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POETIC REDRESS

HER BODY, HER HOUSE IN *THE FIRE-DWELLERS*

DEBRA DUDEK

Out there in unknown houses are people who live without lies, and who touch each other. One day she will discover them, pierce through to them. Then everything will be all right, and she will live in the light of the morning.¹

Canadian women's position of being a colony within a colony enables women writers to be both separate from and united to a larger Canadian identity. Margaret Laurence's Manawaka texts, and *The Fire-Dwellers* in particular, construct feminist and nationalist myths that provide women with versions of themselves so they might recognize, and therefore strategize, methods of empowerment. Furthermore, *The Fire-Dwellers* is a novel that is

concerned with issues of modernity. This novel contains a modernist aesthetic that is based upon a rejection of dominant structures and is defined by stylistic and ideological features which share concerns with feminist aesthetics in their transgressive, nonhegemonic critique of culture. Situating *The Fire-Dwellers* as a modernist text, Stacey Cameron's struggle becomes a struggle within a modernist mythical "quest" for a "new" value structure.

Growing above "older," powerful, southern neighbors, Canadian literature reacts against a movement of nineteenth-century American Romanticism that privileges an "American Dream" of heroism, freedom, happiness, and capitalism. Canadians were, and are, still recovering from the debilitating myth of the "American Dream," which we borrow in lieu of the myths we conceal from our own history. In this borrowing, Canadians have come to possess destructive, confining, and homogenizing social conventions. In this context of

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American cultural colonialism, we need to search for our own myths, define a modernism that happened in Canada, and look to Canadian stories to reconstruct a diverse national identity that speaks to a strategy of unity in difference. For women, the rewriting of myths has become an important feminist project. For Canadian women, a gendered modernism arising from feminist aesthetics is crucial to the process of defining a nation to itself through storymaking.²

Before proceeding, I would like to clarify the way in which I am using the terms "modernity," "modernism," and "postmodernism." I define modernity as a socioeconomic condition that is concerned with breaking from tradition through a reordering of space and time. Modernism is a cultural movement that explores issues of modernity through the use aesthetic techniques that, as Linda Hutcheon in *The Canadian Postmodern* claims, have much in common with postmodern techniques, such as fragmentation and parody. However, modernism is concerned with a search for revolutionary reconstruction (order in chaos), whereas postmodernism is concerned with an urge to question and disturb, "to make both problematic and provisional any such desire for order or truth."³

Let us consider *The Fire-Dwellers* in the context of a Canada defined by its relation both to a past as a British colony and a present as a cultural colony of the United States. Canada struggled (and still struggles) to define a national identity that is distinct and separate from these oppositional powers. Canada searches for myths, literatures, and cultures of its own in motions toward a collective cultural-historical experience. Marshall Berman, in *All That Is Solid Melts into Air*, claims that the condition of modernity is universal: "Modern environments and experiences cut across all boundaries of geography and ethnicity of class and nationality, or religion and ideology; in this sense, modernity can be said to unite all mankind [sic]. But it is a paradoxical unity, a unity of disunity."⁴

This definition of the socioeconomic condition of modernity stresses the crucial struggle to acknowledge and embody our place in a constantly changing world, which is especially important for Canadians who need to define their experience in terms of a "unity of disunity." This notion that a present state of being is exposed and vulnerable, as it strives to disrupt and recreate, is a crisis that unites modernist and feminist aesthetics in a Canadian nationalist context. Modernist and feminist aesthetics identify the importance of change as a disruptive and recreative process that offers a subject position which is both vulnerable and creative. As Barbara Godard states, "the dislocation connected with woman's experience . . . can be read as a paradigm of our national uncertainty about our collective experience in this decentring new world."⁵

I am interested in interpreting modernity as a reorganization of temporal and spatial relations based on a notion of simultaneity. Related to Berman's "unity of disunity," simultaneity is a strategy that resists a patriarchal, hierarchical structure which privileges the isolated individual over collective experience. Borrowing from Gayatri Spivak, I will explore how "woman" occurs "simultaneously in private and public spaces"⁶ and how time and space collapse in the theater of memory where "the past doesn't seem ever to be over" (235). In *The Fire-Dwellers*, Stacey MacAindra performs past and present selves and therein begins to recognize how memory can be resistance against the societal pressures that bind her.

Janet Wolff describes the mournful literature of modernity as a literature concerned with the experiences of men. Highlighting the public sphere as the unifying point of diverse accounts of modernity, Wolff foregrounds the public sphere as male and the private sphere as female: "The ideology of women's place in the domestic realm permeated the whole of society."⁷ Given that modernism privileged the public sphere and that the public was a

place from which women were traditionally excluded, Wolff cites the following possibilities for female city-dwellers: the prostitute, the widow, the old lady, the lesbian, the murder victim, and the passing unknown woman. "Woman" can be neither Marshall Berman's developer "hero"⁸ nor Baudelaire's strolling flâneur. Stacey, however, tries the roles of heroine and flâneur, resists old lady, and reclaims prostitute: "A girl gets on the bus and sits beside Stacey. . . . What's she seeing? Housewife, mother of four, this slightly too short and too amply rumped woman with coat of yesteryear, hemlines all the wrong length . . . lipstick wrong color, and crowning comic touch, the hat. . . . I want to explain. *Under this chapeau lurks a mermaid, a whore, a tigress*" (15). Stacey recognizes herself as heroine of a tragicomedy dressed the part of the fool complete with hat. But she also realizes the falsity of surface. Although she wears the costume of housewife, mother, fool, she identifies as characters living on the margins of society—in the water, on the streets, in the jungle. Strategically reconstructing her self, the fool's cap becomes an exotic chapeau as she imagines herself off the bus and into other, more liberating worlds.

It is crucial to examine an implied division between public and private spheres as one of the central gender issues within modernity. Men occupy the privileged public space while women are relegated to the private space of the home. Women, therefore, must imagine other possibilities beyond this public/private dualism in order to recognize violence within collective practice turned myth. Women, or perhaps more specifically, house-wives, are segregated from each other, encapsulated within their houses. As alluded to in the opening quote, the irony of a neighborhood is that houses and their occupants are unknown even in their impossible proximity. Stacey knows she exists in a world that is divided into inner and outer—both inside and outside her house and her body. She must get past the houses and make it to the water in order to be touched.

She must translate her inner motions to outer action. When she finally meets her lover, Luke, "Crash. Out of the inner and into the outer" (161). The gentle hands of her lover momentarily erase the violence of her husband's thumbs on her collarbones pressing her into lies and submissions. Stacey constantly strategizes within and against the confines of "home," which is both her house and her body.

Paramount to this necessary reconstruction is the need for Stacey to realize that her body is her skin-house and that home can be wherever she is in the world. David Harvey reads Gaston Bachelard's *The Poetics of Space*, where Bachelard theorizes on space containing compressed time and the house being the space that is crucial for memory. Harvey states: "Being, suffused with immemorial spatial memory, transcends Becoming. It founds all those nostalgic memories of a lost childhood world. Is this the foundation for collective memory, for all those manifestations of place-bound nostalgias that infect our images of the country and the city, of region, milieu, and locality, of neighborhood and community? And if it is true that time is always memorialized not as flow, but as memories or experienced places and spaces, then history must indeed give way to poetry, time to space, as the fundamental material of social expression."⁹ The one moment in which Stacey gestures toward *being* in space and time rather than *becoming* is when she dances poetry alone in her house in rebellion and celebration: "I'm not a good mother. I'm not a good wife. I don't want to be. I'm Stacey Cameron and I still love to dance" (124). She removes the roles of mother and wife and dances hope and hurt and "the fucking [she's] never yet done" (125). She puts on her "vulgar" high heels, tight-fitting green velvet slacks, and a purple overblouse: "She puts her arms out, stretching them in front of her, her fingers moving slightly, feeling the music as though it were tangible there to be touched in the air. Slowly, she begins to dance. Then faster and faster" (123-24). She is her body in space and the space is both inside her

house and outside. She is her body because she dresses it as she chooses and moves it as she likes. Music and space are tangible but time is not.

This collapsing of time through memory is one strategy that Stacey MacAindra employs in *The Fire-Dwellers* in an attempt to connect her fragmented sense of self. This strategy is both modernist and feminist in configuration. Stacey Cameron, small-town girl from Manawaka, moves to the big city, Vancouver. Four years later, at twenty-three years old, her life is settled, "so ideally," and she becomes Stacey MacAindra. The recovery of Stacey Cameron and the realization that the past never seems to be over, even while it is always already beginning, is implicit to the movement of the novel. A second feminist/modernist strategy is the way Laurence overlaps form and content by using five distinct voices represented by variations in typography. Regular font signifies a third person point of view while regular font preceded by a dash identifies a first person point of view. A passage in regular font, but indented, indicates a remembered moment. Words printed in italics speak Stacey's stream of consciousness voice. Passages typed in all capital letters are the media interruptions that punctuate Stacey's life. Through this cacophony of utterances, Stacey reaches for a place where she can recognize herself without the labels of mother and wife.

Stacey reaches into memory and finds music inside her body. Closing her eyes, she performs herself as Stacey Cameron and double dances her divided consciousness. She dances alone in her house to Tommy Dorsey Boogie. She dances hope and she dances hurt.

—Once it seemed almost violent, this music. Now it seems incredibly gentle. Sentimental, self-indulgent? Yeh, probably. But I love it. It's my beat. I can still do it. I can still move without knowing where, beforehand. Yes. Yes. Yes. Like this. Like this. I can. My hips may not be so hot but my ankles are pretty good, and my legs. Damn

good in fact. My feet still know what to do without being told. I love to dance. I love it. I love it. It can't be over. I can still do it. I don't do it badly. (125)

In this one moment, Stacey recognizes music and dancing as a space where she can go to name herself without labels. What she does not realize, however, is that this bifurcated subjectivity is a possible survival strategy. Instead, she reflects that although she has not been Stacey Cameron for a long time, she will "always be her, because that's how [she] started out. But from now on, the dancing goes on only in the head" (276). And so she recedes from view, seeking solace in the fact that "Temporarily, [her family] are all more or less okay" (281).

No longer, and still, Stacey MacAindra, returning to Stacey Cameron, she is both at once. She is present and past, memory and forgetting. She transgresses borders of body and house, touches spaces where sound and voices and night translate into color. She is merwoman heroine of the still untold story: "*The music crests, subsides, crests again, blue-green sound, saltwater with the incoming tide, the blues of the night freight trains across snow deserts, the green beckoning voices, the men still unheld and the children yet unborn, the voices cautioning no caution no caution only dance*" (125). Language and imagery wave into each other without end or beginning. Borders erase and senses blend. The lyrical rhythm suggests freedom and the possibility of existence in several places at once.

Rhythms and rhymes take many forms, however. The rhythms of Stacey's body are poetic and liberating while the traditional rhymes are the chants that torment her, that claim she can never exist simultaneously:

*Ladybird, ladybird,
Fly away home;*

*Your house is on fire,
Your children are gone. (7, 209)*

This rhyme begins *The Fire-Dwellers* and returns in the mouth of Stacey's lover, Luke. He teases her with the rhyme when she refuses to go with him to see the "Indian village," to come "in from the outside," to see those "who've been separated from themselves for so long that it's only a dim memory, a kind of violent mourning" (208). If she goes with Luke to the village, it is a move backward. Being with him is an escape from the inside, a tentative gesture away from the violence of living an insulated life. She refuses to go with him to see a version of herself.

Ladybird, ladybird: the rhyme taunts her with a trap and a fear that pervades her life. Safe in the role of mother, she takes her children with her into the world because it is easier to face "with one of them along. Then I know who I'm supposed to be" (90). Yet, the role of mother is one of the strongest binds of her perceived entrapment. Paradoxically, she believes that this role is one at which she is not good. Stacey defines herself in the singular, provides only one option of how she can be in the world. Yet, through the resistance of memory, she is capable of living simultaneously: Stacey, mother, wife, lover, dancer. She finds Luke because she leaves her house in an attempt to define herself "outside" in the world. With Luke, she recreates herself by lying about her age and becoming a young lover. Confirming a name that she has already chosen for herself, he transforms the medium in which she exists by calling her "merwoman." She breathes both air and water. But, once there, once touched by him, the call of home still haunts her, still wants her back: *Ladybird, ladybird*. Yet she is grateful to Luke for "show[ing] me where I belonged, when you said *What can't you leave?*" (252). "You faced me and touched me. You were gentle" (253). With Luke, Stacey is faced instead of defaced, offered identities instead of labels. But alone, she still has no story that tells of woman in motion negotiating both the public streets and the private rooms of her world.

Hélène Cixous, in "Sorties: Out and Out: Attacks/Ways Out/ Forays" writes of the dilemma for women who look for but do not recognize themselves in the world: "What is my place if I am a woman? I look for myself throughout the centuries and don't see myself anywhere."¹⁰ Stacey looks for herself as she walks the city streets, flips pages of magazines, takes evening courses, talks to God, travels her memory. Prevailing ideologies, which structure the world, do not reflect herself back to her. Instead, she walks the streets and sees a girl she misrecognizes as "myself coming back to meet me with a wiser chance" (85). She reads a magazine article that tells her there are "Nine Ways the Modern Mum May Be Ruining Her Daughter" (17). Her Aspects of Contemporary Thought teacher admonishes, "Pre-mourning is a form of self-indulgence" (15). God asks her, "*Stacey MacAindra, what have you done with your life?*" (14). And her memory takes her to seventeen again: "Knowing by instinct how to move, loving the boy's closeness . . . loving the male smell of him. Stacey spinning like light, like all the painted singing tops of all the spinning world, whirling laughter across a polished floor. Five minutes ago. *Is time?*" (15). She instinctually recognizes cyclical spatial and time patterns in the world, yet the closest she comes to recognizing her simultaneous selves is in memory. She has no way to unwind inside from outside because she has not yet realized that the two are not separate.

Stacey remembers seventeen, remembers her sensual body. She is all the singing tops of all the spinning world. She is seventeen twenty-two years ago—five minutes ago. She collapses time and becomes movement in space. She is simultaneous with the motion of the world. David Harvey discusses Baudelaire's definition of modernity as the "conjoining of the ephemeral and the fleeting within the eternal and the immutable," where ordinary subjects "extract from the passing moment all the suggestions of eternity it contains."¹¹ In this moment of Stacey's remembering, she

transcends ordinary and becomes mythic in a fleeting eternal moment of childhood. She defies media, God, and popular culture which define success in the "American Dream" as the superwoman mother and wife who loves staying at home to care for family and home. Instead, she is a modern subject working toward a strategy of reconstruction by redefining notions of home.

I would like to pursue a necessary redefinition of "home" as connected to sentimentality by illustrating how *The Fire-Dwellers* struggles to find voice within the operation of domestic fiction. This strategy is a way of blending narrative and ideology to reimagine the world. A traditionally modernist move toward a reversal of value is also a motion away from domestic fiction and women's writing. Sentimentality is intimately connected with women's writing at the same time it is linked to historical conflicts of middle-class culture. Suzanne Clark, in her text *Sentimental Modernism*, argues that "From the point of view of literary modernism, sentimentality was both a past to be outgrown and a present tendency to be despised. The gendered character of this condemnation seemed natural: women writers were entangled in sensibility, were romantic and sentimental by nature, and so even the best might not altogether escape this romantic indulgence in emotion and sublimity." Affiliated with the modernist entanglement is a resistance against the vernacular and the value in everyday life. Clark explains this disconnection from the social and from history in terms of the gendering of intellectuality where a "crisis emerges from the rejection of the narratives that have explained and legitimated feeling."¹² This modernist space is the public sphere where movement away from the home is celebrated even as the home is valued as a necessary woman's space implicit in the production of familial happiness. This is why Stacey's move is so transgressive: Stacey is able to find movement away from the home while remaining in this valued woman's space. And she dances alone. We must celebrate Stacey's dance even as we la-

ment the tragedy that she resolves to dance only inside her head.

It is this type of voice and transformative movement inside the home that is silenced and unheard so that half of the history of modernism exists in the unspoken. Clark believes it crucial that the sentimental be restored within modernism and with this restoration the struggle over subjectivity that women repeatedly confront. If modernism is about revolution, then women are the key revolutionaries because they always already critique notions of individual identity and the bourgeois subject: "But modernism also gendered mass culture, identifying woman with the mass and regarding its productions . . . like advertising, as objects of critical disdain. Modernism developed its antisentimentality into a contemptuous treatment of women, who had to struggle both internally and externally with that contempt."¹³

We witness this struggle in *The Fire-Dwellers* as Stacey is battered by mass noise that rises from the pages of magazines and throbs from the television and radio. "'Salad Days—Here's How to be Slim in the Swim.' . . . 'Icings with Spicings.' Flick. 'A Nervous Breakdown Taught Me Life's Meaning.' Flick" (153). External voices tell Stacey how to protect her children and manage her weight. Internal voices collide with external as she exerts these pressures on herself and is pummeled by the world that surrounds and embodies her. If mass culture is gendered female, then these voices are another attempt at self-effacement put into play by the hegemonic conventions that punctuate Stacey's movements throughout the day. She both recognizes and resists these intrusions: "Listen, God, I know it's a worthwhile job to bring up four kids. You don't need to propagandize me. I'm converted. But how is it I can feel as well that I'm spending my life in one unbroken series of trivialities?" (89). She speaks to God, the ultimate traditionally hegemonic patriarchal voice, and problematizes this construction that removes the value of the everyday. This persistent critique of these hegemonic structures is both

enabling and constraining. If mass culture is a feminized enemy of modernist authority, then Stacey distinguishes this authority and attempts to revalue the trivialities. By the end of the novel, the critique still persists, but we hear her question whether the “trivialities aren’t so bad after all. They’re something to focus on” (280).

Through multiple layers of voices and fragmented text, Laurence constructs a parallel critique to a reality through which her heroine flicks. While Stacey struggles to negotiate through this jarring rhetoric, Laurence stylistically investigates societal impositions. Clark highlights and calls attention to the notion that while modernism “practiced a politics of style . . . it denied that style had a politics.” Laurence strategically politicizes her style by blending a critique of narrative as a subversion of conventions with fragmentations, multiple-voicings and interferences. She goes further in her collapsing of an inner and outer world by bringing noises and events of the world into the home and of the city into Stacey’s consciousness. In this act, Laurence problematizes hierarchical binary distinctions. Clark elaborates on this impossible separation of politics from the home: “Lest we think that the modernist separation of literature from the kitchen was politically innocuous, at worst resisting the influence of a mass culture that was all too powerful outside the domain of literature, consider what else was lost, along with the sentimental. The modernist exclusion of everything but the forms of high art acted like a machine for cultural loss of memory.” By placing culture on the other side of the binary from politics, women are both excluded from politics and named as a dangerous “other.” Neither culture nor politics is made available for women as a positive identity, therein leaving women without a subject position: “The modernist reversal includes both the unwarranting of the sentimental *and* the chance for cultural change.”¹⁴

Stacey’s voices mediate between domestic concerns and popular culture, internal remembering and external forgetting. She defines

herself through her role as wife and mother and moves through the world with more ease wearing these masks because then she knows who she is supposed to be. It is the remembered passion and freedom propelling her past that she does not know how to embody. Her language dislocates her from her family, who speak through silence instead of in “full technicolor and intense detail. And that’s okay. . . . Ian gets the message. It’s his language, too. I wish it were mine. All I can do is accept that it is a language, and that it works, at least sometimes. And maybe it’s mine more than I like to admit” (269-70).

The tenuous equilibrium that Stacey undertakes collapses even as it rebuilds in her internal dialogues. Through unconscious speech, she attempts a movement away from the sites of her confinement. Hélène Cixous theorizes on the parallel location and dislocation connected with woman’s movement within and toward herself: “Through the same opening that is her danger, she comes out of herself to go to the other, a traveler in unexplored places; she does not refuse, she approaches, not to do away with the space between, but to see it, to experience what she is not, what she is, what she can be.”¹⁵ Stacey approaches the unexplored places and glimpses the possibility of a reimagining.

But her modernist condition is one of tragedy. Though Stacey writes herself as heroine, she “ends” her story in suspension between death and dancing. Seeing the world as trap and not travel, she condemns even while she consoles herself: “Well, in the head isn’t such a terrible place to dance” (276). Stacey is becoming rather than being Spivak’s “appropriate subject for . . . a new story . . . that makes visible all the plural arenas that are suppressed when history is written with the representative man as its subject.”¹⁶ This story is possible for Stacey because she danced and remembered and forgot. She imagined herself away from the house where her children and her husband invade her space. She lived alone in her body, away from his hands on her collarbones forcing her to say there is no pain. But

her forgetting is too great. Instead, as Cixous tells us, the mother listens and dances inside, quiet in her movement from bed to bed to bed:

Bridebed, childbed, bed of death . . . a bed of pain in which the mother is never done with dying . . . the bed framing endless erotic daydreams . . . voyages in her memories. She wanders, but lying down. In dream. Ruminates. Talks to herself. Woman's voyage: as a *body*. As if she were destined . . . to be the nonsocial, nonpolitical, non-human half of the living structure. On nature's side of this structure, of course, tirelessly listening to what goes on inside—inside her belly, inside her "house."¹⁷

Stacey will listen to the dance inside her belly and inside her head and will try to believe that inside is not such a terrible place to be.

Relentlessly, inside pursues outside. Although Stacey may have suspended dancing, she has not stopped questioning: "She feels the city receding as she slides into sleep. Will it return tomorrow?" (281); this final line of the novel implies movement. For Stacey, her movement brings external to internal where an objectified outer city pulses inside her house and her body. She is joined both to the city and to her family by tentative bindings. The question of tomorrow coincides with her slip into sleep where all tomorrows and past tomorrows occur simultaneously. The ambiguous "it" both reveals and disguises whether she is speaking of her sleep or the city or the quietly secured house and family. The ending disrupts closure and incorporates fragility into prolonged reopenings of possibility.

Margaret Laurence writes into a gendered Canadian modernism by using subversive feminist and modernist aesthetics as a way to invent stories with a female subjectivity. Through fragmentation and polyphony, memory and movement, Stacey MacAindra's experiences represent struggles with which Canadian women must engage if they are to

persistently critique traditional social conventions. *The Fire-Dwellers* is a novel that resists stasis and disrupts a formal modernist practice that names woman as contemptuous. Instead, the heroine that questions power structures that threaten to keep her body colonized. This heroine strategizes beyond endings in movements toward uncertain futures. Stacey MacAindra resists isolation by moving through time in her memory and through space with her body. She redresses her self in a poetics of dance and a multiplicity of voices.

NOTES

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1. Margaret Laurence, *The Fire-Dwellers* (1969; Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1991), p. 85. All further citations to *The Fire-Dwellers* are from this edition and are given in parentheses in the text.

2. Discussions of Canadian modernism have offered many definitions of both period and aesthetic; Louis Dudek, for example, considers Canadian modernism in terms of the 1920s McGill poets. Brian Trehearne also examines the impact of this 1920s male movement but expands his study to include the influence of earlier schools of aestheticism on the development of Canadian modernism. Frank Davey and Linda Hutcheon discuss modernism primarily as the predecessor to postmodernism, while Robert Kroetsch claims that Canadian literature moved directly from the Victorian period into postmodernism. Given the sociocultural conditions I have briefly outlined, I would like to reconsider a place for a gendered Canadian modernism beyond these endings.

3. Linda Hutcheon, *The Canadian Postmodern* (Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1988), p. 2.

4. Marshall Berman, *All That Is Solid Melts into Air* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1982), p. 15.

5. Barbara Godard, "Ex-centricques, Eccentric, Avant-Garde: Women and Modernism in the Literatures of Canada," *Room of One's Own* 8, no. 4 (1983): 60.

6. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, *Outside in the Teaching Machine* (New York: Routledge, 1993), p. 158.

7. Janet Wolff, "The Invisible *Flâneuse*: Women and the Literature of Modernity," *Theory, Culture and Society* 2, no. 3 (1985): 37.

8. We need to move beyond notions of modernity as reactionary destruction and into theories of strategic reconstruction. Marshall Berman states, "It appears that the very process of development, even as it transforms the wasteland into a thriving physical and social space, recreates the wasteland inside of the developer himself. This is how the tragedy of development works" (Berman, *All That Is Solid*, p. 68; note 4 above). By positing development as tragedy (and the developer as a Faustian man), Berman simultaneously calls attention to the indivisibility between space and the body while annihilating the possibility of a fruitful embodied existence. He divides the body of the developer into inside and outside, where the inside is the hidden, but present, wasteland and the outside is the

transformed myth—the body functioning in this new social space while still containing the stark inner landscape. He summons the tragic narrative where closure means the death of the male hero with the suffering woman as widow in mourning.

9. Harvey, 218.

10. Hélène Cixous, "Sorties: Out and Out: Attacks/Ways Out/Forays," trans. Betsy Wing, in *Contemporary Critical Theory*, ed. Dan Latimer (Orlando, FL: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1989), p. 574.

11. Harvey, 10, 20.

12. Suzanne Clark, *Sentimental Modernism: Women Writers and the Revolution of the Word* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1991), pp. 2, 3.

13. *Ibid.*, pp. 4-5.

14. *Ibid.*, pp. 5, 6.

15. Cixous, "Sorties" (note 10 above), p. 86.

16. Spivak, *Outside in the Teaching Machine* (note 6 above), p. 158.

17. Cixous, "Sorties" (note 10 above), pp. 563-64.