androcentric world comes the author as an angel of mercy dispensing advice and medicines, transporting patients to hospital and admonishing the men, and providing her best friends with gifts which the natives initially do not comprehend, for her "gift-giving followed an individualistic western pattern but Fofu thinking did not." Indeed, one of her friends to whom she gives a bottle of body lotion is divorced because her husband is suspicious of the lotion "and thought that Sofia was practicing witchcraft with it"! This would be a sick joke if it were not so serious.

As the text progresses the usual ethnographic binaries unfold in all their tarnished simplicities, contrasting a traditional, communal, animistic, polygamous Africa with a modern, individualistic, Christian, monogamous West, and on this scale of fixed dichotomies are measured the different conceptions of time, hygiene, and child-rearing among Africans and "westerners." And the Fofu themselves are neatly distinguished, besides the rigid divisions of gender, not along class lines, but by the spatial solitudes of city and country. The Fofu rural folk are examined in the first half of the book, and their urban-based kin in the second half. In this narrative the post-colonial city compares unfavourably with the rural villages: it is a cesspool of filth and decadence, banditry and theft, unemployment, and the ever-irresponsible men.

But lurking beneath this comparison is the valorization of rural life as authentically African and urbanization as a failed western imposition. "The foreigners who had lived in Bululu before independence," the author laments, "remembered the town as well kept and neat. When we moved there, it was run down." Even the women are said to remember "that during colonial times, the salaries of their husbands had been so good that the wives did not need to lower themselves to such dangerous and illegal activities" as liquor distilling. Which colonial times? During Leopold's Red Rubber Kingdom, or the heyday of labour migration to the mining graveyards? This is to suggest that in this book hearsay is taken for history, and as in many colonial ethnographic accounts local practices or events are not anchored into the regional, national, and international circuits of control and exploitation. Zaire's disastrous colonial heritage, reincarnated in Mobutu's ruthless, kleptocratic regime, is nothing more than a misty presence in this study.

Zaire has attracted its fair share of western intellectual diviners, from Joseph Conrad to V.S. Naipaul, all inspired by their peculiar anxieties and fantasies that had little to do with the country and its people. Warkerntin was motivated by boredom. "Frustrated by the confined and dull existence of a bush pilot's wife," she writes, "the author becomes curious about Zairian life. She starts to visit African life and then to study anthropology." Perhaps boredom and frustration are not enough for good scholarship.

SEXUAL HARASSMENT: HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS SPEAK OUT

June Larkin. Toronto: Second Story Press, 1994.

by Beverley Lynn Naveau

One of the ways in which we judge the merit of a work of non-fiction is to ask: "To what extent has the author accomplished what she/he set out to do?" June Larkin has written this book "to help educators, parents, and students understand and deal with the sexual harassment that goes on in schools." It is intended as a "resource for those who want to make schools healthier places for girls." Based solely on the number of professionals, non-professionals, students, and academics who have recommended the work to me in the time since its publication, she has indeed been very successful.

The book's popularity is also an indication of its accessibility. Based on a sound analysis of gender inequities in schools and on her own research, Larkin's style makes what could be a purely academic thesis an eminently readable report. In a clearly organized approach, she covers the meaning of the term "sexual harassment" in the context of a sexist society; a discussion of this neglected form of gender bias; the process by which young women in her project came to recognize its practice; the young women's accounts of sexual harassment; and some educational resources and strategies for dealing with the problem. The result is a "grim picture of high school life for female students"—one which Larkin believes must change.

A former elementary teacher, now a professor of Women's Studies at the University of Toronto and Co-ordinator for the Women's Sexual Harassment Caucus at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, Dr. Larkin conducted the study on which the book is based in four high schools in urban, rural, and small town Ontario. Over sixty students participated in the research, and twenty-five students were interviewed in depth. Part of the value in this work is in the inclusion of the voices of these young women describing their experiences, in their own words. Far too often we adults say we know what the children and youth think and know and experience; we too rarely listen to what they *really* have to say.

What they have to say is graphic, violent, and disturbing. They describe girls abandoning plans for careers in medicine because of sexist attitudes of science teachers, female students being stalked, threatened, flashed, and rated on appearance by the male students, and "gestures, jokes, grabbing, pinching, and stuff like that," happening so frequently that it is seen as "normal" behaviour. They relate incidents of verbal, physical, visual, homophobic, and racial harassment, and "the ultimate harassment"—date rape. And they describe their fear and feelings of hopelessness at trying to deal with these situations.

Larkin does not intend to generalize from her research sample; not every female student experiences all or any of these forms of harassment. But considering the universality of the experience begs the question: "How much is too much?" While defining the scope of the problem is important, one cannot lose the significance of, or condone, or normalize, even one incident of such threats to the safety of our daughters. In fact, much data is available to support Larkin's findings.

Considerable research has been conducted in the last few decades on teenage girls, especially in regard to their loss of self-esteem in adolescence (Carol Gilligan's *Making Connections* and the Canadian Teachers' Federation "A Cappella" report are examples). Many initiatives have been undertaken to help girls overcome barriers to an equitable education (for instance those encouraging female students to succeed in Math and Science). The problem with existing programs, argues Larkin, is that, for the most part, they focus on "fixing" what is wrong with girls. Most ignore the devastating psychological impact of the "destructive behaviour levelled at them" which "acts like a wall that blocks young women's movement toward equality in education."

One of the ways in which all of the barriers can be removed is for education systems to adopt the AICE model of equal opportunity, developed by Larkin and research partner Pat Staton. This comprehensive model gives equal weight to four components: Access, Inclusion, Climate, and Empowerment. By meeting the criteria of this model, says Larkin, educators will be "tackling" sexual harassment in schools "in its wider context of gender inequity in education," and this "will move us a giant step closer to making schools more supportive places for female students."

Doris Anderson, in *The Unfinished Revolution* (Doubleday, 1991), states that one of the "big steps that must be taken" to challenge "the basic inequalities between the power of men and women" is to "root out—once and for all—sex stereotyping and sexist attitudes in schools, where they still flourish."

As a mother whose daughter participated in this research, and as an educator active in the "rooting out," I for one hope that this book and the AICE model which grew out of the project will receive the attention they deserve as valuable contributions to resolving a problem which has been clearly identified, and whose solution is long overdue: sexism in patriarchal educational systems.

HELEN LUCAS ... HER JOURNEY— OUR JOURNEY

Directed by Donna Davy. Davy Productions, 1996.

by Jocelyn Allen

Here is a film to celebrate. Donna Davy has produced, directed, and co-written a documentary film on Canadian artist Helen Lucas which is visually beautiful and very moving. Let it be said at the outset that Helen Lucas, best known for her very large canvasses of flowers, is at this moment evidently in her vibrant prime, painting at full power. Lucas has travelled far in her life, not only from her origins in a Greek immigrant community in Saskatoon, but also in her evolution as a woman and as an artist. Lucas' journey, implies Davy in her title, has much in common with the life journey of all women; she suggests that to share Helen Lucas' experience through this film is to illuminate the way we as women see ourselves.

How does Davy achieve this? The films moves back and forth in time between the present (through conversations with Lucas and others), and the past (through flashbacks to her childhood). To evoke the past Davy uses early photographs, reenactment of the child Helen by two young children, glimpses of her early art work, and highly articulate observations by Helen herself. Punctuating this format are glowing commentaries on Helen—by women artists and friends, her daughter, art critics, and gallery owners who have shown Lucas' work. Her friend Margaret Laurence, too, has a say through letters and a photographic presence. (These "asides" enhance the film, except where they become repetitive). Davy blends these various ingredients into a brilliant, fluidly changing succession of images on the screen to produce a highly affecting portrait. Some of these images act as major touchstones to Helen's life and work.

The opening image is stunning. The camera from on high pans across a field of tall sunflowers in full bloom. Amidst this mass of fierce yellows and golds we discover Helen's dark head and brilliant blue figure, gathering flowers. We are reminded of her huge, close-up canvasses of these self-same flowers, large enough and seemingly inviting enough for us to walk right into. The sunflower image—in the field and on the canvas—points up the inseparable link between Lucas' life and her art.

Icons of the Greek Orthodox Church dominate Helen's memories of a repressed, almost monastic childhood in her Greek immigrant community. To her, these stern, male icons "judged or blessed according to their will,"[1] and assailed her for the failure of being female. Icons of the Virgin Mary represented the ideal of womanhood—submissive, chaste, asexual, and silent. In this church community the only female sexuality which was acknowledged openly (and condemned with horror) was that of the whore.

In her life and her art Helen struggles to come to terms with these icons and the values they represent to her. With great courage she escapes Saskatoon and medical school to attend the Ontario College of Art in Toronto—only to find herself quickly transplanted into another Greek community, another Greek church, and a difficult Greek marriage. The birth of her two daughters both enlarges and restricts her life. The artistic