SNOWWHITE, THE DIVORCÉE

To serve Snowwhite (and raise her standard of living) the Prince becomes a shoddy businessman. He buys an apple orchard; sprays it with potent but suspect insecticides which enhance the appearance and beauty of the ordinary. However, he keeps a patch, unsprayed, for his own family consumption.

One day Snowwhite innocently eats one of the poisonous but good-looking apples. She falls sick. Her husband confesses everything; business is dirty; morality is for religious freaks who don’t make money out of edible goods, but only out of inedible, indelible badness. Nonetheless, Snowwhite, disillusioned, leaves Mr. Prince for an alternative.

The alternative claims lovlove is the core of his life; workaholism is for the (commuter) birds. They eat health food together. Except, not long after her second marriage Snowwhite discovers her alternative is living off his grandfather who owns a clothes factory in South Africa. Cheap labor and all that. Snowwhite divorces her second husband and suffers from sexual frustration and insomnia. She takes up a career.

The question arises: is Snowwhite the witch/bitch now that she suffers from sexual frustration and insomnia? Will masturbation cure her blues? Will her career prevent her from questioning the awful meaning of life?

The moral of the story is: Prince Charming is an alien from outer space (a one-night stand) who has no intention of living with a humdrum earthling (male or female).

Mary Melfi
Montreal, Quebec

THE GIFT

Hesitant, bemused, my mother gave a gift.
For your desk, she said, to keep the feeling live.
The picture was dead, but the frame was very nice.

From afar, one difficult summer
My difficult daughter sent a card.
For your birthday, mom, the nicest picture I could find.

(Pink and green on white
The colours of my mother’s home.)

Mother and daughter astride a white horse
The foal runs beside
High on the green tall grass expanse
of broad and rolling hills
Through pink poppies ride
Wind-swept, wind-free ride.

I placed my daughter’s picture within my mother’s frame
The mare is stepping out through pink and green mosaic
Towards the open wooden grain
Motion framed but breaking free

My mother and my daughter gave a gift to me.

Anne E. Tener
Merrickville, Ontario

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