

I wish I could speak more favourably of *On the Threshold*, a group of stories and poems compiled by five women from Kingston, Ont. who call themselves The Foxglove Collective. The pieces are largely focused on the millennium, but are not held securely in place by that theme.

Two pieces deserve mention. *Fin de jour, fin d'annee, fin-de-siecle*, is a haunting poem by D.G. Jones that looks at the uncertainty of what is to come: "the preparation for winter is joy / primitive as pulling up stakes and / heading for the new world / or getting out your erasure, like / cleaning the windows of cobwebs and / removing the screens."

*The Applicant* by Kate Barker is a fantasy about dying and trying to get into heaven. The protagonist finds out that one is judged only by the last 15 minutes: surveys in Heaven have shown that this gives a reliable sampling of most lives. Unfortunately, he was in a pretty bad mood at the time of his death, so Heaven is closed to him and he will have to return to Earth until he gets it right. He is appalled to discover that a murderer who makes a final, generous gesture does get in.

For the most part, though, the pieces in *On the Threshold* don't make a strong impression.

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