

plexions because they used to eat fresh meat like their father." Their father, who is, we are told, "a very good husband, though he used to eat up little children," in a drunken fit of mistaken identity arranged by Little Poucet, eventually "without more ado, cut the throats of all his seven daughters."

If vampire tales really do reflect the unspeakable thoughts of very small children which haunt them in nightmares, how could we inflict such a horrifying tale on the sensitive minds of the young? Children are reassured, not by the fact that the ogre was a good husband, but that Little Poucet, "no bigger than one's thumb," who bore the blame for everything that was done amiss in the house, who was always in the wrong at home, outwits the dreadful ogre and gains a great deal of money:

He made the whole family very easy, bought places for his

father and brothers, and by that means settled them very handsomely in the world, and in the mean time made his own court to perfection.

The message that fairy tales get across to children, according to Bruno Bettelheim, is "that a struggle against severe difficulties in life is unavoidable, is an intrinsic part of human existence — but that if one does not shy away, but steadfastly meets unexpected and often unjust hardships, one masters all obstacles and at the end emerges victorious" (*The Uses of Enchantment*, Vintage Books, p. 8).

Violence and horror there are. The Queen in "Snow White" instructs the huntsman, "Kill her, and bring me back her lung and liver as a token"; the King of Colchester's daughter washes and combs three severed heads; Jack

the Giant Killer comes across Bones and Skulls, Hearts and Livers, and discovers "three fair Ladies, tied by the Hair of their Head, almost starved to death"; in "Bluebeard" dead bodies lie in a forbidden closet; a wicked witch kills, cooks, and eats children in "Hansel and Gretel"; in "The Juniper Tree" a little boy is chopped in pieces, put in a pan, and made into black puddings; and an ogre drools at the thought of being able to treat his friends to a meal of fresh children in "Hop o' My Thumb."

But in the end the wicked are punished, and social order, even bourgeois comfort, prevails; good triumphs over evil and justice is seen to be done.

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Thanks to Nameless Psychotic Killers

I stand

14 floors above the heated city
and you, whoever the hell you are
with your straggly reddish beard
and bloodshot eyes

stand with me

in the elevator box.

You speak

of the heat
the cost of gasoline
and the sluggishness of the elevator.

As I listen,

I quietly place a quarter
between each of the knuckles
on my right hand,
and close my fist.

Virginia Lovering
Downsview, Ontario

Je travaille avec des groupes composés de femmes depuis 6 ans; j'ai rencontré des centaines de mères-poules, donc, des centaines de femmes violentes.



Les mères-poules sont souvent des violentes portant le masque généreux de la compassion et surtout (méfiez-vous) de la pitié!



Quand une femme se rend indispensable, quand elle fait tout pour son (sa) conjoint(e), ses enfants, ses ami(e)s, elle leur signifie sa force et leur faiblesse, elle les invite à l'impuissance et elle les prépare à subir.