the feeling that ... she understood my yearning, my fears." "Keeping a Watching Brief" reports memory after memory of this kind, and also assembles testimony from a number of students who had experience with Royce's academic toughness and her adherence to the rules. But the balance weighs heavily on the side of her ubiquitous and benign influence and the gratitude that women students felt for her efforts on their behalf: "She was the first person I ever met who tried to show me I might see my life in relation to my own self, my own needs and desires. I can still visualize her trying to suggest possibilities for a woman's life that were new and different at the time."

Jean Royce's life was by no means circumscribed by her professional concerns. She was a tireless traveller and her holidays were full of trips all over Europe, North America, and the Caribbean, in later years accompanied by her good friend and companion, Margaret Hooey. For years she was closely involved with the Canadian Federation of University Women, attending a good many conferences of the International Federation at home and abroad. She corresponded faithfully with family members, especially Marion. She cared for her mother in her apartment in Kingston during the final months of Katherine's life. Always, she made lasting friends, both among the generations of students to whom she was a powerful mentor and authority figure, and among her own contemporaries.

Roberta Hamilton, a Professor of Sociology at Queen's, has spent several years researching and writing this biography. She is an able advocate, though the discourse of sociology is not always the most fitting language for the story of her subject. The terms "working class" and "middle class" grate on the ears of one who, like myself, grew up in Royce's era and never heard those terms used. The word "class" was simply not a part of our social awareness; it has been imposed as a part of sociology's and history's descriptive vocabulary and its validity rests solely within those disciplines. David Royce's social status derived from his prominent position in his church, not from the fact that he worked for weekly wages. Hamilton's method, her strong advocacy, also results in some confusion: on the one hand she wants throughout to argue a feminist thesis; on the other hand she is committed to an even-handed biography. As narrator she also feels free to establish her presence within the text: There are many occasions when her comments blur and distort the story she is telling.

She bases her entire narrative on the sad drama of Royce's dismissal by Principal Corry, just one year before her expected retirement in 1968 and on the breakdown which followed. Considering the facts of her predecessor, Alice King's post-retirement breakdown and the abundant evidence that like King, Jean Royce was "worked out," Corry's action, while regrettable, is also, in the context of the times, understandable. In the late sixties Ontario universities faced an unprecedented increase in enrolment and therefore in administrative complexity. Teaching at a newly-fledged York at the time, my colleagues and I were aware daily of the pressures that were building on every university's administration. Furthermore, we were aware that Queen's was recalcitrant, vowing to hold the line against a massive increase in students, a determination that was doomed to fail in the face of the province's pressure.

The story of Jean Royce and particularly of her dismissal needs to be told in that context. Temporarily crushed and broken in health, she was one of a small army of women who, like her, made enormous contributions to Ontario's universities. Dalhousie, it is said, had its "Miss Royce." So did Western in Helen Allison, the Assistant Registrar of my day and later, Registrar. Of course they were exploited; so were the very few women who were tolerated as faculty. An irrepressibly strong woman, Jean Royce regained her health and her undaunted spirit. She lived many good years and happy ones until her death in 1984, certainly aware of the lasting legacy she was leaving to women in general and to Queen's in particular.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE FIRST

Susan Doran
New York: New York University Press, 2003

REVIEWED BY NANCI WHITE

Imagine an historical romance where the helpless female protagonist is born, several months too early for those who can add, into a wealthy royal Renaissance illegal marriage. Before her third birthday her lascivious, powerful father has her mother publicly beheaded. By the time she is four, her new stepmother has produced the sought after male heir but gives her life in the attempt, making little Liza an official bastard. By nine, a second stepmother who produces no male heir is beheaded as well. Dad remarries again only to die four years later, making her younger, tubercular brother king of the realm. When she is sweet sixteen her brother investigates her for treason, imprisons her and keeps her under surveillance until he dies of his illness four years later. At this point, her older wicked Catholic stepsister, no stranger to being a bastard herself, succeeds as queen and has our heroine imprisoned in the Tower of London. For the next five years she lives in seclusion under house arrest while sister Mary tries to decide whether to behead her or not. Finally, her sister, believing herself pregnant by Philip of Spain, dies a painful death from uterine cancer, disguising itself as an heir. Thus, at the tender age of 25, the royal bastard, the last woman

standing, becomes Queen of England and her troubles begin in earnest.

That this is a plot entirely too gothic and rich in invention to be believed is unquestionable but it is indeed a factual account of the early life and times of Elizabeth the First. In her new, concise biography of the "virgin" monarch, Susan Doran, a professor of Early Modern History at Oxford, brings to us the vulnerability of all 16th century females, especially those of high rank, embroiled in the neverending political and religious brawls started by Elizabeth's father, Henry the Eighth, because he wanted out of his marriage vows to his brother's widow and into bed with Anne Boleyn, a cunning, toothsome young court beauty. That she was alleged to have six fingers on one hand only added to her appeal as a sexual partner.

What makes Doran's biography the one to read is first its compactness: in a mere 137 pages Elizabeth appears before us as she begins: young, innocent, oppressed, and bright. She received a first class Humanist education, speaking four modern languages and being a whiz at Latin and Greek (though her tutor thought her pronunciation poor). We pity her quiet as a mouse existence under the watchful eye of first her hapless brother, then her fanatical sister. She emerges, shaken and stirred, as a bitter and politically savvy woman, saddled by empire and attacked regularly by Spanish and French ambitious bullies, eager to add her kingdom to their own. She would rule with extreme competence, albeit bald at the end, for 60 years and steer England to world domination.

The second major plus in Doran's research is the wealth of historical documentation which allows us access to the private life of Elizabeth as the naughty, outcast-makes-good, funseeker, with a killer corporate job. An early example of her trials as a female is a premature birth announcement for her in which the word "prince" [has been born], is hastily rewritten as "princess." This gender misstep would cost her mother her head. Or a family portrait when she was 11 where she and Mary, the spurious daughters, are widely separated from the then happy but doomed family unit of Henry, Jane Seymour, and the long-awaited but short-lived Prince Edward. A pathetic attempt to ingratiate herself with an endless series of stepmothers with their own reproductive agendas is shown in the book of meditations, translated from the French, wrapped in a hand-embroidered cover, which Liz makes from scratch for Queen Katherine Parr.

But Cinderella has her revenge. After her coronation she makes up for sartorial exile in the form of dresses featuring acres of pearls and pounds of precious jewels. No monarch in subsequent British history has surpassed her shopping spree. In her social aspect she shows us that girls just want to have fun: charming, witty and generous with those she loved, she had a not so appealing habit, acquired from Dad no doubt, of beheading her favourites if they proved disloyal in any way, real or imagined. And despite the political intrigue, marriage proposals, plots against her life, invasion by the Spanish Armada, and civil wars over succession, she found time for dancing, theatre, composing music, singing, writing poetry, and royal progresses.

However, Doran does not pander sufficiently to my prurient interest in the Queen's sex life. Did she or didn't she? And with whom? Essex and Dudley had a shot to be sure but Doran remains coy on the subject of the dirty royal laundry.

Too bad.

Enquiring minds, it seems, DO want to know, even 400 years later.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FICTION ON SCREEN

Robert Mayer, Ed.
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002

REVIEWED BY NATALIE NEILL

Eighteenth-Century Fiction on Screen, edited by Robert Mayer, is the first book in the mushrooming field of adaptation studies to deal specifically with film adaptations of eighteenth-century literature. The volume consists of eleven critical essays that analyze a variety of movies—mostly "period" films—and the classic British and continental novels upon which they're based. The essays offer an introduction to cinematic depictions of the eighteenth century, largely derived from the literature of the period. Because of its cross-disciplinary character, this volume will appeal to a variety of readers, particularly those with an interest in literature of the "long" eighteenth century and those interested in the process of novel-to-film adaptation.

Although it is nowhere mentioned in the Cambridge collection, compared with the countless commercial films based on canonical nineteenth-century novels, there have been relatively few adaptations of "classics" from the preceding century. In his 1949 article "Dickens, Griffith, and the Film Today," early film theorist Sergei Eisenstein argued that the very grammar of narrative cinema developed according to the conventions of the nineteenth-century realist novel. The many adaptations of novels by Austen, the Brontës, and Dickens, as well as the popularity of "heritage" films set in the Victorian Age, demonstrate cinema's attraction to the nineteenth century. In view of this, *Eighteenth-Century Fiction on Screen* is a refreshing contribution to the field of film and literature because it maps out, in an exploratory way, many rich, yet until now un-