



The Presentation of Self in Emily Carr's Writings

Shirley Bear & Susan Crean

Early in 1999, the Vancouver Art Gallery telephoned Susan to invite her to participate in a series of presentations by artists, actors, and poets marking the opening of the refurbished Emily Carr galleries. It was suggested that she give a lecture “or whatever else you’d like to do,” and it was this line that led to a conversation in which Shirley proposed developing a performance piece exploring the relationship between Emily Carr and her long-time friend, Sophie Frank. We embarked on a research project that began at the British Columbia Archives with the letters written to Emily by Sophie between 1915 and 1929. Sophie’s voice, clear and literate, spoke to us through her letters.

Our exploration, inspired by Sophie’s writings and based in First Nations cultural knowledge, resulted in a reconstructed exchange between the two women. However, we discovered that academic speculation supposed Sophie’s letters were written for her by the parish priest,¹ which may still be the common scholarly assumption, as there has been no investigation into Sophie’s life and the possibility that she spoke English well enough to have been Carr’s confidante. The focus has always been on Emily and not on the subjects of her writings.

Sophie Frank was an artist and a thinker and, in spite of her life circumstances, she continued to create many beautiful weavings. She maintained a long friendship with Emily Carr. A thirty-year relationship between women is never devoid of personal thoughts and conversations about love, work, and tragedies. Sophie would have shared her cultural knowledge and many of her insights on art with a woman whom she was so fond of, a woman who would nevertheless go on to demean and primitivize her existence after her death.

Finding Sophie has been a challenge. We have the visual evidence in the portrait Emily painted of her in 1914 (fig. 25) and one photograph of her in front of a display of her works, with her two children standing beside her. Other records are not so readily available. Up until 1871, birth, marriage, and death records, as well as personal journals, were often kept by churches, yet almost no information relating to Sophie has been found. We looked for Emily’s side of the exchange in her journals (especially

Fig. 24 H.U. Knight (1873–1973), *Emily Carr in Her Studio*, January 1934 (detail) (cat. 201)

in unpublished passages about Sophie and “Indian” culture), and derived missing details about their friendship from cultural context. Shirley’s knowledge of life as an artist, which dates from the 1950s, has been key to our project, as has her experience as a First Nations artist with limited financial support and exhibition access.

Sophie was already an accomplished artist when she visited Emily’s Vancouver studio in 1906; she was already selling her weavings from door to door in an established area of the city. There was no appreciation then for baskets as “Art,” and the residue of this attitude still lingers in the art establishment. The artform continues to be marginalized and collected as artifacts from a romantic, imagined civilization. By placing monetary and exhibition value on such objects, though, a society can exonerate itself and shirk responsibility for the demise of a civilization. And, unquestionably, a high value is placed on First Nations’ objects contained in museum collections around the world. Some patrons and curators also place a high value on their intimate knowledge of the work, and even on the individual human beings connected to it. In this way, both the artform of basket weaving and the baskets themselves are “museumized,” turned into the dead arts of a dead civilization and appropriated for colonial purpose.

To spend time piecing together Sophie’s story from Emily’s fairly extensive record (only Carr’s sisters got more journal space) is to be forced to contemplate the way Carr altered and obfuscated both Sophie and her history. Our performance piece *Dear Sophie/Dear Emily*² begins with a dialogue between Sophie Frank and Emily Carr, that moves into an exchange between Shirley Bear and Susan Crean, and ends in a debate with the audience about Carr’s legacy. This essay similarly begins with the imagined exchange between Sophie and Emily, based on Emily’s journals and Sophie’s letters to her.

S. B. and S.C., November 2005

Victoria, 1914

Sophie, I have been thinking about you recently and the way you came into my life.

One day in answer to a gentle knock at the door, I found a little Indian Mother standing there with a fat baby on her back. She had on a full skirt of loud plaid, and a bright yellow silk handkerchief about her head. A little girl hung onto her skirts and a heavy boy dawdled behind.

“Baskets?” you asked, untying a very large bundle to show me an array of beautiful baskets.

“Haho chuckman,” I said, meaning “no money.”

“Warm skirt just the same,” you replied.

“Haho warm skirt. Next month maybe. Catch’um Victoria,” I explained.

The basket I wanted was about 18 inches wide and 24 inches long. It was stoutly woven and inlaid with cherry bark and split cedar. It was square cornered with handles and a firm, beautifully fitted cover. When you left I told you to take the basket with you.

“I will come to North Vancouver to get it when I come back from Victoria with clothes,” I said.

“Just same bymby,” you said.

“Well, how can I find you in the village?”

“Me Sophie Frank. Everybody know me.”

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Squamish Mission
North Vancouver
March 19, 1915

My Dear Emily,

With great pleasure I write you these few lines in answer to your letter. I am well and Frank too, but he is just as bad drinking, I just begin to feel alright and good of heart and then he drinks and makes me down-hearted again. I can’t get cheerful, for I can’t make him good.

It was good to receive a letter from you dear Emily. I wasn’t sure you could talk English after our first meeting. I used my Indian-talking English back to you to make you feel better.

My dear, dear Emily! Grammy tells me that you were here asking about me. I am wondering why you continue to ask for Indian Sophie. I thought we’d talked about that. I guess I should call you my White Emily.

Your friend, Sophie

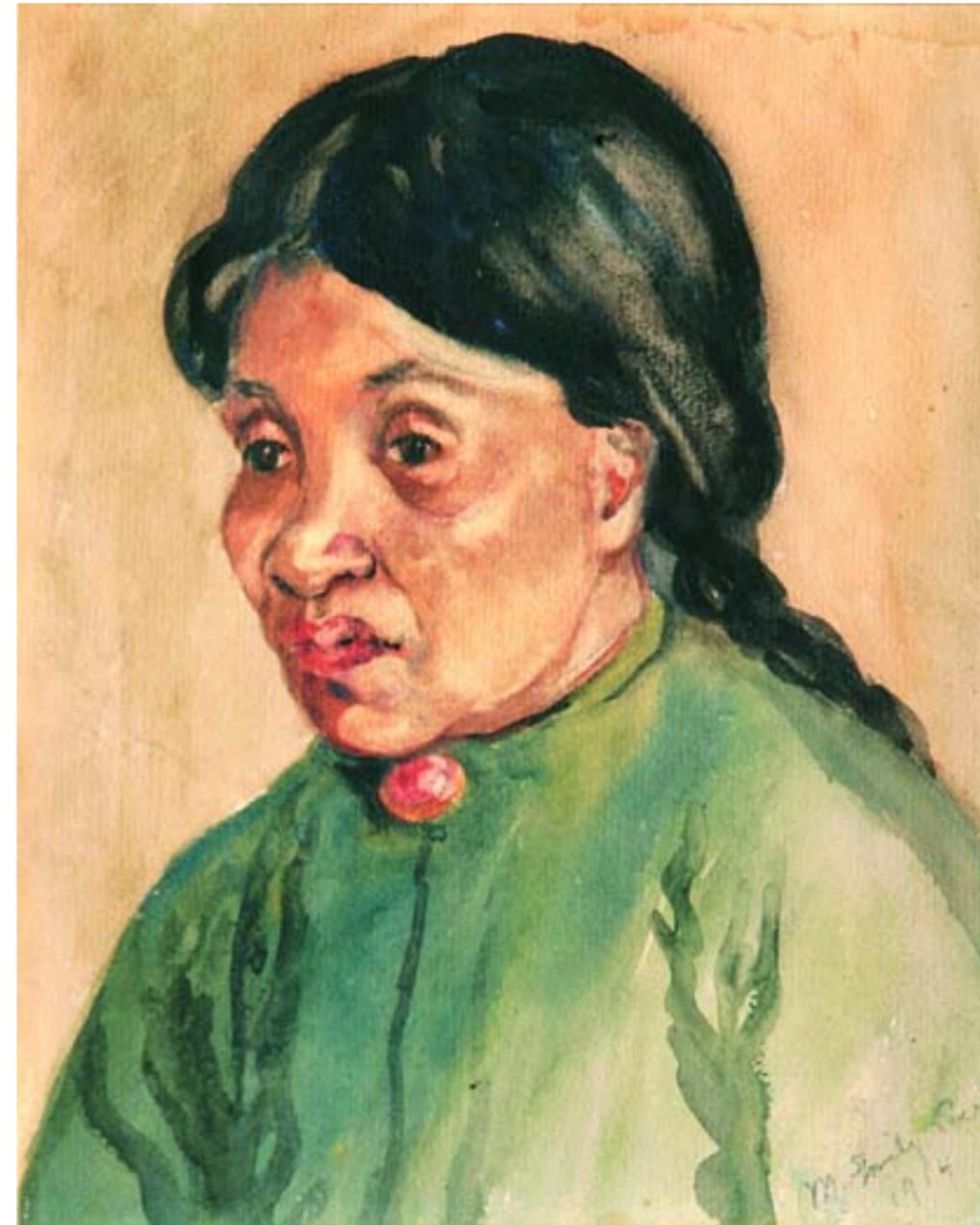


Fig. 25 Emily Carr, *Sophie Frank*, 1914 (cat.199)

Victoria,
1915

I am missing Vancouver, and I am missing you, Sophie. Whenever life hit me hard I would go across the bay and sit a spell with you, remember? Your bare little house was clean and it faced the sea...and inside the door there was always calm. Ever since there have been no babies to roll about on the floor with you as you squat there making baskets. There are always good feelings in your house.

Your friend Susan lived in the house next door when I first knew you. She was a Mother Indian too, and like you she wove a new papoose cradle every year and almost as regularly ordered a little coffin from the undertaker. I suppose the trouble was tubercular. Between the carrying out of a coffin and the weaving of a new papoose, both of you took baskets all tied up in cloths with knotted corners on the ferry to Vancouver to sell. There was a standing invitation to a cup of tea in the studio and many a tea party we had, remember? The three of us giggling like girls.

You cried bitterly when I left, Sophie. You told me you loved me like a sister. More, because your sister sometimes forgets you. "You will not forget," you told me. I kissed you goodbye.

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North Vancouver
November, 1916

My Dear Emily,

You are my Emily and I am happy when you come to visit. We may not talk much but what we say is important. I don't have anyone to talk to about art. I do love your paintings.

What is it you asked me, dear Emily? Do I feel that Indian art has spirit? Of course, you didn't recognize my baskets as art. Yet you take my ideas and old stories and own them. Why is it that you cannot recognize my work as art? Does that mean that you don't hear what I am telling you? Do you not think my work has spirit like the carved poles?

You offered me old clothes when *I needed food because I was feeding a baby*. underlining instead of italics] I am very tired of selling baskets. I have lots but no one cares much for them. All say they have no money. I am in Vancouver every day trying to sell baskets.

Your loving Friend,
Sophie.

Victoria,
1920

Sophie, I went right over to North Van to see you when I got back from the East. My heart stood still I was that frightened when I arrived at the gate and found it nailed up and your house forsaken. I thought you might be dead, but the Indian next door came to my rap and told me you were away with Frank.

I went to the church and prayed earnestly for you and my work. Sat there quite a while and then went to look for Sara. The news she tells me is bad. Drinking and worse. She says though she's your aunt she has nothing to do with you now.

I wondered what it all meant and how much was true so I went to the priest's house. I had never talked to him before, a dirty little man who lisps unpleasantly; he confirmed it all. "Sophie is a prostitute," he told me. "She is drinking hard and always over in town." He says Frank takes you to them and waits for you while you earn, and then the two of you go drinking.

Sophie, you have lied hideously and sunk so low. A woman on the street; chattel of the lowest waterfront derelicts. You used to be good and straight and true – and yet – I know, you have had so much trouble in your life. Twenty-one children all dead, and you loved each one so very much.

Poor Sophie, who I have loved so!

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North Vancouver
1920

Dear Emily

I have hurt you. Prostitution. Is it so bad? I have to earn money.

Sophie

Victoria,
August, 1925

Like you, Sophie, I have to make money however I can. Selling small fruit, rabbits, dogs and pottery. I have built a kiln in my back yard so I can fire my own pots. It's a crude thing with one door, no drafts or dampers or thermostats. But it is huge and I can make hundreds of small objects at once, the kind that tourists pick up.

I ornament my pottery with Indian designs because tourists will buy them. I hate myself for prostituting Indian Art. I know our Indians do not "pot," their designs are not intended to ornament clay. But I do keep the Indian design pure.

The trouble is, because my stuff sells, other potters who follow my lead and know nothing about Indian art, falsify it. This makes me very angry. I love handling the smooth, cool clay. I love the beautiful Indian designs, but I am not happy about using them on material for which they were not intended, and I hate seeing them distorted and cheapened by those who do not understand, or care, as long as their pots sell.

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North Vancouver
1925

My Dear Emily,

Yesterday a woman showed me an Indian pot made by Emily Carr. I was so excited. "Emily is my friend," I told the woman. I thought she would buy a basket if she knew that.

She looked at me in disbelief. I did not want to say more. I do love you Emily so much. My family talks about you stealing our designs. Mary Anne is afraid that the white man will disturb the spirit of the clan symbols and hurt the Indian. When we lose our spirit it will take many generations to get it back. Remember the dream I shared with you that told me this? The one where the white man becomes rich using our designs? You say that people do art for spiritual purposes, not for material gain. My response to that is, "It works if you're not hungry." Why do you try to sell your art? Why do you use Indian designs?

I miss our discussion on art. When I am feeling your absence, I read your letters. Today I miss you and remember all those times we sat on my steps, enjoying the summer breeze and watching the boats go by.

I find myself hurt by some of those things you wrote in your early letters. Are you different from the people you criticize? Why did you change my voice?

Your friend, Sophie

The opening dialogue in *Dear Sophie/Dear Emily* always ended with a blunt question that seemed like bald assertion in the halls of the Vancouver Art Gallery and the Royal British Columbia Museum where we were performing: "Susan, would you say that Emily Carr was a racist?" And that is *the* question that lies at the heart of the discussion of Carr's legacy. "It goes without saying," Susan would respond. "Only we do need to say it." Carr's career as an artist and writer is inescapably connected to the history of White Canada and the First Nations, the "visitors who never left" and the communities that accommodated them. Carr's breakthrough in 1927 and her ultimate success with the cultural elite in central Canada arguably owed more to the Department of Indian Affairs than the National Gallery, for the question of Aboriginal title had a great deal to do with the way in which European Canadians could allow themselves to imagine the entity they called Canada. And it was in the construction of a national identity that Emily Carr found a role and an audience. Her paintings of the Northwest Coast were the perfect embodiment of Marius Barbeau's idea of contemporary art that would use Native art and motif in the creation of something unique and "Canadian."³ Yet the same Native art is still not accepted in Canadian art galleries as valid contemporary or Canadian art.

Carr articulated this perspective when she presented her "Indian paintings" to the public for the first time in 1913 and gave a talk, the "Lecture on Totems," to explain their meaning. "I [would] like to leave behind me some of the relics of [Canada's] first primitive greatness. These things should be to us Canadians what the ancient Britons' relics are to the English."⁴ At that time, neither the non-Indigenous public nor the art world was disposed to Carr's relics or her paintings, but they were in 1927. And fourteen years later on, when her first book was published in 1941, her editors correctly realized that of all her stories, the accounts of her travels to "Indian Country" would attract the most ready audience; *Klee Wyck* (1941) brought her fame as well as the Governor General's award for literature in 1942. Although Carr had abandoned First Nations' imagery in her painting in the mid-1930s,

Indigenous people and Native culture are front and centre in her writing, once again providing her with original material and a purpose. Significantly, *Klee Wyck* was dedicated to Sophie Frank, and the Oxford edition contains a colour reproduction of Carr's portrait of her as a frontispiece. We know from photographs that Carr kept this portrait with her, hanging it in her studio (figs. 24, 25). And we know from her writings that Sophie Frank meant a great deal to her; not just Sophie Frank the woman of warmth and companionship, but the very *idea* of Sophie Frank. To Carr, the story of their unlikely friendship was something to cherish. But she also understood the significance of being able to claim first-hand experience of First Nations culture. This was ultimately invaluable to her work as an artist and writer.

In real life, the two women knew each other over a period of three decades, apparently with an interval in the twenties when they were not regularly in touch. However you choose to imagine the nature of the bond between them, it obviously did exist, and one poignant testimony to its significance is the letter Jimmy Frank wrote to Carr at Christmas 1939, the year Sophie died.⁵ There is also the passage in *Growing Pains* (1946) where Carr describes her correspondence with Lawren Harris, how she felt he was someone she could talk with freely, and how she had written to him about Sophie.⁶ Similarly, late in her life, she confides in Ira Dilworth. It is as if these two friends, men she held in high regard and loved deeply, though in distinctly different ways, validated her love for Sophie across the barrier of race, giving her permission to express it.

There is a good deal more about Sophie in the sections of the journals that were expurgated at the time they were originally published, enough to establish two things. First, that of all Carr's contacts in the Indigenous communities, Sophie was her primary connection. There were other friendships, notably with Clara Russ on Haida Gwaii (pl. 121), who figures extensively in *Klee Wyck* but is absent in the journals. (This friendship is remembered in the Russ family, and is known to have dissolved after the publication of *Klee Wyck*, which is characterized by them as being "full of lies.")⁷ But Sophie was closest to her. And it was Sophie

who first brought Carr into a First Nations community and introduced her to the culture. Sophie functioned as a source of information and inside understanding of the First Nations culture and experience and, quite probably, as a source of insight into First Nations art. Where did the information in the "Lecture on Totems" come from? Aside from the published sources already identified as informing Carr's talk,⁸ who was the "Squamish Indian" who told her the story of the poles in the coastal villages being swept away by a flood, and who might have talked to her about burial practices, about basket making, about spirits?⁹

Sophie Frank was a valued friend who lent Carr credibility and gave substance to her claim to special knowledge of Indigenous culture. However, the Sophie Frank just described is not the woman presented in *Klee Wyck*. The voice in the letters has been altered, the story abbreviated to twenty-one dead children and a slide into drink. Sophie's weaving is barely mentioned. Even though in her 1913 lecture Carr states that that "Indian basketry is a very fine art,"¹⁰ she has nothing to say about the artistry and craftsmanship of Sophie Frank's creations. Furthermore, in *Growing Pains* she introduces Sophie to the world thus: "Indian Sophie was my friend. We sat long whiles upon the wide church steps, talking little, watching the ferry ply between the city and the North shore, Indian canoes fishing the waters of the Inlet, papooses playing on the beach."¹¹ The Sophie she describes is kindly, passive, and silent,¹² an illiterate woman who spoke pidgin English, though it would in fact have been hard for her to avoid knowing the language: since the early 1800s, the Catholic Church had been teaching First Nations children in that area to read, and the North Vancouver reserve (then called Mission) was surrounded by the settler community. Moreover, Sophie was an experienced peddler of baskets who knew the streets of Vancouver. She could even have known who Emily Carr was and deliberately sought her out.

If racism lies at the heart of Carr's legacy, Sophie Frank provides a key to understanding how race relations and attitudes shaped Carr's life and art. Frank occupies a central place in Carr's writing, as a character in her stories and a muse and confidante in her life. Unravelling her mystery

not only reveals sides to Carr that have been hidden from view, it also demonstrates the degree to which First Nations culture was integral to the person Carr took herself to be – and the person she presented to the world.

Throughout her writings, Carr implies that she has a special connection to First Nations people. Early news stories had her living in First Nations communities, which was a long way from the truth, as she never spent more than a couple of weeks in any village, and rarely even that long. "Whenever I could afford it I went up North, among the Indians and the woods, and forgot all about everything in the joy of those lonely, wonderful places," she wrote in the autobiography she sent to Eric Brown at the National Gallery in advance of the 1927 exhibition.¹³ She establishes this connection early on; it is part of the identity she constructs for herself as an artist, a Westerner, and woman. Her interest in First Nations culture naturally attracted the attention of the Indigenous community.¹⁴ Here, and among audiences elsewhere, her presentation of herself is misleading. No doubt the admixture of fact and "fiction" in her writings has confused the situation, as has her propensity for adopting personae.¹⁵ The fact, too, that she used designs on her pottery derived from Haida, Kwakwaka'wakw, and Gitksan motifs (pls. 58–60, 89–92), and that she took up the Nuu-cha-nulth name Klee Wyck as a pen name, has also led numbers of people to assume she was of Native ancestry herself.¹⁶

From the beginning, Carr talks about Native people as friends and offers personal stories from her trips to nearby communities on Vancouver Island. Being neither an expert nor a man, she had no good reason for being there. However, following her trip to Alaska in 1907 she devised a project that incidentally provided her with one, just as it gave her artistic endeavour a *raison d'être*: her purpose in travelling to Indigenous villages would now be to record the magnificent ruins of a vanishing race. "Only a few more years and they will be gone forever into silent nothingness," she said.¹⁷

In this, Carr assumed the male missionary attitude, as did many other Europeans who believed the purpose of White settlement was to save Native souls and and civilize

Native culture in the meantime. Carr's prediction of the vanishing people – a common assumption of her own time and race – became the prevailing model that remains to this day. The totem poles were indeed meant to vanish into the earth, as were their creators. 7iidansu, Jim Hart, hereditary chief of the Haida Nation and a respected historian, spiritualist, and a traditional artist, notes that the poles were never created solely for exhibition;¹⁸ they played a role in the Haida culture. Created for the Nation, they were significant for the community when they stood in front of the longhouses, and significant for the family when they stood in front of homes. When a respected elder passed away, sculptures would be erected to hold the casket of the deceased until it could be buried; after burial, a pole would be erected to tell of that person's story and origins. "There are several different reasons and symbols for the carving of a pole. Some were meant to last longer; these would be erected inside the longhouse. And those who would live their natural life would be erected outside for the elements to decide," explains Hart. From this point of view, Carr's project was as absurd as Barbeau's aborted renovation project of 1926 that attempted to straighten up and repaint the falling poles along the Skeena. Her attempt to preserve Native art was also dangerous in that she, too, courted the ire of the community.

Painting a historical record of the poles was always a pretext. Carr made her first major sketching trip up the coast in 1912 after her return from her studies in France, where the aesthetic current had lured her in the opposite direction, away from reportage and documentary, and toward the form-charged colour of the fauves. Yet when her bid to win public support for the documentary project fizzled, and all she was left with was the artistic one, she did not abandon the subject. Her writings show, moreover, that the attraction to "Indian" culture was related to other, personal things. The alienation she felt from her own family and society, for instance, fuelled her sympathy, as did her quest for a spiritual key to art and her own artmaking. The emotional quotient of her search is evident in her journals, but nowhere is it expressed more directly than in her declarations of love for Sophie Frank. And love is the word she uses.

Sophie uses it, too, signing her letters, “Your ever loving friend” and addressing herself to “My dear Emily.” Her letters show the depth of her affection, for it was not usual for a Native woman to use the L-word to a White woman. She calls her “My Emily” and, according to Carr, refused to share her with others.¹⁹ Carr likewise keeps Sophie Frank compartmentalized. She rhapsodizes over their affinity for each other and their unsullied love, but tells virtually no one about her. Could it be that Sophie was a figment of Carr’s imagination? It has been suggested that the relationship was exaggerated and Sophie largely a literary concoction.²⁰ And Carr was perhaps infantile enough to have had a terrible crush on Sophie that she recreated as a fictional friendship. But it could just as easily have been that the two had a relationship for which Carr had no language. Sophie was a prostitute, or had been prostituted. She was poor, lived on a reserve, and had an alcoholic husband. How to explain that to White friends? The friendship could have been sexual; such love affairs were not unheard of at the time, just never mentioned. No one can know.²¹ Yet it was certainly intimate, affirming, and sensual, and it may have taken Carr to a place she would never have gone on her own, or with a White woman. With Sophie she had a safety margin, just as she did with Ira Dilworth (in his case, his undisclosed homosexuality, in hers, her racial otherness). In 1906, she and Sophie were both relatively young, and Carr was a handsome woman who had turned down marriage to concentrate on her art. Even if she was frightened off sex by her father, she did not lose her libido. She found other ways to express it. And Sophie? Even if Emily paid her off in old clothes and devalued her art, Sophie accepted her.

Read in their entirety, Carr’s writings leave the reader with the same sensation that her paintings often leave viewers with: the sense that Carr had emotional and erotic depths to her few have acknowledged. Decoding the story of Sophie and Emily involves recognizing how the Carr story has been sanitized. When she talks about her experiences with the Dzunik’wa (the parts she dares write about) and her various lyric encounters with nature, and considering her deep attraction to the woods where she would go

to find herself, it seems obvious that these experiences were physical. She was turned on by the woods – emotionally, imaginatively, and spiritually.²² In the forest, surrounded by nature, she reaches an altered state of consciousness. It could be that the images of young, slim-hipped deciduous trees reaching languidly to the sun, or the musky, yonic interiors of cedar matriarchs, or the sound of clear water rushing over rocks caught her as she confronted her fear and climaxed in a welter of release and heart-thumping ecstasy. But Carr’s love life and her relationship with the spirit world, the Dzunik’wa, and Sophie Frank have never been taken seriously as subjects for research, despite what is found in Carr’s journals, and although artists have occasionally strayed into this terrain.²³ Her portrait of a bumbling, illiterate Sophie, on the other hand, has been accepted without question.

In the same way, Carr’s record of the poles has been taken at face value by the non-Indigenous community. There have been several testimonies indicating that Carr’s renditions of these works lacked accuracy. (By the same token, she failed to identify them by their proper names.)²⁴ Carr was bold enough to go to reserves on her own, but she went with the attitude of an explorer and the assurance of privilege. She assumed ownership of whatever uncharted ground she stepped on (including the medicine man’s grave in Gitanyow). As she saw it, the land was part of her heritage, and it was imprinted on her imagination. She identified with Indigenous people because of this. And in their company she felt an acceptance she could find nowhere else. In the woods, there were only the cats and the Dzunik’wa who would never tell. Carr felt herself free to use Sophie as she used First Nations art – as she wished.

Over the years, Carr’s use of First Nations imagery has been defended and excused. We have been told: “She painted the poles; she did not appropriate.” Yet Carr was no naïf: she was aware of the appropriation issue raised by her use of First Nations imagery, even if she didn’t name it. She had encountered the disapproval of elders to photographs and picture-making, and more than once was accused of stealing the poles she was sketching. She would

have talked with Sophie about her work, and even in those days people in the community well knew that the growing use of First Nations designs by non-Indigenous artists was not right.²⁵ Knowing Sophie, Carr would have talked with her about this, too. In *Growing Pains*, she describes her pottery as “prostituting Indian art” by employing designs not intended for ornamenting clay. (“Our Indians did not pot,” she writes, but says this without knowing it, or anything much about the supply of clay on the West Coast, much less the prevalence of potting.) She reassures us with the claim that she kept “the Indian design pure,” making an exception of herself while castigating her imitators for pandering to the tourist trade.²⁶ Throughout, she banks on the ignorance of the non-Indigenous population.

Meanwhile, in her journals Carr compares her dependence on First Nations subjects to slicing up and handing around someone else’s cake.²⁷ She speaks scathingly of a Mr. Shades of Highland Creek who lived in a house “all done up Indian.”²⁸ In other words, Carr had a concept of misappropriation – occasions when taking someone else’s art was not honest – and suggests it produces bad karma, and bad art. She sees through Mr. Shades’ apparent adulation of Native culture and understands it as something trumped up and phoney. But she does not recognize Mr. Shades in herself. We are left with a woman who claims a special understanding and empathy for Native culture while violating basic rules of respect.

Carr was a conscious incompetent. She had knowledge she refused to act on; she was playing dumb. Even as she rejected some of the ingrained attitudes of the White missionaries toward Indigenous peoples, she shared the prejudices of her time.²⁹ She cared intensely about Sophie, but was silent on the punitive potlatch laws that were implemented by the British Columbia courts in the 1920s.³⁰ She contradicts herself, changes personae, and arranges the facts in her writings such that First Nations and Whites alike have accused her of lying – the First Nations for misrepresenting their communities and their culture, and non-Indigenous readers and scholars for describing events inaccurately.³¹ Carr shifted time, geographies, and people when she wrote. It has occasionally been noted that

Clara Russ is renamed “Louisa” in *Klee Wyck*, while Sophie Frank is presented with her own name (perhaps because she was dead when the stories were published). It is worth speculating what the reaction to *Klee Wyck* would be were it published as a collection of stories or “fictions.” Would it raise so many questions about identity if it were understood as a work of the imagination as well as a documentary? Journals, of course, are different; by convention they are meant to be read as the true account of a person’s daily emotions and experience, a more candid expression of character than the narrative given out to the press and the public. Even with the omissions and the half-told stories, Emily Carr’s journals document genuine attitudes and real feelings. Here on the page, her voice is audible. But here Sophie emerges, too, like a story written in invisible ink.