serious.
They keep time with each epoch, documenting every creep, crack, strain,
    fault-scarp, erosion, trench, shudder, shock,
And settling, refusing to let this planet forget its trauma.
When they are not architects, storytellers and historians,
rocks are the warm beds of reptiles;
The pursuit of alchemists, to turn one metal into another metal, the desperate
    ping against a window pane, lover to hope-to-be-lover. Rocks are crushed
Into roads, the ideal pets for negligent people, door stops,
Doors to caves. The first easels and books were cavern walls,
And our first fire lightning-lit, we the witnesses unable to forget that exchange
Of light, one for the other. Other times, rocks are most content
Tucked in the dark seam of a shoe; no invitation. Over-staying. Always.
Rubbing the wrong way, waiting it out.
Left foot. Right. No preference, it seems. Scratchy sock, riddled sock,

No sock. Feet sweat. No sweat. As if the rocks respect the feet for understanding
How hard the world can be. And if it gets too abrasive, pumice will buff away
The calluses. You know what they say: A new day,
    a new layer
Of skin to risk the elements. If only horses could manage as well to visiting rocks.
A stray stone wedged into hoof bruises the tender underneath.
Be it swampy field, river-wade, cliff-side, desert, snow, ice—horses can negotiate
Most topography. But one little rock is all it takes to overwhelm man's oldest traveler.

Earthworms are less anxious, able to swim around any rock in their route,
Boulder or pebble. Depending on the rock's size, it could take some time.
But the worms don't worry. Nor do they ever get lost, even when slipping between
The miscellaneous architectures of the dead. No wonder the worms' joy! With ten hearts,
They are capable of great love and acceptance. Unless they are shipwrecked
On a sidewalk after a rainstorm, squirming, or trying to squirm
With half their body irretrievably sole-smooshed
    into cement.
In which case they feel only heartbreak at the inability to duplicate
And make use of their bodies. If only some myths were true!
Occasional worm-melancholy aside, after rain happens to be the opportune moment

For listening. Just watch where you step before
    pressing your ear
To the ground. It will most likely smell of lawn clippings, boredom, and or dog
excrement, but commit. Be patient. Show a little wonder. For you may,
if you're as lucky as Crane, hear the worms singing
Through the layers
Of dark sediment.

Cows, on the other hand, do not concern themselves with a rock's paleontological,
Poetic, or divine potential. Nor do ostriches, pigeons, stingrays, crawfish, or crocodiles.
    They leave that to us.
While ambling through a field, said cow does not swallow said rock for its aesthetics
Or apparent rarity, but for its rockiness. The cruder and irregular the better.
The cow appreciates it merely for existing in its proximity, unlike a metal lawnmower,
Which only splutters, or smokes, or downright refuses to continue its labour
Upon ingestion. Chickens are also quite particular;
Quite delicate creatures, they prefer to gizzard a finer grind of gravel
Than attempt a pebble's immensity. The Plesiosaur was not as finicky,
And perhaps more precise. As it turns out, life is not only a matter of digestion,
    but also of buoyancy.

How many stones did its insides polish smooth in ancient Cretaceous oceans
Before it found its own bones engulfed in a chunk of Alabama,
Sea levels out of sight? And what if beaches, once massive boulders,
Took "shape" after a million migrant feet
    ground them down to sand? Unlike Aruba's pale dust,
This island's shores are zillions of toe-crevice-sized fragments.
Regardless of quality, beaches deposit under nails, in any and all orifices,
Each gritty granule a memory to be found on the shower floor,
Or as a grey tub ring, an enamel tide-line,
Or while the towel dries the hair, or as incessant scratching
    against washing machine drums,
Days, weeks following the seaside excursion. No matter how many tidal shrugs,
Not even the sea can rid itself of its grit.

When it comes to embodying our deities, rulers and beliefs, medium is everything.
Chocolate cake is perishable. Snow meltable. Sand kickoverable.
Clay erodible, brass corrodible. Sure, bronze is comparable to stone, but it's pricey.
Rocks, on the contrary, are reasonable and everywhere, cut-cheap. Hopefully the gods viewed it not as acts of stinginess, but rather of ingenuity.
Take the Giant Buddha of Leshan for example. It did not just surface

Out from that mountain precipice. And the queues of moai
That haunt the Easter Islands,
    bodies turned inland,
Those hulking heads in grass, first breaths of light and green.
In Colorado Springs, there's even a red rock "garden" worthy of other gods.
Though one must drive or horseback there. The desert Steamboat will get you
Nowhere. At best, a striking view of desolation.

Speaking of which, if you have anxiety or inadvertently kill every green thing you try to grow,
I recommend a Japanese rock garden—nothing like a dull, approachable little box
With white sand and burnished stones to mitigate your overactive mind's
    incessant, irrepressible, incapacitating tendency to fear-monger.
If one is feeling especially apprehensive, attempt to create a series of tracks
Through the gravel with the tiny wooden rake. Liberation can only be achieved
With a steady hand, exact lines, and an arrangement of the stones just so.
Think poetry. Only, instead of words, arrange rocks.

Before we used them to barricade our fires, our wells, our houses, our cities,
And our minds, we marked our graves
With rocks: stones organized in greater pattern

Or mounded into cairns. As we cobbled together language, we epigraphically inscribed
On tablets and walls. Even perilous mountains are littered
With little rock edifices to be heeded. Corpses were laid into sarcophagi and set
Into stone mausoleums. Pyramids were even erected above
If the bones were deserving enough, while other skeletons were stashed away
For safer keeping. Following the raiding of their graves, a wet landslide
    twice-burying Tut's tomb, the valley looking after things. Dust swept
Under the cemented mud. Good luck looting the leftovers now,
Thieves. There will always be death and rocks.

As animals, we recall violence well, so it isn't surprising
That the golem we remember best
Was a stone servant turned berserker, born from a little water, a lot of earth,
And a rabbi's good intentions. Customarily, the word *Emet* was carved into their
foreheads; again, good Intentions. But the golems were always denied voices to speak
The truth with. Who could blame their subsequent madness? Truth weighs metric
Tons. How many unturned stones that remain so out of fear?
    Sometimes, one's darkness is simply easier to stomach.
Consequently, every golem that came after awoke in this world enraged,
And was deactivated enraged. One would think that at some point, the priests would have learned

To make those things out of something less hard-wearing, dangerous,
Like *papier-mâché*. But it was always stone, or mud, and words.
They say golems are related to Adam. Imagine if obedience
    ran in the mud.

KRISTINA HOLM

The Libertine, the Gypsy, and the Lump: Gender Inversions in Wilmot's "The Imperfect Enjoyment" and Behn's *The Rover*

In both John Wilmot's "The Imperfect Enjoyment" and Aphra Behn's *The Rover*, the male and female stereotypes of the Restoration period are called into question and even inverted. Both writers challenge the concept of the will, both in terms of its spiritual and sexual connotations. The politics of sexual desire materialize as an important theme against the setting of a culture in which the masculine will is correlated with authority and freedom and the female will with reliance and restraint. Both Wilmot and Behn provide unexpected depth for their characters, which plays against the accepted social constructs of the era. Just as Wilmot's poem highlights the allure of a strong, autonomous female lover, within Behn's *The Rover*, the women directly, as well as remotely, control the action. In this paper, I argue that the traits of intelligence and wit are valued highly by both writers and are epitomized by their female protagonists; this not only empowers but also obliges these women to be largely answerable for their own happiness and fate.

These valued characteristics of intelligence and wit provide both Corinna in "The Imperfect Enjoyment" and Hellena in *The Rover* with the tools for empowerment, but Corinna is ultimately not compensated sexually for her display of autonomy throughout the poem. The two lovers are "equally inspired with eager fire" (line 3) and the first half of the poem is dominated by action verbs that revolve around Corinna: she "clips" (line 6), "sucks" (line 6), "plays" (line 7), "conveys" (line 8), and "guides" (line 13). Wilmot's

engaged lover is the epitome of potent sexual will, as every part of her, including her "arms, legs, lips" (line 5), is "melting through kindness, [and] flaming in desire" (line 4). Despite Wilmot commending his lover for her active role during their foreplay, he is unable to satisfy her, as she asks, "is there then no more?" (line 22). This verbal challenge from Corinna sparks Wilmot to display his own agency and power in a rhetorical, as opposed to physical, fashion—therefore compensating for his sexual failures. Even though Wilmot calls himself a "trembling, confused, despairing, limber, dry, / A wishing, weak, unmoving lump" (line 35/6), he achieves a pseudo-sexual performance by referring to all the "oyster[s], cinder[s], beggar[s], common whore[s]" (line 50) that he had previously bedded. Wilmot disparagingly describes his other sexual encounters, referring to himself as a "common fucking post" (line 63) and to his lovers as "hogs on gates [who] rub themselves and grunt" (line 65). Wilmot's inventive insults and belittlements (which absolutely revolve around his own self-disgust) eventually lead to a display of his verbal wit, granting him a plane on which he can express his verbal efficacy as a replacement for his sexual disappointment. This verbal dexterity lends him leeway to substitute his deficient sexual will for a satisfactory rhetorical one.

The Rover values verbal and cerebral potency over the search of monetary wealth, just as Wilmot in "The Imperfect Enjoyment" prefers the independent Corinna to lewd automatons who bring "vice, disease, and scandal" (line 52). Perhaps due to the court of Charles II being constantly associated with monetary trouble, Behn's play aligns the idea of money with stupidity and irrelevance, while intellect and wit are secured as pertinent qualities, such as innate nobility and understanding. Behn aligns the prized, intrinsic quality of wit with the inherited virtue of aristocracy. Just as the Englishmen in *The Rover* are temporarily reduced to refugees and exiles so too was Charles II reduced to a

fugitive during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. The setting of the play, which takes place in the interregnum between the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, emphasizes this period of degeneration. Just as *The Rover*'s displaced Englishmen preserve their wit and intellect during their displacement, Charles II retained his innate noble qualities during his exile.

The cast of players in *The Rover* embodies Behn's evaluation of intellect and wit. Corinna's agency and sexual empowerment in "The Imperfect Enjoyment" is similar to Hellena's intellect and her unabashed forwardness in *The Rover*. She is one of Behn's most lively and spontaneous heroines, determinedly snaring the man she desires: Willmore (Sullivan, 341). Hellena is dedicated involuntarily to a convent, but despite this potentially forced renouncement of her sexuality she insists, in the first scene of the play, that she is fit for love and has resolved to capitalize on her mind and body. Hellena is very witty, and it is her verbal capability that attracts Willmore to her. She and Florinda disguise themselves as "gipsies" (2.1) and attend the Naples Carnival in hopes of satisfying a "youthful itch" (1.1). Hellena's disguise is an unattractive one. Its ugliness legitimizes the flirting that takes place between her and Willmore; Hellena's wit, voice, and humour make her attractive, not her beauty. This concept of wit trumping physical attractiveness is embodied in the opening scene of the play when Florinda points out that it is an insult to her "beauty, birth and fortune, and more to [her] soul" (1.1) insisting that she marry Don Vincentio. As wit and intellect are essentially derivatives of the soul (or at least more so than transitory qualities), the audience is informed immediately that *The Rover* values these elemental characteristics over "beauty, birth and fortune" (1.1).

Just as Hellena and Corinna epitomize the charm of feminine strength and intellect, Willmore's wit embodies his abundance of verbal energy. The name "Willmore" is meant to recall John Wilmot, who at the time of production was

having an affair with the woman who was playing Hellena, Elizabeth Barry (Sullivan 335). It is an appetitive name, one that plays on both his strong sexual inclinations as well as his wittiness. Willmore is the comic hero of the play and is celebrated as such, despite unjustly being reduced to poverty and homelessness. He is praised throughout the play, and yet he is also a potential harasser and rapist on several occasions. This brings about the question of whether *The Rover* emphasizes one's manner over their actions, for "the sheer comicality of rakes like Willmore overshadows their moral transgressions" (Olivier 56). Despite this shady side of Willmore's character, he is without a doubt *The Rover*'s verbal engine, alongside Hellena. The two are even aligned before meeting one another through the repeated use of the adjective "mad" that is used to describe them both. This epithet is strongly associated with their characters, suggesting improvisation, excessiveness, and spontaneity.

While both Behn and Wilmot adorn their protagonists with the charismatic traits of intellect and wit, the stereotypical concept of women and their sexuality in the seventeenth century was not as liberal as the two writers convey in their respective works. Despite the pursuit of pleasure seeming to supersede all moral goals (epitomized in libertinism and King Charles's promiscuity), only men were recognized as unrestricted sexual beings. This masculine-dominated reaction to the "pious reservation of Puritanism" (Lemaster 123) was an emphasis on physical pleasure as a pursuit and a power reserved for men, while the women were expected to remain docile and virginal. In "The Imperfect Enjoyment," Wilmot illustrates the standardized promiscuous male libertine, but undermines his physical competence, which, in turn, subverts the legitimacy of the male ideal by making him impotent. By parodying the indomitable male as an essentially powerless figure, Wilmot provides an argument against traditional male conceptions and assumptions (Lemaster 123). This

argument is strengthened by the lack of stamina that the narrator experiences within the poem: the poem portrays its male lover by having him enjoy and idealize the exorbitant delights of libertinism until, when his "dead cinder warms no more" (line 33), he is reduced to the image of a penis which embodies a degraded, animalistic mimicry of man. While the sexual will of the male is debased in "The Imperfect Enjoyment," Wilmot promotes the female's sexuality by defying convention. Corinna is observed as desiring, autonomous, powerful and, most importantly, not as simply an extension or tool of her male lover.

Behn was writing *The Rover* in the same cultural climate as Wilmot, in which the masculine will was associated with influence and privilege, and the female will with dependence and restraint. The movement of the play, however, centres on the conflict between male and female wills; this conflict is intensified by Behn's inversion of typified social values and gender conventions, just as "The Imperfect Enjoyment" is satirized by Wilmot's disregard for traditional male impressions. While these gender conventions do exist in Behn's play, they serve to create barriers that the characters (primarily the women) must break down in order to fulfill their desires, as opposed to the societal values to which the characters must eventually succumb. Hellena is unwillingly promised to a nunnery, which initiates the association of confinement with sexual denial and the forced will—this connection is one that appears as a continuous strain in Behn's work. In spite of these cultural impediments, Hellena resists the stifling expectations for women in the Restoration period by demonstrating her unabashed forwardness and sexual frankness in her pursuit of Willmore. The Naples Carnival is the first instance that the audience sees Hellena's sexual candor and wit during her incognito banter with Willmore. The carnival itself portrays an inversion of reality, for the women, dressed as gypsies, are associated with the future,

vagrancy, and a mixture of beauty and ugliness. Hellena's disguise heightens her allegiance to "dear disobedience" (1.1) and "mischief" (1.1), as opposed to the typical feminine traits of modesty and suppression of the will.

While tension in both "The Imperfect Enjoyment" and *The Rover* is magnified by the inversion of gender ideals, the outcomes of these respective works differ considerably. "The Imperfect Enjoyment" results in an unsatisfied union between the narrator and his lover, as his failing is attributed to her strong sense of sexual agency and power. It is not his disgust or ambivalence to her strength that causes this sense of dissatisfaction—on the contrary, it is his genuine attraction to (and respect for) her boldness that induces his ultimate physical impotence. This jarring disharmony between love and lust that takes place in "The Imperfect Enjoyment" aligns itself with the majority of Wilmot's poems, within which it is suggested that neither romance nor libertinism can eradicate human disappointment (Sanchez 441). The narrator only partly redeems his (inevitable) sexual failure by displaying verbal potency, but the true redemption is featured in the final two lines of the poem, in which Wilmot wishes that "ten thousand abler pricks" (line 71) will "do the wronged Corinna right" (line 72). So while Corinna ends up being sexually unsatisfied in spite of her sexual agency, she not only restores her sexual cravings but also hurts Wilmot's pride by eventually taking three lovers in front of him in his following satire "A Ramble in St. James's Park."

In *The Rover*, unlike in "The Imperfect Enjoyment," the opposing values between Hellena and Willmore result in a stabilized, complementary relationship. Hellena, who possesses a strong sex drive, is being required by her father to redirect any sexual will to the love of God. She is seeking liberation from a situation so utterly opposed to Willmore's (who enjoys complete sexual freedom) that it can only be calculatingly symbolic. While Willmore enjoys sexual

independence, he is only half a psyche: his freedom and liberation lead him everywhere, including a near-rape scene with Florinda. To be a complete and stabilized character he needs the steadying presence of Hellena, who also requires the sexual liberation found in Willmore (Sullivan 343). The final compromise of the play is equally brought about by female will and male concession, as Willmore "can be won only by Hellena, whose freshness, wit, and beauty allay his fears of bondage" (Link 49). Symmetrically, Hellena can be won only by Willmore, whose total emancipation from the limitations of sexual decorum promise freedom of self-expression in a culture of sexual boundaries. Just as "mad" connects Hellena and Willmore together before they meet, the two players' "inconstancy" ironically permits them to "be bound to constancy" (1.2) to one another. While Angellica condemns inconstancy as "the sin of all mankind" (2.1), Hellena wins over Willmore by professing herself "the gay, the kind, and the inconstant" (3.1)—if she were to ever "catch a fit of foolish constancy" (3.1), she would be "undone" (3.1). These parallel values heighten the lovers' connection as they announce themselves as "Robert the Constant" (5.1) (signifying his newfound love and fidelity) and "Hellena the Inconstant" (5.1) (indicating her own devotion to wit and intellect).

Despite the discrepancy that lies between the fate of Corinna and Hellena, both women are empowered by their intellect and wit, and are, perhaps most importantly, respected for it by their author-creators and fellow characters. Despite Corinna leaving "The Imperfect Enjoyment" unsatisfied, she still portrays a strong spiritual and sexual will, one that stuns Wilmot out of his own sexual potency. The final compromise that takes place at the end of Behn's play observes the gypsy (Hellena) and *the rover* (Willmore) finding solace and balance within each other—the inversion of gender roles that occurs within *The Rover* results in this mutually beneficial relationship.

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BRENDAN SPEERS

Clothed

Wrapped in leather breathing no breath. A poison leaked through tender lions, filling the guts and inflaming incineration. See through, see through, see through, see never but again. Yes perhaps, no no no. Accept a possibility in which nothing is the gift. Constrained and protected. Safe from self but not the other. We shield our suns to keep the moon at bay. Do we want this, it doesn't matter. What does is what we want. Want is what we are. Want want want is our sob, sob, sob. This lessons the growth of perhaps, always lessons the learn. Desire is the trunk of suffering, a gilded box to hold sob within.

Hands try to open but feet pry free. Walk up, not down. Hands try, but blister and chaff. No trunk answers us, we answer trunk. Forget a memory you never had, for it was lies. We piece us in wars, and pierce us in wards. A locked door is a locked door. Anything else is open.

TYE LANDELS

Liberal Multiculturalism and the Limits of Recognition in Caryl Phillips's *The Nature of Blood*

Introduction

In recent years, critics of Caryl Phillips's *The Nature of Blood* seem to have developed a consensus that the novel presents a cosmopolitan view of diasporic identity. Paul Smethurst notes that, in the novel, "not only the lens of female experience, but also that of Jewish experience, are set beside that of black experience, giving three categories of difference: Jewish, black, and female, each superimposed upon each other" (9). More recently, Gils George suggests that "the characters jointly invoke polyphonic voices of their survival, even though they are separated by centuries" (578). Alan Liam McCluskey likewise argues that the novel is "suspicious of the received paradigms of seeing that are to be found in and define any given historical context, and seeks to look beyond fixed categories of identity and belonging" (215-216). While I agree with these critics, I believe that their claims fail to articulate why Phillips chooses to present a cosmopolitan view of diasporic identity. To this end, I shall argue that Phillips's cosmopolitanism emerges as a conscious response to the failure of multiculturalism to recognize what Robin Cohen calls "victim diasporas" in liberal states. Phillips suggests that for diasporic groups who have suffered a history of collective trauma, a cosmopolitan view of cultural identity - which draws upon histories of shared experiences and morality across cultures - is far more tenable than an essentialist view of cultural identity. In pursuing this thesis, I shall first articulate how traditional multicultural theory is incapable of recognizing minority groups for whom essentialist cultural identity is untenable.

Secondly, I shall demonstrate how Phillips portrays this incapability through his description of Eva Stern's tragic journey from encampment in Nazi Germany to a new life in liberal multicultural England. Finally, I will highlight how Phillips presents cosmopolitanism as a viable response to this incapability.

Recognition and Misrecognition

How minority groups realize equality and justice in liberal multicultural states has become an important topic of debate in political philosophy circles over the past half-century. Perhaps one of the most influential essays on this topic is Charles Taylor's "The Politics of Recognition" in which he argues for the cultural recognition of individuals belonging to minority groups as an important value in counteracting the hegemonic cultural bias of supposedly "impartial" liberal states. Taylor's article serves as a polemic critique of John Rawls's belief that a "veil of ignorance" by which citizens undertake political and moral actions without knowledge of their own or others' socio-cultural positions should serve as the foundation of liberal states. Building on arguments previously stated in *Sources of the Self* and *The Ethics of Authenticity* Taylor suggests that, seeing as one's claims to selfhood and individuality are always socially (and therefore culturally) derived and contextualized, the Rawlsian ideal of a "veil of ignorance" is unrealizable in practice. As he puts it, "'blind'" liberalisms are themselves the reflection of a particular culture" (Taylor 44) that, through misrecognition, ignore the worth of pupils outside of the dominant culture as liberal individuals who may access equality and justice. In response, Taylor proposes that majority cultures ought to engage in actions that affirm the cultural traditions of minority groups as a way of extending recognition to its members under the inherently liberal presumption that "all human cultures that have animated whole societies over some considerable stretch of time

have something important to say to all human beings" (66). He specifically targets educational institutions, in which the curriculum consists almost entirely of "dead white males," suggesting that "enlarging and changing the curriculum is [. . .] essential not so much in the name of a broader culture for everyone as in order to give due recognition to the hitherto excluded" (65-66). Taylor's project to articulate the value of recognition has influenced many contemporary philosophers of multiculturalism and, by extension, the multicultural policies of numerous liberal states.

The presumption that individuals belonging to cultural minorities desire recognition and are able to articulate the terms upon which they may be recognized is fundamental to any successful application of Taylor's framework of recognition. Indeed, as Taylor puts it, "the demand for recognition is now explicit. And it has been made explicit [. . .] by the spread of the idea that we are formed by recognition" (64). I find this requirement inherently problematic because it excludes the possibility of recognition and, consequently, access to equality and justice for individuals or groups who are unable to articulate a conception of their own culture or who do not have a stable conception of their culture. For example, Cohen describes "victim diasporas" which he associates with "a catastrophic event that precipitates the diaspora, forced movement, dispersion, exile, captivity, enslavement, collective trauma, oppression, persecution, displacement, homelessness, statelessness, powerlessness, alienation, isolation, insecurity, affliction, suffering, loss, incompleteness, loneliness, and sadness" (Little and Broom 223). Cohen's description suggests how victim diasporas may evade recognition in liberal multicultural states: in clinical terms, groups may be so psychologically traumatized by their victimization that they lack the agency or the desire to demand recognition; likewise, victimization may devastate and destabilize the cultural fabric of a minority group beyond recognition. In both instances, the circumstances of

victimization prevent cultural minorities from participating in Taylor's dialectic of cultural recognition. When a minority group is unable to dictate the terms of their own recognition, the majority culture must rely upon their own prejudices to recognize the minority culture. Inevitably, because the majority culture's horizon of interpretation is limited, the majority culture misrecognizes the minority culture.

Misrecognition in *The Nature of Blood*

As a survivor of the Holocaust, Eva Stern evidently belongs to a victim diaspora. Phillips takes pains to graphically portray her victimization under Nazi rule both in an unnamed ghetto and in two concentration camps. For instance, Eva describes her fellow prisoners at the second camp as "troops of cattle. To their side, sick animals lying in pools of their own filth. Glazed eyes. A crazy bowel, perpetually active, shouting its protest. Life leaving without a real struggle, collapsing and tumbling in upon itself. No killing. No last words. No cruelty. Just death" (186). In this passage, Phillips distinctively expresses the effect of the state of encampment on prisoners' sense of cultural identity and belonging. Simply put, all sense of cultural identity or belonging is lost. The individual becomes dissolved into a series of base metonymies (e.g., "eyes," "bowel," etc.), anonymous, and indistinguishable from animals. Even Eva's own sense of self dissolves in this passage; she expresses herself in truncated phrases that lack a grammatical subject and verbiage (e.g., she does not say "I *see* glazed eyes"). Insofar as Taylor claims that culture fosters individualism, the lack of autonomy in this passage is symptomatic of an ineffectual culture. In Eva's case, she cannot lay claim to a sense of self because she lacks the interpretive horizon that Jewish culture provided her, sustained by her now broken familial and communitarian relations.

Phillips makes the traumatic effects of Eva's victimization apparent to the reader. After being liberated

by British troops, Eva remains unable to claim a subject position for herself. She remains in the camp well after she is invited to leave, claiming that she "do[es] not want to be a part of their world" (34). Similarly, when asked by a refugee facilitator if she intends to go home, Eva thinks to herself "[h]ow can she use the word home? It is cruel to do so in such circumstances. I cannot call that place 'home.' 'Home' is a place where one feels a welcome" (37). These statements reveal Eva as an outsider to the communities that previously fostered her identity. She mourns the loss of a homeland and a culture that she can never return to because it has been irrevocably tarnished. When she finally decides to leave the camp she recognizes that "[a] suitcase suggests a life" and therefore "it seems appropriate that I should emerge into the world clutching a bundle" (411). As a member of a victim diaspora, Eva possesses no stable cultural identity, only traumatic and sporadic recognitions of a previous cultural identity that was dissolved by the Holocaust.

In light of Eva's victimization, it is understandable why she moves to England, accepting a marriage proposal from a British soldier named Gerry who had assisted in the liberation of the concentration camp where she was being held. As an act of supposed recognition, Gerry's proposal presents Eva with an opportunity to regain a cultural identity independent from the trauma of the Holocaust. She expresses her sober hope for regeneration in the following apostrophe: "Tomorrow they will release me into an empty world with only Gerry for company. Gerry has never seen my true face. Oh Gerry, my heart is broken. Perhaps you can mend it again, but it will never again be complete. Do you understand this?" (48). What Eva desires from Gerry, I believe, is loosely analogous to what victim diaspora members hope for from liberal states who promise multicultural recognition: Eva desires Gerry's recognition of a stable cultural identity within her, which

she may claim as her own, thus filling the void caused by her victimization. This, however, impossibly presumes that the majority group, in relation to the minority group, is capable of operating under a "veil of ignorance" regarding its own sociocultural position of privilege.

In light of Eva's inability to articulate the terms of her cultural identity, Gerry and his fellow Brits eventually misrecognize Eva according to the prejudices of their own culture. Initially, Gerry misrepresents her as "a bit crackers" (194) to excuse the fact that he had lied about his desire for marriage —a claim that his family and Eva's doctor accepts by dint of his cultural authority over her. The doctor's misrecognition of her as a scheming madwoman surfaces in the following passage: "Why did you write the letter Eva? Mr. Alston. I mean, Gerry. He has a wife and child. As you can imagine, this has caused him some difficulties [. . .] Did you write the letter so that you might prove something to somebody, is that it?" (196). The doctor here draws upon sexist and anti-Semitic tropes located within what Hans-Georg Gadamer would call his "historically effected consciousness" to understand Eva. The first such trope operates in the register of the irrational, hysterical woman. By including condescending phrases such as "[a]s you can imagine..." and "is that it?" the doctor suggests that Eva is fundamentally juvenile and lacking rationality. Similarly, by suggesting that Eva was attempting to "prove something to somebody", the doctor evokes the trope of the anti-Christian Jew, interpreting Eva as a saboteur on the basis of religious difference. The doctor's misrecognition of Eva, although prejudiced, has serious consequences. Indeed, as Taylor notes, "a person or group of people can suffer real damage, real distortion, if the people or society around them mirror back to them a confining or demeaning or contemptible picture of themselves" (25). Eva's voluntary silence and subsequent suicide may therefore be partially attributable to the doctor's misrecognition.

The hospital staff employ the same sexist and anti-Semitic tropes to interpret Eva's suicide. An anonymous narrator describes Eva's suicide, stating that

> *at first I had no idea where she found the knife, but it seemed to me that it could not have been too difficult for her to obtain one. [. . .] There was no reason to think she would do something irrational. [. . .] But, sadly, we were wrong. There was a problem. There was also a lot of blood. She cut the right artery as though she knew what she was doing. A lot of blood* (186; author's emphasis).

Clearly, the statement that "there was no reason to think she would do something *irrational*" (emphasis mine) explicitly references the trope of the irrational hysteric woman. Likewise, the suggestion that she "cut the right artery *as though she knew what she was doing*" (emphasis mine) draws upon the trope of the anti-Christian Jew and associated blood libels. By portraying the prevalence of these Anglo-European tropes in the historically effected consciousness of the doctor and others, Phillips's novel confirms Taylor's belief in the importance that minority cultures articulate the terms of their own recognition; however, in cases such as Eva Stern's, in which articulation of a stable cultural identity is not possible, Taylor's model of multicultural recognition evidently fails in achieving the liberal ideals of equality and justice.

Conclusion

The tragedy of Eva Stern, as portrayed in Caryl Phillips's *The Nature of Blood*, derives from the inability of the liberal multicultural state to achieve non-essentialist recognition of cultural minorities. In the novel, Eva emigrates from Germany to England after experiencing cultural victimization on the part of the Nazis; however, in England she encounters a nation whose liberal ideals are consistently undermined by the prejudices of its citizens.

Drawing from Charles Taylor's "Politics of Recognition," liberal states are always prejudiced against minority groups and multicultural recognition is therefore required in order to counteract these prejudices. That said, individuals such as Eva Stern fail to reap the benefits of multicultural recognition because they are unable to articulate the terms upon which they desire recognition, due to the traumatic effects of cultural victimization. How then can minority groups who lack a stable cultural identity become recognized in liberal states?

Phillips proposes that cosmopolitanism, based on shared experience and common morality, may be uniquely capable of engaging minority groups who might otherwise evade recognition. As Smethurst (2002), George (2014), and McClusky (2014) have noted, the four narratives[1] in this novel support, inform, morph, and engage with one another across historical and cultural boundaries. In other words, a porous, narrative community emerges in this novel. Likewise, by allowing his/her individual experience to inform and be informed by these narratives, the reader becomes an integral part of this community and develops a cosmopolitan identity within it. I do not believe that this cosmopolitan/phenomenological process of identity formation is mutually exclusive from Taylor's liberal multicultural framework; rather, I think that it can support it. By developing a cosmopolitan identity, individuals or groups who might otherwise evade recognition in Taylor's liberal framework may develop the self-understanding required to articulate the terms of their own recognition. Phillips's model of cosmopolitan identity therefore finds

1 Though they are not mentioned in this paper, The Nature of Blood portrays three other major narratives in addition to the Eva Stern narrative: 1. the Uncle Stephen narrative, in which Stephen abandons his family to establish the nation state of Israel; 2. the Jews of Portobufolle narrative, in which three Jewish men are indicted and executed for supposedly murdering a Christian beggar boy; 3. the Othello narrative, in which the Shakespearean protagonist retells his experience in Renaissance Venice.

traction in a variety of political contexts, most notably in his native Caribbean. Indeed, in a place as culturally diverse and tumultuous as the Caribbean, both majority and minority groups must necessarily view themselves in cosmopolitan terms in order to achieve mutual recognition in a liberal multicultural framework. Unsurprisingly, Phillips's model of cosmopolitan identity aligns itself closely with popular theories of Caribbean identity, such as Derek Walcott (1993)'s theory of fragmented memory, expressed through the metaphor of a broken vase, or Eduord Glissant (1997)'s theory of relation, expressed through the metaphor of the rhizome. Further research should be undertaken to highlight the commonalities and contrasts between Phillip's cosmopolitanism and these theories.

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BRENDAN SPEERS

A Mouse, That is a Blind Corpse

Broken whole with lens that touches, an unalive that dances, controlled but cunning and a spectacle that stabs bright to a system united. Windowed eyes and spider lairs of lightning, striking every direction. One light, other light. Worn caked firth, a consummation of dirt and love. A link clicked text, a dead me and extension.

Wireless barbs. A religion to me.

The Door

A window is a mistake yet to be made. A tomorrow is a forgiveness that is forgotten. A never is as was, but can't un be until it refuses.

Forward is not a direction but an imperative. An imperial next is better than a colonial yesterday. Plymouth gathers no moss, for lies seed no ground. A room is nostalgia as a history, and no less there. An ephemeral here will always be better than a physical there.

We walk because our hands can't carry us.

ELLEN SPACEY

The Function of Metafiction in *The Book Thief*: Tension, Self-Reflexivity, and the Critical Reader

Markus Zusak's *The Book Thief* is a young-adult, fiction novel set in World War II Germany. The novel is narrated by Death and centres on the child protagonist, Liesel Memminger and her foster family the Hubermanns. In the midst of war, Liesel learns how to read—anything from "The Grave Digger's Handbook" to banned literature on its way to be burned. But to complicate things the Hubermanns have hidden a Jewish man, Max Vandenburg, in their basement. *The Book Thief* draws on its experimental format in order to remove the reader from the comfort of traditional fictional structures. *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* defines metafiction as "a kind of fiction that openly draws attention to its own fictional status" ("metafiction"). In contrast, traditional fiction is unaware of its fictional status. The narrator often does not directly address or involve the reader and the narrative does not advertise its fictional status. As a work of metafiction, Zusak's *The Book Thief* frequently draws attention to its literary status through the use of direct address, *mise-en-abyme*, or "an internal reduplication of a literary work or part of a work" (Baldick), and the removal of conventional expectations regarding narration and content. However, the limitations of children's literature determine how much discomfort and unfamiliarity the reader is exposed to. The limitations of *The Book Thief* come across in the novel's soothing representation of books and the authority of the narrator over the reader. While Zusak's novel uses these techniques to remove the discomfort of metafiction, he also momentarily takes away that comfort to jostle the reader

and inspire a closer examination of the novel. Zusak also uses *mise-en-abyme*, or a literary work within a literary work, to draw attention to the agency of the "teller and listener" dynamic of the characters (Moss 80). In *The Book Thief*, the primary characters' agency is often associated with their ability to tell their own stories; this aspect is most notably reinforced through the *mise-en-abyme* insertions. Often the stories the characters tell are their only expression of power in the novel. Liesel is a child and has little say in how her life is run. Similarly, Max similarly has no power as a Jewish man living in hiding. Through these insertions, characters demonstrate their own limited power as authors, which place them in the role of teller. By extension, readers of the novel are delegated to the listener role, meaning that they have no agency within the story. *Mise-en-abyme* also plays with point of view, as each story establishes a character reading the inserted story; meaning that readers assume that character's point of view. The overall effect of the novel's tension between metafictional authority and the self-aware reader elevates the novel's content to a higher level of meaning for the reader because it directly involves them in the narrative and encourages a closer examination of the novel's content.

Through the unconventional narration, Zusak establishes metafictional grounding for the story. In doing so, Zusak creates a sense of trust between the reader and the narrator's authority, which placates the reader's potential discomfort regarding the novel's unconventional format. The presence of this authority figure, in turn, censors the violence of the novel's Holocaust content. Instead of establishing setting or characters, as traditional narratives often do, the prologue introduces readers to Death's narrative voice. Death begins: "first the colours. Then the humans. That's usually how I see things. Or at least, how I try" (Zusak 3). The unusual introduction plays with narrative convention, essentially telling the reader

no expositional information apart from Death's colour preferences. Death's narrative voice then moves to directly address the reader by stating "here is a Small Fact: you are going to die" (3). By having Death address "you", Zusak directly involves the reader in the text and establishes reader-narrator confidentiality. Death becomes the reader's guide throughout the novel and provides a centre for the reader to gravitate toward while they navigate the novel's metafictional format. However, this metafictional technique has its limitations in children's literature.

In Joe Sutliff Sanders's article "The Critical Reader in Children's Metafiction" he argues that metafiction which portrays a child's relationship to their books limits the subversive effect of metafiction due to the creation of a "comfortable authority in whose wisdom the reader is told to rest" (Sanders 351). Any subversion and discomfort metafiction may create is negated by the safety of the relationship between children and their books. The depiction of a child's "safe" relationship with their books "papers over any discomfort by promising that books are safe, that they are to be trusted" (351). In *The Book Thief*, readers are entrusted to the authority of the narrator, and are assured of the safety of books through the portrayal of Liesel's comforting relationship with them. As the comforting authority figure, Death's job is to soften the horrors of the Holocaust content. The section entitled "The Long Walk to Dachau" exemplifies Death's comforting narration in the line "They were going to Dachau, to concentrate" (Zusak 388). Readers are not given any details as to what "concentrating" entails. To concentrate suggests focus but a reader who is familiar with Holocaust history knows that Death hints at the concentration camps imprisoning Jewish prisoners. In this way, Death protects the young reader from the violence and misery of concentration camps, referring to Dachau in a manner that hints at but does not fully describe the interior workings of the camp. Similarly, Death comforts readers

throughout the novel by breaking the linear plot structure, which warns readers of the impending bombing of Liesel's home on Himmel Street. This forewarning of imminent destruction attempts to protect the reader by revealing characters' deaths. However, the emotional weight of these warnings is not felt until the bombing of Himmel Street occurs within the novel and readers experience it with Liesel.

As much as Death provides comfort for the reader, Zusak also removes the sense of security established by narration with Death's ambiguous conclusion of the novel: "I am haunted by humans" (Zusak 550). The line is a textual interjection in bold typeface addressed directly to the reader. The final statement does not offer a comforting conclusion to the story or a didactic lesson for the reader. Readers can interpret the conclusion according to their attitude toward Death, which encourages a closer analysis of their relationship to the comforting authority figure. Furthermore, while Liesel's relationship with her books creates safety and reassurance for both her and the reader, Zusak removes the promise of safety in the final portion of the novel where Liesel's life with the Hubermanns, including her amassed collection of books, is destroyed in a bombing raid. The shortcomings of metafiction are comforting for the reader, who is sheltered from the violent events of the novel by the narrator's reassuring direct addresses and the promise that books are safe. Zusak engages in the comforting authority and the promise of safety, only to remove them, pulling the proverbial safety blanket away from the child.

Zusak also uses the literary technique called *mise-en-abyme* to draw attention to the agency of the "listener and teller" dynamic within the novel (Moss 80), and to directly involve the reader in Liesel's point of view, thus creating greater empathy for her character. Anita Moss's article "Varieties of Children's Metafiction" focuses

on examples of children's literature that spotlight the "process of creating narrative" and the "narrative forms of ordinary life which are embedded throughout fiction" (79). Moss states that the "nature of narrative" often becomes the focal point in metafictional novels and stories, with "stories about the making of stories" being a major subject in children's metafiction (79). The "stories about stories" genre of metafiction applies to Zusak's Book Thief, which revolves mainly around Liesel writing about her life. Through examining children's metafictional novels, Moss also considers critical narrative theory. Moss notes "how characters function as both tellers and listeners" within their own stories (80). The "teller and listener" relationship Moss mentions appears in multiple ways throughout the narrative structure of *The Book Thief*. The fictional child-author Liesel Meminger writes the overall story of the novel and creates the source text that Death is reading. Ultimately, Liesel is the teller of her own story. Death, as narrator of Liesel's story, adds stylistic flairs and interjections to her original text. Death's narration of Liesel's story causes him to become both teller and listener for having read Liesel's story. The third level is the combination of these two versions of the story, making the reader into the listener. Within the overall structure of the novel, the difference between listener and teller is the agency of who is doing the telling of the tale. Liesel occupies the listener role until she becomes literate, allowing her to inhabit the teller role when she begins writing.

The most notable example of the multiple layers of the listener/teller dynamic of the novel are Max's stories, which appear as physical insertions into the book in the form of a *mise-en-abyme*. Max's two stories "The Word Shaker" and "The Standover Man" encapsulate the multilayered role of "teller and listener" by directly involving the reader in the "listening" aspect of the story. "The Standover Man" appears as a children's picture book portraying Max's life

up to where he meets Liesel. "The Word Shaker" is an illustrated fairytale that reflects the novel's overall themes of the importance of words, as well as education as a means of empowering the individual. Max's authorship places him in the teller role, which gives him a limited amount of agency. His limited agency is important as he is confined to the Hubermann's basement and he is unable to physically change his situation. His agency and his ability to affect others derives from his authorship and he inspires Liesel to do the same. Readers are already in the listener role through Death's direct narration, but the listener role becomes self-reflexive through the multiple levels of telling and listening in the *mise-en-abyme*. The novel achieves this self-reflexive listener role through the incorporation of Max's stories as part of the narrative, which establishes that one of the characters, be it Death, Liesel, or Max, is reading the inserted story. For example, prefacing "The Word Shaker" is the line "[Liesel] turned the page" (Zusak 444). The next page is the first page of "The Word Shaker", meaning that readers have assumed Liesel's point of view by reading the story. Assuming Liesel's point of view via the *mise-en-abyme* insertions allows readers to concretely indentify with Liesel, who is also reading the story, placing them into her role as the child-reader. Identifying with Liesel creates greater empathy for her struggle to read, and her triumph at not only reading well, but in writing her own story. The inserted stories also encourage a close examination of the reader's own role as the listener of the story by virtue of the *mise-en-abyme*'s appearance in the novel. The novel creates multiple levels of reading, listening, and telling, which draws attention to the reader's own listener status and lack of agency. This places them on the same level as both Max and Liesel, who are physically powerless to change their surroundings. While readers can interpret and understand events in the novel, they cannot change anything.

The Book Thief's metafictional format ultimately

removes the familiarity of traditional fictional structure in order to connect the reader directly to the text. Through metafictional narration, Zusak creates a sense of trust between the reader and the narrator's authority, which pacifies the reader's potential discomfort with the novel's unconventional format. Death's narration serves to comfort and shelter the reader from the violence of the Holocaust content that the novel discusses through allusion, as the interiors of concentration camps are never described. By sheltering the reader, Zusak establishes a comforting authority figure for the novel and a sense of trust between reader and narrator. Zusak also depicts Liesel's relationship with her books as a retreat from the traumatic experiences of Liesel's life. This safe relationship between children and their books assures readers that books are safe, and soothes them from any discomfort metafiction may create. While these limitations of children's metafiction protect the reader, Zusak's temporary removal of them causes a greater emotional impact when both readers and Liesel lose the promise of safety of books. Zusak's removal of comfort also pertains to the ambiguous ending of the novel. Instead of partaking in a more conventional sense of closure, the ending of the novel is left open to the reader's interpretation.

The use of *mise-en-abyme* in the novel draws attention to the agency of the listener/teller dynamic, demonstrating both self-reflexive points of view and limited character agency. Max and Liesel's agency is portrayed through their roles as tellers of their own stories, giving them creative agency though they are both physically unable to change their situations. The *mise-en-abyme* insertions also create a self-reflexive level of reading, and cause readers to assume Liesel's point of view as a child-reader. Assuming Liesel's point of view creates a greater sense of empathy for her character and encourages a close reading of the reader's listener role within the narrative, which inspires a closer look at the multiple layers of narration and the reader's own

lack of agency in the novel. Overall, the novel's metafictional format creates tension between metafictional authority and the reader. Readers are told to trust in the comforting limitations of *The Book Thief*, but they are also invited to explore the metafictional structure of the novel as they are directly involved in the story. This tension encourages a closer examination of the novel's content, as readers are pushed to examine what it means to be a listener and the agency that comes with telling.

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BRENDAN SPEERS

Divine Surgery

A line cut knife glazed with smiles, reflecting shadows as they run run run down into the caged tongue as it whips. Slash, slash, teeth wrapped in gums wrapped in skin wrapped in lips wrapped and wrapped. Cries, list, listing all of it. Eyes to toes to earth to sky, melting together. Cut, slash, remove the tissue as it rots, dripping the fluid. A nail is a shame worth sharing. Sounds from without read as it is not, but with in.

Volcano's e-raptured in. A blinking eye of gas smoke fire brimmed stone and growth. Wink once a century for the boys to cry. The burn, underneath. Try to contain, to lock, to block, to cool, but it's hot too much, too hard, too callous.

She's curtained, light shining moving, there is no blight, go right, mire her in the well, for she is the furthest one at all. A speck of blood dripped down as the stitching slips.

Cough in, fall out. A cow print, too far a reach, but here, oh yes. Awake and tender, like corn on pork. Words from distant, sprayed like across a lawn. Cuts heal with cuts caused.

ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE

Making

Holdless is sludge that dredges sludge from sludge to form space, a using of cross to octopi sludge space for the filling of nothing's pocket.

To be perfectly sincere is violently unremarkable. There may be better quiet in the careful shluck shluck of husk suckling which is a crouching out in pacific iconoclast frame a really exceptional performance of dying. Oh to be perfectly sincere is to come in and out of you like a graceless razor – avian, and a kind of desperate shackle which is too much address.

But in the happened there is an orphan again.

ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE

Bear in Tarp

There's a tear in burlap. It's too much seen too much
corded and too little exploded. Shrinking flames its sheets
murmurs in
moment i am sorry i am sorry. It's the wrong room of a
long morning to afternoon not moving.

Would you call a categorically taut garrison barren. Would
you call. Did you love a mummy did you swaddle some gun.
Did a passing open a shoe box did so many passings make
you sad. Did a sonnet ever work.

ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE

A Vagabond Bur

A rust of minnow napes a hard neck scrapes its speck across lawns. Rhubarb chisels. A yard of rhubarb is at stake. Another minute tacks and another minute tacks towards the symbol. Prayer for an empty pane of window.

Burrard was tinder but completely irrelevant with charlatan hopscotch.

Meanwhile chirpers were chirping and everything straining. It was a curvature at wreck. It was a freezer muscled close to meaning, and seething. A great whale of a chalk. Too many eulogies worded over one another inside the lid of a chalk. Would you recognize it plated in surface. Would you recognize it as green – the breadth of broke lines, a scissored up snake of vulnerable green under a weight of rug blue roar.

This among the delicate sunflowers is lost orbit. This is the metallic tasting plate and this is the wall this is the door this oh this is the sink. No most destined gut. No slicked chicken to know but the half-life of well-passed thresholds.

Characteristically, the closet hangs around. Cups a whistle of mistletoe, skips a soft foot for a leer, for too many, many wheaty leers – throe-ing, throe-ing throe-ing, throwing an exorcism under there!

Contributors

REUBEN COPLEY is in the final year of his English Honours Degree. The essay in this issue of *The Albatross* was inspired by a random encounter with a very special piece of literature - *Mumbo Jumbo*. He would like to thank all the UVIC professors who have encouraged and inspired him, particularly Dr. Christopher Douglas for introducing him to the writing of Ishmael Reed.

KRISTA COTÊ likes duck sacrifice in the form of NES Duck Hunt (without standing right next to the screen, please and thank you), americanos with carrot banana muffins [DRY: 2c almond flour, 2tsp baking soda, 1tsp salt, 1TB cinnamon WET: 1c dates, 3 bananas, 3 eggs, 1 tsp ACV, 1/4c coconut oil MIXINS: 1.5c shredded carrots, 3/4 c walnuts. Mix dry—blender wet—combine—add mixins—bake 350 for 25-30], and contemplation on life, the future and society. To do this krista creates and consumes sci-fi, fantasy, dystopian and transgressive lit. When 47, she will live in a cabin in the woods, self-sufficient, writing stories like Thoreau. Her life goal is to write something that makes another person want to write.

ALEXA ELDRED is an undergraduate in the Writing Department. She was a finalist for *The Malahat Review*'s 2014 Far Horizons Award for Poetry.

RENEE GAUDET is a third-year student majoring in English here at UVIC. She is interested in studying modernist literature, Victorian literature, and children's literature, and is particularly interested in anything food-related or morbid! Although she lives on Vancouver Island, she imagine herself pursuing graduate studies somewhere in Europe, possibly Scotland. In the meantime, she is excited to continue working with the encouraging faculty and students involved in UVIC's English department.

KATHERINE GOERTZ is a fourth-year English honours student. As she is also minoring in Sociology, she loves to research the socioeconomic factors that influence the literature she studies. Katherine also loves to travel. Someday she hopes to travel and write for a living.

TYE LANDELS is a fourth-year English Honours student. He is interested in the intersections between early modern drama, particularly Shakespeare, ethics, and colonialism/ postcolonialism.

KRISTINA HOLM is an English Honours student at UVic. She prides herself on being a self-proclaimed TV show connoisseur, particularly on the nuances within *Game of Thrones* and *House of Cards*. She plays tennis and soccer, and coaches the latter for club youth teams; she also enjoys playing backgammon and Hearts semi-professionally. Kristina's favourite novels are Wyndham's *The Chrysalids* and Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*.

ZACH McCANN-ARMITAGE is flustered at the prospect of presenting himself in the third-person, but, if insisted upon, will conjure a melodramatic image of an animal that, desperate and hungry, has crawled into the corner of your basement to huddle up and crouch down for a while, just hoping that you don't freak out about the weird animal in your basement. Maybe, instead, it could be said that Zach empathizes with the helplessness of a pendulum, swinging back and forth around Canada. Nonetheless, Zach will graduate with his degree in English and History, which he hopes to put to profound national service by permanently joining the service industry. He suspects and fears that he will die utterly unremarkable.

ELLEN SPACEY is a fourth year undergraduate student at Uvic. She is majoring in English literature with a minor in Slavic Studies. Ellen's passion for literature has led her to pursue a wide field of literary topics including Shakespeare, Romantic poetry, modern novels and drama, Victorian literature, Russian literature, and children's literature.

BRENDAN SPEERS is an aspiring screenwriter, poet, actor, obsessive organizer, and an abuser of semiotic analysis. Brendan was born up north, was raised in the interior where they was absorbed by their own self hatred and the hatred of others. A queer, a-gendered young being, Brendan never understood their place or how it interacted with others. Now that Brendan is older, they at least have answers that convince others, if not themselves. Brendan now studies media and the ways in which it interacts with people. They are obsessed with the small details of peoples lives and discussing the things people would rather not discuss.

Afterword

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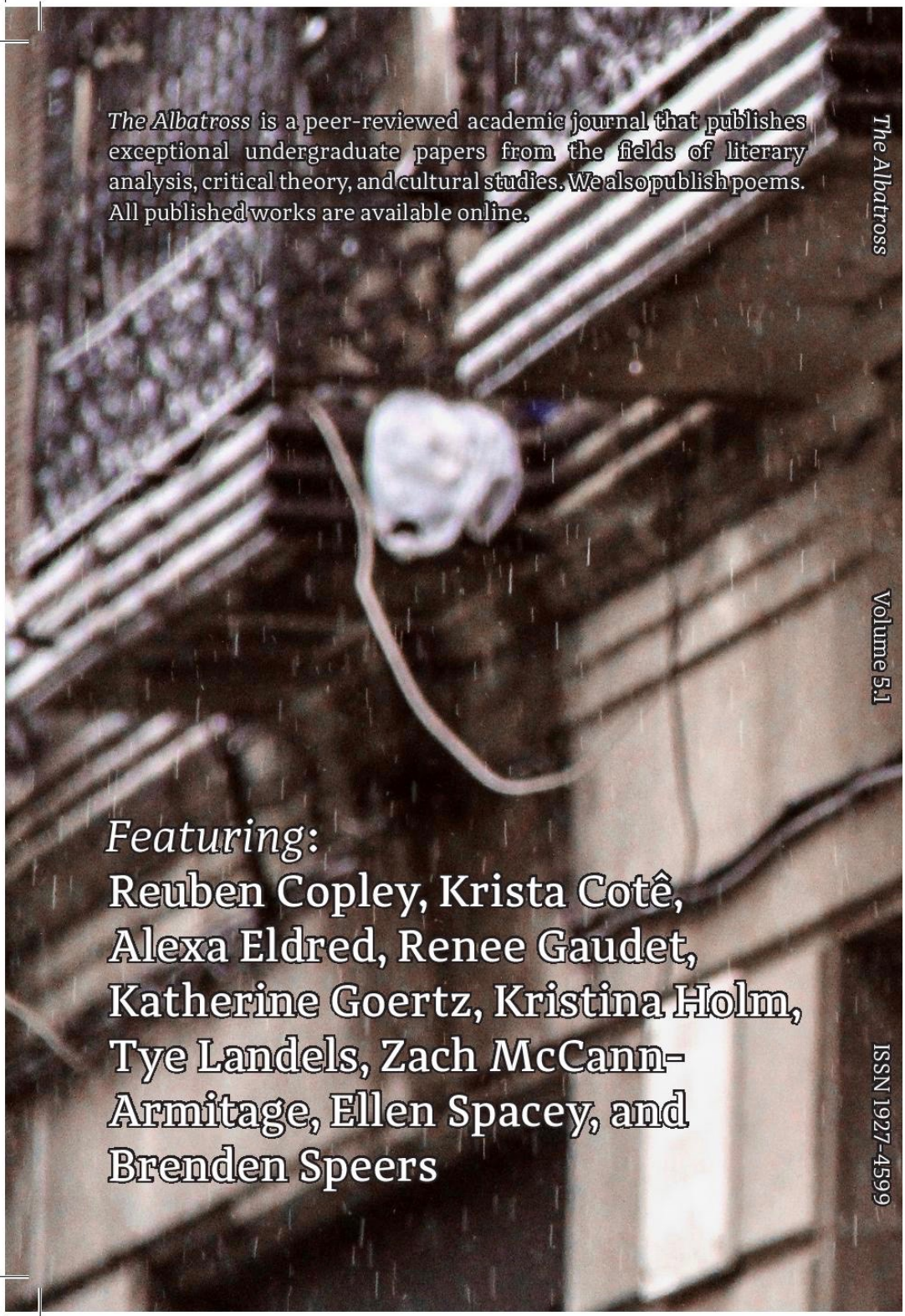
Jake Holm and the *Inkwell* team for a great launch.



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