

# LIVESAY'S HOUSES

Susan Zimmerman

IT IS PERHAPS NATURAL that Dorothy Livesay should write about houses, for the identity of woman has always been tied to the home. A home, generally speaking, is a house with a wife and mother inside it; the woman is the keeper of the hearth. As a young girl, she must choose whether or not to accept this role. The question will depend on her need of a hearth for herself; she will usually find that if she needs one, it is she who must tend it. *Signpost*, one of Livesay's earliest books, is about such a choice. I would like to begin with that book, examining in detail the story told within it, then look more briefly at some of the later poetry in which the question is restated and answered afresh.<sup>1</sup>

In the epigraph to *Signpost*, the poet describes the two alternative ways of life between which every individual must choose. As we shall see, the decision is especially difficult for the woman, and it is particularly a woman's development the poet traces.<sup>2</sup> The choice, then, stimulated by the spring, is between digging in one's garden (intimately associated with houses throughout the poetry) and following "the flight of the crows" (who lead an uncertain but free life, "led by a veering sign-post"). The dilemma is presented lightly here; it is only if we have read later poems, from "City Wife" to "Page One", that we recognize its importance.

Yet the title of Part One, "Sober Songs", may give us a clue. The section deals primarily with the individual's attempt to be free, to escape all enclosure. The woman here identifies herself with the outdoors rather than the four walls and hearth which are her traditional domain. The first poem, "Staccato", takes place inside a house, but the writer feels uneasy. Even in a warm bed she is not safe from night, wind, or the phantom of a man. So in "Weapons" she moves outside:

Lest I be hurt  
I put this armour on:  
Faith in the trees,  
And in the living wind.

To keep her integrity, she feels she must turn away from the man. She tries to protect herself from injury by not believing what he says; she is cynical and refuses to commit herself in a human relationship:

Could I have thought there was something greater  
 For my heart to gain  
 By running away untouched, unshackled,  
 Friends only with sun and rain?

(“The Unbeliever”)

She wants, above all, to be secret. She knows that a woman's nature makes her “as earth upturned, alive with seed”, but she had hoped to keep this from her lover. She realizes now that she is bound and free at once; consequently, real escape is impossible — the lover, or any man, may know her passion, her thoughts, even her body, for they are all revealed in the spring, her special season (“Sun”). So her very “weapons” give her away. Now she is as vulnerable as the first crocus. Her “spring” is threatened by a “breath of winter”: there is something about the lover “relentless/ as the March wind's arrow” (“Ask of the Winds”). The young woman becomes wistful, a quivering bird (“If Looking Were Saying”), wondering how the lover will react if she visits him unasked (“Interrogation”), afraid a single word from him might make her tense heart “snap” (“Climax”). She who had faith in the living wind is now betrayed by it, for the night wind, unlike the daytime wind, belongs to the man. In his garden, alienated, left out of his “radiance”, she stands shivering from the cold (“Alienation”). She dances once more, but only because of his “blindness”: “Your blindness saves my self's integrity.” She tries to reveal herself subtly, through the sign-language of colour, but he willfully misunderstands (“Perversity”). Even her friendship with the sun is over, now that she has learned to weep:

I dread the sun  
 For his fierce honesty.  
 (“In the Street”)

She has learned, too, how to reckon the damage done by sorrow (“Song for Solomon”). She realizes that the man does not love, as she does, immediately and with passion; his loving is “too slow” for her (“The Difference”). The lovers part, but are held together (“Chained”); the woman finds herself unable to escape his “cobweb image” (“Dust”); and the thought of him still fits “like a glove” (“Time”). A house, appropriately enough, symbolizes in “Neighbourhood” this lost human relationship, which had disrupted her earlier relationship with nature.

In the last "Sober Song", "Wilderness Stone", she falls asleep at the edge of a field, dreaming of a house with a warm fireplace. She did not need this house before the lover invaded her skies; in the daylight, she was friends with sun and rain. But waking in the cold night which is his symbol, she realizes her homelessness: allegiance to field, sun, and rain are no longer enough. She needs a hearth, after all.

In Section Two, "Pastorals", the woman chooses to go indoors. "Threshold" documents the change; much is gained, but something is lost as well:

This is the door: the archway where I stopped  
To gaze a moment over well-loved fields  
Before I sought the fire within, the bright  
Gold sunlight on the floor, and over all,  
Upstairs and down, some clear voice singing out  
Music I knew long since, but had forgot.

Now she can only look out from her doorway at "the fields of noonday sun"; but she has found something she needed, "a resting-place":

Balanced for this brief time between the thought  
Of what the heart has known, and must yet know.

There follows a period of peace. The natural things of her youth on the prairies had filled her with excitement — "sharp pain/ Sudden and sweet", a "quick pulse", "wonder", "delight" — things she knows she could still experience. But a quieter beauty is taking possession of her: the "orderly succession" of Ontario roads and fields, "a sober-mantled loveliness", contentment. There is a place inside her for tamed things as well as wild: "This land grows like a garden in my heart" ("Sonnet for Ontario"). A gentle sun pierces the clouds; a lonely tree — like her — becomes "surrounded by its neighbour trees" ("September Morning"). She sees the joy of the brown earth again, and realizes that though people cannot stay in a "sun field/ Of wayward grass", nature's wild raspberries, grasses, and bees will inhabit it ("'Haunted House'"). Nature has become separate from the woman, though it gives her joy: the lovers share a moment of perfect intimacy among the delphiniums by opposing themselves in laughter to "the sober-sided bee" ("The Intimates").

Her thoughts go back in time; her sympathy grows broader. When she was young, rain and wind had meant only her love and her "love's house"; now, looking back, she thinks of her grandmother and her grandmother's house, understanding something of the nature of the place and the woman ("Green

Rain"). She begins to analyze people outside herself: the "people of the farms" in "Prince Edward Island", the old men in "Vandal" and in "Old Man". All three of these poems are written in the third person; the last, "Old Man", deals interestingly with the male problem of getting back to the hearth he has left, "the glowing fire, the steady certain light". But this seems to turn the woman's thoughts back to her own situation as keeper of the hearth: the final poem of the section, "City Wife", is once more written in the first person. Spring has come to the young wife in the poem; and spring, we remember from the epigraph, "is for ever a question". So the city wife asks herself questions, suddenly enchanted by "knowledge of wind and sun on open fields". Reality, she has decided, is the "scarlet sun", or perhaps the harsh song of the crow. The crows turn her mind "from quiet thought,/ Serenity, to unexpected fire". Her very heart becomes an open field upon which she feels "slow feet treading". She has discovered the incredible beauty of the wild cherry trees, and she is afraid. She runs away, but:

No! the spring sweetness was too much: a voice  
Seemed to cry loud and louder: Turn! Turn once —

She is afraid to look again at the loveliness behind her

. . . lest any evil chance  
Should tell us how life vanishes . . .

As she walks homeward, she hears "lost ecstasy fall back". She hopes to bind her husband to her in the quietness of the dark, but still the wild crows haunt her:

Is it a song they shout —  
Or a warning cry?

She cannot finish her song, for her husband is coming home. She cannot hurry her spring-time, but must be silent again, as the elm at the gate/ Which broods till the time of leaves". She longs for joy and passion, but the elm advises her to be "still and enduring". So she waits. There is a suggestion that, by identifying with the city wife, the poet has become dissatisfied. The winter inside was long; spring is coming.

In Part Three, "Variations", the woman examines her position. She has, by this time, taken up her role of housewife in the most literal sense of that word: that is, she has been joined for ever to the house. If Solitude or Loveliness should knock at her door, the house itself will deliver her message; she cannot, for she is now "a thing they'll not meet" ("Testament"). She takes up a woman's ways, stealing the poppy from the field and enchanting a farmer on the road ("Fable").

She cannot live with magic and joy, but must shake the stars from her hair "to be common again,/ To have common care". Joy is a "snare" and a fearful one at that ("Song for Departure"). She wonders if her freedom might ever return:

If I should walk lightly again  
As the swallow flies,  
My feet in time with the rain,  
My head in the skies. . . .  
(“Daedalus”)

Then, perhaps, she could kill her own fear, restore her own pride. The relationship with the lover is tainted. The woman criticizes the man's ways of thinking, which "are cold and waxen and remote" ("Sea-Flowers"). Their conversation has become "biting analysis" ("Consideration"). Yet she stays where she is; and the following confession, tossed off lightly in "A Confidence", is significant from someone who has considered following the flight of the birds:

Once I am in a place, it's hard to get out,  
It's hard to get away:  
Once I sit down anywhere  
I like to stay.

In autumn the couple share one day of truce, though both are described as "thieves", who are "in the noose" ("In the Wood"). Then presumably the truce is over, for the woman leaves the house, only to discover that her spirit stays behind. It is interesting that the "stranger" says goodbye to the House itself, not to the man inside it (and notice the capital letter). The woman still runs in the halls of the house, and stands grieving at the gate. When night falls, she too must go inside and climb the stairs, for she is "fast rooted to this place". ("Farewell.") Finally, in "Protest", the woman defends herself from attack. Can I help it, she asks, if the spring-time makes me, like the maple, remember "solitude" and independence? Can I help it if I see the flock of crows pinned against the sky, and "seize forgotten ecstasy"? It is my fault that the winter is over; is it any wonder if, instead of the washing, I "hang my secrets on the line?" Perhaps she is suggesting that solitude and flight have been unfairly denied her, and that writing these poems releases her frustration, and gives away her "closed thoughts", her dissatisfaction. But she is still caught: though she expresses herself, she uses the language of housewifery. Though she leaves the house, her spirit belongs to it. She does not seem to believe any more that following the birds is a real possibility in her life.

IT WAS MANY YEARS before Livesay returned to this problem in its personal and sexual aspects. In the social poetry of *Day and Night*, she did not forget about houses or the flight of the crow. She had decided, however, that individual liberty would have to wait for social liberty. The crow still appeals to the young, this time to the outsider:

The thing I feared, the crow  
Was hoarse with calling, whirling, diving down  
And suddenly his urgent social bent  
Was answer to my inwardness.

(“The Outrider”)

He leaves the house for the city, but learns that there is “no milk nor honey flowing there”. When he returns, “the house/ Receives him without wonder.” *Signpost* had been a question; “The Outrider” answers it in social terms:

This is your signpost: follow your hands, and dig.  
After, the many will have parachutes  
For air delight. Not veering with the crow  
But throbbing, conscious, knowing where to go.  
There’s time for flying.

The horror of capitalist industry was that it infected the home, the bed, the heart:

We bear the burden home to bed  
The furnace glows within our hearts. . . .

(“Day and Night”)

And, as in “The Outrider”, Livesay asks the individual to put aside his personal desires for love or liberty in the interests of the revolution. “West Coast”, too, deals with the problem: Livesay’s own house had to make way for the huts of the shipbuilders. Was it worthwhile? It was essential that the decision be made according to social rather than personal criteria.

This social concern of Livesay’s, once awakened, was not lost, though later it takes second place to more personal questions. After the war, she was no longer certain of the proper priorities; as many readers have noted, her Marxist evangelism is replaced by compassion. Houses and homes remain at the centre of her concern. In “London Revisited” (*Poems for People*), the poet describes a tour of the ruined houses of the city: “long fingered wall”, “house disembowelled”, a bombed cellar full of grass and goldenrod. She had not come to London for this,

but for “printed Golders dancing” and “happy Shepherds hunting”. Instead she falls in the dark, and recaptures the terror of homelessness:

And above, no ceiling.  
And below, no wall.

Nothing, no “mushroom houses”, can erase the past, when “winter was”.

Similarly, *Call My People Home* examines in its broadest sense the concept of “home”, using it to condemn the treatment of the Canadian Japanese during World War II. Livesay tells how the Japanese had wanted “to make a home near water” and “put down their roots”. The Isseis tell what home meant to them: the uprooting; the fisherman explains: “Home was my boat” and, after thirty years, the internment is “the end of my boat, my home”. The Niseis had “called British Columbia home”; now they learn they were wrong. The Mayor, who knows what is needed, says: “This is your home.” He vows that by spring, “This village would be home.” Then comes another choice, another move, “a prairie place called home”. Finally, the Niseis discover the real meaning of the word: “Home . . . is where life is.” It is “something more than harbour”, more than family; it is “labour, with the hand and heart”, and something much “rougher”, “tougher”, “more magnetic” than anything they had known. All Livesay’s compassion and understanding is expressed through these homes and uprootings.

But by this time much of Livesay’s concern had once more become personal and sexual. In *Poems for People*, for example, we find alongside such poems as “London Revisited”, “Of Mourners”, and “FDR”, the intensely personal “Page One”. This poem describes one of the key experiences in Livesay’s own life.<sup>3</sup> It uses the winter-spring polarity we have seen in *Signpost*, and once again the flight of the birds is a symbol of freedom. The poet goes back to her first house, her father’s, describing her life inside it as “ten frostbound winters”. The young girl is “manacled”, “in bondage”; even play is “an ordeal to be endured”. In the wintry landscape of her youth, she sees how the boy-shapes of trees are made into “ladies” by the snow. The snow is lovely, of course: in winter there are “glass palaces” about which a girl may dream. She can trace the life of a princess in the crystal; she can pretend, for a time, to be that princess. The romantic fantasies of young girls have their beauty:

O might there always be  
Those wishes three  
That dazzling evanescent dress

Those pearls, those tears  
That slipper made of glass —

But not for me.

This is no Cinderella: “The ice that bound her could not be her home.” So, in the spring, she responds to the cry of the wild geese. Her ambition is not simply to leave this house for one of her own: no, the geese know of a whole forest to be conquered and she too feels “no one home hers, but all homes to be found.” More than twenty years later, Livesay retells the experience in prose; she still insists that she had been in bondage, and recounts with joy her first liberation, the liberation from childhood:

. . . I was really lifted from the earth to see the sky itself. . . . And I saw the horizon! I saw its farther shores. From that day onward I had a different feeling about my father’s house — the small white clapboard house, the brown fence railings, the boundaried street — these were no longer the hedge to keep me home. These had been like fetters, holding me down. My two hands soared upward, . . . longing to break forth free where there was only earth and sky, and a race of geese going north. (“A Prairie Sampler”.)

Instead of “going north”, we have seen that the poet goes to a new house, becoming wife and mother. She celebrates this position, but knows its cost. The mother “cannot walk alone”; “she cannot think alone” (“The Mother”, *Poems for People*). The woman, like the female pheasant, is “pinioned”. The poet is glad to bear children, but she wants the choice. So she is distressed by the sight of the pheasant and her warden:

. . . he: pleased grin, smile slant on him  
Swore she’d breed yet! And nevermore would soar  
Into the cloudy image of her lair.  
(“Pheasant”, *Poems for People*.)

Certainly she loves the hearth and the keeping of the hearth:

At the end of a day my hands hold heat;  
Dipped in the fire of love, they burn  
Like radiant isotopes, to illustrate  
Where hours went: hot in the washing water. . . .  
(“Invisible Sun”, *Call My People Home*.)

Her hands go from child’s face to oven, from cupboards to the making of beds. They are “scalded” and “burned” during the day, but this enables them to shape



“an invisible sun” in the night, “to be the veins of warmth within a room”, a source of power and of love.

Still, this woman never quite fits the conventional stereotypes, not even the ones she documents in her own poems. Her dreams and desires are for much more than “land, . . . four walls,/ Four hands in a green garden” (“The Traveler”, *Selected Poems*). She is not “essence of serenity” in a narrow room. Nor could anyone say of her what she says of the “geranium”:

Whatever falls  
 She has no commentary  
 Accepts, extends. . . .  
 (“Bartok and the Geranium”, *Selected Poems*)

She is “daylight”, but not content to be daylight only; she cries for darkness and knowledge:

Bind me with ropes of darkness,  
 Blind me with your long night!  
 (“Nocturne”, *Selected Poems*)

She refuses to be merely what “men prefer”; she insists on her own freedom to experience everything, to be “mainland” rather than “island”, to turn to every orchard, hollow, mountain, field, and road rather than “forever winding inward” (“Other”, *Selected Poems*). She hears with sorrow the old “battle of the bone” between the sexes (“Wedlock”), and wonders if some unity cannot be found:

One unit, as a tree or stone  
 Woman in man, and man in womb.  
 (“On Looking Into Henry Moore”, *Selected Poems*)

So with this desire for unity, Livesay comes back in *The Unquiet Bed* to the problem of houses and freedom. In “Ballad of Me”, she reviews her life, remembering an attempt to escape house and husband:

*And what fantasies do you have?*  
 asked the psychiatrist  
 when I was running away from my husband.

But her purse has only “wishes” in it; so the psychiatrist solves her problem by denying it:

He sent me back home  
 to wash dishes.

Increasingly, she is concerned with reaching a compromise. In "Roots", she remembers Lowry: how, in "a house indifferent to strangers", he was not indifferent. And there are other, small compromises — ways to bring the outside in, "the sea roaring/ into the living-room". She returns once more to the house of her childhood, from which she had escaped so many years before, and remembers that spring had come even to her father's house, a "wild birth" of nasturtiums. In the same way, she had been planted in that garden "and never transplanted". The picture of her childhood is much more complex now that it had been in "Page One", for there is value in the garden as well as in the flight of birds.

The woman has learned to regard her housewifery with humour; she makes a truce with the house. "In between the everyday bread of doing", of cleaning sinks and tubs and vacuuming rugs, she "sandwiches" the reading of poetry. It is true that she uses the imagery of housekeeping to describe her reading: searching for "secrets" instead of linens on a shelf; "looking for silver spoons"; cleaning out an old trunk to find the poet's "photo of himself". Yet she shares the young poet's struggle, though she will never tell him so:

... his nakedness  
 awkwardly visible behind the shining suit  
 and his eyes, wrestling  
 are mine also.  
 ("To a Younger Poet")

The compromise is most clearly stated in "Woman Waylaid". There must be days when the woman will refuse to collect wood for the greedy, gaping pot-bellied stove. As Peter Stevens says, "She makes her choice as individual woman and she is free to make that choice."<sup>5</sup> Of course, it will be a cold night; but the demands of housewifery must occasionally be resisted if the woman is to retain her individuality. When she sits in the open doorway, she is part of nature again:

I am a banquet  
 bussed huzzahed!  
 ("Empress")

She can feed on the morning sun, be "one/ with rolling animal life" ("Sunfast"), no longer alienated from her own element. Perhaps, like the "Pear Tree", she can stretch herself, "grow and glow" without tearing up roots: have the advantages of flight and of the hearth.

Finally, the "unwithered" woman is ready to try loving again, provided that love makes room for her, and recognizes her individual nature:

I'm not just bones  
and crockery  
(“The Unquiet Bed”)

She had escaped one set of “chains”; now she hopes for a love that “might set men free/ yet hold them fast/ in loyalty”. She tries to assess frankly what motivates each partner in “Four Songs”. But sexual love seems to require “The Taming” of the woman; she had learned the meaning of the words “Be woman” in an act of housewifery, cooking for a man and being told “Do what I say, woman.” Yet she still requires shelter and so is vulnerable:

I drown  
in your identity  
(“The Touching”)

She begins once more “to walk with pride”, as she had anticipated in *Signpost*; as her past shrinks behind her, once again her head is in the air, and she is taller (“A Letter”). In exchange, she has become uneasy inside the house, as she was in the first poem of *Signpost* — the phantoms are back: “Sometimes the room shakes” (“And Give Us Our Trespasses”). She dances differently, is “no longer desperate”; at the same time, she is totally vulnerable, “undressed to the bone”, with no defences left (“The Notations of Love”). She has come to depend on the hearth and the bed, “the paraphernalia and props” of love:

without the body of your house  
I'd have no home.  
(“Moving Out”)

At the end of the personal poems in *The Unquiet Bed*, in other words, we see the poet “moving out”; she has made peace with housewifery but not with “love’s house”, to be found only in the man’s body.

Her attitude toward the houses in her past has mellowed. In the dedication to *The Documentaries*, she pronounces a kind of blessing on them: on her father’s house and her grandmother’s house, her love’s house, prairie houses, Vancouver houses, a house in a field, a house in the city, the houses she had escaped and the houses she had built. She realizes, perhaps, that they have been the vessels of her life: in houses she has been child, lover, wife, mother, hostess, guest, above all woman. Her life can be summarized by a list of houses, and to these she dedicates her book:

For all the houses —  
and those who came.<sup>6</sup>

The importance of her personal houses for the social poetry is emphasized by introducing and ending the "documentary" poems with "two subjective, autobiographical poems".

**I**N LIVESAY'S LATER WORK, the two editions of *Plainsongs*, we find the woman grown older and perhaps wiser. She knows she is "bound", but knows also not to believe the lover when he pretends to come only "for self-seeking ease" ("The Cave"). Once she had been afraid of being touched; now she realizes it is "not to be touched" that brings old age and insanity into her life ("Sorcery"). Because she is old, she must live inside: "a sceptred bird" has pecked out her eyes; and she dreams that she moves "in darkness now", behind closed windows ("Dream"). When the lover refuses to marry her, she finds herself in a familiar place, the dark garden from *Signpost* ("Auguries"). She knows how to recognize the signs of parting — in "Auguries", "The Sign", "The Uninvited". At last she can move in and out of cages, but she is old and alone. So she bird-watches instead from her window, sees "bird life free". More and more the house becomes a vantage point from which she observes the world. In the warm cabin, she remembers freedom and love "when there was no cabin built" but only the house of love: "its foundations our arms only" ("Birdwatching"). Now, however, she needs the fire and the four walls. Under her windows, the young and the free march with flowers ("The Metal and the Flower"). She worries about children, grandchildren, the world. Though she has come to terms with her own past, she does not think that the limitations placed on her as a girl were right. She describes the process of repression, using imagery reminiscent of "City Wife":

... a girl in spring  
 looking at green fields unfolding  
 must be blinkered  
 hands re-folded  
 A girl longing for breath  
 of wind            of love?  
 must turn in a narrow bed  
 clean white sheets  
 hand-washed and hung  
 on the line        in the sun  
 and never dance  
 on the clothesline herself

And the moral is this:

You did not find  
 everything you wanted  
 but you learned to accept  
 everything you found.  
 ("Centennial People")

Not Dorothy Livesay. When the man leaves her, she recovers her freedom, moving "up the mountain" ("Another Journey"), measuring herself as an individual and a woman ("The Operation"), wondering whether bisexuality — which had first called her indoors — or asexuality is really more advanced ("De-Evolution").

The second edition of *Plainsongs* also emphasizes the house as vantage point ("Where I Usually Sit"). It is more concerned with the houses of the past, however — concerned, first of all, that they be retained, for it seems that birds can only be free where the old houses stand:

hold hold the houses down  
 build fences round the birch, the rowan tree  
 where robins still may come  
 ("Edmonton Suite")

There is concern also with the old houses as "Canadiana": the grandmother's house, a weather-stained house on the beach ("Seashelter"), a "House Amongst Trees". They are "The Artefacts". She can hear the breathing of the old house though the young cannot; she alone understands its sleep and its movements, values its history, and knows its place in time:

In the middle of the night  
 the house heaves, unmoored  
 launched on a vast sea.  
 ("The Artefacts: West Coast")

The poet leaves us with a "Weather Forecast" for her life and the world. She carries "leaf shells" into the house, which has become a place of safety for her. She is sixty years old, she tells us, and it is autumn; but "spring is still/ a verifiable/ possibility."

She lives inside the house, "behind glass", because the world is "frosted with snow" ("Where I Usually Sit"). Never does she give up her bird-watching, her hope of spring. She has bequeathed her dreams of freedom to the young, who may be able to fulfil them: she hears behind "The Children's Letters" a familiar

voice "stuttering/ at the sky/ 'bird . . . bird . . .' ". They relive her youth, her "Halloweens"; perhaps their choices will be different; they cannot help but learn from hers.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> As my concern is largely with "Woman" in Livesay's poetry, and I deal primarily with the lyric poetry, I review much ground covered by Peter Stevens in his article, "Dorothy Livesay: The Love Poetry" (*Canadian Literature* 47: pp. 26-43, Winter 1971). However, my viewpoint is not the same as his, and in most cases my reading of individual poems is quite different.
- <sup>2</sup> This is generally true, I think, of the lyric poetry. In the social poetry, the poet is equally concerned with male and female approaches to freedom and the hearth.
- <sup>3</sup> She writes in *How Do I Love Thee* that the poem is "personal" and "about my Winnipeg childhood" (ed. John Robert Colombo, Edmonton, Hurtig, 1970, p. 12). Furthermore, she retells the experience in an autobiographical memoir, "A Prairie Sampler" (*Mosaic* 3: pp. 85-92, Spring 1970).
- <sup>4</sup> I assume this group of poems is from *New Poems* (1955), of which I was unable to find a copy.
- <sup>5</sup> Peter Stevens, "Dorothy Livesay: The Love Poetry", p. 26.
- <sup>6</sup> The book itself is full of houses, of course — a neighbour house (p. 2), and the house in "Ontario Story" (p. 6), as well as those I have already mentioned in "The Outrider", "Day and Night", "West Coast", "Call My People Home", and "Roots".

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