



ed to a business that began to go bankrupt the day it was incorporated and left to her the problems of finding enough money to feed us and pay the rent and electricity and gas and the Hebrew Free Loan Society and the Provident Loan Society, which held the little diamond ring she had bought on time and had hocked immediately to pay for the appendectomy of my oldest sister. We moved to Jersey City and then to Hoboken and back to Brooklyn and then to Worcester and then back to Brooklyn again, following my father as he went from job to job. The actual moving must have appeared as a magical act to my father. He would leave some weeks before for the new job. On the appointed day, he would appear at the new address, where he found furniture and family unpacked and supper ready. I do not think I have made clear what I want to say. It was my mother who packed and unpacked and found the money for the movers.

One can see, then, that my mother did nothing worth recording, like millions of women throughout history and the world. Serving her parents and then her husband, raising children, the death of a child, coping with the Depression, sending sons off to

war, watching her own decay, wondering what it all meant, my mother was like most women who ever lived — their lives were not genuinely recordable happenings. Then, in medicated semi-coma, guarded by the Jamaican nurse, she watched her children come from afar to see her die, she watched her husband weep, saw them peer at her again and again, wondering whether she was alive. Was it worth all the trouble? She stared at the family and drew deeper and deeper into herself for herself and waited without joy and without hysteria, without rage and without fear, and with some regret, for her life to end.

This is no criticism of *The Dinner Party*, I want to say again. But one is allowed to ask, should there not have been a setting — indeed, a central setting — for the Unknown Woman, for my mother and everyone's mother? And if this is too much to ask for, then at least a tile without a name for all the unnamed women who have left no addresses?

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MIRROR IMAGE

Needing Lot's wife.
Craving Circe.
A mingling and a blend
become your expectations.

Your anger grows.
You aim words
that run in packs;
barking commands,
trying to control me.

Your words land
upon my doorstep,
but I've left you
nipping at my heels.
You cannot touch me now.
I am beyond you.

No longer
a pillar of salt
or temptress.
The mirror
broke in two
trying
to reflect your images.

Jennie Fowler Wendland
Surrey, British Columbia

TRANSLATIONS

and him saying
the man's the boss
because
that's the way it is
and her
mute before such invocations
crying in her weary kitchen

the memory
rising around my tongue
like an old idiom
and I fluent too late
and in a new language

Leona Gom
Surrey, British Columbia