class "among" and "within" women (223). Laying both literary and filmic study, Donaldson situates the overlap and the slippage within race and gender, making visible the latent ideologies that mask colorblind entitlement. While Donaldson trains a critical eye upon the colonialist complicity lurking beneath while feminisms occupy their site's self-reflexive examination of their own nationalist tendencies, she also exposes the equally materialist positions of some Third World feminists. Goebbels, Spivak, for instance, is caught in the act of simplifying Jane Eyre as the privileged "individualistic female subject" (157), overlooking the complex interactions of gendered race and socialized gender. Donaldson initiates her book with a "take" on the problematic dynamics between Mendes and Collins in Shakespeare's "The Tempest," stating, "the Prospero and Miranda complexes should become parlous about the dangers of monster-hood's readings." (17). Singular readings written by any critic, Donaldson suggests, function to colonize the subject.

Donaldson supplements a close reading of the intersection of identities with an intersection of disciplines, complicating unified readings with a "cultural studies" approach. Only at the intersection of film and literature does she discover the ways in which dominant representations stitch themselves together into almost seamless narratives. Donaldson turns to a film, a device of "suture," a term popular in the "Screen" school as well as one used by Ernestine Lush's and Chantal Mouffe's Hegemony and Socialist Strategy, where it is described as the ideological practice of covering over complex relations. Donaldson speaks of a film which creates "the imaginary unity, the natural cohesion... set up by the classic film" (230). Foregrounded as a cinematic technique of narrative cohesion, the differences of race and gender in cinematic imagery, Donaldson locates the stitcheries, to speak, in "natural" representations of peoples of color, ethnicity, and color, in Peter's film and book, she traces how the racial stereotype of the "pickaninni," or the "naturalized" African Other, is an image saturated almost instantly to the ideologues of woman, blinding race and gender in a colonialist project that depends on the mystery of difference.

Donaldson begins by arguing that Burke, the mathematician in the attic in Jane Eyre, and Jane herself, are more complex embodiments of race and gender than they are allowed by either Sandra Gilbert and Susan Gubar, in their groundbreaking study "Women's Studies in the Nineteenth-Century Imaginary," or Spivak, in her essay "Women's Rights and a Critique of Imperialism." By reading the text from the angle of filmic "shifts," Donaldson unzooms Jane's one-dimensional participation in Burke's othering without erasing Jane's own oppressive within patriarchy. It was both a surprise and a disappointment, however, that Donaldson never mentions Jean Rhys's Wide Sargasso Sea, a novel that counts Jane Eyre by the name, colored Bertha a voice.

In her second chapter, the diaries and novels around Mrs. Anna Lecnowetz's experiences in an Indian court are juxtaposed with several Broadway and film versions of the story, entwining here, too, Anna's subliminal ambition and exploitation by dominant culture. In the next chapter, Donaldson, again, bravely cites her discussion of text and context, or postmodern feminisms and materialist feminism in an attempt to align the critical frameworks of the 1962 Australian film of "The Lover" and the 1992 novel "Winter's Tale," highlighting the specifics of racism and gendered colonized notation in the Australian出境 as they are constructed in "naturalized" representations. In this is third chapter that Donaldson introduces her own project, proposing a reading strategy that feminizes the cinema's split positions, that "grappling" one onto the other and arrives at a powerful hybrid. Bombarding and relocating Donaldson's deconstructionist terrain, Donaldson writes, "Grappling as the combination of [difference]... could become an extraordinarily powerful trope for feminist criticism because it irresistibly not only upon the text as a playful system of signs but also upon the material rootedness of allegories of signification." (37). The rest of the book offers various configurations of feminisms that splice together difference to become not a singular entity, but one that goes irreconcilably apart, but one that one can never ignore.

Donaldson goes on to make a more explicit appeal for a materialist reading. In an essay, one would expect both the ways in which women's experience is dis- cursively mediated and the ways in which discourses are exponentially embodied. She does this around a discussion of James M. Hume's 1811 story "Peter Pan" and its revision in a Leonard Bernstein musical in the 1950s. The blurring of "pickaninni" and "woman in the figure of Tiger Lily exemplifies what Donaldson calls "grappling as political complicity." The gaiting, as opposed to the empowering technique of "grappling," resembles the stereotyping described by Lacsze and Musil of the one which Donaldson situates as operating in literary and media representations of race and gender. In Tiger Lily, we witness the gaiting together of woman to that which each term is erected against the other and callows the difference. The centrihle is a vehicle for such corrupt gaiting, suppressing in logical argu- ment an assumption that gives rise to a for- mone (wast, racist) conclusion (76). Yet if gaiting and aesthetics are on the way to producing endless "grappling" toward the same object, it is working toward the recognition of an object and the ways of recognizing it. Chapter 5 offers us to compare E. M. Forster's novel, "Passage to India," to an 1984 film adaptation of both of which "write" the etymological structure of colonizing desire and the consequent materialization of India. Donaldson makes clear though women may be excluded from men's clubs on the basis of gender, they are still implicated in the colonizing of a Ralph Lauren's clothing, a Philip Morris cigarette, a Harlan Inns' novel and Van, the colonialist for which there is no cinematic analogue. Donaldson reinforces her contention that plural and ambivalent, rather than singular and nationalistic, identity politics are the only hope for a truly subver- sive feminist movement. If this understanding, as much feminists, that modes (liberation movements) can symbolize freedom without demanding a unified political identity. This contention is hypothetically engendered in Donaldson's last chapter, where the book begins to articulate something beyond the thorough but not entirely new—readings of film and literature that proceeds it.

By Gayle Irwin

F uestion: how can you know more about people through their fiction than you can when they are writing about themselves. It's a trendy project, but Life Writing can be a tricky task; and when you combine a often shifting autobiographical voice with other genres, you have a generically unique hybrid. History, Jungsian psychology, a some- times new age spirituality, not to mention anthropo- logy and postcolonialism... well, putting the project together can be a monumental task. Perhaps too big a task. In the opening section of The Perfession of the Morning, Sharon Butala explores how her latest text grew and insisted its autobiographical form. In the end, however, her short stories and novels are for me "immedi- ate" and "impossible" than this Life Writing text.

Issues; the impasse to hide behind quasianthropological analysis of our society, when you want to investigate not character, but self. As a read book, this couldn't help feeling Butala would have been better off concentrating on the rich descriptions of the various race-based rural moments which sometimes peak through her narrative agenda. She could have given rein to her trademark aptitude for ironic detail, instead, her text seemed to weep the whole mess of historical, biological, anthropological, mythological, ficti- onal, and psychoanalytical tibbits is often frustrating, and even when all this comes with a "prairie call to the land," the project buses precariously close to "just plain holyokey.

Recently in the "Introduction to Gender in Literature," I taught my students and I reflected upon the rise of social history within the academy—another big and, you trendy topic. Throughout the year we had been discussing concepts of voice and exclusions, and we studied a number of texts that include a kind of "voice" a workplace) complained of never learning about "her" culture in the mid of all our new-found consciousness surrounding auth- orecty and race. Discussion that day how- evered on the edge of what we defined as traditional history—a history that seemed lit- tle interested in "anyone's" culture, truth be told, and preferred instead to concen- trate on the acts of a relatively few "great men," and a convicted sense of "great civilizations" (always Western). Hoping the issue could shed valuable light on a year long misunderstanding, I listened as my students crossed each other's self of the changes being made. They accused me on the fact that we were studying Jeanette Armstrong's Split and Ceci Ford's No Man's Land. I was succolded into the way the FGB Heritage Series, which has been coming out with very similar Canadian vignettes for years, now seems to be redescribing the stance of past pro- gramming by producing pieces on a Manitoba suffrage leader, Canada's first female doctor, the underdog railroad, the Chinese laboratories on the Transcontinental Line, and Native Canadian oral tradition. The issue which brings me, in a round- about way, to my take on Sharon Butala's The Perfection of the Morning. I'm from Saskatchewan, a fact which probably weighed in the minds of scholars who awarded this book for review. I know the territory Butala is trying to describe. This text is about building a relationship with nature; on the Chronicle's "Zero Nature," where I end up pretty much everywhere in prairie practice. Butala's story follows her "apprenticeship" in the often harsh, certainly unfamiliar, world of her second husband's ranch. He places in the far northwest of southwestern Saskatchewan is a rural-world in the true prairie sense of the word to the life of only fitting, then that some of the most poignant passages in the text come when Butala is describing...
You'd be hard pressed to fit this book into any of the categories or sub-genres that fall under the non-fiction rubric.

The Perfection of the Morning is set in rural Ontario, and a large part of the confusion that clouds Batula's more typically mature narrative style can be traced to the way this book treats non-fiction like an open plain, a prairie nowhere waiting to be broken and settled without thought to previous inhabitants, or its desiccatingly flat terrain. You'd be hard pressed to fit this book into any of the categories or sub-genres that fall under the non-fiction rubric. It's not really social history, since the majority of the narrative is dedicated to Batula's own very personal interactions with the nature of the southernmost Saskatchewan badlands. This lack of subtlety doesn't help either: An Appreciation in West. "Whose apprenticeship?" my academic training nudges me to doubt. If this text is simple autobiography, why add all the information on Native history, or the quotations taken from anthropology and psychology texts? "And yes, I suppose "appreciation" will have to be addressed. After all, non-fiction is as much about the political and epistemological tensions of the subject and the reader's expectations as it is about the raw data itself.

Batula's text captures historical details, but doesn't contextualize the facts she unearths. Speculation on the aboriginal peoples of the region, the time the treaties signed and their migration from the area, late in the last century after the buffalo had disappeared, never make it past the realm of speculation, and the information she puts alongside the narrative of a woman's self-discovery. To give her credit, Batula admits to reservations about wandering into Indian territory. But she doesn't still my doubt. "I think of Aboriginal people whom entire lives were an interaction with Nature." She writes, "It seems to me so clear as to be self-evident that living directly on the earth is a Naive practice, and with constant, direct contact with this natural world, in weeps instead of on flower filled from the earth by carbon barrettes, would make different people of any of us."

The Perfection of the Morning is a disorienting book; things the person, the social, the natural, the mythic, the historical. Like the rural people she describes, Batula must forge her connection to the harsh landscape she inhabits. Unlike your average urban reader, she cannot treat her environment as an "issue," and she and her adopted community must live with it. A displaced city dweller, Batula offers a perspective that is interesting if somewhat raw. Her narrative inhabits the story of translation. But I can't help feeling that, in the end, this book isn't what language it wants to be speaking.

This may have been a better test if the author had more faith in her own voice, or even if she had been more familiar with the terrain of her new genre.

I guess I am most disappointed because all of this might have provided an interesting sort of post-colonial account of "the fundamental interconnectedness of all things." After all, the trading North is capitalized throughout the text as the great defender of the soul. But neither Batula's prose nor her tone reflects the typical postmodern irony at how so many fragmented narratives play off each other, and often lead to contradiction. She is either unable or unwilling to theorize properly the contradictions that arise as she navigates through First Nations issues, ecocentrism, and the economic demise of the traditional family farm. Finally, these issues co-exist even more unusually than the people from Batula's isolated little community just south of the Cypress Hills.

The Perfection of the Morning is an etiologically complicated text that attempts to connect the person, the social, the natural, the mythic, the historical. Like the rural people she describes, Batula must forge her connection to the harsh landscape she inhabits. Unlike your average urban reader, she cannot treat her environment as an "issue," and she and her adopted community must live with it. A displaced city dweller, Batula offers a perspective that is interesting if somewhat raw. Her narrative inhabits the story of translation. But I can't help feeling that, in the end, this book isn't what language it wants to be speaking.

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