

memories of the continent. Other readers, never in Africa, would probably have wanted to see images of the land that is being explored. It is probably for reasons of money that we have only text here, for Lightfoot-Klein mentions several times her camera and those of others. This lack of pictures is regrettable.

I also regret the absence of any self-questioning. After a difficult or even horrid childhood, with both parents abusing the child, and an unhappy marriage, the miracle of the author's rebirth, her self-assurance, her multi-orgasmic encounters with love seem almost too miraculous. As does her easily found forgiveness with regard to Germany. On her way to Hamburg, by train, she meets a young German couple and their children. The couple is tormented by guilt, especially in the presence of a Jew. However, she assures them that it was not their fault, that it had happened long before they were born, and so on. "Their eyes glowed with gratitude" and on they went and lived happily ever after, I suppose, while Hanny Lightfoot-Klein places both her hands over her heart "in a universal gesture of love." To me, this is too easy. The hitchhiking, the love-making with truckers and others, the investigation of cruel, misogynist practice: all of this seems to take on an unbecoming lightness.

And what about Ulysses? Was no female symbol available? Could no female myth be found? Just for encouragement?

Lightfoot-Klein's journeys into Africa end with a rape. After all, she will need to return home, establish herself in a safer place. She tries to deal with the violent crime by calling it, to herself, "a little, little, insignificant rape." However, she is plunging over the edge of sanity. Almost destroyed, she follows her own recipe for recovery from unhappiness and misery; she climbs a mountain and finds new

strength in adversity. A wooden goddess, bought in some marketplace, becomes her permanent companion and protector.

Obviously, having returned to North America, Hanny Lightfoot-Klein threw herself energetically into the task of communicating to others the results of her research and the memories of her private journey. Successfully so.

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**Around 1981: Academic Feminist Literary Theory.** Jane Gallop. *New York: Routledge, 1992, Pp. 276 paperback.*

In 1981, Elizabeth Abel asked Jane Gallop to review the feminist issue of *Critical Inquiry* that became *Writing and Sexual Difference*. For Gallop, that book was a timely encounter of feminist criticism and poststructuralism, and her review was the origin of her new book. *Around 1981* is a sustained and timely consideration of this and other encounters. As Gallop explains towards the end of the book:

In the present study, "around 1981" locates a moment when feminist criticism attains some sort of centrality. And, in the present study, that moment is centrally connected to the figure of Elaine Showalter. Showalter is, in every sense of the word, framed by the present book which describes a structure radiating from that moment. (222)

Gallop goes back to the '70s and ahead to the mid-'80s to gain strategic perspectives; as she writes in her "Afterword," "From around 1975 to around 1983, the mainstream of academic feminist criticism focused on women's writing in the Euro-American high cultural tradition [Showalter's 'gynocritics']. This book tells the story of that period, from the preparations for it up to its dismantling" (240). In an

irony that Gallop notes briefly, American feminist literary criticism “became secure and prospered in the academy while feminism as a social movement was encountering major setbacks in a climate of new conservatism” (10). Those setbacks are topics for another history. *Around 1981* is the history of feminist criticism’s academic success, with the insistence that “academic success” should not be considered pejoratively: “None of us just woke up one day to discover that she had a Ph.D., a full-time academic job, much less tenure” (4).

If you are interested in Gallop’s subject and can overcome your anti-professionalism, *Around 1981* is a brilliant book. Gallop focuses on twelve key anthologies, from *Images of Women in Fiction* (1972) to *Feminist Issues in Literary Scholarship* (1987). She explains her method in her introduction:

Reading an anthology as a whole is a method for getting at “symptoms” which recur across various authors. Rather than pointing to some individual’s blind spots, these might indicate conflicts inhering in a collective situation. I am interested in the marks produced in the discourse of knowledge by a subject, not by an individual but by a collective subject, the academic feminist critics. (7)

Gallop is remarkably resourceful in her symptomatic readings. Nothing escapes her scrutiny, from the politics of citations to revisions, typographical errors, and contributors’ notes. She is especially concerned with the anthologists’ arrangements of essays into master narratives:

Typically, I identify a central, hegemonic voice in the anthology, usually the editor(s)’s, which would organize all the voices into a unity and then I locate points of resistance within the volume to

that unification. I place my weight behind those internal differences as a wedge against the centrist drive” (165). That is to say, Gallop interrogates the dominant tendencies within feminist criticism, arguing that the rhetoric of “sisterhood” might be concealing deep rivalries (85).

I was especially impressed by “The Attraction of Matrimonial Metaphor,” the long chapter on *Making a Difference: Feminist Literary Criticism*, edited by Gayle Greene and Coppélia Kahn (1985). Should the contributors to this volume be using marriage as a metaphor for the resolution of difference? For Gallop, “As this anthology variously promotes difference *within* a now poststructuralist, academic literary institution, the tendency to celebrate a marriage of difference while forgetting the structural analysis of the institution leads me to wonder in fact what difference it makes” (183). The point is not just that the marriage metaphor is potentially heterosexist, but also that it reduces a complex situation to a simple binary opposition: “If we can drape our various oppositions, contradictions, the terms of our troubled wishes, in the trappings of sexual difference, then we have a conventional scenario to imagine a happy ending. And who does not want a happy ending?” (196). However, if a feminist criticism is seriously to address race as well as class and gender, Gallop suggests, it will have to forsake such comforting narratives for the consideration of differences that may be irreducible.

In a note, Gallop writes that “The prevalence of this metaphor may find uncanny resonance with the focus on Showalter who is after all, literally, ‘married to English’ (her husband is English Showalter)” (265, note 6). That aside raises the question of why Gallop frames Showalter. The main objection is that Showalter’s “Feminist Criticism in the Wilderness,” by defining and privileging gynocritics,

excludes other kinds of feminist practice. However, Showalter is probably less influential than Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar.

To understand Gallop's antagonism, it is necessary to recall Showalter's comment on Gallop: "Some feminist critics have taken upon themselves a revisionism which becomes a kind of homage; they have made Lacan the ladies' man of *Diacritics* ..." (*Writing and Sexual Difference*, 13-14; a note cites Gallop's "The Ladies' Man," *Diacritics* 1976). After a lengthy contrast of Showalter and Cheri Register, Gallop writes: "I do not wish to demonize Showalter for her enviable success nor do I mean to idealize Register for her marginality. Register spoke out of turn and was dismissed; Showalter has an exquisite sense of timing" (118). Nonetheless, her severe treatment of Showalter is at least partially at odds with Gallop's own warnings against disparaging academic success, even if it is consistent with her resistance to centralizing tendencies. Then, however, Gallop insists that no subject is free of conflict and contradiction. She is even suspicious when others attempt to relegate Showalter to an earlier stage of feminist criticism: *Making a Difference* "would go beyond the definition of feminist criticism as the study of writing by women, beyond gynocritics, beyond Elaine Showalter. The latter, however, with her own excellent sense of timing, in 1989 edits an anthology entitled *Speaking of Gender*" (242).

That last sentence cannot be wholly ironic, for, in its historicist self-consciousness and its attention to institutional politics, *Around 1981* is nothing if not timely.

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**Sister Woman.** J.G. Sime's (with introduction by Sandra Campbell). *Nepean, ON: Tecumseh Press, 1992 (1919), Pp. 293 paperback.*

It is a welcome sight to see J.G. Sime's *Sister Woman* come back into print more than sixty years after it was first published in London. Described in 1921 as a "seemingly inspired interpreter of womanhood [who] has already made a unique place for herself among Canadian writers" (*The [Montreal] Gazette*, 23 Apr. 1921, n.p.), Georgina Sime was a vital part of the Canadian literary scene in the first decades of the twentieth century, serving with Montreal P.E.N. for over twenty years, lecturing extensively throughout Ontario and Quebec, and bringing the messages of literature to popular audiences. Of Scottish descent, Sime grew up in the fashionable London suburb of Chiswick. (Her family consorted with the literary personalities of Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle, Daniel Macmillan, William Morris, and "Willie" Yeats.) She lived for long stretches in Europe and in Edinburgh, and immigrated to Canada in 1907. Once in Montreal, Sime supported her writing first by a day job as secretary in a gynecologist's office, and later by some prudent investments in the stock market. Indeed, she was so pleased with her success in this unusual territory that she compiled a treatise — not surprisingly left unpublished — entitled "Market Maxims by the Monna Lisa of the Market-Place." "Play the market long enough, and it will catch you in the end," and "the end of a market-career and the close of a passionate love are alike in this: one never ceases being thankful to be done with both, and one is never finished longing to be in the thick of the two once more" are but two of these collected aphorisms.

A complex and elusive person and likely quite a difficult personality, Sime's politics ranged through the years — and there were many of them, for she died in 1958 at the age