

Elizabeth Bishop Society of Nova Scotia

P.O. Box 138, Great Village, Nova Scotia B0M 1L0

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NEWSLETTER

Fall, 1999

Editorial

Make no mistake. Bishop had as much of a will of iron as any of her contemporaries – Lowell, Roethke, Berryman. There is, of course, a great deal in her life to solicit our empathy with her as a victim of heredity and circumstance, the death of her father, for example, when she was six months old, the madness of her mother, the asthma, alcoholism and nervous breakdowns. But there was also always a part of Bishop at work and making sure that she would land on her feet. It is most objectively visible in the formal structure of her verse and in that complex intrication of apparent spontaneity but deep reserve which characterizes both her poems and most of the letters published in *One Art*. It is hard not to feel at times that when those of us who never knew her call Bishop “Elizabeth” we are not only demonstrating an affection we know to be admirable but also surrendering to a willed charm canny enough to hide its complexity behind simplicity.

These thoughts occurred while I was putting this issue of the *Newsletter* together for three reasons. The first reason is that it contains Brian Robinson’s account of his visits to Casa Mariana and Samambaia. Brian, a charter member of the E.B.N.S. who teaches at St. Mary’s University in Halifax, is by profession a geographer. He brings to his account a disciplined perception of the social and psychological implications of site and architecture. The second reason is the recent

publication of Donna Smyth’s play about Bishop, *Running to Paradise*, which was presented at the Acadia Symposium on Bishop held in September, 1998. The play is reviewed in this *Newsletter*. Not only as a dramatist but also as a poet, short story writer and novelist, Donna has for many years explored the tensions between individuals and cultural tradition, between the costs of creativity and the responsibilities of love. Donna’s version of Bishop, if examined carefully (“if you care to listen,” as Donna’s Bishop says at one point) may not be to everyone’s taste, but it is not sentimental, and it is not altogether charming.

There is a third reason for these thoughts, one really extraneous to this *Newsletter*. It is the appearance of *Reading Rilke: Reflections on the Problems of Translation* by William Gass (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1999). To summarize only one aspect of this book in an impossibly brief way, Gass talks about Rilke’s creation of himself as the only possible author of his works, of the substitution of that author for the Rilke of whom he was deeply ashamed, the one who left his wife and daughter, the one who could support Paula Becker only after she had died by writing the “Elegy,” the one who first charmed then abandoned his lovers. We calculate costs and return to his poetry, if it still holds us after such knowledge, and are uncertain of our own innocence.

News and Information

Annual General Meeting

The E.B.N.S. held an Annual General Meeting in the Legion Hall, Great Village, on June 5, 1999. The President of the Society, Peter Sanger, reported on the activities of the Society during the previous year, particularly upon the Bishop Symposium held at Acadia University in September, 1998. He thanked all those members who helped to host Symposium visitors to Great Village, especially June and Angus Chisholm in whose home a reception for the visitors was held. The Treasurer, Angus Chisholm, circulated copies of his annual financial report. As of March 31, 1999, the Society's bank balance was \$2,687.96. Brian Robinson and Sandra Barry as members of the Nominating Committee for Society officers presented their report. After nominations were closed and assent was given, the following constitute the Society's Executive for the year 1999-2000: Chair, Peter Sanger; Vice-Chair, Donna Smyth; Secretary, Terry White; Treasurer, Angus Chisholm. The following Board of Directors was constituted: incumbent members, Sandra Barry, Lois Bray, Arthur Chisholm, Anne Marie Duggan, Meredith Layton, Joy Graham; new members, Brian Bartlett, Ruth Peppard, Brian Robinson, Deborah Stiles, Paul Tingley.

The meeting then discussed a report submitted by a sub-committee consisting of Peter Sanger and Angus Chisholm concerning the possibility of the Society's applying directly to the Federal Government's Millennium Fund for help in financing a film on Bishop proposed by Sandra Barry and Halifax producer, Don Duchesne. A proposal had been made that the Fund would be asked to consider a request for thirty percent of the \$500,000 estimated cost of the project. The meeting accepted the sub-committee's recommendation that the Society not make direct application for funds but be prepared to write letters of support when more

knowledge of the project is available and when its script becomes accessible for Society discussion.

The meeting closed with the Chair's expression of thanks and good wishes on the Society's behalf to Alan and Lois Bray who have moved from Great Village to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia.

Further News

We note with great interest that a Poetry Conference devoted to "Jarrell, Bishop, Lowell & Co." will be held at Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, from April 13-16, 2000. More conference information appears later in this "Newsletter." We also wish to congratulate Laura Menides and Angela Dorenkamp, editors of *"In Worcester, Massachusetts": Essays on Elizabeth Bishop from the 1997 Elizabeth Bishop Conference at the Worcester Polytechnical Institute*. Publication details of this volume also appear later in this "Newsletter."

Bishop Reading in Halifax

Brian Robinson writes: "A Tribute to Elizabeth Bishop" was held in the Spring Garden Road Library in Halifax on October 6, 1998, the twentieth anniversary of Bishop's death. It was organized by Sandra Barry. There were nine presenters, each of whom gave a short introduction to his or her particular choices and, while it would be rash to suggest that there was a pattern, a list which included "Sestina" (Sue MacLeod), "Anaphora" (Deidre Dwyer), "One Art" (Sue Goyette), and "Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore" (Brian Bartlett), at least hints that it was Bishop the model poet who was being

represented. Other readers opted for a more biographical approach which was sometimes autobiographical as well: "In the Village" (Anna Keefe), "In the Waiting Room" (Margo Wheaton), "The Prodigal" (Jill MacLean) and "The Map" (Brian Robinson) fell into this category. Strangely, only one choice, "At the Fishhouses" (Donna Smyth), was from Bishop's Nova Scotia repertoire. So, looking back at the night, I cannot help but imagine it was like a literary group's meeting in some village in Nova Scotia at the beginning of the century, its members' well-thumbed Tennysons or Burns in hand, reading their favourites and sharing the evening, the dark, as Bishop says somewhere, gathering them all together. As I finished this note, I learned with great sadness that one of the participants, Anna Keefe, died suddenly of a heart attack in November, 1999. She leaves behind family, friends and former students who will miss her humanity, learning and love of poetry.

Membership in the Elizabeth Bishop Society of Nova Scotia is available for \$8 per year or \$20 for three years (Canadian funds). Either membership entitles the holder to take full voting part in the Society's deliberations and to receive the Newsletter for free.

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Subscription is by membership in the Society or \$5 Canadian per year, made payable to the Elizabeth Bishop Society of Nova Scotia.

Editor: Peter Sanger
Associate Contributing Editors:
Jeffery Donaldson, John Barnstead
Editorial Assistant: Sandra Murphy, Humanities Dept., NSAC,
Truro, NS B2N 5E3
Phone: (902) 893-6725
Fax: (902) 897-9399
Email: smurphy@cadmin.nsac.ns.ca

That Omniscient Marvel

by Peter Sanger

Did Bishop make up the name of the "Marvel" stove in "Sestina"? If she did, are we to read all kinds of connotative meaning into her choice of name? Or is the name yet another example of her extraordinarily accurate memory of life in Great Village? These

questions are difficult to answer, in part, because no stove of the "Sestina" time, 1917, has survived in the Great Village Bulmer home. However, the two illustrations given below may at least propose something arguably factual.

They are reproduced from the catalogue of the Keeley Stove Co., Columbia, Pennsylvania, for 1926. The stoves had been available in this design since 1914, which makes it possible for one or the other of the two models to have been in the Bulmer kitchen on that rainy late afternoon in November. It is interesting that the stove company involved is American. There were at least two famous iron stove manufactories in the Maritimes in 1917. One, the maker of Enterprise stoves, was located in Sackville, New Brunswick. The other, the Lunenburg Stove Co., was located in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. If, indeed, the Bulmer household's stove was one of the Marvels depicted, it is additional testimony to the easy and customary exchange between the Maritimes and the United States which was also so much a part of Bishop's personal history. A Marvel stove could well have come to Great Village direct from the New England states by sea as part of a local merchant's dealings, possibly even of Bishop's Uncle Arthur. Of the two Marvels shown, it is the one shown first, crowned by a back-splash sheet and a warming-oven, which could have been the one most likely to have felt "the teakettle's small hard tears." But, of course, nothing to do with Bishop is quite as simple as it seems at first glance. What I cannot illustrate is yet another possible Marvel of the same vintage as those shown here. It was made by the Channon-Emery Co. of Quincy, Illinois. Can anyone reading this find out some information about this particular Marvel? I am most grateful to Peter Seidl, a friend and an antique dealer in Wentworth, Nova Scotia, for finding this information and these illustrations after much Internet exploration.

“MARVEL”



Made Both Portable and Brick Set. Right and Left Ovens. Flat and Duplex Grates. Six Hole Top. Sheet Flue. Skeleton Base with Door.

LIST PRICE, AS ILLUSTRATED, LESS WATER FRONT

No.	List	Weight	Oven	Top	Height	Covers	Collar
77	\$84.00	280	17"x17"x10 1/2"	32 1/2"x23 1/2"	29 1/2"	6-7"	6"
88	85.50	285	17"x17"x10 1/2"	32 1/2"x23 1/2"	29 1/2"	6-8"	6"

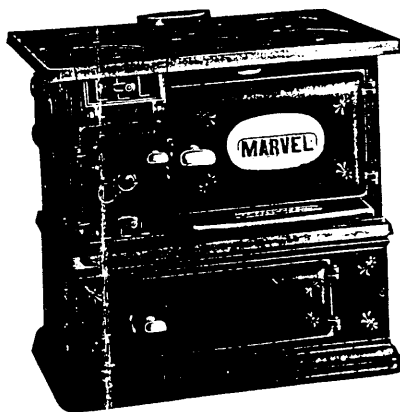
Shipped With Flat Grate Unless Otherwise Ordered.

ADDITIONS AND DEDUCTIONS

Deduct for Steel Closet	List \$24.00
Add for Water Front	List 8.00
Add for Reservoir (Right Oven Only)	List 20.00
Add for Duplex Grates	List 1.50

Reservoir Can Be Attached to This Range.

“MARVEL”



Made Both Portable and Brick Set. Right and Left Ovens. Flat and Duplex Grates. Six Hole Top. Sheet Flue. Skeleton Base with Door.

LIST PRICE, AS ILLUSTRATED, LESS WATER FRONT

No.	List	Weight	Oven	Fire Box	Height	Covers	Collar
77	\$60.00	280	17"x17"x10 1/2"	14"x7 1/2"x8 1/2"	29 1/2"	6-7"	6"
88	61.50	285	17"x17"x10 1/2"	14"x7 1/2"x8 1/2"	29 1/2"	6-8"	6"

Shipped With Flat Grate Unless Otherwise Ordered.

ADDITIONS AND DEDUCTIONS

Add for Reservoir (Right Oven Only)	List \$20.00
Add for Water Front	List 8.00
Add for Duplex Grates	List 1.50

Reservoir Can Be Attached to This Range.

Elizabeth Bishop’s “Lost Houses” in Brazil

by Brian Robinson

In the treetops of Samambaia
I made a treehouse;
In Ouro Prêto I made a nest
In a niche in a cliff in a valley
Of nineteen golden churches
Paul Durcan¹

The road from Ouro Prêto to Mariana runs along the side of the valley. Starting from the upper corner of the main square of Ouro Prêto (Praça Tiradentes) the narrow road winds like a ledge always overlooking the valley. But it is not until Bishop’s house, Casa Mariana, that the full picture-postcard view of Ouro Prêto appears. Even though the house is hidden from the street, suddenly we realize that Bishop had the best view in town (Figure One).²



Figure One

The road cuts across several tributary streams which descend to the main river. Every now and again there is a waterfall or a fountain. In the case of Casa Mariana the fall is on the upper side of the road and the stream descends under the road, continuing its course in a

ravine below the house. Nearby there is enough water in what used to be a more elaborate fountain for someone to wash hair. A young girl is putting her hair up as we arrive. Not knowing exactly where Bishop's house is behind the walls Bishop had carefully restored, we stop "where all the world still stops." It is dry season, so the water is doing little more than sliding over the smooth rock. A woman is carrying a huge bundle on her head. For the tourist it is an obligatory photo opportunity, but she is moving too quickly. Even if we understood the language, as tourists we have no time for the eavesdropping of "Under the Window: Ouro Preto" (though, of course, we can follow-up on Bishop's instructions as to where the fountain proper is now, namely, the museum). The occasion is characteristic of the mixed privileges and frustrations of being tourists. But even merely looking on with our tourists' gaze there is the possibility of imagining the importance of a fountain for the everyday events of a street scene. Of course, in Bishop's poem there are the comings and goings which aggregate the seven ages of man, the wheels of commerce where oil has seeped into the roadside ditch, the fountain as the one place everyone has in common, an inventory which draws together the common place aspects of everyday assent.

At least that's what walking the half hour or so to Casa Mariana encourages one to think. Arriving in Samambaia is another matter...

To begin with, we are lost. The bus driver and the guide and all of us on the pilgrimage have no idea of our whereabouts in Petropolis. Our only way out is to telephone the present owner of Samambaia and ask for directions. Her solution is to send her bodyguard to escort us!

We follow his black VW – first through the

streets of Petropolis, then up the slopes of the extraordinary coastal range that forms the familiar backdrop to Rio de Janeiro – until the bus can go no farther. We must, it seems, walk the final half-mile straight up the slope. Or so we thought. A car is screaming towards us, its shocks rattling because of the crazy paving of the stone track (the same one which in Bishop's day was often impassable during the rainy season). It is the owner to give us a lift to Samambaia. Now we are flying up the hill at the kind of speed associated with Rio taxi drivers. No threshold, no epiphany, no time to absorb the surroundings. We are precipitated in the midst of Bishop's first Brazilian home (the second of "One Art's" three lost loved houses).

It takes a while to gather a sense of direction. The house is too long and narrow and low to have any anchoring centre. It is parallel to the contours, at right angles to a small stream. So there are two halves to the grounds, one above, the other below the house, and the only way from one to the other is through the house itself (Figure Two).



Figure Two

On the other hand, the house opens up to a fine terraced patio which overlooks everything we have travelled through, or so it seems. Above us, the mountains are so steep that there are only claims to ownership. No one lives there but, the owner informs us, there are giant bromeliads clinging to the sheer slopes. In other words, no one lived higher on Samambaia than Bishop in her small working studio a short walk above the house. We begin to appreciate just how privileged Bishop's Brazilian sojourn was. At Casa Mariana, from behind her walls, she could celebrate eavesdropping on a foreign culture, whereas in Samambaia there was the incomprehensible gardener Manuelzinho (today it takes many gardeners and several bodyguards to run this virtual penthouse of an estate).

Perhaps these questions of privilege are best considered in the roundabout form of the sequence of poems which followed "Ouro Prêto" in her next collection, *Geography III*. Here one is reminded that the scale and geography of "One Art's" reference to three lost houses included lost cities and "vaster/some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent." Also, the stanzas of "Crusoe" link his self pity to home-brew, the hyphenated home-made flute, and the ironies of "home-made, home-made! But aren't we all?" Her moose is "homely as a house/(or, safe as houses)." And, in the quite different vein of "The End of March," which is more reminiscent of the artifices of her early poems, she speaks of

... my proto-dream house,
my crypto-dream-house, that crooked box
set up on pilings, shingled green,
a sort of artichoke of a house, but greener
(boiled with bicarbonate of soda?)

... a homely enough cooking reference which in turn reminds us how Bishop described the tiled roof of Casa Mariana as looking like a lobster (a cooked one of course). Far from Nova Scotia in tropical Brazil she learned to put up preserves as if there were still a long winter to prepare for, or was it perhaps as if northern Protestant thrift were a touchstone for survival? And, sure enough, it was from her kitchen at Casa Mariana that she would have had that extraordinary view of Ouro Prêto laid out before her. At Samambaia, despite the open plan, it is impossible to imagine where the kitchen is. The house was built as a modernist machine for looking. It is a viewing platform, turning its back on all things domestic, including the servants.

Making more of this would be like overrating Bishop's "Lines Written in the Fannie Farmer Cookbook." Nevertheless, as "Questions of Travel" points out, the tourist is often obliged to interrogate history in "the weak calligraphy of songbird's cages" (the same wooden ones that Bishop brought home to Boston as souvenirs³). Just as Bishop's hyphenations of home-made and crypto or proto "dream-houses" hint at the tensions of a poetic enterprise, so seeing two of her lost houses, even in the briefest of tourist snap-shot visits, did bring home the contradictions of Bishop's geography of privilege and homelessness.

References

¹The Geography of Elizabeth Bishop." *Greetings to Our Friends in Brazil*, The Harvill Press, London, 1999.

²The photographs are from the Bishop collection at Vassar and are published by permission of Vassar College Libraries, Special Collections, Poughkeepsie, New York.

³Forbidden word: See Bishop's "Lines Written in the Fannie Farmer Cookbook."

Review

by Peter Sanger

Donna E. Smyth: *Running to Paradise: A Play About Elizabeth Bishop*: Gaspereau Press, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, 1999. ISBN 1-894031-21-0 (Bound), 1-894031-13-X (Paperback). Price: Bound (Ltd. Ed. of 30), \$39.95; Paperback, \$9.95. [Gaspereau Press, P.O. Box 143, Wolfville, NS, B0P 1X0. Tel.: 902-681-1551. Email: editor@gaspereau.com]

Those of us who attended the Bishop symposium held at Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, in the autumn of 1998 will remember the presentation of Smyth's play as one of the more extraordinary and provocative events which took place. Andria Hill's performance as Bishop in a one scene, one act, one character monologue which extended over the course of at least an hour was exemplary in its pace, control and emotional range. Many of those in the audience were also conscious that Hill was responding to a script of psychological subtlety and frequent lyrical beauty. With the publication of the play by Gaspereau Press of Wolfville (which is run by one of Nova Scotia's most interesting and active literary figures, the poet and editor, Andrew Steeves), we can appreciate the quality of Hill's performance even more (what if we were given the same words to say – how would we say them?). In addition, more importantly, we can appreciate the accomplishments and deeper implications of Smyth's text.

Running to Paradise is handsomely and generously produced. Not only does it contain Smyth's text but also notes on the play, on the playwright, on Elizabeth Bishop and Nova Scotia, together with a portfolio of eleven photographs drawn from the Acadia University Library's Archives, where the provincially-owned Bulmer-Bishop-Hutchinson-Sutherland

archival fonds is now on deposit. Almost all of these photographs will be unfamiliar to most Bishop scholars and to the general reading public. They include a picture of Bishop with her Great Village grandparents taken ca. 1911; a picture of Bishop with her mother, taken ca. 1913; one of Bishop with Betsy, the Bulmer family dog, taken in Great Village, ca. 1913 and another of Bishop standing in front of the Presbyterian church in Great Village, ca. 1915. The sequence continues chronologically through Bishop's life, ending with two extraordinary photographs, the first taken at Balmoral Grist Mill in Balmoral, Nova Scotia, in 1976, during one of the visits made to her cousin, Phyllis Sutherland, and the second photograph taken at the reception held after Bishop received her honorary doctorate from Dalhousie University in May, 1979, just five months before her death. In some ways, the play can be seen as an exploration of the meanings of these photographs, of the meanings, that is, of what would otherwise present themselves to us as anonymously as those old photographs in worn, tattered, uncaptioned albums which have lost their true possessors and have wound up in junk or antique shops where we flick through them looking rather negligently for images redeemed into objective value by some usually accidental artistic merit. For that reason, I think, Smyth has placed the portfolio of Bishop photographs in the book before her text begins. She wishes to redeem the images into meaning. Her play, in fact, starts as direct commentary on the last photograph in the portfolio, the one taken in Halifax in May, 1979.

In real time, the play has one setting. It is three o'clock in the morning in Bishop's hotel room in Halifax (for those interested, poets and suchlike, my guess is a room in the Lord

Nelson). But the poem's real time includes imaginative time, the Proustian interlock and overlap of past and present. The play's first stage directions tell us that the hotel room is, therefore, 'surreal.' The main stage properties (for example, suggestions of sea and a beach, a white church tower; of New York skyline and a park bench; and of tropical jungle) divide the room into Nova Scotian, New York and Brazilian space. Other properties re-inforce the tangibilities of these spaces or (fishing gear and a clavichord are examples) suggest Key West and Boston. What these stage properties externalize for us are Bishop's imaginative sources, as this play construes them.

During the course of the play, Bishop's monologue moves from space to space. We hear the words of her Bulmer grandparents, of her mother, of Lota de Macedo Soares, and Bishop remembers also her encounters with Marianne Moore, Pound, Ernest and Pauline Hemingway and, above all, her enigmatic relationship with Robert Lowell. Sounding like the ground bass to all these relationships throughout the course of the play are the words Bishop remembers her grandmother Bulmer saying over and over again: "Nobody knows! Nobody knows!" On one level, the play is Bishop's explanation of what it is nobody knows; on another, it is her confession that nobody knows anything, most of all Elizabeth Bishop; except that she knows herself to have come "from a long line of people who bear their suffering with cheerfulness, not false or forced cheery-cherry, but knowing... this is how it is [*Indrawn breath*] Yes. [*Pause*] Even the Greeks knew it."

Such are her thoughts in this play at three o'clock in a morning in May, 1979. But we also hear the thoughts of other times, when

escape seemed possible: "When the tide turns in the Bay of Fundy, at first you don't notice it... You're digging clams in the red mud. Or walking the beach looking for fossils. Semi-precious stones washed out of the cliffs: amethysts, agates. You hear the clamour of the gulls before you see them, riding the air..." Or there is this evocation of Samambaia: 'I was so happy... it was like I'd died and gone to heaven but I didn't deserve it. Happiness I could hold in my hands and taste. A home-love, affection, laughter Lota's laugh... I could hear it from my estudio... the waterfall, the laughter falling..."

When escape seemed possible. But only *seemed* – even in these instances, as in all the similar ones in the play, a shadow falls between Bishop's act and her intent. "You notice the wind has shifted. Rivulets flow inward now, towards you. The air begins to vibrate. Suddenly, relentlessly, the sea is moving to claim the land. If you don't move quickly, if you let yourself be backed into a cliff..." And as for Lota's waterfall of laughter, it is a laughter which falling, fell and failed. At such moments in Smyth's play, one realizes that she is not subscribing to the myth of misunderstood and victimized poet. Smyth is doing something far more difficult. She is suggesting the existence of a willed fatality in Bishop herself, one not composed of the accidents of exterior circumstances, but one which, paradoxically, the most creative part of her nature needed in order to write. Such, indeed, is the implication of the title Smyth has chosen for her play, *Running to Paradise*. We are given one level of explanation for it within the words Bishop speaks. She remembers boarding the ship leaving New York for the voyage which would take her to Brazil and the fourteen years spent living with Lota and some words of Lowell. "Cal said I was running

away..." A few lines later, Bishop remembers: "Lota was proud of her fazenda, her estate: 'All this is mine, it comes from my family – we are a very old family in Brazil.' It looked like paradise to me." She also remembers eating the cashew nut, "fresh from the tree," the forbidden fruit which turned her body against itself in allergic reaction and paradoxically secured her entry into paradise, into eden, not her expulsion from it. Or was it really eden? Was it not really a masked version of the world from which Lowell descried she was trying to run, the world which was herself (just as all of us carry our own worlds about and within us)?

There is another source for Smyth's title which I am sure she expects us to remember. Citing it may throw clearer light on what I am trying to say. It is Yeats's poem of the same title, "Running to Paradise," which appeared in the collection *Responsibilities* (1914). The poem is too long to quote here. I can only mention two things about it. The first is the refrain, repeated after each of its four stanzas, *And there the king is but as the beggar*, a line which Smyth's play shifts into an acute commentary upon what proved to be the case for both Lota de Macedo Soares and Elizabeth Bishop at various points in their relationship. The second concerns the poem's last three lines (separated from the concluding refrain):

Yet, never have I lit on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind

Bishop's real and constant friend was ever and always, as Smyth suggests, her poetry, the very thing that "Nobody knows" – nobody, that protean Ulysses perpetually voyaging to or from Penelope. Bishop's friend was the wind, that is, the breath of her words. Hence, Smyth has her blowing beautiful soap-bubbles shortly after the play begins: "I find this very soothing... just dip, like so, and breathe!

Voila. Breathe! That is my breath... floating... the spirit bubble..." Hence also, the play ends with Bishop taking up her soap-bubble blowing ring once again and releasing the bubbles of her breath, the wind of her poems, to blow about her room and our stage while she says: "I pass on to you my grandmother's glass eye and the mystery of it. My poems speak themselves if you care to listen. Be careful. It's easy to lose things, places, people. It's what you do with the loss that counts. Hang on for dear life until its time to let go... so, so, so. [*Blowing bubbles to this rhythm*]. "Somebody loves us all," and "Nobody knows." The great distinction of Smyth's play is that it returns us from Bishop's life to her poetry.

Running to Paradise

a play about elizabeth bishop

by Donna E. Smyth

\$ 9.95 [pbk] ISBN 1-894031-13-X

\$39.95 [hbk] ISBN 1-894031-21-0

Donna E. Smyth's one-woman play, *Running to Paradise*, was staged in Wolfville and Halifax in the fall of 1998 by The Studio Group.

About the Author

Donna E. Smyth lives on an old farm in Hants County, NS. As well as publishing numerous short stories, poems and non-fiction pieces, Donna E. Smyth has published three novels: *Quilt* and *Subversive Elements*, and a young adult novel, *Loyalist Runaway*, which won the 1992 Dartmouth Fiction Award. Her previous plays include *Giant Anna* and an adaptation of *Alice Through the Looking Glass*.

Gaspereau Press

P.O. Box 143, Wolfville, NS B0P 1X0

www.gaspereau.com

Tel: 902-681-1551

Email: editor@gaspereau.com

***"In Worcester, Massachusetts": Essays on Elizabeth Bishop
From the 1997 Elizabeth Bishop Conference at WPI***

Laura Jehn Menides and Angela G. Dorenkamp, Editors

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Call for Proposals

Jarrell, Bishop, Lowell, & Co. A Poetry Conference and a Celebration

Case Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio April 13 - 16, 2000

"A good poet is someone who manages, in a lifetime of standing out in
thunderstorms, to be struck by lightning five or six times." (Randall Jarrell, 1951)

Featured speakers to include:

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Edward Hirsch

John Hollander

Brad Leithauser

J.D. McClatchy

Jane Shore

Kathleen Spivack

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Proposals for 20-minute papers should be 250 words in length, and submitted by November 30, 1999. Panel proposals should include a brief abstract of the panel topic, plus no more than three paper proposals. Please submit abstracts by e-mail when possible, or by mail or fax. For further information or guidelines, please contact Suzanne C. Ferguson, Professor and Chair, English Department, Case Western Reserve University, 10900 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland OH 44106-7117. Phone: (216) 368-2217 Fax: (216) 368-2216 Email for the conference: armadillo@po.cwru.edu

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