

# *ULYSSES IN VANCOUVER:*

by Beverley Mitchell



ETHEL WILSON in the 1940's

Courtesy, Macmillan of Canada

# *A Critical Approach to Ethel Wilson's "Tuesday and Wednesday"*

When Ethel Wilson published "Tuesday and Wednesday," the first novella in The Equations of Love(1) in 1952, she could not have foreseen it becoming the subject of continuing critical acclaim. Twenty-five years ago Canadian literature had not been admitted to academic respectability and few critics then deigned to notice this rather puzzling work of a "woman writer" who was a doctor's wife, in her mid-sixties, living in and writing about life in Vancouver, British Columbia. An English critic did notice, however, for when Sean O'Faolàin reviewed The Equations of Love for the BBC in 1952, he said it was "an example of how English ought to be written and of an original and unspoiled mind;" that Ethel Wilson was "one of the most charming and accomplished writers of fiction in English now living;" and, indeed, that his opinion was "inadequate to her merits."

Despite the somewhat pejorative flavour of "charming and accomplished" (would one describe D.H. Lawrence as "charming and accomplished"? Joyce? Faulkner? Shakespeare? Homer?) this is rather high praise. It is also "inadequate to Ethel Wilson's merits." Therefore, I propose to show why critical approaches to "Tuesday and Wednesday" have been inadequate; to suggest an approach which will at least account for those things in this story which have perplexed and embarrassed its critics; and--in honour of its 25th anniversary--to share Wilson's delicious literary joke.

Now that Canadian literature has finally been admitted to academic respectability, Ethel Wilson has been recognized as a "writer's writer" and deservedly praised for her exquisite style, her subtlety and her "genius" in establishing the "essence of place" in her fiction. Generally speaking, the criteria used to evaluate her work

are those Northrop Frye describes in Anatomy of Criticism as characteristic of this century: "complete objectivity, suspension of moral judgments and concentration on pure verbal craftsmanship." (2) Critical approaches which are confined to this "ironic provincialism"--to use Frye's term--are necessarily limited and necessarily "inadequate to Ethel Wilson's merits," especially where the novella "Tuesday and Wednesday" is concerned. In the first place, they assume that this work is only a fairly realistic account of the interaction of characters and events in a modern but sleazy Vancouver setting. In the second, they fail to recognize that Wilson wrote not only from her experience and observation of life but also from her experience and observation of literature. Since both life and literature are reflected in "Tuesday and Wednesday" where each complements and illuminates the other, our criteria must somehow be expanded to include both.

Therefore, I suggest that we fashion our critical tools from Frye's general observations that literature is a world in itself; that it is both associative and allusive, deriving its forms only from itself; that it tends to be cyclic--what appears to be "new" being merely the "old" replaced. If we consider especially the practical application of Frye's thesis that literature is both "associative and

allusive"--that one associates what one is reading (or writing) with what one has read, while the author frequently makes associations explicit by direct allusions to other works--and if we expand our critical approach to include both our own associations and Wilson's allusions, I think we will find that literature is cyclic. Indeed, we will see that what appears to be "new" in "Tuesday and Wednesday" is also the "old" transplanted with glorious irreverence to a very lower class setting in Vancouver, B.C.

Briefly, the novella is set in that part of Vancouver where the flotsam and jetsam of society finally come to rest, simply because they are too old, too poor, too lazy or too apathetic to go elsewhere--and because they have reached the limits of the western world. Geographically, physically and psychologically, there is no place left for them to go. Very simply, the story describes the events of two very ordinary days in the lives of its very ordinary characters.

The principal characters are notable for their uncommonly common names: Mortimer Johnson and his wife, Myrtle (Mort and Myrt?); Myrtle's maternal aunt, Mrs. Emblem (or Aunty Emblem); and Myrtle's cousin, Victoria May Tritt, Mort is a gardener--of sorts--who prefers to think of himself as a "big contractor" or a "landscaper" but

really prefers not to work at all. On Tuesday he digs a garden which he should have dug on Monday for Mrs. H. Y. Dunkerly, wife of the lumber magnate, Horace Dunkerly--known as "little Horse Dunkerly" back in Antigonish. Myrt "does" light housework three days a week for Mrs. H.X. Lemoyne who is terrified of her. Aunt Emblem--the "jewel in the dark ear of the Ethiope"--appears to be retired, having been well provided for by her three husbands, "two sod cases and a divorce." The only husband she mentions is "Homer"--but she is considering Mr. Thorsteinsen as husband number four and "discusses endlessly with Maybelle Slazenger, her friend, the advantages and disadvantages of a further marriage." (p. 52) Maybelle Slazenger works in a Beauty Parlour and her apartment harbours a "good many dolls of two or three sexes." Her dolls have a "lot of Personality." (p. 20) Victoria May Tritt, a spinster, has a "small job" in a "little notions shop on Commercial Drive." She is "anonymous, as a fly is anonymous" (p. 66) and "sufficient unto herself, in a parched way and yet she is sometimes lonely with a vast loneliness that for a dreadful moment appals." (p. 67) She lives in a single room on Homer Street. "Vicky Tritt does not know what it feels like to be a woman. Mrs. Emblem knows nothing else." (p.56)

Minor characters also have unlikely names suggesting their personalities.

"Wolfenden," once on staff of the Manchester Guardian, lives "in a hollow tree in Stanley Park with a copy of Montaigne and some old journals." (p. 71) He has a dirty copy of King Lear in his pocket (p. 70) and thinks "people are fools." (p. 71) Eddie Hansen, Mort's friend, is a "powerfully built logger, a high rigger," (p. 85) a prince among men who stays at the Regal Rooms when he is "rather but not quite tight." (p. 85) He is drunk in this story. So drunk that he falls off a wharf and when Mort, too, falls off the wharf trying to save him, both are drowned. Mort also has a friend, "Pork," a war buddy who works at "Love's, [a] Classy Morticians" where his immediate superior is a "young man in black with a gentle demeanour" named Mr. Pontifex. (p. 39) Pork is the janitor at this Classy Morticians.

Although they are nameless, other characters should be noted here. Mort and Myrt both have angels, strange ineffectual creatures who appear to be vestigial consciences but have long given up trying to control their charges. These are a source of amusement to the reader and a chronic embarrassment to critics who would dearly love to see this only as a realistic work.(3) A small kitten plays a significant role in this story. It, too, is nameless.

Finally, the narrator must be considered a character in her own right, for she does not hesitate to comment

freely on characters or events. For example, she is very fond of Aunty Emblem who "lives in a house all pink-looking like a bad house" (p. 23) but "it is not a bad house; it is a good house although it is only one room." (p. 50) Aunty Emblem is a "beautiful golden woman" because she has "decided to keep her hair a warm gold, and it suits her." (p. 19) She is well over fifty, very much over-weight and at night she does not

. . . take off her make-up the way it says to do in the paper, because there might be a fire, or a burglar, or she might die, or might be ill or have to have the doctor, and she would not like to be discovered without her make-up. She just reduces it and freshens it a little. But in the morning she can, and will, take it all off, and later, put it all on again. (p. 53)

The narrator tells us,

You cannot help liking Mrs. Emblem. She is so nice; she is perhaps too fat, now, to be beautiful; but she is--to Mr. Thorsteinsen, to Maybelle, to Mortimer Johnson and to me--alluring, and so she had been to two sod cases and the divorce. (p. 51)

The narrator does not like Myrtle Johnson, although she does not tell us this explicitly. Instead, she shows us by giving Myrtle short shrift in sparse simple sentences very unlike those used to describe the "golden ef-

fulgence" of Aunty Emblem:

Myrtle was no beauty. She had once had a faint disdainful prettiness. Now she stretched herself like a thin cat in the bed. Her hair was both straight and frizzy. Her nose was thin and would someday be very thin. (p. 5)

The narrator does not like Myrtle because she is a slattern, because she henpecks her husband and because she makes people feel "insecure and negligible" by dropping her eyelids an extra quarter inch:

She had, of course, her eyelids for a source of pride; but the queer thing was that Myrtle did not realize her eyelids qua eyelids--they were but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual conceit, and were her instrument; the fact that she was not clean was irrelevant to her scorn of other people, however clean they might be. (p. 8)

In this work, as in all Ethel Wilson's fiction, the narrator is an integral part of the story, for Ethel Wilson seems not to have been impressed by critical theories which condemn authorial intrusion or consider it "old fashioned." While she never uses the phrase "and now Dear Reader," the results are refreshingly the same: the reader has been flattered, as it were, by being taken into the confidence of a wise, witty and compassionate raconteur. The accents of the narrator in this novella, then, are familiar.

Her attitude is not.

Especially in the Tuesday episodes, the narrator appears, if not to be laughing at her characters, at least to be enjoying them almost too shamelessly for decency. Except for her treatment of Victoria May Tritt which is consistently serious, she is almost without the compassion characteristic of her attitude in other works.

The story begins very simply on Tuesday morning with an apparently literal description of the sunrise in Vancouver. Note the paradox, however, for in describing how the sun rises, Wilson shows that it must descend in order to reach the city:

The fresh light of the rising sun touched, and then travelled--losing as it travelled its first quality of morning--down the Golden Ears, down the mountains northeast of Burrard Inlet, down the Sleeping Beauty, down the Lions, and down the lesser slopes descending westwards to the Pacific Ocean, until the radiant sunrise deteriorated into mere flat day. . . . the phenomenon of sunrise, being only the prelude to another day, slid away unobserved by anybody. (p. 3)

Here, as in her other works, Wilson's simple introduction somehow contains the essence of her story. The travel motif introduced by the sun is con-

tinued with each of the characters--even the kitten--for the novella is a series of little circular journeys. Similarly, the characters--and even the events--appear to have suffered the same fate as the "radiant sunrise" which becomes "mere flat day" after its descent into the city. Despite the general deterioration and shoddiness of their lives and surroundings, and despite the trivial and mundane events of the Tuesday episodes, the reader senses that all have known better days. Indeed, there is a certain perverse déjà vu in this novella.

On Tuesday, "mere flat day" is well advanced when Mortimer Johnson gets up "because he had to get up sometime or other" and stands beside the bed in the underwear he has slept in, regarding his sleeping wife and scratching himself luxuriously. "The feeling of the woollen combinations rubbing on his skin gave him a slow obscure pleasure." (p. 4) At this point, we are willing to accept Mort's scratching as a realistic example of what Joyce terms the "simple pleasures of the poor."

However, what follows is a problem:

Mort's angel, who usually woke at the same time as Mort (but sometimes awoke at night and plagued him to no purpose in dreams), stepped for a moment outside its domicile, also stretched, and then returned to its simple yet interesting spiritual or shall we say psychic quarters. Mort's angel had some time ago found out

that the insecurity of the quarters wherein it often rocked as in a rough mountainous sea before settling down again facing in a different direction, was due to a weakness in Mort's potentially strong inner structure, but, as it had discovered that it could do nothing about this weakness, had rather given up. (p. 4)

Angels are not commonplace in beautiful British Columbia. Furthermore, this particular angel's chequered past is described in nautical terms which suggest not only that Mort has travelled considerably but also that he is a decidedly bad navigator. While it appears ridiculously far-fetched to associate Mort Johnson with the epic traveller of Homer's Odyssey at this point, the cumulative evidence of the Tuesday episodes justifies a comparison. Indeed, they represent a very much scaled-down, deflated, distorted and gloriously funny version of the great Ulysses' wanderings. Although the "glories which once were Greece" have faded almost beyond recognition in this sleazy Vancouver setting, Ulysses has lost neither his propensity for misadventure nor his incredibly bad sense of timing.

There are further associations to be made here for the narrator tells us that:

. . . after Mort had looked at his wife as he continued to rub himself, his early morning thought

arose, the first thought of each morning. Was Myrtle pleased last night and will she be pleased this morning when she wakes up or am I in the wrong again, because if she acts like she did yesterday, I'll slug her. He then applied the usual solution to this important little puzzle and walked barefooted and picking up dust into the adjoining room which was the kitchen and everything else, and struck a match and lighted the gas ring and put the kettle on for a cup of tea. When he had made the tea he put the things on a little tray the way Myrtle had taught him to do fifteen years ago, and then he brought the tray to the bedside and put it on the floor because everything else had something on it, and pulled up the blinds and let the morning in, but no air, and bent over Myrtle and poked her.

"Wake up, Myrt, Wake up, Queen," he said in his pleasant hoarse voice that could sound so easy-going or so angry. "Here's your tea, honey," and he watched for the first raising of Myrtle's heavy lids. One of these days if she doesn't treat him good he certainly will slug her. (p. 5)

Those familiar with James Joyce's Ulysses will remember that Leopold Bloom's day began with similar domesticity and associate the absurd figure of Mortimer Johnson with Joyce's Ulysses as well as with

Homer's. While Myrtle Johnson resembles neither the voluptuous Molly Bloom (except in sloth) nor the unbelievably patient Penelope, she is remarkably like Zeus' shrewish wife, Hera. Similarly, Mort's futile threat to "slug Myrt if she doesn't treat him good" echoes Zeus' half-hearted resolution to give his wife a beating for her interference in the Trojan war.(4) Like Hera, who at times detested her husband but loved him sufficiently to be jealous, Myrt "really loved Mort in her own way . . . [but she] reserved the licence to dislike him, to hate him even." (p. 8)

Zeus' romantic proclivities have deteriorated considerably in the figure of Mortimer Johnson for he is simply too "darn lazy" (p. 9) to exercise them. Nevertheless, he still deludes himself in thinking "he knows how to manage [women] . . . (you couldn't tell him anything about women, no Sir!)" (p. 13) and he is not without the vestiges of divine masculinity. When Mrs. H.Y. Dunkerley brings him a cold beer, "she [looks] almost lovingly at him . . . still holding the empty tray like a female Ganymede" (p. 15); when he walks down Hastings Street, "Many women and girls thought Oh what a man, and some gave him soft looks but he did not see them." (p. 36) Finally, Aunty Emblem tells Myrt, "He's a real man, Mort is. What I wouldn't have made of a man like Mortimer Johnson if he'd been my husband is nobody's business! What I mean he's got the makings. You

don't know you're lucky. And I do know. I've had my experience." (p. 23)

When we begin to associate the characters in this novella with their counterparts in myth, we realize that Aunty Emblem has indeed "had her experience." Her "golden effulgence," albeit a dye job, is that of the "beautiful golden goddess" Aphrodite, described in one of the Homeric Hymns (5) but she, too, has suffered in translation. In this sleazy setting, Homer is merely one of her three husbands--the one who drank--and she is reduced to living in a "pink room" on Burrard Street. Nevertheless she has not lost all her charms:

Mort and Myrtle's Aunty always met on the same plane of camaraderie and male and female mutual admiration that was their own natural ambience. Something in Mort roared to life whenever he saw Mrs. Emblem and she played the safe game of advance and retreat with her nephew-by-marriage and her soft shoulders and bosom shook when she laughed, and she was, exactly, a comely golden old comedy actress playing her part very well. (p. 23)

It is small wonder then that Ethel Wilson considered this novella "one of her favourites" or that her attitude towards most of her characters is "different."

What she has done with characters from myth and legend, Wilson has done with

events as well. Mort's homeward journey after digging part of the H.Y. Dunkerly garden is a delicious distortion of both the ten-year journey of Homer's Ulysses and the eighteen-hour peregrinations of Joyce's Leopold Bloom--but Mort's adventures are accomplished in the space of a few hours, for he lacks both the grandiose nature of Homer's hero and the erudition of Joyce's. In his critical study of Joyce, Richard Ellmann observes that Joyce developed an aspect of the Greek epic which Homer had emphasized less exclusively--namely, that Ulysses was the only good mind among the Greek warriors.(6) Ethel Wilson develops an aspect both men overlooked--namely, that Ulysses was the most accomplished liar among the Greek warriors. Despite the ridiculously small scale of Mort's odyssey, episodes may be related to their more heroic counterparts.

Thus Mort's encounter with H.Y. Dunkerly at the stocking counter in Eaton's is both the death of Achilles and the Cyclops' episode. By calling himself "only a working man"--with a "simple-sounding nobility which had no basis in fact:" (p. 32)

Mort excites the violent phobia which nearly caused [H.Y. Dunkerley] to explode when he heard the simple word 'working man' uttered, unless it was applied to anyone who knew what 'work' was in the sense that he, Horace Dunkerley, knew what 'work' was, and had known all his life . . . . So

this was the Achilles' heel of Mr. H.Y. Dunkerley, and Mort had stuck a needle right in and did not know it. (pp. 32-33)

To make matters worse, Mort boasts that he "licked the pants off of [Dunkerley's] big brother Alf" back in Antigonish (where Dunkerley's father had been a "hand-logger and had a yoke of oxen") (p. 34), just as Homer's Ulysses boasted that he had put out the Cyclops' eye. Dunkerley "looked coldly on Mort because he did not like him at all," so Mort feels snubbed. Therefore, he does not buy Myrt a pair of nylons after all; neither does he go home. Instead, he goes to The Old Bodega beer parlour to "ruminate on the unfair and pleasant day he has had." (p. 36)

Foul turns to fair at The Old Bodega, however, for with the unexpected appearance of his old war buddy, Pork, Mort enjoys the Circe episode of his odyssey. Unlike Homer's hero who lingered with Circe for a whole year, feasting on meat and mellow wine, Mort has only three beers with Pork. Nevertheless,

. . . how comfortable it was,  
Pork and Mort sitting across from each other and ordering another beer and taking their time saying things to each other. (p. 37)

Mort tells Pork that he is married to the "finest little woman God ever made . . . the refined type" and that he is doing a "big contracting job--landscaping" a millionaire's place. He

has forgotten that a few minutes ago he had vowed that "he wouldn't go and dig that old garden not if Horse Dunkerley gave him half the earth" (p. 36) and that he had told Mrs. Dunkerley that the doctor thought Myrt had a "slight touch of cancer." (p. 30)

Pork has an equally impressive occupation at "Love's--a classy morticians" (he is the janitor)--and since Mort "never seen an undertaker's place. Behind the scenes you might say," (p. 38) he accompanies his friend on the streetcar--with two changes--to Vancouver's equivalent of the underworld. Mort's journey has none of the terrors of Homer's Ulysses, and the Classy Morticians has little in common with the dark realm of Hades. It is, as the narrator tells us,

. . . a very chic building which was large and spreading and of white stucco with window boxes, and a grass plot all around; the kind of building that caused tourists driving in from Bellingham to say "Oh let's stop here, Momma. This looks like a nice kind of place!" You cannot blame these tourists because it does indeed look like a nice kind of place to stay, but it is not, it is not, it finally and inescapably is not. It is a mortician's place, it is a funeral parlour, it is a funeral home, it is the undertaker's, and people who approach meditatively and a bit early for

the funeral wonder How on earth did we manage in the old days! Back east when Grampa died it doesn't seem to me we had anything swell like this. (p. 39)

Although Mort does not see a long procession of the dead as did Homer's Ulysses, nor attend a funeral as did Leopold Bloom, he is shown the display room of coffins. He is suitably impressed and "snatches off his hat which he had put on again, with a vague feeling of reverence for the dead." (p. 41) Left alone with forty-two new coffins, he decides to choose one for Myrt and settles on one "prettily lined with shining blue." As a result of these sad imaginings, . . . he became sentimental and then he became unhappy. He became luxuriously unhappy and mysteriously elevated [so his angel] took advantage of this to start the thought that he'd better not stay here thinking up funerals when nobody was even dead, and he'd better get home to supper because Myrt would be mad. (p. 42)

Armed with a nearly-fresh "bokay of gladioluses [that] come too late" (p. 43) for a funeral, like the Greek bearing gifts, Mort starts for home. This last lap is the most terrifying of his odyssey, for he is fully aware that "Myrtle [will] be at one of her stages--either not pleased, mad, or

very mad." (p. 44) She is very mad-- and she is not alone:

Oh radiant vision, temporary rainbow, there sat his friend Mrs. Emblem in the rocking chair! Backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards she rocked, smiling at him in her effulgent indulgent way. Well, whaddaya know! (p. 45)

Like Paris before him, Mort precipitates war by almost awarding the wilted bokay to Auntie Emblem and then remembering just in time to give it to his wife. "Here's a few flowers for you, honey," he said in his husky voice, "thought you'd like a few flowers, Queen." (p. 46) But the harm has been done.

The "temporary rainbow" departs tactfully, having given Mort advice befitting an ancient and experienced Aphrodite:

Now, Morty, don't you be a fool. You go right on upstairs to Myrtle. She's waiting to bawl you out for being late and don't you pay too much attention. Don't go crawling around--you don't have to. Act like a man of spirit but you don't need to lose your temper. Myrtle's got to get it out of her system if you know what I mean. (p. 47)

Nevertheless, the equivalent of the Trojan war erupts because Myrt has "flared up into active anger" and the battle reaches Olympian proportions when Mort begins "stomping about, and [lifting] up a chair and [whanging] it down again on to the floor. Up

and down the room he [stomps]." However, like the Trojan war which ended abruptly when the wooden horse entered the city, this war ends when "'Mew,' said a kitten, and ran out from under the sink and rubbed itself, arching and purring, against Myrtle's ankles." (p. 60)

Like the Trojan horse which deceived the inhabitants of Troy, the kitten deceives Myrt; like his heroic predecessor, Mort uses it to his advantage. "That cat's crazy about you," said Mort ingratiatingly:

"Sure is," said Myrtle, and she picked up the kitten. "If it's a tom I'd like to keep it. We got mice. I don't want no cat families round here but I'd like a tom. Some people say you can tell by their noses if they're a tom," and Myrtle held up the kitten and looked at its innocent face and its inscrutable pink nose. . . . "and a party told me," continued Myrtle, up-ending the kitten who clawed the air this way and that, "that if it's a she, they's a place shaped like a violet under its tail . . . ."

"That's a hell of a place to look for a violet, under a cat's tail," said Mort. But he bent forward, his hands on his knees and scrutinized the kitten. "That don't look to me like no violet, but I wouldn't know."

"Then it's a tom . . .  
that's certny no violet . . .  
Morty, you just take that box  
the onions are in and dump them  
out and go down and run across to  
Baxter's garden and get some  
dirt." (p. 61)

And so, Ethel Wilson implies, did the Greeks gain access to the city of Troy. The kitten, of course, is not a tom, for the Johnson's knowledge of cat anatomy is as limited as the Trojans' of wooden horses. When Mort returns with the box of dirt but without the spoon he has used to dig it, the kitten becomes a source of pride and admiration to the same degree--if not for the same reason--as the wooden horse to the Trojans:

"Mroo, mroo," said the kitten, and with croons of delight ran to the box, scrambled up the side, scratched in the dirt, and sat down. The kitten's face took on a look of blissful angelic abstraction. The kitten wore the same distant ineffable look as does a young child occupied in the same business. "Well, whaddaya know!" said Mort smiling down at the kitten. (p. 62)

Who would have thought that a "woman writer"--from Vancouver, of all places--would have the temerity to poke fun at the great James Joyce's literary masterpiece and to demote the inhabitants of Mount Olympus, holus bolus, to the least attractive neighbourhood

in Vancouver? And who would have thought that a "woman writer" could do this so successfully, in "English as it ought to be written"? Not even Sean O'Faolàin of the BBC realized that Wilson had reduced characters and events of heroic and literary consequence to the lowest level of unimportant urbanity in the Tuesday section of this novella--then reversed this procedure in the Wednesday. And who would have thought that after centuries of wandering through the literature of the Western world, the ubiquitous Ulysses would finally come to the end of his journeys--not in Homer's Greece, Dante's Inferno, Tennyson's Happy Isles, not even in Joyce's Dublin--but drowned in the "dark waters" of Burrard Inlet in Wilson's sleazy Vancouver? (On Wednesday, Mort falls off a wharf in his good-hearted but bumbling attempt to save his drowning friend, Eddie Hansen.) Rest assured, however, that "in a manner not unbecoming [one] who strove with Gods," he is given the "death of a hero" (p. 123)--not by the great Homer, of course, but by little Vicky May Tritt who lives on Homer Street.

I have done violence to this novella by isolating its literary joke. It is much more than this. Like all her works, "Tuesday and Wednesday" is the fruit of more than half a century of experience and observation of the "strange human predicament"--for Wilson herself was a very interested traveller

in the metaphorical journey of life and, for all its humour and deceptive simplicity, her novella is a serious work. As she said herself, "[My fiction] is serious even when it is funny (for serious fiction may also be funny fiction.)" Explorations in the fiction of this "woman writer" who has been too long neglected should bring readers much satisfaction--like the explorations of the kitten who becomes a tiny Ulysses while Myrt and Myrt sleep:

The kitten, who was not a tom,  
felt her way about in the dark

which was, to her, transparent,  
and learned the room. Feral,  
wise, with her inscrutable little  
hunter's nose and whiskers she  
felt and explored and recorded  
each chair leg, each table leg,  
each corner. . . . Then she slept  
fitfully. . . . But sometimes  
she awoke, remembering something  
pleasant. Then she jumped lightly  
down and ran to her box. She  
scrambled up the side of her box  
and sat down, quivering, still,  
looking into the transparent dark  
with bliss. (p. 63)

#### NOTES

1. Ethel Wilson, The Equations of Love (Toronto: Macmillan, 1974). All further references to "Tuesday and Wednesday" will be taken from this edition.
2. Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), p. 62.
3. The Toronto Globe and Mail considered the story "admirably realistic in [its] presentation of the lives of people plodding along on the humbler levels of contemporary Canadian society." The Toronto critic apparently believed angels are commonplace in beautiful British Columbia. They are not.
4. Edith Hamilton, Mythology (New York: Mentor Books, 1942), p. 188.
5. Ibid., p. 32.
6. Richard Ellmann, James Joyce (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965), p. 370.