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The Quint

the quint

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inside *the quint*

EDITORIAL

The North is a concept that doesn't seem to have changed much over the last two hundred years. Look at the ads at airports and in magazines: the North is the place to go to fish or hunt or test yourself against the wilderness. In Canada, the North is the place where people wear parkas and ice fish in July. The North is the place where roads disappear and travel happens by float plane and barge and kayak and canoe. The North is populated by men who wear plaid shirts, live in log cabins, sit around campfires, and listen to the loons.

Is the North really like that?

No. Red Green is alive and well and living in Toronto.

Are Northerners really like that?

Some. No. Only a few. At the lake. On weekends. Take it from a woman who went South and came back to live in the North. There is more than the popularized image of polar bears prowling in a garbage dump and a howling husky behind every jack pine. The North is a place that is culturally diverse and technologically sophisticated. The North is an Aboriginal powerhouse.

It was in response to this outdated stereotype of men and women surviving in a Nature Red in Tooth and Claw that *the quint* was born. People living and working in the North agreed it is time for a journal from the North to appear. It is time for a quarterly that showcases voices in the North from Canada and throughout circumpolar regions elsewhere. It is time to open the door and invite others to life *and* culture *and* thought above the 53rd parallel or wherever a place is considered North or northerly. In itself, not acknowledging demarcation is a typically northern point of view, because North cannot be charted by the lines on a map. It is really a state of mind, an attitude, a lifestyle.

So here is *the quint*. I hope you have the time to take off your North Face, pour yourself a cup of coffee, and enjoy the journal. Welcome to our first issue and the Canadian North. In the twenty first century. And its amazing diversity.

Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

Midnight Train

by Laurie Block

Gloria has found Jesus. It's taken a long time, a lifetime to bring her to her knees but not for obvious reasons; not because she's a woman or that she's native; certainly it's not on account of the jailhouse tattoos on her knuckles, the insults to her beauty and the damage to her liver that she's opened her heart to the good news. It's because she finds herself alone at the worst possible time, alone except for doctors and nurses in their immaculate uniforms, alone except for friendly volunteer visitors and the ragtag handful of musicians, hired to sweeten the final days of the terminally ill. The sickness has sharpened her memories, exposed her soul and left her twisting and tumbling in thin air between this world and the next. High above the centre ring she needs something she can grasp. With no net below her and no guarantees in sight she prays for Jesus to comfort her with his two strong arms, to catch her and carry her beyond fear and suffering to a place where it's simply easy to be, where she won't hurt anymore. Because grace can be difficult and she has so little time and not enough strength to call on Him by herself, she's joined a church, an evangelical Main Street

congregation called Living Springs or Fruits of Faith, something with a flock and a pasture, a river to cross and a vineyard where there's plenty for everyone. I hope it works for her.

Pay no mind, I can't help myself. I've always been a skeptic, mistrustful of those who brandish truths that are golden, sticky and far too sweet, like marshmallows at the cosmic weenie roast. But this is definitely not the time or the place. This is about Gloria and she deserves all the hope and consolation available to her. She's on the eighth floor, Palliative Care and she's dying.

For Gloria, faith came like a seed catalogue, arriving with the landlord and a sheaf of overdue bills in late February. As the cancer began its dance with her, when she was still ass-deep in snow and darkness, it brought hope, bright glossy pictures, promises in living colour. Down the hallway there's a place like that, a lounge with hanging plants and homey furniture. A corner of peace that is in, but not of, the hospital, that faces the morning sun high above the ancient coupling of two muddy rivers. Beyond the dirty business of the traffic below, the trains and cars and the white puffs of smoke from the crematorium, you can imagine what was there once and still moves along the borders of dreamtime, through the unspoiled wilderness of memory. Grasslands and lakes, rocks and trees reclaim their ancient title to the horizon; the

creatures that once inhabited the night come near to smell the source of the waters, to drink the mists of the morning. If you could only look deep enough you could roll back the canvas on Creation, restore the prehistoric inland sea and the wandering clans that spoke and drummed and danced at its margins. Such a welcoming place for a story to begin and to end, among the fierce and tender ghosts who knew it before it was measured, fenced and parceled out in print. But this is my construct. I am drawn to the old legends and the ring of original words around a fire but Gloria's holding out for Christ's golden kingdom and the rapture to come.

Today there are no patients in the lounge, no wheelchairs pointed at the window and over the ruins of the burnt-out Cathedral. Here at the end of the hall, outside the rooms of fear and hushed release, two musicians are rehearsing. Guitarists hired to bring comfort to the dying but sometimes it's simply impossible to face them; to present your self to a stranger *in extremis* with nothing to offer but sound. Sometimes you've got to take cover and so, cloaked in their instruments, they have engineered an escape into music, leaning into each other and laughing like lovers, guitar to guitar in naked sonic delight. A secret language trails from their fingers, majors and minors, chords and hooks, an acoustic intimacy I can't hear and don't understand.

Gloria comes to sit muffled inside her bathrobe, the metallic taste of medicine on her tongue, a bible in her hands, the smell of DuMauriers rising from her long black wig. I used to think it was her own, that Indian hair was so strong and healthy it could survive the chemotherapy as well as the genocide but I know better now, having walked in on Gloria in her baldness one day. I confess I felt embarrassed, even aroused at the sight of her, alive and dying, the naked vulnerable head, her unadorned and fragile beauty. As the illness progressed her wardrobe had changed. Gone were the tight jeans that hung from her hips, the black t-shirts and fuck-me boots, her denim and leather forsaken, abandoned in the closet. She wears the uniform of the terminally ill now, hospital blue envelops her difficult breath and her dancer's body as it fades towards whiteness, cleansed of colour like clouds in the sun, like bones on the forest floor. Fuck, what a time to think about sex.

Leaning out of private shadows Gloria brings her face inches from the girl with the guitar: *Lois, play me "too blue to cry"* but Lois isn't listening, she's climbing those crazy strings who knows where, she's riding every note to ground zero. Gloria won't let go, insisting *Low-wiss* but Lois still can't hear her, she isn't there, she's gone deep to where the wound is, deep past the birth cry to the song of Genesis, the sound of water separating from clay, of wings and claws and bellies slithering over grass, inching

towards a name. I force myself to say something, I actually have to lean over and put my hand on her shoulder, give her a gentle shake, a waking. *Lois, you need to play Gloria the song you promised. Now.* I don't have to add *because she's here on borrowed time*. It's enough to bring her back, the bass line of imminent death lifts Lois out of the interior of her instrument and into present time. She adjusts her capo, clears her throat and sings as smooth and sweet as if she were spooning honey down a sick child's ravaged throat, as if she were night riding between gigs along a blacktop highway in a babyblue convertible; a Cadillac with the stars out, the top down and Hank asleep in her lap, on his way to hillbilly heaven,: Somewhere around the third verse, Gloria joins in, picking up the tune and belting it out with all her heart and what remains of her lungs. Once she warms up her voice is surprisingly strong. Gloria sings as if all she needed to recover was some back-up, a little whiskey, some smoke and a feel for the blues; a bit of Ronstadt and a bushel of Patsy Cline.

> That midnight train comes rollin' slow
> and I'm so sorry I could, sorry I could, sorry

-Shit. What's the next goddam word? "

Cry Gloria, *cry*." So what if she stumbles on the lyrics and bends a few notes out of shape? That's only the drugs talking, thickening her tongue and thinning her thoughts as if they were hair. That's pain highballing along the cerebral cortex like a

rogue locomotive while consciousness gets bumped onto a deserted siding. Besides, what with the moonlight and machinery and a lone bedraggled bird whistling into the wind, this song is her life story. She's sung it, God she's lived it a thousand times over. Now it's her time to sing lead. The rest of us join in and follow her to the end as if it were not only her last request, but her show; a grand finale, something she's prayed and practiced and paid for.

Maybe it's only her dying that makes it sound so real or maybe it's always been there, waiting for all of us in a song. Gloria wails as if she were waiting for winter, the last bird in a leafless forest while that relentless train rumbles by her nest, all feathers and clatter and alarm. As if she were late but could still catch it if she sang with all her might, that she'd soon find it waiting for her uncoupled at the edge of town with the smell of cold steel and shooting stars, the sparks curling from childhood fires, the flavour of raspberries and stolen cream on her tongue. The twang as a promise snaps, the high harmony when the screen door slams in a room at the end of the hall. Hurting music, cloying and unbearably shallow but don't get me wrong. It carries absolutely no weight what I think; how I find this music hokey and sentimental. What counts is Gloria, how she holds all those notes from beginning to end, the rags and ribbons of her sorrow and her strength.

One of the nurses closes the door to the ward with an exaggerated and deliberate motion, a mime of respectful silence as if Gloria is singing too loud, as if she might kill the sleepers on the other side or make the dying dance their way into the elevator and out, into the night. But there's no danger of that. We cover a bit of soul, sample some R and B and a spiritual or two but, after three or four songs Gloria's played out, her head slumps, her eyes cloud over and she has to be helped back to her room. That's not the point, there are times when a healing is not the same thing as a cure.

Days later when I stop by her bed; there are no more songs left. Her voice has shrunk to a soft, scared hush, like leaves against a window fogged by smoke and disease, darkened by the fear or the morphine, the interchangeable parade of solicitous white faces that peer into her doorway in the hopes of doing something, anything in the middle of the night. We start talking about our youth and the wild times, about God and spirit and the importance of family. Anything but death. I push a little harder, trying to find out if she still has any connection to traditional beliefs. I'm fishing for a teaching or at least a story from the elders, wisdom from the sweat lodge, something from the medicine wheel but she won't deliver. When I mention the Creator she snaps at me, *that's the Devil talking* and changes the subject, asks me what I want most from life. That's easy, too easy maybe. I want what everyone's dying for, deep inside. I want

to keep what I have. I want to do good and find God and love fully. When Gloria asks me to pray with her, I experience only a moment's queasiness, a brief discomfort in my gut like I'm about to try on someone else's underwear, that I'll appear ridiculous, in drag. It's not me but hell, she's at death's door and what kind of person would refuse a dying woman?

I perch on the edge of the bed and Gloria takes my hands in hers: *Oh Lord,* she says, her voice rising and quavering with fever, *lift this good man to Your side, open his heart to Your Light, his ears to Your Truth and wash away his sins. Reveal to him a path through darkness and let him come to sit at Your feet. Teach him to sing Your praises and serve as instrument of Your Perfect Will and, through the grace of Jesus Christ Your Son, let him live in love eternal. Forever and ever, amen.*

Gloria closes her eyes, propped upright and silent among the pillows, exhausted from the physical demands of prayer, the energy it cost. What else is left for me to say? That life is hard and dying unimaginable, that all a human being can do is show up, speak their truth and not be attached to the outcome. *Gloria* I say *I am deeply moved and honoured by your prayer and I am privileged to be with you in your journey but I also need to be honest with you. I believe in God, Gloria, but not the way you do. I am a Jew.*

Jewjewjew, it's all Gloria hears, the millennial tolling of the Jewbell shivers her pentecostal timbers. She sits up straight and tall and, with no mean effort, lifts her hands, palms out and fingers apart, rolling her bright black eyes back to a better world, a place of ecstasy. She throws her head back moaning *Hallelulia Jesus, I've saved a Jew.* I restrain my laughter; bite the lip of the resident critic, resist the temptation to whisper in her ear, *Lady, this Jew ain't that easy to save.* She's the one dying and who am I to give her the news? By what right do I set myself apart from her life and her death, her music and her prayer? By what right pity? By what right fear?

Five Poems by Rosanna Deerchild

wedding portrait

mama is a size eight
thirty years old
very late to the vows
but fits easy
into the long white dress

she hasn't known him long
his pale body
does not make her heart dance
but his promises do

he will take her away
the new hydro dam
swallows the land
the water floods in
the people flood out

a house new furniture
indoor plumbing blue curtains
room for all her children
they will pick them like flowers
plant them in their own garden

whatever she wants—all she wants
is a happy ending

mama fixes the veil to her hair
she can't take the wicked whispers

her last baby's daddy never
promised her anything
just played his old guitar
smiled his crooked smile

at the chapel her eldest
rips her white dress begs
don't marry him
but mama's had too many
celebration drinks
travelling from house to house
in the wedding bombardier
an old B12 snowmobile
picks people up
drops them off
at the social hall
all night long

mama stands in front
of those who said this day
would never come says
I do in a peculiar voice
not quite her own

winter festival

the giant ice raven smiles crookedly
over the annual winter festival ten feet tall
tasselled red toque blue jacket
his great black tail fans out
cartoon mascot for a mining town

kids boost each other up
slide down his wide back
off the tip of his tail
laugh scream get back in line
trails of paint down their backs

only a few injuries
a split lip a sprained wrist
no concussions

they look like ravens
gliding downwind
off the angled roof
of the arena
they caw cackle flip 'round
for another turn

the festival is thick with people
defying minus 30 degrees
(minus 40 with the wind chill)
to pick the best miner
the top trapper

watch hockey curling
men carry heavy packs
of flour for distance
squaw wrestling is always popular

so is axe throwing
hardly ever at the same time

no hotdogs or ice cream
here steaming moose nose soup
is ladled into *styrofoam* cups
frozen bannock dipped into broth
desert is a snow cone

this is the north

a festival
carved out of frozen earth
a celebration
of the difficult histories
between trappers and miners

miners sit in the beer garden
drink draught after draught
my great-grandfather
broke this land
been here ever since
we are all miners
don't know what we'd do
if the nickel ran out

at the next table
trappers stare into their cups
they know how long
the miners have been here
they count the years
watch them take apart the earth
dig into her gut
offer nothing in return
the fur table closes earlier every year
because of those god damn

animal saviours down south
still can't be a miner
we're trappers
we are the land

this is the north

old men arguing over her
festival after festival

crazy horse is a girl

our street is at the top
of the only hill in town
it's steep curves to the right
a four way stop at the bottom

kids play chicken on their bikes
race down two at a time
until someone breaks
leaves question marks
in the gravel or fly full speed
through the cross road
like an exclamation point

the possibility of grievous injury
makes their pale skin flush say
holy shit did you see that

someone double dog dares me
and i get my sisters old bike
my feet don't reach the ground
so i push it to the top get on
take off the air and the adrenalin
tingles my skin

half way down i see
plumes of dust like balloons
heading for the intersection
push back on the peddles
expect the surety of breaks
but the chain whirs uselessly
fear flares in my chest
i can't slow down

my racing rival skids to a stop
near the bottom
open-mouthed as i speed past
braids flying elbows up
eyes straight ahead
the sound of dog barking
somewhere behind me

car and bike close in
until the middle aged
women behind the wheel
finally sees me surprise
then panic blares her horn
screeches to a stop screams
jesus, mary and josiff
but i'm long gone

back at the top of the hill
the boy i raced waits
kids stare say
you didn't even slow down

i tell them i wasn't scared
that the car missed me
by this > < much

i tell them
i am crazy horse
fearless
ghostlike

northern lights

remind me of the pow wow dancers
that came to our school once
they looked like new coins
sounded like them when they danced

now i watch a night pow wow
grass dancer with his long green
ribbons sway long paths
for fancy shawl dancers to follow
shocks of yellow red purple butterflies
jingle dresses spark off stars
even orion ursa major
hang bells on his belt
around his neck

dances around the full moon drum

mama told me once not
to whistle at the northern lights
or they would come down
dance me right into the sky

she thought it would scare me
but it's these cracked and narrow
sidewalks that tangle my feet pull
me down the straight lines
of whichever street where ever avenue

the northern lights dance
a whistle rises from my lips

back home

mama says we're going back home
for a funeral and even though
we should be sad we hide smiles
it's been years since we left

when we get off the ferry
a crowd meets us
aunties uncles
about 20 cousins
press in close touch
our hair kiss our faces

at auntie's house
she feeds us moose meat
fried in a cast iron pan
bannock and lard
goose and macaroni soup

our cousins take us down to the lake
we skip rocks play watch the sky turn
orange red purple until fat with
stars
they ask *what's town like*
we say confusing

our parents play cards
drink red rose tea in mason jars
tease each other in cree
guffaw say *tapwe*

this is where mama was born
where pictures of my absent father
hang on family walls my pictures

in auntie and uncle's memory boxes

me in rubber boots and diapers
sitting next to my cousin
my brothers and sister
dusty faces messy hair
playing with puppies
in a bush camp

auntie folds her soft brown hands
around mine holds me in a place
i was lost from whispers
my girl

uncle asks *do you remember*
I fed you sucker head soup
we raised you in this house
do you remember natanis

and in my skin
the same colors
as theirs
i do

*natanis – my daughter
*tapwe - true

Franco-phone Nationalism, Inuit and the Role of the Anglican Church: A Study of the Transfer of Northern Quebec from Federal to Provincial Jurisdiction and its Resistance by Inuit, 1960-1970

by David King

While much has been debated about the transfer of Northern Quebec from federal to provincial jurisdiction, little attention has been paid to the perspective of Inuit during the process of the transfer to its final conclusion on 1 April 1970. In part, this lack of attention has been due to the fact that Inuit traditionally are a people who have recorded their history orally, leaving no written records for academics to mull over. Drawing on the files of Anglican Bishop Donald Marsh stored in the Anglican Church of Canada, General Synod Archives (Toronto), this paper focuses on the role of the Anglican church in the debates of the 1960s over the transfer of jurisdiction and the reactions and ideas put forward by Inuit during the political process.[1]

[1]AC of C, GSA, MSCC, GS-75-103, Series 3-3, Box 68, "L. A. Dixon files, Arctic 1951-1957," 6 November 1956. After spending his early years as a missionary living among Inuit in Eskimo Point, Marsh was anointed by the Anglican church as its second Bishop of the Arctic, preceding Bishop Fleming upon the latter's death in 1949. Marsh served as the Anglican Bishop of the Arctic until he perished in a 1973 car accident in his native England. At a time in history when communication was unreliable, Bishop Marsh routinely received correspondence from his missionaries and others in the field, including Inuit, at his Jarvis street office in downtown

Historically, both the federal government of Canada and the provincial government of Quebec exercised all bureaucratic and legal options within their respective powers to place responsibility for Inuit of Northern Quebec under the jurisdiction of the other. At times, the bureaucratic feuding between the two levels of government left Northern Quebec Inuit in the middle, a political no-mans land, with both the provincial and federal governments hesitant to invest in the provincial North. The vacuum created by the shortcomings of the two levels of government was filled by missionaries of the Anglican church, who, in addition to their proselyting missions, began providing education to Northern Quebec Inuit as early as the Great Depression of the 1930s when neither the federal government of Canada nor the province of Quebec were willing to assume any financial responsibility for Inuit. This situation triggered a political game of "hot potato" between the two levels of government with Inuit unwilling serving as the potato, resulting in outstanding Inuit grievances that still remain unresolved today.

Toronto. An Anglican zealot and a harsh critic of traditional Inuit spiritual customs, Marsh was otherwise a passionate and dedicated advocate for Inuit rights, and, as his life's legacy, has left an in-depth written account of an historic time in Inuit history. Among his numerous activities in all matters Inuit, Marsh had been an advisor to government and served on the Eskimo Affairs Committee for the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources' Education Division, which was responsible for Inuit education. This position enabled him to forge relationships with senior members of the Catholic church, the various Departments of the federal government, the territorial government, the provincial government of Quebec, the R.C.M.P. and the Hudson's Bay Company among other private sector businesses. Marsh, who signed his name "Donald the Arctic," was privy to senior level information from both church and state spanning more then two decades. Very little in the lives of the Inuit, particularly those who were Anglican, occurred anywhere in the North without the Bishop knowing. In addition, Marsh was also a highly respected amateur photographer. Most of the Anglican church's collection of Inuit photographs from the 1950s to the 1970s can be directly attributed to the Bishop.

As early as 1931, Bishop Fleming of the Anglican church made a request to the federal government for assistance regarding the payment of educational costs in Port Harrison and Fort Chimo, Northern Quebec. Fleming was referred to the provincial government, then involved in the process of continuing relief costs to Inuit in the provincial North. Quebec refused his request: 'The Government of this Province does not recognize any responsibility in the matter, which has always been administered by the Federal Government. Under the circumstances, ...[we] think that the custom which you followed in the past should be continued"'.[2]

In turn, on 15 February 1932, the federal government informed Quebec's Attorney General there was "evidently a misunderstanding" in regards to responsibility for educational costs for Northern Quebec. The federal government's position was that while they were responsible for the payment of grants for status Indian schools within the provinces, no agreement had ever been reached, or negotiated, for the provision of federally-sponsored education for Inuit (except in the Yukon and Northwest Territories); therefore, reasoned the federal Deputy Minister responsible for Northern Affairs, "It would appear that this responsibility is yours and that the understanding here has been that this responsibility has definitely been accepted by

[2]NAC, RG85, vol. 461 file # 630-315-2 pt. 2, Memorandum to file. 2 February 1956.

your Government"'.[3]

By spring 1935, the government of Quebec had ceased to provide relief payments to Inuit as the province had challenged the federal government in court arguing that Inuit were, legally speaking, "Indian" and therefore, subject to the B.N.A. Act and thereby a federal responsibility. The federal government argued that Inuit were a distinct race from those legally defined as status Indians; therefore, neither the B.N.A. Act., nor the Indian Act, applied to the Inuit.[4] While the two levels of government waited for a legal decision, the federal government agreed to pay relief costs until a decision was reached, while the province agreed to reimburse the federal government if it were ruled Inuit were not legally "Indian".[5]

On 5 April 1939, the Supreme Court of Canada in a unanimous decision, ruled "that the terms 'Indians' in Head 24 of Section 91 of the B.N.A. Act includes the Eskimo inhabitants of Quebec; it placed within Dominion jurisdiction Indians and lands reserved for Indians"'.[6] Prior to the Supreme Court Decision of 1939, Section 93 of the B.N.A. Act, which gave the provinces "Exclusive Powers" with provision over

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[3]Ibid.

[4] NAC, RG85, vol. 1337 file # 600-1-1 pt. 12, 'Jurisdiction of Eskimos residing in Province of Quebec.' File document, not dated.

[5] Ibid.

[6]Ibid.

legislation relating to educational matters, was believed by the federal government to apply to Inuit in Northern Quebec as to all other residents of the province.[7] The federal government had intended to appeal the Supreme Court's decision to the judicial Commonwealth of the Privy Council in England; however, World War II directed federal attention elsewhere. After the war, no federal government sought to contest the 1939 Supreme Court decision, especially after 1948, because the Canadian Supreme Court had become the final Court of Appeal.[8]

Although it was never legally clarified whether or not school supplies fell under the category of relief, the Anglican church mission authorities were informed on 29 March 1939 (seven days prior to the Supreme Court bringing down its decision), by the Deputy Commissioner that the Council of the Northwest Territories had agreed to provide "readers, pencils, scribblers, etcetera" to mission schools in Northern Quebec; it did not include "desks, blackboards or more expensive supplies of this nature"'.[9]

Canada continued to hold responsibility for governance in the provincial North without further political controversy until the 1960s. Ironically, it was a federal politician who first influenced a shift in Northern policy. Anchored by his now famous

[7]Ibid.

[8]Ibid.

[9]NAC, RG85, vol. 461 file # 630-315-2 pt. 2, Memorandum to file. 2 February 1956.

1958 speech entitled "Roads to Resources", John Diefenbaker led the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada to power on a platform that stoked nationalistic interests in the nation's Northern regents, focusing attention on both the importance of the North to the Canadian psyche as well as the vast economic potential to be gained through resource development. Within a few years, the government of Quebec began to focus its attention on the economic resources of its Northern region. This renewed attention would raise anxiety among Inuit who had occupied the land in question since time immemorial. Officials of the Anglican church were also apprehensive of a government that ruled what was essentially a Roman Catholic province. While Inuit feared assimilation and political domination by a southern Franco-phone and nationalistic population, Anglican church officials worried that their historic rivals, the Roman Catholic church, would seize the advantage.

As early as 5 November 1962, Donald Marsh, the Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, wrote from his office in Toronto to his colleague the Rev. Canon Henry G. Cook, the Superintendent of Indian School Administration for the Anglican Church Of Canada, expressing doubts that the Quebec government would side with the Roman Catholic church. Marsh, however, did feel that the "situation needs constant watching and

careful assessment in the future".[10]

Yet Marsh soon seemed comfortable that Quebec would not be taking any action:

> I received a letter from the Premier of Quebec and you might be interested in hearing that the latest rumour is that the Quebec Government is not very interested in the Eskimo work. When they realized that it would cost 1 ½ million dollars in the Chimo area alone their enthusiasm to take over appears to have been dampened. This is not official but is the latest news out of the North.[11]

Also, in conversing in person in Ottawa with Arthur Laing, Minister of the Department of Northern Affairs, it was apparent that Laing felt there was to be no Quebec take-over at that time; however, Laing did tell Marsh that it was likely the issue would be solved at the provincial Premieres meeting the following November:

> From his remarks, he felt that the number one phase of bringing the Eskimos out from their own way of life was complete, that we do not know where we are going in this, nor have any plans been made for the future, and this implied criticism of his Department. He rather implied that he know [sic.] of the problems of the North - which is rather an extraordinary point of view, after merely one trip through the Arctic at main points.
>
> Mr. Laing does not appear to be a sympathetic type of person, nor one interested in people so much as in problems.[12]

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[10]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 110-1, Donald of the Arctic to The Rev. Canon H. G. Cook, D. D. Superintendent Indian School Administration Anglican Church Of Canada. 5 November 1962.

[11]Ibid. Bishop Marsh to The Rt. Rev. Russel F. Brown, D.C.L., Bishop Thorpe, Quebec 4, Que. 23 July 1963.

[12]Ibid. Bishop Marsh to The Most Rev. H.H. Clark, The Primate of All Canada. 25 October 1963.

In a letter to Bishop Marsh, Prime Minister Lester Pearson, Diefenbaker's successor, wrote:

> Canadian policy with respect to both Eskimos and Indians is to encourage the provinces to extend the normal range of services to the native peoples of Canada on the same basis as other residents of the provinces. Under Section 91 of the British North America Act exclusive legislative authority is given to the federal government with respect to Indians and lands reserved for Indians. By a judgement of the Supreme Court in 1939 the Court held that the term 'Indians' as used in the British North America Act includes Eskimos. The provision of services to Indians and Eskimos by provinces in no way diminishes nor alters this federal authority.
>
> The architects of the Canadian constitution, in assigning exclusive legislative authority to the federal government with respect to Indians and Indian lands undoubtedly had the intention of placing a trust upon all Canadians to advance the welfare of Canada's aboriginal peoples and to safeguard their rights.
>
> ...I have no hesitation in giving you my unqualified assurance that Canada will meet whatever obligations this trust may entail both now and in the future. I am equally confident that the Province of Quebec will do everything in its power to ensure that Eskimos and Indians living in the province receive the full benefit of provincial programs and services.[13]

In early fall 1963, Eric Gourdeau, the Acting Director of the New Quebec Branch, met on behalf of Quebec with Anglican church representatives, Bishop Donald Marsh and Rev. Canon Clarke, at the Diocese of the Arctic Office in Toronto.

[13]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 92-8, L.B. Pearson to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of The Arctic. [Not dated]. AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Bishop Marsh to Mr. E. Gourdeau, Director General of New Quebec, Minister of National Resources. 15 May 1964.

According to Marsh's records, the meeting was an informal affair in which Gourdeau made overtures to explain his province's plans and objectives upon the change in jurisdiction over Northern Quebec from federal to provincial authority. Gourdeau informed Marsh that although there was, as yet, no policy in place between the two levels of government, or a set date for transfer, the province held a keen interest in developing its North's economic resources. It was the intent of the province that Inuit, who were already familiar and acclimatized to the North, would assist and share in the economic benefits with all Quebec citizens. For this to be realized, Inuit would have to be formally educated, including a knowledge of the French language as that was the first language of most of the province's bureaucrats, civil servants and citizens. In addition, Gourdeau believed the staff needed for his schools would come from the swelling numbers of youth caught up in the nationalist wave sweeping the provincial South. Marsh recorded that Gourdeau believed this group would be "moved by the ideal rather than material gain that they get out of this job". Marsh's personal view was not nearly as idealistic, "I myself do not feel that he [Gourdeau] has really grasped the problems he will be up against after two or three years, when the Staff begins to be disillusioned".[14]

[14]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Resume On Conversations Between Mr. Gourdeau, Bishop Marsh and Rev. Canon Clarke at

Gourdeau also put to rest Anglican anxiety that the predominantly Roman Catholic government of Quebec may have been partial to the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic church. Gourdeau assured Marsh his government was not a proselytizing partner with the Catholic church, and that it remained neutral in religious matters. Gourdeau also claimed he believed that officials of the Anglican church were much closer in their views to those of his Department than the "corresponding department in the Dominion Government".[15]

Marsh wrote of Gourdeau's impressions of Inuit: "He has just finished a trip around the North, and is pleased to say that now it has really come home to him that which he always knew, as an intellectual fact, that the Eskimo are intelligent and can ask questions which show that they have reason...."[16]

On the subject of the Inuit leaving Northern Quebec, Marsh stated that "...[Gourdeau] was not unduly concerned about this, he felt that it all stemmed from propaganda put out by some of the enemy at present in the [N]orth. The Bishop tried to explain to him the reasons behind this suggestion of the Eskimo that they would leave; connecting it with past history of the Revillon Freres Fur Company; and French

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the Diocese of the Arctic Office. 16 September 1963.

[15]Ibid.

[16]Ibid.

Canadian labourers present at the time of the building of the Mid-Canada Line and their actions; and Mr. Gourdeau seemed to think that this was some help to him in understanding their present position".[17]

Prior to the conclusion of the meeting, Marsh "...pointed out two or three things about the Eskimo language, about Eskimo ways and thinking...This seemed to be a help to Mr. Gourdeau. Among these things, he pointed out that he who loses his temper has lost his usefulness as far as the Eskimo is concerned, and has also lost the Eskimo respect. This seemed to be quite new to Mr. Gourdeau and will perhaps help him in his thinking of the situation in the future".[18]

Under Gourdeau's leadership, the province of Quebec established a class for "young Eskimos" in Great Whale River, hiring Miss Louisa Witaltuk and Mrs. Dook as teachers in partial fulfillment of provincial policy aimed at improving both conditions among Inuit and their relationship with the province. In Quebec Premier Jean Lesage's words, it was the province's intent to "...entrust real responsibilities, wherever possible, to Eskimos capable of assuming them, rather than to southern whites who are, to a

[17]Ibid.

[18]Ibid.

certain extent, necessarily strangers to the culture of the Eskimo community".[19]

By winter 1963, Gourdeau wrote Marsh to inform Quebec had decided to move forward with plans to establish kindergarten classes for Inuit at every post in "New Quebec" wherever possible. Gourdeau expressed that there would be no interference with the federal system as the children attending the provincial kindergartens would not have been at the age required to attend federal classes. Quebec's intent was :

> By and large, our classes are set up with a triple point of view:
>
> a) to accustom the Eskimo children, whose parents would like to profit by that initiative, to academical education and social discipline;
> b) to permit these children to express themselves through drawing, singing, etc.;
> c) to prepare, by giving them immediate responsibilities in the field, a few Eskimo teachers whom we intend to put in charge of classes for the first two grades of schooling when we take over the Education from the federal.[20]

As well, kindergartens were close to the settlements of the family as opposed to the large and distant federal schools and hostels, and provincial schools. Kindergartens were organized by the province in Great Whale River, Sugluk, Wakeham Bay, Ivuyivik,

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[19]Ibid. Jean Lesage to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, D.D., Bishop of the Arctic. 16 September 1963. In addition to a past professional relationship with Bishop Donald Marsh, Lesage had more experience with Inuit than most Qallunaat politicians. In 1953, as a former federal Member of Parliament, Lesage was appointed as the first Minister of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources by the Prime Minister and Cabinet. Lesage's Ministry oversaw the implementation of federal policies. Lesage had first hand experience utilizing the education system and to a lesser extent the civil service as a means of bringing Inuit from a series of small scattered camps into settled communities as a unified people in a modern era. Lessons and experiences that would have no doubt influenced Lesage's perspective during the social "Quiet Revolution" that occurred under his tenure as premier of Quebec.

[20]Ibid. Eric Gourdeau, Acting Director of the New Quebec Branch to Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, D.D., Bishop of the Arctic. 8 November 1963.

Povungnituk and Fort Chimo. As with the federal schools, the province accepted children of all ethnicities.[21]

Political friction between the two levels of government heightened towards the mid 1960s with the overt views of Rene Levesque, then Lesage's Minister of Natural Resources. Levesque, with his background in journalism, proved to be very popular with the press, a result of his often controversial, and at times off-the-cuff, public statements. A young charismatic politician, Levesque was fiery, enthusiastic, full of nationalistic sentiment and at times, polemic views, which left the impression that he was incapable of empathizing with those who were not part of the Franco-phone majority. On more than one occasion, Levesque, while winning public popularity in the south of the province, often alienated the federal government, the Hudson Bay Company, the Anglican church and the Northern Indigenous peoples themselves.[22]

In response to the media onslaught generated by Levesque, Rev. Roger E. Briggs

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[21]Ibid.

[22]HBCA, PAM, RG 7/1/1754, C.E. Drury to General Manager, Northern Stores Department, Winnipeg Manitoba. 19 May, 1965. In early spring 1965 Levesque gave perhaps his most bitting critique of the federal government and the Hudson's Bay Company in an interview with the popular Quebec daily La Presse. Levesque accused the Hudson's Bay Company of exploiting Inuit to the degree that the Company was "'a little worse than the Financiers who took advantage of the fishermen of Gaspe, from which I came.'" Further, Levesque added that this was allowed to happen under the rule of federal officials. Levesque then boasted that his civil servants were learning Inuktitut (the mother tongue of Inuit), and that while the federal government had been making little progress with Inuit, "'For the last two years that my Ministry has been looking after them, the Eskimos have united in a co-operative society and now enjoy their own caisse populaire, whereas before they could only trade with tokens of the 'Hudson's Bay Company.'" HBCA, PAM, RG 7/1/1754, C.E. Drury to General Manager, Northern Stores Department, Winnipeg Manitoba. 19 May, 1965. Quote from La Presse, 17 May.

privately shared his observations with Bishop Marsh:

I have the feeling the [sic.] Quebec believe the whole world is against them like a child with an inferiority complex. I think on a personal level our minister is unchanged towards these people as being for whom the Lord died, but they make it difficult for all by the fact that everything must be political in motive...The present reaction of the Eskimo/Indian population: so confused have they been that the Eskimo have been doing there own talking privately without whites knowing and forming their own plans of campaign. In the situation they have also invited the Indians [historic enemies of Inuit] to join them so that they can know what each other is thinking. This is good because the situation which has been created has drawn the Eskimo into action and searching out the Indian.[23]

Within weeks of Brigg's letter to Marsh, another article appeared in a major Canadian newspaper, this time the central Canadian based Winnipeg Free Press. The article portrayed the federal government as a paternalistic father resenting interference in "Eskimo progress", at one time suggesting tongue-in-cheek that Levesque was to the federal government a "Rene-come-lately".[24]

Citing Levesque's belief that the federal government was intentionally stalling the transfer of authority, Levesque threatened to release for publication his personal correspondence with Federal Justice Minister, Guy Favreau, "'as an example of the Ottawa Establishment's unconscious arrogance"'. Said Levesque, "'Do I seem to have

[23]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Roger E. Briggs to Dr. Marsh. 6 March 1964.

[24]HBCA, PAM, RG 7/1/1754, Maurice Western. "What Is an Eskimo?" Winnipeg Free Press. 20 March 1964.

an Eskimo fixation? Okay. That's what comes from waiting seven months for a meeting"'.[25]

The situation was more complicated then Levesque allowed. The federal government held a fiduciary responsibility for the Indigenous peoples who, at least from their perspective, had never voluntarily ceded, surrendered or relinquished any of the territory in question. There was also legal issues, including the 1939 Supreme Court ruling which left Favreau with the opinion that an amendment to the BNA Act may be required in order to transfer Ottawa's jurisdiction to Quebec.[26]

In the spring of 1964, Gourdeau held a meeting in Frobisher Bay with at least five Inuit delegates – four of whom were Anglican from Northern Quebec. Present also was Bishop Donald Marsh of the Anglican church. The Inuit delegates voiced distrust in the Quebec government, and feared that they would be met with pressure from the province if they, their lands and resources, were transferred to Quebec. In spite of assurances from Gourdeau to the contrary, Inuit were reluctant to trust. They held concern regarding religious freedom as most Northern Quebec Inuit were Anglicans, while the religion of the majority of Quebec's Franco-phone population

[25]Ibid.

[26]Ibid.

was Catholicism. To them, a government dominated by Roman Catholics would lead to pressure to convert to Catholicism. There were fears that the Quebec government would be partners with Inuit in times of prosperity and desert them in times of hardship – as Quebec had done in the years leading up to the 1939 Supreme Court decision. Many Inuit still harbored bitter feelings towards the Revvillon Freres trading company, feeling that they had been cheated. Inuit also feared the main language of instruction in schools would be French; most preferred French be taught as a separate language. Also, the Quebec government may try to separate parents from children using the school system. The representative from Great Whale River went as far as to state that his community did not want the province to come in.[27]

Wrote Marsh on the meeting to Gourdeau:

> ...the Eskimos in their thinking have come very much closer to our thought processes in the last three years than one could have thought possible. No longer is there the long circulatory approach of old, but a direct going to the point, which is typical of our way of thought. (Such a way of thinking was absent three years ago at our Synod.)
>
> ...The problems which the Eskimos have had to face during the last two years, have done what nothing else could have done, and that is, they have fused the various Eskimos communities in northern Quebec into one whole - a cohesion of the Eskimo people. The day would appear to be done when the Eskimos can be regarded as members of groups. They now must be regarded as an entity,

[27] Ibid.

even though they are a minority race in the Quebec Province.[28]

On the very day Marsh articulated his observations to Gourdeau, 15 May 1964, the Montreal Gazette charged Levesque with once again using the provincial North as a nationalist rallying point. The Gazette claimed that Levesque viewed Inuit as a reminder that the North belonged to the province. "By becoming part of the Quebec community, said Mr. Levesque, the Eskimos would help render the vast, mineral-rich north of the province 'a little less foreign, a little less '"colony that escapes our control"'.[29]

Marsh was concerned that Inuit would be forced to follow whatever decision was made between the federal and provincial governments. Marsh was particularly worried with the perceived inability of the federal and provincial government to accomplish anything productive together. To Marsh, the five to seven year phase-in period was meant in part to give the two levels of government time to resolve their differences and co-operate in the best interest of Inuit. Marsh held little hope that this could be accomplished and expressed his concern that the infighting would have on Inuit as well as the long term negative impressions Inuit would hold towards all parties

[28]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Bishop Marsh to Mr. E. Gourdeau, Director General of New Quebec, Minister of National Resources. 15 May 1964.

[29]HBCA, PAM, RG 7/1/1754, Robert McKenzie. "Levesque Sees North As A Part Of Quebec." The Gazette. 15 May 1964.

involved in the transfer. Such a transfer contradicted statements made in the House of Commons that Inuit would be consulted: "Even a consultation does not mean that their point of view will be taken, or even given grave consideration".[30]

On 26 May 1964, Marsh wrote Arthur Laing drawing attention to a past statement made by Laing to Marsh. Laing had desired a five to seven year period before the province of Quebec assumed jurisdiction over the region, and hoped the Quebec government would concur. Marsh inquired of Laing as to whether his views were public, and informed Laing that he was receiving both internal and external pressure to make a statement on behalf of the Anglican church. Marsh stated he had numerous letters written in Inuktitut by concerned Inuit, non-Inuit and even from the United Church of Canada. Foremost on Marsh's list was the issue of consent. Marsh inquired of the Minister as to how a five to seven year transfer plan was in accordance with statements by Laing that Inuit "will be asked to decide what they want". Marsh warned Laing that Inuit were a people who held long memories and historical grievances, they were not likely to "forget after a few years either their likes or dislikes."Marsh bluntly asserted there was "little doubt" that Inuit believed a transfer to

[30]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Bishop Donald Marsh to Senator Eric Cook, The Senate. 27 May 1964.

provincial jurisdiction would not improve their situation, but rather worsen it:[31]

> I note that in 'Northern Notes' page 4 'Opening remarks to be made by yourself on February 20th', you say: 'I told these Eskimos that no changes will take place without their full knowledge: that they would be given an explanation and an opportunity to voice their opinions.' This of course promised nothing as far as the Eskimos are concerned, except that they will be heard. Were the newspaper reports correct which stated that Eskimos would not be turned over to the jurisdiction of the Province of Quebec without their consent? If such news reports are true, does it then follow that if at the end of a period of five or seven years, if the Eskimos do not wish to be taken over under the jurisdiction of Quebec, that the Federal Government will still maintain control in spite of this agreement?[32]

Laing replied to Marsh:

> I would like to emphasize that the five to seven year period to which I referred was not intended to convey the suggestion that a gradual process of transition from federal to provincial auspices could be accomplished within that or any other specified period of time. Indeed, I do not think that anyone at this stage can indicate the length of time that may be required. We are dealing with attitudes, and as you point out, the deeply held convictions of people are not altered quickly. Federally, we take the view that progress must be based upon the acceptance by the Eskimos themselves. We must pace ourselves to their judgments and their determinations. In other words, the length of time would be determined by the Eskimos and no precise time limit can be established....
>
> ...the five to seven year period to which I referred was intended merely as an illustration of my point that a gradual transition is considered desirable and that no sudden complete transfer is likely to be acceptable to the Eskimos. I think it would be very harmful if this time span were to be misinterpreted as a

[31]NAC, RG85, vol. 1444 file # 630-500 pt. 4, Donald of the Arctic to The Hon. Arthur Laing, Minister of Northern Affairs. 26 May 1964.

[32]Ibid.

> fixed date for transfer of all services. I would appreciate it, therefore, if you did not publicize the "five to seven year period" phrase because it could so easily be misunderstood.
>
> ...I have said many times that no changes will be made until the Eskimos fully understand what is involved and have registered their opinions. Until this has been done fully, objectively and fairly, the appropriate course of action cannot be determined..
>
> I am anxious that such consultation should take place as soon as possible in order that the Eskimos' tensions and anxieties about this matter may be allayed. We must first, however, reach an understanding with the province on concrete proposals to put before the Eskimo people and this is what we are attempting to accomplish at this time.[33]

By late 1964, Roger E. Briggs wrote Bishop Marsh informing him that a meeting of Inuit representatives and officials of the Quebec government was held the previous weekend, followed by a Sunday evening visit from Levesque. Briggs stated, "Those that I have seen seem to have been helped by the meeting and certainly seem much happier about the whole situation.[34]" There were sixteen Inuit delegates, two from each of the main settlements, three Quebec officials, Gourdeau amongst them, and as previously stated, Levesque arrived that Sunday evening. According to Briggs, Inuit discussed the issues amongst themselves for the duration of the 18th and most of the 19th of July, 1964. This "pleased" Inuit delegates as it allowed for their own dialogue

[33]NAC ,RG85, vol. 1444 file # 630-500 pt. 4, Arthur Laing to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of the Arctic. 29 May 1964.

[34]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Roger E. Briggs to Dear Dr. Marsh. 21 July 1964.

and an understanding of the general political climate of their various communities. Briggs articulated that Inuit learned that "their thoughts and feelings were unanimous."[35]

Prior to the commencement of the conference, a general meeting had been held with the people of Fort Chimo at which Inuit appeared satisfied with the Department of Northern Affairs and were against a transfer to Quebec provincial jurisdiction. Briggs stated that his informants stressed to him that the feeling was "unanimous".[36]

One of the Great Whale River delegates brought a tape recorder in order to record the meeting for his people. The tape ended prior to the conclusion of Levesque's speech, but,

> M. Levesque said that the Province desired that all administration in New Quebec should be same as rest of Quebec, and that the reason for the present delay is only because they are waiting for the Eskimo people to understand what the truth is. He pointed out that the Federal Government has no land in Quebec, because it belongs to the Quebec Province and this means that DNA, etc are all on Provincial land. They want to take over all administration so that the Eskimo will have the same status and rights as the rest of the Quebec citizens. He said that one of the main troubles was that the Eskimo people were ignorant of the truth, especially as many people had been spreading many lies (Eskimo and white alike). They were ignorant of their citizenship of Quebec, and they were also ignorant of the religious freedom which is allowed in Quebec. The Government is not

[35]Ibid.

[36]Ibid.

against their religion.

> He went on to say that one day soon Quebec will be administrating, and he offered one piece of advice - try and understand. He told them to get ready so that they could be friends. He added the 'It IS coming' and they would have to be friends and not enemies. He closed by saying that the 'Government of Quebec will never, never, never disappear'.[37]

The question period that followed underscored a lingering general distrust of the Quebec government. Asked whether the Quebec government would keep its promises, Levesque "pointed out that the only promises made had been regarding services, and that no service they get will be removed, and that they will be better". The discussion then shifted to land rights and game laws, issues of deep concern to Inuit. Inuit were informed as to the areas over which Quebec affirmed to have held colonial rights, stressing the "range of work of the Province over its own territory...in several areas".[38]

> Quebec...[was] then asked how long they had had the territory, and when told since 1912, they were asked why they had not come before. Three reasons were given...Before the war there were no airplanes, so no one could come....During the war, the Federal government were in control of most things and that's how they moved into such palces [sic.] as Chimo.... Now there is no war, and Quebec is the only government <u>really</u> interested is the Quebec Government [sic]. The question about the hardship after the war was raised and they were asked why they had not helped, the answer being that the Government was not ready having many problems of its own in Quebec. It was here that he stressed again how they believe that the Eskimo are <u>ignorant</u>, about Quebec that

[37]Ibid.

[38]Ibid.

> is. The Eskimos then said that they were satisfied with things as they are at present, to which Levesque asked what was the main reason for the Eskimo people resisting the change. There was no reason, they said, except that things had moved a bit too fast and that they did not really want to change things from one to the other. Levesque then asked what the Eskimos thought would be changed, to which they replied that they were afraid of new regulations and rules coming in. He repeated that there would be no changes except to make things better, and only after consultation with the Eskimos themselves. The tape then ran out.[39]

Marsh subsequently wrote Levesque to congratulate him for the success of the Fort Chimo meeting and to ask Levesque to clarify if Inuit would be treated much like English speaking Quebecers who were provided classes in French while the main curriculum was taught in English. Marsh felt that such an arrangement would help alleviate Inuit concerns.[40]

Marsh also informed Arthur Laing that Inuit had made it perfectly clear to Rene Levesque that they did not wish to be "taken over" by Quebec. Marsh was concerned that the decision of Inuit had not been made public, nor to his knowledge had it been "conveyed" to Laing. Warned Marsh:

> I would suggest Mr. Minister, that it would be very unwise to relegate this matter to the filing cabinet, because I am afraid that it will take more than absence of discussions to change the minds of the Eskimo people - whom I feel I know quite well in such a respect as this. Should the Department take no further

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[39]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Roger E. Briggs to Dear Dr. Marsh. 23 July 1964.

[40]Ibid., Bishop Donald Marsh to M. Rene Levesque, Minister of Natural Resource, Province of Quebec, 27 August 1964.

> action, they will feel quite sure that the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources is resolved to keep them under its wing.[41]

Laing assured Marsh that his Department had been consulted by Quebec of the Fort Chimo meeting, and that the main reason the federal government had not participated was due to the fact negotiations on key issues were still on-going. Laing added that for Ottawa to have participated in such a forum with Inuit at that stage would have led to confusion.[42]

The following summer, Bishop Marsh inquired of Jean Lesage, Premier of Quebec, about the outcome of private discussions between Lesage and Prime Minister L.B. Pearson, regarding the transfer of authority in Northern Quebec.[43] Lesage tried to assuage Marsh:

> I just received your letter of July 13th 1965, in which you ask for a statement of the position of the take-over which I would have settled with Mr. Pearson regarding the Eskimos of New Quebec.
>
> If I were an expert at semantics, I would probably question the term 'take-over' and suggest that it should be replaced by 'change-over' for, as you know, we do not want to take the Eskimos away from Ottawa and, in my discussions with Mr. Pearson, as in all the negotiations we have had with Ottawa so far, we have always agreed that the government of Canada

[41]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 92-1A, Bishop Marsh to the Hon. Arthur Laing, Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources. 24 November 1964.

[42]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 89-1A, Arthur Laing to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of the Arctic. 18 March 1965.

[43]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 95-1, Bishop Marsh to The Honourable Jean Lesage, LL.D., Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec. 13 July 1965.

should keep the Authority recognized to it by the Supreme Court in 1939.

> What we want and what we are ready to do is to change from Ottawa to Quebec the discharge of regular provincial responsibilities to the Eskimos. This approach to a transfer has been accepted in principle over a year ago by the government of Canada and by the government of Quebec and, of course, Mr. Pearson and myself referred to it during our conversation in Montreal; but it was mainly the question of the transfer of the National Defence buildings and material in Poste-de-la-Baleine that was envisaged on that occasion.
>
> Assuming the municipal services in that locality by our government will permit us to discharge important responsibilities towards people living there, including Indians and Eskimos. It should be made clear to them that they must be considered as normal Canadian citizens living on the territory of Quebec and, consequently, having the same rights to receive from us the services we normally provide to other Quebec citizens.
>
> May I add that I will greatly appreciate any action you will feel reasonable to take towards the Eskimos to convince them that the joint effort in which the government of Canada and the government of Quebec are now engaged is only normal and should result, in consultation with them, in the betterment of their situation.[44]

As well, Ottawa had a firm view of what such a transfer entailed. In the context of the Boundaries Extension Act of 1912, clauses 2 (c) and 2(e), were very central to Ottawa's position:

> 2 (c) That the province of Quebec will recognize the rights of the Indian inhabitants in the territory above described to the same extent, and will obtain surrenders of such rights in the same manner, as the Government of Canada has

[44]Ibid., Jean Lesage to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, d.d. Bishop of the Arctic. 16 July 1965.

heretofore recognized such rights and has obtained surrender thereof, and the said province shall bear and satisfy all charges and expenditures in connection with or arising out of such surrenders;

(e) That the trusteeship of the Indians in the said territory, and the management of

any lands now or hereafter reserved for their use, shall remain in the Government

of Canada subject to the control of Parliament.[45]

Moreover:

In addition to the provisions of the Boundaries Extension Act of 1912 the British North America Act empowers the federal government to pass any legislation which may be necessary to ensure Indian and Eskimo welfare. It seems very clear, therefore, that the federal government has all the authority and powers needed to honour the commitments made to the Eskimos; that the federal government is fully prepared to exercise this authority and these powers, if needed, and, finally, that the Province of Quebec recognizes and accepts this position fully.[46]

As the process of transfer proceeded, Marsh was attuned to Inuit reticence, especially from the people of Sugluk, who, worried about the loss of their language and culture, replied to a pastoral letter from Marsh the previous fall:

Thank you because you write regularly, but we feel that we should reply about the way the Sugluk people think, these are our thoughts in Sugluk in 1966. We are replying to your letter of September 1965. Because you are not able to stay long (ie. on your visitation) we are writing to you concerning education, whether or not our thoughts are acceptable to you; that the children learn Eskimo before they reach six years of age, so that they do not lose their own language, and also

[45]Ibid., J.H. Gordon, Assistant Deputy Minister to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of the Arctic. 18 August 1965.

[46]Ibid.

> because, being Eskimos, they should use the Eskimo customs. It is becoming evident that our old ways are falling increasingly into disuse. So, thinking about our children, that before they finally begin school in English, when they are five years old, that they may learn in Eskimo, and further learn God's word. If our words are acceptable to the you, we send you that you may make them known to those who administer to the people, the D.N.A. We want to understand if they can agree to our thoughts. If they can be agreed to, you need not be concerned about some-one to teach, but we would think about somebody in our settlement who knows Eskimo, it is an adult that we think about in connection with having a teacher. We do not want to stop (the teaching of) English, but wish them to learn both.[47]

The day after the people of Sugluk sent their letter to Marsh, Chris Williams wrote the Bishop, adamant that he took no part in writing the letter and that the views expressed were entirely that of Inuit. Williams told Marsh that after considerable deliberation, Inuit held a "'Gallup Poll'" of "all the heads of households" in Sugluk "...as to whether or not they agreed with teaching in and of Eskimo for their children. A questionairre was sent out to all 44 households, and 38 copies were returned, all signed in agreement."[48] Added Williams, "...if a reply has been a long time in coming, it is only because, as we know and encourage, the Eskimo people do not make hasty decisions."[49]

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[47]NAC, RG85, vol. 1469 file # 630-309-1 pt. 2, The people of Sugluk to their Bishop. 15 February 1966.

[48]Ibid., Anglican Mission, Sugluk P.Q. to Bishop Marsh. 16 February 1966.

[49]Ibid.

The desire of the people of Sugluk to have their children instructed in Inuktitut prior to the beginning of school (so as their children would be competent in both English and Inuktitut) was certainly in line with the pre-school program the federal government was currently developing. Within the Department of Indian Affairs Northern Development (in 1966 the Department of Indian Affairs was amalgamated with the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources forming the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, hereafter DIAND), some regarded the letter written by the people of Sugluk as:

> ...an opportunity for us to translate into practice the wishes of the Eskimo people. It is interesting also to note that the request that comes from them is completely consistent with the best thinking in professional education, i.e., that language learning should begin early....The best accepted practice emphasizes the sural and oral approach to language learning at this early stage. It does not include writing and reading. In our plans for the preschool program we also include instruction in English as a preliminary to school entry.[50]

In addition, the teaching of Inuktitut could mean employment of Inuit within the school system as language instructors. It also meant recognizing the language and culture as holding value.

Alex Stevenson, the Administrator of the Arctic, although sympathetic for the people of Sugluk, was not entirely convinced, and favoured hiring a teacher competent

[50]Ibid., B. Thorsteinsson to Administrator Of The Arctic. 17 March 1966.

in both Inuktitut and English on a contract basis to teach language instruction at the grade four level. Stevenson's opinion was based on his conviction that the federal government should not assume responsibility for the teaching of any ethnic groups' first language but rather that that responsibility should rest with the parents. He saw no distinction between an Indigenous or an immigrant ethnic group. "I believe that it is the parental responsibility and privilege of the parents for the instruction of their own children in their native tongue, whether that language be Eskimo, Ukrainian, Hindustani or French, and I firmly believe that the Government of Canada should not be held responsible for the initial teaching of the Eskimo language to Eskimo babes and pre-school children".[51]

In the summer of 1966, J.H. Gordon, the Assistant Deputy Minister of the DIAND, wrote to Marsh regarding the concerns of the people of Sugluk. Gordon expressed his admiration for the Inuit of Sugluk for having made their request and informed that both the federal and Quebec provincial governments were much involved with examining and developing kindergarten programs. Gordon stated that the federal government was following with particular interest the province's "experiments" with similar programs in Northern Quebec. Gordon stated that the

[51]Ibid., A. Stevenson, Administrator of the Arctic to Mr. Thorsteinsson, Director. 15 April 1966.

federal government planned to operate a kindergarten program in the Eastern Arctic the following year.[52]

In late January 1967, the Quebec Chronicle Telegraph reported that Laing, in the House of Commons, denied media reports that the Quebec government would soon be assuming responsibility for the provision of Health and Welfare services to status Indians and Inuit. Laing also felt he would abide by a personal promise made on 4 March 1964, that the federal government would not transfer administration to the province of Quebec without the approval of Inuit and status Indians involved.[53]

Approximately three years later, John Gordon, the Deputy Minister of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, told Donald Marsh that, while the federal government had no control over "initiatives" of the provincial government, the Department had instructed its own employees to inform Inuit that no changes would take place without consultation, and that Inuit should "keep an open mind" while the two levels of government "made clear what the situation is". It was Gordon's opinion that only then could Inuit judge the extent to what was taking place and form an opinion. Gordon further stated:

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[52]Ibid., J.H. Gordon, Assistant Deputy Minister (Northern Affairs) to Right Reverend D.B. Marsh, D.D., The Diocese of the Arctic. 7 June 1966.

[53]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 88-4A, "Laing Scuttles Fresh Reports Of Quebec Takeover Of Eskimos." Quebec Chronicle Telegraph 25 January 1967.

> I should perhaps add that on the question of consultation there has been a good deal of misunderstanding as to what this involves. The formal understanding between the Ministers of February 29, 1964, had this to say:
>
> 'The consultation, i.e. the communication of the terms of the agreement (excluding however the financial provisions thereof) and the receiving of the views and comments of the Eskimos concerned, will be made through a commission, consisting of one or more members, appointed jointly by the Federal and Provincial Governments. The functions of this commission will be to explain the conditions of the agreement, as well as the programs for the future, in terms clear to the Eskimos and to interpret and report to the two governments on the views and comments which will have been expressed to the commission.
>
> Both governments agree that such consultation is a prior condition to the execution of the agreement. After the commission has reported, the two governments must also agree upon what modifications and recommendations suggested in the report should be accepted and included in the final text of the instrument of transfer.'[54]

In other words, Inuit would be told after inter-government consultations only as to the direction of their future, past promises to the contrary. The term "consultation" meant little more than the federal government telling Inuit what the federal government and the provincial government of Quebec had decided; Inuit would then have to abide by whatever decisions had been made. Marsh wanted the federal government to add Inuit to the political process, and that Inuit themselves should decide who is to represent

[54]Ibid., John Gordon to The Right Reverend Donald B. Marsh, Bishop of the Arctic. 15 February 1967.

them. "The crux of the matter is - are the Eskimo to have any say in matters?"[55]

News from Sugluk, though, continued to unsettle Marsh. In Wakeham Bay, parents of the children who were to register in grade three the following fall had agreed with provincial officials to have their children learn French as a second language as opposed to English. Upon hearing further news, Bishop Marsh was "rather disturb[ed]":

> At Synod, when M. Gourdeau addressed us he touched upon this matter and said that the parents of the children concerned would make the choice, and I assumed that this would be in open meeting, especially as the decision made at that time would be binding upon the parents of children who would have to follow the same course in later years. What I have heard does not bear this out however; instead of a meeting at which all, even if they were not permitted to express their views, could at least have heard what was said, the parents who had to make the decision were talked to seperately [sic.], not even as a group, by M. Gourdeau and asked to decide.
>
> From what M. Gourdeau said at Great Whale River, about strongly urging the people to choose French, I do not think that the case for English was very strongly explained, if at all. Knowing Eskimo character as you do and their reluctance to offend, especially a 'white' person, I think you could reasonably well have predicted that the choice would be French. What bothers me is this; in view of the circumstances, private interviews and presentation of only one side of the case, is this a fair treatment of the Eskimos in a matter which will have untold repercussions on their political, social, economic and ethnic future? I don't think it is. You may not agree with me in this and if so the matter must rest, however you may feel as I do that perhaps the matter was not fairly and openly concluded and if so it should be taken further with the Provincial

[55]Ibid., Bishop Marsh to Mr. John Gordon, Deputy Minister, Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. 21 February 1967.

Government.[56]

Marsh also worried about the fate of the Indigenous peoples of Northern Quebec in the event of Quebec separating from Canada. Would they be abandoned by Ottawa:

> ...[I]t is not easy to place a complex situation in the simplest of term before the Eskimo people, and yet they need to know of this situation and indeed have a right to know what which affects their future as citizens of Canada. In reality, if they learn either French or English, they are bilingual, though Quebec of course, would not agree with this definition. The Founding Races of Canada, <u>are</u> surely the various Indian and Eskimo tongues, are they not??? We the intruders are the English and French-speaking people. However, I doubt if Mr. Levesque or Mr. Daniel Johnson will ever see this point of view. Nevertheless, it was first the country of the Indians and the Eskimos, and they continue to live in it and surely have a right to know what part the white people propose that they should play in its future.[57]

He re-iterated his uneasiness to Prime Minister Pearson:

> As you are only too well aware, there are areas of differences between the Federal Government and the Provincial Government respecting the Eskimo people who dwell in Northern Quebec. Up to the present time, the stand has been maintained that our Eskimos will have the right to choose their own destiny as to whether they come under Federal authority or Provincial. Any thinking Canadian realizes that we of the so-called white race, have usurped the land which has always been considered by the Eskimo people as their own, and it is presumably on this basis that the Federal Government has taken the action it has in respect to decisions between the Quebec Government and itself.
>
> With this present trend that the Province of Quebec should control its own house entirely, just where do the Eskimos come into the picture? Does the

[56]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 56-3A, Chris Williams to Bishop Marsh. 11 August 1967.

[57]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 88-4A, Bishop Donald Marsh to Hon. Arthur Laing, Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. 21 December 1967.

situation remain unchanged? In the event that a Separatist Government takes over Quebec, one can see that the Eskimos would be under that Province without question, but that day has not yet happened. However, in view of the present situation and its complications, what is envisaged for our Eskimo people?[58]

In addition to the Prime Minister, Marsh had been simultaneously relaying his concerns to Inuit. Approximately seven weeks to the day Marsh penned his letter to the Prime Minister, the Bishop received correspondence from Inuk Josie Onarluk:

> What I am just thinking about after I read the letter which you wrote. I think there is nothing we can do if Quebec is apart from Canada. We older peoples are finished but the children after us couldn't to anything. This Quebec is Canada, but when is getting cut from its own Canada after its cut it's going to be all gone and there's not going to be Queen, it's going be fun for them in first time. There will not be fun when my Grandchildren getting married and have childrens. The Quebec's Governments are not belong to Queen they want to cut the Canada. We Eskimos don't know anything cause we've not been told enough, it's not long we been hear this. When we heard this looks if its going to be like that right away. We don't know anything about how differed. We don't know what it mean by cut the Canada. This Canada when it's apart from Canada after when it's like that it's going be alright, in short time it's go to be difficult...
>
> When Canada is cut I don't want to be in Quebec. I still want to be in Canada. The Quebec Governments be telling us that they are going helps but they didn't help that they say they was going to help but sometime they help but not everything they say. I want this to be read by the white councilers [sic].[59]

[58]Ibid., Bishop Marsh to The Rt. Hon. Lester B. Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada. 10 January 1968.

[59]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 92-8, Josie Onarluk to Bishop Marsh. 29 February 1968.

About a month after Onarluk's letter arrived at the Bishop's office, Prime Minister Pearson, who had been planning to retire prior to the next federal election, finally responded to Marsh's persistent barrage of letters. Marsh's raising the issue of Quebec separation hit a nerve with the Prime Minister:

> I do not share the pessimistic views of your correspondent regarding our ability to maintain Canada as a united country. In spite of the difficulties which are real and serious, I am fully confident that we are now firmly on the road to solutions which will prove to be satisfactory. This does not mean that we will not have to effect certain major changes in our existing system, but I have confidence in our ability to respond to the legitimate demands of the provinces and more particularly those of Quebec, while at the same time maintaining a strong Federal Government...
>
> Your comments on our process of consultation with Eskimos and Indians are well taken. We are, however, endeavoring to improve the situation as quickly as possible. The situation appears to be much better today than it was a few years ago. I have no doubt my successor in office will wish to continue along the same lines.[60]

Some Quebec provincial politicians, however, were keen on pursuing their own colonial control over the lands and resources of the Indigenous peoples of Northern Quebec. Grabbing the media spotlight with loaded political jarring, Quebec provincial Natural Resources Minister Rene Levesque yet again appeared in the media. In a speech at an annual meeting of the Federation of Co-operative Stores, Levesque was

[60]Ibid., L.B. Pearson to Dear Bishop Marsh. 4 April 1968.

alleged by the Montreal Gazette to have blamed anti-French "'backlash"' in western Canada on federal failure to complete the transfer of Northern Quebec. Moreover, unnamed "'federal politicians"' of interfering with the process and raising anti-Quebec sentiment by desiring a referendum before the "'poor Eskimos"' were transferred to the authority of "'the Frenchies"'. The Gazette article claimed Levesque had branded the federal position an insult. According to Levesque, it was time for the federal government to leave Northern Quebec and allow the province to assume all responsibilities:

> 'This is a time to fill this vaccum and ask the others politely to go home,' he said.
> The Federal government, Mr. Levesque said, had created a 'closed system' in the north which completely excluded French-speaking Quebecers and made the huge expansive land a separate identity from the province to which it belonged.
> The 'lesson of Labrador' has shown Quebecers that they cannot permit this to continue, he said. The Quebec north with its vast quantities of mineral wealth must be developed by the people of the province, or the 'treasure' will slip through their fingers.
>
> As for the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Levesque couldn't seem to find enough bad things to say about it. He called it 'socially poisonous', accused it of 'systematically exploiting' the people of the north, and referred to it frequently as a 'combine' and a 'monopoly'.[61]

[61]HBCA, PAM, RG 7/1/1754, [Author unknown]. "Anti-Quebec Backlash Blamed By Levesque For North Mix-Up." Montreal Gazette 19 October 1968.

Meanwhile, Marsh inquired of Anglican missionary Chris Williams as to the validity of apparent rumours Inuit had been fleeing Northern Quebec in mass pending the federal transfer. According to Williams, such claims were exaggerated. Williams cited as evidence a letter from another Anglican missionary, Canon Gardener, who inquired as to "what the score is" regarding the possible move of Inuit from Sugluk to Cape Dorset. While conceding that a move had been discussed as a serious matter to the point where three Inuit men planned to travel to Dorset in order to scout out a location suitable for settlement, Williams was of the opinion that the motivation behind those who had already left, and discussion of the same nature among some who hadn't, was more related to the depressed economy of Sugluk then politics. Williams felt that Inuit considered social conditions better in the Northwest Territories than Northern Quebec, noting all the new housing in Cape Dorset. Williams further added that historically, Inuit had moved back and forth between the same lands long before it was designated as the Northwest Territories and Northern Quebec. Williams was of the opinion that while the political climate between the federal and provincial governments was indeed a factor, it wasn't the only one and that there were those who were suggesting it was in order to achieve their own political gain, using terms such as "fleeing" and "escaping" to describe Inuit moving from Northern Quebec to Cape

Dorset.[62] In late summer 1969, Williams informed Bishop Marsh from Sugluk that the day prior the DIAND sent a group of senior party officials to address the community on the transfer which had been formally set for 1 April 1970. Williams was of the opinion that the people of Sugluk held "great expectations" and were "sadly disappointed"at both the manner in which the meeting was conducted and the lack of Inuit agency in the decision making process.[63]

> The Minister was the only one who spoke at the public meeting although there had been a closed meeting with the Council earlier, but I understand the matters discussed were parochial. None of the D.N.A. party said a word. The Minister had two stock answers which he used many times. One was that the Eskimos were citizens of Canada and that the Federal Govt would protect their rights of Freedom of Speech, Religion etc, etc, etc. The second answer which was used any time the fact that the Eskimos did not want Quebec was touched upon was that all people in Canada were subhect [sic.] to two Governments - Federal and Provincial or Territorial. Although the people tried very hard to get an answer to the old question of 'What if we don't want Quebec' no answer was forthcoming of course. I think that many of the people are finally realising that they do not in fact have any say in this matter, and since the meeting there has been a further spurt of talk in the 'Let's go to Cape Dorset' party. The representative for Sugluk, Wakeham Bay and Ivuyuvik at the Federal/Provincial talks even went as far as to say 'Quebec should be told to stop building in Sugluk, because it is just a waste of money, for if the Province takes over there will be no people here to be administered.'[64]

Williams claimed he had conversations with other Inuit who were involved with

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[62]AC of C, GSA, M96-7 56-3A, Chris Williams to Dear Bishop Marsh. 7 February 1969.

.... [63]Ibid., Chris Williams to Dear Bishop Marsh. 25 August 1969.

[64]Ibid.

meetings at Great Whale River and Povungnituk where Inuit were expressing the same sentiment. It was also noted that a personal letter written to Inuit by Marsh "concerning the Province" was raised at both meetings. Williams stated he was told by Inuit that emotion was high in all Inuit communities of Northern Quebec, greatly raising the importance of an impending federal-provincial meeting scheduled with Inuit the following month.[65]

Williams closed by providing an inside view as to Inuit perspective when he informed Marsh that Inuit representatives he spoke to believed that since they were not consulted by either the federal government or the provincial government of Quebec when they and their ancestral lands and resources were annexed onto the province of Quebec from the Northwest Territories by the federal government in 1912, it was the right of Inuit to demand they be returned to the Northwest Territories.[66]

Fall 1969, Marsh replied to Rev. Williams, thanking him for the information he provided in his memorandum dated 25 August 1969, regarding the meeting held with the Minister of Northern Affairs and that he personally had written a letter to the

[65]Ibid. Williams only identified one of the officials by name, that being a Mr. Stevenson, most likely Alex Stevenson.

[66]Ibid.

Minister, Jean Chretien, and another senior official arguing for more transparency as to the Minister's personal feelings about the transfer.[67]

Marsh closed by expressing that he and the Anglican church Advisory Committee were particularly interested in what was reported regarding Inuit sentiment towards their not having been consulted in the 1912 transfer. Marsh stated that he personally could write about the issue in the "Arctic News" and that Rev. Don Whitbread desired more information on the subject.[68]

Although not without their own spiritual agenda, and, as Anglo-phones favoured the continued teaching of the English language in Inuit schools, Marsh and his church had done all they could to protect Inuit interests, but the Bishop had had little, if any, influence with both levels of government. Like the Inuit, Marsh was a voice crying in the wilderness.

In the 1969 Annual Report from the Anglican mission in Sugluk, it was recorded that the impending transfer was the "biggest issue,"among Inuit (outside of spiritual matters of course). The report registered that most Inuit were dissatisfied with the decision and did not support it; however, representatives did meet with officials of the

[67]Ibid., Bishop Donald Marsh to Rev. J.C.R. Williams, Sugluk, Que. 8 September 1969.

[68]Ibid.

province. An Inuk from Sugluk was elected by the people to represent the interests of the communities of Sugluk, Ivuyuvik and Wakeham Bay during meetings with federal and provincial officials.

The document listed the following grievances, followed by an interesting observation from the missionary, most likely Chris Williams:

> a) Preference for English rather than French as a second language.
> b) No seperation [sic.] of N.Q. Eskimos from those in N.W.T.
> c) Doubts as to whether Quebec is financially able to fulfill its promises.
> d) Doubts as to the sincerity if these promises any way.
> e) An increasing fear that the Provincial authorities would never pay any attention to the wishes of the people, but rather regards them as children unable to make their own decisions.
> f) Certain fears that a transfer of Administration to the Provincial Government would strengthen the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the area.
> g) There is also a feeling that even if the Province does take over certain functions the service they will give will not be of the same standard as that at present given by the Federal Government and that the Provincial employee are by and large of a lower calibre and less qualified than Federal ones.
>
> The side-effect of all these questions and doubts is that the Eskimos are now, as never before, seeing themselves as a united group not just as small scattered camps. They realise that seperately [sic.] they are weak, but if they present a common face to the 'whiteman' they could be potentially very strong. They seem now to be politically more sophisticated than they were a few years ago and are not above using veiled threats to push home their points. An example of this was the threat to give publicity to their views in nationwide press when they realised that both Federal and Provincial Governments are very anxious to 'hush-up' their negotiations as much as possible.[69]

[69] AC of C, GSA, M96-7 71-4, Annual Report - Sugluk, P.Q. 1969 (Anglican Church).

Due to the Supreme Court Decision in 1939, a change in jurisdiction from the federal to provincial level of government in northern Quebec had to be initiated by the province. Regardless of when and if the transfer occurred, the government of Canada held, and continues to hold, a fiduciary responsibility for the Indigenous peoples of Canada, including those of Northern Quebec. Once the bureaucratic process was placed in motion, the transfer was to take place with or without Inuit consent, although their concerns were addressed.

While Rene Levesque, then Minister of Natural Resources, often captivated the southern public by passionately linking the provincial North to Franco-phone nationalism, Leveque failed to realize his repetitive criticism of past federal actions combined with his constant praise of Jean Lesage for his role as the federal Minister of Northern Affairs covering the same historical period left the impression on those who did not fit Leveque's ethnic nationalism that Leveque was polemic. In addition, Levesque's politicking in the press fueled anxiety in the North.

It did not go unnoticed by Inuit that they were not members of the group for which Leveque's political powers were drawn. Nor did it go unnoticed that they were about to become a minority in their own land to a people whom under Levesque appeared to hold imperialist ambitions.

Authority over Inuit agency was being passed from federal jurisdiction to provincial, rather then returned to those from whom it was taken. This posed a threat that at the very least promised to further bureaucratically separate and isolate Quebec Inuit from their kin in federal Territories and raised concern over possible assimilation. In response, the Anglican Church missionaries observed that the autonomy and relative isolation that previously existed between Inuit camps began to break down. Despite a less then perfect relationship with the federal government, Inuit were apprehensive and untrusting of the provincial government. Whatever divisions may have existed among Inuit communities prior, Inuit of Northern Quebec begun to politically organizing themselves as an ethnic group.

Five Poems by David Yerex Williamson

Learning my own body

Somewhere under my writer's guise
hides my mother's faith
like a benign lump
nestled in an obscure fold of my flesh
undetonated
she wouldn't have liked the way that underscores
an air of the sinister
a hint of foreboding
that can never work its way out of this version of
the poem
yet
I am a peopled place
an anatomy inhabited in some parts by my mother's
careful order
her particular way in which Nothing had its specific
place
except in verse
my mother refused to be an actor
in her own death
and so I record it as it resides in me
a spectre looming in the cavity of a heart
wandering through vacated chambers
casually fingering lines in the dust
reminding me of careless neglect
of faith, of flesh, of memory
where vantage points and focal points dissolve the
scar
into a single landmark

of fiction
I am slowly learning to pearl
with my mother's marrow mapped beneath my
bones

journeys

your fingers sleeping now in my beard
I collect the day's wonder
that traveled across your face
and settled into those brown eyes
as you passed a lady bug
from leaf to leaf to leaf
this is summer straying to autumn
coloured with brown eyes
green waters and fading blue sky
September is growing wise to us
I wanted to paint that amazed smile
your sudden song of 'oh'
as she took flight from your perch
to hold forever you letting go
your watching her journey
budding in the afternoon sun
as I begin to write yours

Grey Goose

for these hours
we do not live anywhere
the city behind us and part of us
and clinging to another part
the radio wasteland, the wind, the high way
a new promise
begging others our quiet
we all stake our space
in this travelling neighbourhood
all homeless
temporarily
the trees claim us
dispossess us further
hiding
in books, music, the air, ourselves
we mean no harm
hoping perhaps the next stop
may claim us

A public act of mourning

I did not buy you today.
I may not buy you tomorrow.
There is only so much time, money and words
left for me to spend.
This is not true, of course
but I've only read about fifteen books this year, more or less.
I am neither proud nor ashamed of this confession.
It is the reality of a man too much within himself
too much within his world.
I am stained with transparency
not second hand inks.
Today, do not speak to me of conflicting epistemologies
cultural constructs bound by landscapes
centric thoughts and singular vantage points.
I'm not from here but I am here now
and I've only read about fifteen books this year.
I barely have time for the lovers I already know.
My words today are quaint and tentative
youthful verses for aging masses
dull grey and cleansed masses
those who remember snippets of English 301
who lingered too long among the imagery
but abandoned the final essay
- waitresses, insurance agents, mechanics, nurses, bank tellers, shop clerks
these are my audience
on bus stop benches, quite unbohemian cafes and private rural kitchens
lines shared between diaper changes, snow removals, cold tea, simple life dramas
painted transparent.
Today, I chuckle at my credentials:
I have not been to Europe, Bolivia or Iqaluit
No, I am the railway porter, the airport taxi driver
claiming the memories of traveled others.
I simply help them with their baggage, awestruck by their magic

uninspiring and dependent on poorly drawn depictions of a single portrait
again and now.
Chandra's august witches, Kristjan's anfrogyny
Tony's stale anchovy kisses and Prufrock, always back to Prufrock…
you come and you go
and I remain – constant
knocking at this same window
some twenty years in repose.
My poetry lies and I am believing it
and maybe you do too
(and if I believed in anything else
I might pray for you).
Perhaps because I had not yet grown into my own truth
comfortable with my provincial state
perhaps because I'm not very well-read
but still I believe in my own ignorance
I search for poetic residue to heal
in Norton anthologies, snowscapes, tired eyes of mothers, magazines,
downscale bars
– the mundane forums of thought, uncorrupted
waiting to be appropriated
hoping there is a poetry read outside of classrooms.
I do not believe in your epic thoughts today.
The artless pedantic murmurs of deconstruction bore me.
There is too much dust in your breath and sagging claims.
Today, I believe in beating the poetry out of me –
stealing from inner rooms – haunting myself
leaving others hungering.
I sent this voice out once before
flailing and virgin, melodramatic
self-indulgent – a one trick pony –
but oh what a trick
I could have believed myself.
It came back, dog eared, scarred and world weary
but still my voice. Know that.
There is community beyond this page.

It all starts when we are small, mothered and careless
and we are mingled rain – bathed naked
and autumn leaves dancing
and slowly suddenly winter and numbness
and finally finally finally new spring with luxurious breezes that sweep over us
with fear and wonder that it can all live again.
Can it all live again? This is not mere rhetoric.
If I have any religion at all,
it is drawn from remnants of a love sung in earnest,
a background of sultry American jazz played in thick dark rooms of walnut and hickory
and occasions of sweet innocent desire
where people touch beyond the presence of mere skin.
You, don't even joke about love.
Life spills its juices all over me.
Today, let us trade in our simple mythologies. Listen. Sound has texture.
The best poetry is told, touched, fondled with the mind. Open your ears.
I have held my dying mother's hand
and felt the breath shimmer deep to my soul.
I now know the words acute adult myeloid leukemia,
thirty percent fibroid lung tissue and risky induction therapy –
spoken and unspoken time and again.
Open your self and face me – I am not afraid. Angry, cheated, hungry – yes, but never afraid.
My mother had lost a life before – this one simply belonged to her.
She had lived through that good night
my father proud, fascinated and terrified
now trying desperately to cling to the memory
of the last time they made love.
You want to spit anger. I suggest not.
Today, I am beating poetry out of me while around me are ghosts
and far beyond my touch in a world she no longer can claim,
my mother seeks to live lives unlived.
Fuck your poetic abstractions. Give me sensation. Be consumed. Feel passion.

Let me reach deep within.
Scream in perfectly imperfect verse so that even the dust skulks.
I want to feel a breath pause, resurface, languish
return like a salve,
stirring you from my sleep, wakened and waking
with a metaphor so intimate
you forget your own nakedness, hear your own verses
and cry unashamed to be held.
I want poetry so simple that no silence rumbles
lurking to be heard, articulate, completed
and impartial.
A simple man with few books,
I want to give you ice cream after you've skinned your soul.
Forgive me. Yourself.
Do not buy my words today –
listen
simply.

The Deaths of a Poem

This poem lives in a dark and remote land
beyond your imagination.
It is inhabited by Inuit whalers you've never seen
and Ininew trappers I'll never be.
There's something vaguely Irish in it too.
This is a poem whose lovers are not yet born.
Many are already dead.
This poem married and divorced Prufrock.
It ate the plums in the icebox, kicked over
the red wheelbarrow
made a sudden leap
and then fell asleep in my hand.
This poem never sleeps.
Insomniac, it chases starlings across the grass in
early morning
troubling the neighbours' dog
It is teaching a chicken to walk backwards (a la
Flannery).
This poem is a circus sideshow
a burlesque act without the juicy bits.
It hints that more war is to come in Constantinople
or nearer to here.
This poem doesn't get geographies
or politics or religion
but it sometimes offers them.
It doesn't believe in fairies and elves
even as they play together in November mists.
This poem plays the banjo
or maybe a harmonica (diatonic, of course).
This poem is a Kalashnikov assault rifle
an olive branch kept
and a white rose hidden.
It will not bleed for you

but it will shed tears after you are gone.
This poem died yesterday
and it may die again tomorrow
with your permission.

The Sundance Story

by Colleen Simard

We're driving along a dirt path that separates swaying wheat from a canola crop. It's getting towards sunset and nervous thoughts are creeping around in my head. Am I going to be able to do this?

My boyfriend and I are on our way to a Sundance.

And yes, it did sound a little crazy when I explained it to some of my friends. Drive a couple hundred miles in the blurry heat of summer with a bag of clothes and pitch a tent. Spend a few days without eating or drinking a drop of water, dancing in the prairie sun from sunrise to sunset. Oh, and no sunscreen allowed.

What people sometimes don't realize is it's a religious ceremony -- much like a Christian christening or a Jewish bris. For thousands of years, the Sundance has been the ultimate spiritual experience of the plains people.

We've made it to Chief Piapot's land in Saskatchewan's Qu'Appelle Valley. This is the lush reserve land Piapot fought hard for more than 100 years ago so that his people wouldn't have to worry about starving anymore.

Piapot never gave up the Sundance, even when the government outlawed it and tried to overthrow his leadership because of it.

I'm no traditionalist, but I've tried to prepare for this tough ceremony. I've even memorized my Indian name in Ojibway -- musko-day-pis-e-kay-kway/Buffalo Woman -- for this ceremony.

We pass a makeshift sign and drive into a grassy field. A couple of tents and an RV have been set up. We can see the Sundance grounds and a teepee in the distance. This is it. I get out of the car wearing the required long skirt -- women aren't allowed to

wear pants here.

I get introduced to the Sundance leader, Willie, who tells me he's been fasting for 40 days. He's a big man with braids on either side of his dark eyes, and a sharp wit. He looks at me hard when I tell him I want to dance.

He warns me there's no quitting once I start. He stares at me hard again and I try not to look nervous. He tells me to think about how many days I can commit to. After a quick visit with Willie, we also realize we've shown up a day early.

It's Saturday and the ceremony doesn't start until Sunday night. We have no food, so neighbouring campers kindly share their dinner with us. That night, lightning, rain and strong winds threaten to collapse our tent. It's a restless sleep, but eventually the storm fades.

The doubts return the next day.

In the morning, we head to the closest town -- Southey -- for bacon and eggs and fresh coffee. I can't help but finish everything on my plate, thinking this may well be my last meal for a few days. I also visit the bathroom three times, relishing the plumbing, sink and mirror. They are little luxuries I'm going to miss.

When we get back to the campsite, we find out we've missed a trip to pick sage to make crowns. Uh-oh. I'm starting to feel like missing out on things means we shouldn't be here.

I decide to volunteer at the busy makeshift cook shack put up to feed the people.

I help cut up watermelon, husk corn and then I'm asked to dump some potatoes into a huge vat of boiling water on a propane burner. Everything's going great until I smell something burning. I look down. My skirt has caught fire!

There's no room to "stop, drop and roll." The flames are small enough that I can pull the fabric and shake it out. Holly, the head cook, makes sure I'm OK and tells me to sit down.

Willie checks to see if I'm OK, too. He tells me, "I owe you a skirt."

I'm beginning to think this isn't meant to be. My now burnt skirt with holes in it is the only one I've brought to wear and dance in.

My boyfriend and I take a walk to the hill where the Sundance arbour is. It's huge -- about a 200-foot-wide circle, open to the sun. The other ceremonies I've been to are of the Nehiyaw (Cree) and Anishinabe (Saulteaux/Ojibway) people. The lodges are smaller and there's some shade from a wall of saplings around the exterior.

This is going to be tough. The family sponsoring this ceremony are mixed Cree and Sioux. They're experienced. They really know how to Sundance. Can I really do this?

We get back to camp and find out it's time to get the tree of life, which will be placed at the centre of the arbour. We jump in the car and follow. As we all stand together to give our thanks for the tree, I remember the meaning of all this.

A young girl named Moonlight, whose family has driven from British Columbia, has been chosen to make the first cut with the axe because she is pure. After that, each person takes a swing. When the tree -- taller than my two-storey house -- is ready to fall it is gently let down to the ground. We all carry it onto the back of a flatbed trailer.

We drive slowly back like a wedding procession. Life is about experiences; how can I turn back now? I'll do three days.

***

Three days of Sundancing means three days of fasting. My last meal is a huge bowl homemade stew, 2 pieces of fry bread and blueberries for dessert. After dinner a few of us hang out at the outdoor kitchen's picnic table.

One of the singers – originally from Piapot who now lives in Montana - advises me to drink as much as I can. I drink more water and polish off two huge cups of tea.

My skirt is burned beyond repair but Barb from British Columbia asks me to wear her daughter's dresses. She prepared herself for a whole year to dance four days but at the

last minute was forced to bow out. She was so upset she cried all night.

Barb lends me three dresses, each trimmed with ribbon; two happen to be my colours too.

Today was a very hard day for the four-day dancers – three men and a woman. A steady wind made it surprisingly cold for July. That can be as draining as heat when there's no protection from the elements. Tonight, us three-day dancers will pack up and join them.

First we sweat to cleanse ourselves then head over to the dancers' camp behind the arbour. There are two tipis, one for the men, one for the women, port-a-potties (a luxury) and another sweat lodge.

I head over to the women's tipi and introduce myself. Giselle is here from Toronto. Leigh, the only female four day dancer, lives in Saskatoon. I confess. I've never slept in a tipi before!

It's still cold so we make a small fire in our tipi, and settle into our sleeping bags to keep warm. The silence seems loud. There are no faraway sirens, no argumentative couples making their way home, no gunshots in the night. Just humming silence and the crackling of the fire.

I watch shadows from my sage crown I'd hung up dance across the wall. I smile a little as a wicked thought occurs. German tourists would pay thousands of dollars to be where I am right now.

***

If you'd asked me a few weeks ago what I'd learned at the Sundance I wouldn't have had an answer. Even now I'm still processing everything. I learned many things about the ceremony; but some things must stay a mystery too.

The three days are a blur, full of learning and prayer. I was like a child – the most inexperienced of the seven following the guidance of the others.

It was really tough.

My legs would cramp up, and waves of tiredness came and went. Hunger was something I could ignore, but my thirst was a force that invaded my thoughts and dreams.

By the last day my hearing was affected and my face was burning so bad it started to swell. But I couldn't quit. I pledged to finish this ceremony, not for myself but for my family and my community.

Then there's the piercing – and a handful of men have chosen to do this. It's always been misunderstood as brutal. But it is the highest sacrifice. It represents giving a part of yourself to the Creator and your people.

Sundancers suffer because they want to help others. I became a small part of something beautiful, important and joyful.

Much of the ceremony is ingrained in the experience itself; the feeling of lightness when you raise your hands to the sky in prayer. I learned to forgive and let go of my own mistakes too. And I learned we are all family, no matter what.

The sundancers - Leigh and Giselle are my sisters, Johnny, Dexter and Lanny are my brothers. I feel like I could do anything for them, our leaders Willie and Kennetch, and all the helpers too.

On the last day we were joined by half a dozen youth. We are also visited by many people – and given a talk about the ceremony by Arvol Looking Horse – the Lakota pipe keeper known around the world.

The sundance made me realize the strength of our ancestors. What remarkable people we come from. It puts our everyday struggles into perspective.

What would our ancestors have done?

The sundance is thousands of years old and very powerful. Those white people who outlawed it knew what they were doing. And so did Piapot and the others who never

let it die. That sundance is what made us strong.

We dance to give thanks. We dance to heal. We celebrate this ceremony in order to remember our ties to this land and our gifts from the Creator – family, community, and our lives.

The sundance is a ceremony for all of us. This is why we sundance.

Re-reading McLuhanese: more on The Mechanical Bride and The Gutenberg Galaxy

by Sue Matheson

A superstar…adventurer…explorer…media guru….Marshall McLuhan recognized the impact of print technology and electronic media on the Western mind and made a career out of speaking against the increasing trend in the modern world towards mechanization, compartmentalization, and specialization. Consistently inconsistent, he was an international celebrity who corresponded regularly with Pierre Elliott Trudeau on matters of American culture. Andy Warhol wanted to meet him—Susan Sontag included him with thinkers like Nietzsche, André Breton, and Norman O. Brown. During the 1960's and '70's, the coffee tables of well-informed-and-thinking around the world were not complete unless they showcased a copy of *The Mechanical Bride* (1951) or *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (1962). Towards the end of McLuhan's career, everyone knew "the medium was the message," and the world after undergoing Total Change would become a "global village." Today, McLuhan's ideas are considered probes in the area of communication and media studies. In some

instances, McLuhan was right: he did anticipate the future; in others, he was off the mark. The Internet happened as he predicted, but the globalizing effect of electronic media did not return us to the oral/aurality of a tribal culture and the communal identity that he argues medieval man enjoyed before print was invented. We have begun to think of the world as a global village as McLuhan predicted, but we have done so in terms of a global ecosystem and economics. As the Iraq intervention and 9/11 have demonstrated so tragically, media has not yet erased our differences of race, religion, and nationality.

Nonetheless, McLuhan himself, Canada's leading intellectual in the twentieth century, remains an interesting and provocative figure: trained as a Renaissance scholar, enamored of Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake* and given to examining ad slogans selling feminine douches, McLuhan practiced what he preached—imitating the segmented structure of electronic media in his writing and infuriating his reviewers and critics. As a result, stories about Marshall McLuhan or allusions to his ideas appeared in publications as different as *Time*, *National Review*, *Popular Photography*, and the *Times Literary Supplement*. Unlike most academics, McLuhan was given the luxury to use the media he studied to respond to public criticism. In *Annie Hall* (1977), for example, he squashes the opinions of an expert in Media Studies from Columbia University: "You

know nothing about my work," he says to the annoying, tweed-jacketed professor who has been using McLuhanese to impress his date, "How you even got to teach a course in anything is totally amazing." When the expert from Columbia quickly stops speaking, Woody Allen's character, Alvy Singer sighs, "If life were only like that."

On and off screen, McLuhan's immense authority was the product of intense study, a full professorship at the University of Toronto, and the $100,000 Albert Schweitzer Chair in Humanities at Fordham University in New York City. Appropriately, he became an academic superstar by working against the modern movement towards specialization. Even as a student, he demonstrated the tendency to cross discipline boundaries that led him to create the Centre for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto in 1963. After enrolling in the Faculty of Engineering at the University of Manitoba, he read his way "out of engineering and into English literature." Awarded his first B.A. in 1933, he obtained his first M.A. in English Literature from the University of Manitoba in 1934. Then he worked his way to England on a cattle boat before taking up a renewable IODE-Post Graduate Scholarship at Trinity Hall, Cambridge University. At Cambridge, he earned second B.A. in 1936, and after studying medieval education and Renaissance literature, obtained his second M.A. From England, McLuhan went to the United States to

work. In 1938, he began his career as a teacher at the University of Wisconsin, and, in 1942, earned his Ph.D. from Cambridge. In 1944, he returned to Canada, taught at Assumption College in Windsor, Ontario, and became associated with St. Michael's College, the Roman Catholic Unit at the University of Toronto.

In 1951, McLuhan's first book, *The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man*, appeared in bookstores and earned him a full professorship at the University of Toronto a year later. *The Mechanical Bride* is a particularly relevant text when read against the backdrop of the ongoing Iraq crisis. As subjects, war and media are heavily foregrounded in our thinking today just as they were for McLuhan and his generation. After listening to American propaganda about Iraqi militants and "embedded" journalists' accounts of fire-fights and American heroism, McLuhan's distrust of our cultural myths, his dismay that the public accepts them so readily, and his courage to challenge the status quo just after the Second World War make *The Mechanical Bride* not only interesting but also inspiring. When one considers his strategy of breaking up the possibility of linear thinking in *The Mechanical Bride* and the continuing popularity of postmodernism, it is curious that this text has not been reprinted recently, especially as McLuhan is at his best in it—his critiques are indignant and witty; his method, unconventional; and his scope, daring.

An extremely well designed work consisting of 59 short articles, generally about three pages long, any part of *The Mechanical Bride* provides its readers with one or more views of the social landscape that is Middle America. Thus, as a collection of short critiques, *The Mechanical Bride* can be read in any order that the reader pleases, and the text still accomplishes its purpose of decoding North America's social myths in an engaging and stimulating fashion. *The Mechanical Bride* remains an important starting point for those interested in examining how mass media is used to manipulate the collective public mind, because it painstakingly examines the electronic media's appeal to our appetites for power, sex, sadism, and sensationalism while revealing how media's power of suggestion makes information itself unimportant. In the Preface of *The Mechanical Bride* McLuhan's agenda as an educator is most apparent. Because he insists he is writing his book to do what the universities cannot—correct the public's helplessness when subjected to the machinations of advertising, newspapers, television, and Hollywood movies—McLuhan's professorial stance in his Preface seems to be the direct result of teaching American freshmen at the University of Wisconsin. Generally, his diction in *The Mechanical Bride* alternates between a casual chattiness and a tone suitable for the lecture hall. This duality works well in his critiques, for the high and low voices balance and support each other. In "The Preface," however, the artificial

and learned voice of the Trinity Hall lecturer takes over, and the effect is lurid: at times, McLuhan comes dangerously close to patronizing his reader, the adman's "intended prey" and endangers what really is an enjoyable read. When one considers the context out of which *The Mechanical Bride* was written, however, it becomes apparent that McLuhan had good reason to overstate his case.

Produced during the propaganda blitzes that took place prior to and during the Second World War, *The Mechanical Bride* appeared when media really did seem to have the power to change its audience. One need only remember how successful Hitler's Ministry of Propaganda in Nazi Germany was during the 1930's or how powerful the American propaganda machine, powered by Hollywood directors like Frank Capra and John Ford, proved to be during the 1940's to appreciate McLuhan's reactions to the power of media. McLuhan submitted *The Mechanical Bride* to Vanguard Press in 1946. When one considers his insights regarding the folklore of Industrial Man involving material gleaned from the Second World War, it is easy to see why the editors at Vanguard decided to wait six years before releasing *The Mechanical Bride*. In short, *The Mechanical Bride* identifies and critiques North America's use of the thinking that had underpinned and supported the Nazi war machine. Not surprisingly, therefore, the text is littered with references to the Second World War. In "Nose for News," for

example, McLuhan notes that the Hearst press uses "folksy Frank Capra scenes" to build its newspaper stories into personal dramas. In "The Revolution Is Intact," a bullet pierced picture of Betty Grable engages the reader in "the promotion of nihilistic dreams." In "Deep Consolation," an ad for grave vaults leads McLuhan to question whether our habit for bringing death within the orbit of our "life" interests and industrial procedures, scientific techniques of mass killing applied with equal indifference in the abattoirs, in the Nazi death camps, and on the battlefields, is altogether sound. In "Know-How," an ad in Fortune (1949) indicates that executives have been thinking in military terms, "smashing public resistance with carefully planned barrages followed by shock troops of salesmen to mop up the pockets." In "Woman in a Mirror," the refinement, naturalness, and girlish grace of American womanhood is "Romantic formula for fission."

Here it should be noted that McLuhan's critique of Industrial Man progresses in stages as one reads his short articles. For example, "Education" is a particularly virulent attack on the spread of technological and specialist education which supports modern warfare and produces "a multitude of powerless individuals, many of whom are deeply resentful of their condition." As McLuhan points out in his examination of *Reader's Digest* in "Pollyanna Digest," "what is needed is not attacks on obvious

imbecility [the product of such an education] but a sharp eye for what supports and is now involved in it." And in "The Tough as Narcissus," McLuhan examines our trend towards specialization in a dairy ad and reveals how little North American modernism really differs from the goose-stepping, Nietzschean brands of nihilism and the German passion for mechanism.

Again and again, McLuhan's response to Cold War popular culture is based on his experience of the kind of thinking that fuelled the Second World War. For instance, "I'm Tough," McLuhan's critique of an advertisement promoting power-dressing in Bond Clothes, is a tirade against the Nazi *Zeitgeist*. In 1951, it was evident to McLuhan that the *Zeitgeist* had survived the war. In "I'm Tough," he points out that the image of the tough guy wearing "good clothes with plenty of guts" transmits "the megalomania of the Marquis de Sade, of Nietzsche, and of Hitler, full of aggressive contempt for man and civilization but ready to melt momentarily into self-pitying Wagnerian sentiment as a bracer-relaxer before a big putsch." In "Nose For News," McLuhan stops his examination of *The Journal-American* to note that media, in particular, newspapers like those in the Hearst chain have become a major weapon in launching and maintaining war. Muckraking, McLuhan says, is a means of mobilizing the passions of whole populations until the general emotional situation calls for a

blood-bath: the actual outbreak of the Second World War, he notes, was "a visible relief to many after the years of tense waiting."

Throughout, *The Mechanical Bride*'s war-stressed use of language speaks of the political pressures still percolating during the period of the Cold War in which it was written. It is not surprising, therefore, that McLuhan returns repeatedly to the Second World War as his touchstone. "I'm Tough," for instance, ends with his observation that the language of modern applied science leads one to the same concepts as those that inspired the methods of the Nazi death camps. Clearly, his purpose in "I'm Tough," as elsewhere in *The Mechanical Bride*, is to educate the reader to analyze rather than react to media by recognizing similarities as well as differences. In "Nose for News," as elsewhere, he introduces a historical and a global context to ensure "a cool view" for the reader, that "detached appraisal" which our world, more than any other epoch, demands. For McLuhan, art analysis is the key to such "a cool view", because, as Burkhardt notes, "the meaning of Machiavelli's method was to turn the state into a work of art by the rational manipulation of power." Thus the value of art criticism lies in its ability to critique the state and create among its citizens what McLuhan calls "a citadel of inclusive awareness amid the dim dreams of collective consciousness."

If one agrees with McLuhan and Burkhardt that politicians function as artists in

the sense that the culture they produce is an expression of power, then McLuhan's own use of form and function in *The Mechanical Bride* is a brilliant and subversive exercise in undermining his own power base as author and expert. By breaking up the text into seemingly unrelated segments, McLuhan ensures that his text cannot transmit any cultural agenda, even unconsciously, thereby eradicating the tyranny imposed on readers by the narrative form. This strategy of breaking apart narrative form and disrupting the authority of text transmitted in books extends even to the principles of page layout in *The Mechanical Bride*. Operating on the basis of a two-column magazine page, every section in *The Mechanical Bride* begins with a snappy title in large bold fonts at the top of the left hand column. Each section's title is made even more prominent by perching precariously atop of what is almost an entire column length of unbalanced white space. At the bottom of this column, the reader encounters a number of irreverent and thought provoking queries. For instance, the title, "**The Bold Look**," teeters above the following unrelated and unanswered bolded questions at the bottom of the page: "Are we in a new masculine era again? The Face that launched a thousand hips? Does the Bold Look mean that the crooner and his tummyache are finished? Are prosperity and Male confidence the fruits of war? Would the face pictured here seek its reflection in the eyes of a career woman?" At the very top of the

next column, McLuhan's article about the Bold Look, an exhibit from *Esquire* (April, 1948) begins—spatially in media res. The narrative flow of McLuhan's text is then interrupted by a full page reprint of the Bold Look on the next, the right-hand, page. One must turn this page to continue the article and turn back to the reprint to examine it. Moreover, like the articles preceding and following it, as a collection of observations, the text about the Bold Look only offers its reader the opportunity to compare, judge, and draw his or her own conclusions about the validity of the material presented.

Thus, in general, *The Mechanical Bride* works backwards rather than forwards when illustrating its points. McLuhan's humor enables readers to accept the controversial points he makes about American culture. A prime example of McLuhan's wry method is found in "How Not to Offend," an attack on the North American cult of hygiene. "How Not to Offend" begins by examining a Lysol ad in terms of daytime soap serials and colored comics in the Sunday newspaper's supplements. Then allying himself with D.H. Lawrence and Kenneth Burke, McLuhan examines why women can be induced to douche with Lysol before ridiculing our obsessive compulsive behaviour like Pope in *The Rape of the Lock*: "when the hideous specter of body odor looms, all human ties are cancelled" and "when lovely woman stoops to B.O., she is a Medusa freezing every

male within sniff." McLuhan effectively returns to American slang to drive home his point about commercialism: "The question remains as to what is being loved, that gal or that soap."

McLuhan's subjects, however, often call for more serious treatment than that found in "How Not To Offend." In such instances, the musicality of his writing helps to persuade the reader of the validity of his argument. Like Gershwin's blend of high operetta and low jazz, McLuhan's academic diction and his use of the vernacular rub shoulders with one another, bound by what appears to be an almost seamless melody line based on the repetition of two or more consonants that are amplified, and before receding to be replaced by others in their turn, also fade away as the sound of the language changes. In "The Mechanical Bride," this alliterative strategy is pleasing—melodious and frictionless. The soft, seductive, pleasant repetition of McLuhan's "p's" and "s's" at the beginning of the passage below gradually give way and become a background counterpoint to the hard "g's" and magnified "m's" that dominate the passage after a couplet borrowed from Alexander Pope appears.

> Current sociological study of the precocious dating habits of middle-class children reveals that neither sex nor personal interest in other persons is responsible so much as an eagerness to be "in there pitching." This may be reassuring to the parents of the young, but it may create insoluble problems for the same youngsters later on. When sex later becomes a personal actuality, the

established feminine pattern of sex as an instrument of power, in an industrial and consumer contest, is a liability. The switch-over from competitive display to personal affection is not easy for the girl. Her mannequin past is in the way. On the male, this display of power to which he is expected to respond with cars and dates has various effects. The display of current feminine sex power seems to many males to demand an impossible virility of assertion.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Men are readily captured by such gentleness and guile, but, surrounded by legs on pedestals, they feel not won but slugged. To this current exaggeration of date-bait some people reply that the glamour business, like the entertainment world, is crammed with both women-haters and men-haters of dubious sex polarity. Hence the malicious insistence on a sort of abstract sex. But whatever truth there may be in this, there is more obvious truth in the way in which sex has been exaggerated by getting hooked to the mechanisms of the market and the **impersonal** techniques of industrial production.

McLuhan weaves back and forth between examples of high and low culture until the two seem to be almost indistinguishable. His use of rhythm, however, provides a bass line that underscores the difference between of the two dialects. Immediately following Pope's couplet in the passage above, for example, McLuhan skips iambically—until the first comma. After this pause, the rhythm of the sentence becomes irregular and punchy, finally leading the reader to the slang term, "slugged." In short, the rhetoric in *The Mechanical Bride* is extremely studied. McLuhan, it seems, is painstakingly aware of the effect that the musicality of language can have on the

individual.

Published in 1962, *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man* uses many of *The Mechanical Bride's* techniques. Also presented as a collection of observations, *The Gutenberg Galaxy* probes the impact of printing-press technology on literacy and Western culture and showcases his central concept—the idea that any new medium of communication alters the entire outlook of the people using it. Because he was influenced by the economic historian at the University of Toronto, who argued that print caused the spread of nationalism as opposed to tribalism over the next five hundred years, McLuhan called *The Gutenberg Galaxy* "a footnote to the work of Harold Innis."

Unlike *The Mechanical Bride, The Gutenberg Galaxy* simply is not musical. Throughout, McLuhan's formal diction and his high-brow approach to the power of moveable type create a very different reading experience. More importantly, *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* unlike *The Mechanical Bride,* cannot provide its reader with complete examples of the material being discussed. As a result, the reader must rely on McLuhan's interpretation of other texts—many of them historical, some of them arcane. Such a dependence has the disconcerting effect of at once widening the scope

of McLuhan's exploration and narrowing the reader's field of vision, for under these circumstances it is only possible to see as McLuhan does.

In the spring of 1979 during his last taped lecture, "Man and Media," delivered at York University in Toronto, McLuhan concludes that anything that man manifests in the world around him must be linguistic in character. Shoes, a walking stick, a zipper or a bulldozer are *utterings* of man's own being as they have their own syntax and grammar as much as any verbal form. The word *utter* is from *outer*, McLuhan says, and "outering" is the nature of technology. *The Mechanical Bride* and *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* therefore, should not be regarded merely as texts but as McLuhan's *utterings*—technological extensions of his eyes and ears, manifestations of his thought processes at work, and gauges of the socio-historical climates out of which they were produced. It is a frightening thought indeed that during 9/11 and the subesquent Iraq crisis, *The Mechanical Bride,* grounded in McLuhan's experiences during the Second World War, is the more compelling of these two texts.

Nonetheless, in spite of their differences, *The Mechanical Bride* and *The Gutenberg Galaxy* share the common notion that texts/type reconcile Descartes' duality of mind and body that often surfaces in McLuhan's thinking. As early as 1947, in "American

Advertising," McLuhan comments during his critique of advertisements, later incorporated into *The Mechanical Bride,* that American advertising is Cartesian in nature, English advertising, Baconian. It is difficult to judge how advertising's systematic sophistry contributes to the worsening of any given state of affairs, he says, because there is nothing in "richly efflorescent ads which has not been deeply wished by the population for a long time." McLuhan later points out in "Roast Duck with Jefferson" in *The Mechanical Bride*, the crucial problem posed any reader undergoing war stress and the propaganda that is its expression, is not the attempt to reconcile mind and body, our inner realities with the outer world, but the recognition of their interdependence. Only by recognizing how the human mind creates its own reality, is it possible to separate mind and body, and thereby think critically. Only by doing so, McLuhan would say, is it possible to enable ourselves "to step outside the trance world" of propaganda and wish-fulfillment that we find in North America's media today.

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CELL PHONE SUITE by ROGER BELL

Time deepening

When I saw him at the corner of King and 12
the light attendant upon green, he was
revving,
revving,
revving
smoking avariciously, his y'd fingers ascending to his pursed mouth
then descending to trace potential routes, potential sales
on a map mashed out on the wheel, the world flattened,
eyes then rising to gaze speculatively past the receded horizon
on some distant appointment, with his other hand
squeezing a joyless burger past puffy lips
and hunching a cellphone to his ear
attentive to some faceless and far Esmeralda

I thought murder.
I thought: *How far down time's tender throat*
can you shove your fist?

I burned to say:
Stop all that simultaneity;
roll down your window;
let turn the light;
ignore the imperative
of your right foot;
just laze, look, listen:

the chicory alongside this road
is so blue it aches,
Monarch butterflies meander

regal in the September pomp of sun,
a purple finch trills something singular,

all for you,
all this in one deep tale of time
awaiting some chronicler
whose courage is to pause.

Cell phone encounter, corner of Queen's Park Avenue and Charles

Window down, blinker on
you wait to merge with the day's end
northbound push of cars.

As I step off the curb towards you,
you pause and gaze directly at me.
I see your bare shoulders.
I see the fine lines
around the green sacrament of your eyes.
I see the plump red lips' unspoken words.

Now
while September hangs ripe from trees all around us,
I will be brash, lean in and brush the phone from your face
as if it were a wayward strand of ash-blonde hair.

Cell phone conversation, corner of Richmond and John

Barely thirty feet apart they are
gabbling to each other on their cell phones,
circumscribing in varying circles,
shopping bags sprawled open at their feet,
recent purchases revealed, glowing organs following incision.

At this distance they can stay acquainted safely,
at this distance spit can explode from exuberant lips
and fall far short of listening faces, short of freshly pressed
white linen shirts, at this distance they can maintain personal space,
bend down and pull their productive day from the bags
as magicians pull silk scarves from their endless throats,
colour after colour after colour, success after success.

At this distance they can say,
Look at what money has wrought and bought:
these fine clothes, these plastic mouths.
Let us talk without touching.

This gorgeous day here on this city corner,
sometimes in the shade,
sometimes in the sun.

No response

She leaves a throaty message for her lover,
sets her cellular to *vibrate*,
then slips it down the lacy front
of her rose red panties,
leans back into the arms of expectation
and waits for her distant man
to return her call.

And when he does, she does not answer
no, lets it purr and puuurrrrrr
until she's nearly thrashing.

Puzzled, he tries again. Where can she be?
There is no voice saying that
the customer is temporarily unavailable.
No voice.

She is where he is taking her
although he does not know it;
the thrum of his urgency
is all she wants from him.

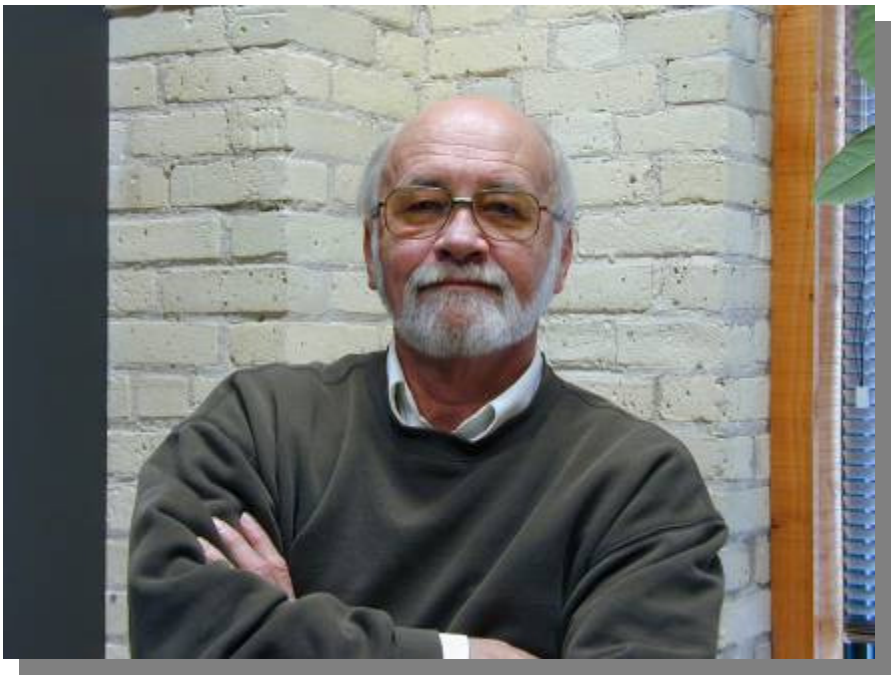
Now he worries the ether,
lets it ring and ring and ring
and against his anxiety she writhes
while he dumbly holds the phone
against his numb ear,
like a seashell without ocean;
meanwhile she has ridden
the tsunami to the shore
she reaches down languorously,
retrieves the throbbing thing,
flips it open, presses *ON*

and he hears a voice he barely knows
a voice all animal, and wet
Yes

Cell phone conversation, John, south of Queen.

Say again?
Again?
What happened?
You're breaking up.
Say again? There's trouble?
Stop crying.
What happened?
What happened?
Stop crying, you're garbled,
you're breaking up.
There's trouble? Yes.
Get hold of yourself.
Crying never helps.
You're breaking up.
Say again?

An Interview with Derek Mazur, NFB



Award winner, Derek Mazur is the executive producer of NFB Prairie Centre in Winnipeg, Manitoba. An innovator who has competed with the best in the world and remained true to his Western Canadian roots, Mazur is committed to working with leading-edge documentary and animation. Derek Mazur spoke with *Quint* interviewer, Anne Jevne, about the National Film Board and its current projects.

The Quint: Could you tell me something about the history of the NFB?

Mazur: Well, the Film Board was set up under legislation in 1939--next year's our seventieth anniversary. It was set up as a propaganda arm for the war effort to make propaganda films. [John] Grierson was the initial Film Commissioner. He realized that to create a patriotic Canada it was important…simply not to show the war effort but also to show to tell Canadians about themselves. He started films that didn't look like propaganda films but essentially created pride in Canada in terms of its nation. When the war ended, the Film Board continued to make more and more films with its basic mission statement to tell Canadians about Canada. So that's how we've been moving forward. The Film Board's also been involved in a lot of innovation. IMAX was sort of born out of the National Film Board. Cinema v*é*rit*é* film making started at the Film Board so we've been well known throughout the years for really breaking new ground and that's why we're really pushing for much more innovative films which really challenge the audience and challenge the filmmakers.

The Quint: Can you tell me something about yourself?

Mazur: Well, I've been in the industry for something

about thirty three years. In the film industry, I started as a director. I've also been a producer and executive producer. I have a wide range of experience going back in film making in Canada. I've been involved in the making of animation, documentary and drama. I have quite a few Geminis and I have a Genie and I have an Emmie awards. I've been very lucky to work with very good filmmakers in animation, documentary and drama.

The Quint: When did you start working for the NFB?

Mazur: I've sort of come back full circle. I've been working for the Film Board now three years. Some of the first work that I ever did as a director was for the Film Board. It feels like a return home, and I'm really enjoying my job. I think when you get to my age, I just turned over sixty, I felt there was a real need for me to pass on some of my skills to younger film makers. The Film Board is a really perfect place to do that in terms of mentoring and working with the industry. That's been very important to me. Our Emerging Filmmaker Program--where we identify some talent and then we help individuals to get better at what they do--that's very important to me.

The Quint: What's your experience with animation?

Mazur: I was never an animator I was an animation producer. I can't draw anything. I'm a filmmaker. It was just a matter of our company. When I started my company a long time ago, my partner was an animator. We did a bulk of the Sesame Street animation and that's sort of how our company started, and then it branched out into documentary and drama after that.

The Quint: What sorts of documentaries did you do?

Mazur: A variety of things…I did films on a prison system, I did films on urban transportation, films on artists…a range of material like that. And then when we got into drama, we were doing a lot of work for CTV and CBC. We did Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners*. We did two Farley Mowat books, *Lost In The Barrens* and *Curse of the Viking Grave*…*For Those Who Hunt The Wounded Down*…*Nights Below Station Street*…we did quite a lot…a children's series called *The Adventures of Shirley Holmes*.

The Quint: Did you work up north during this period?

Mazur: Up north I did a feature presentation for Expo 1988. It was multiple screens, and we shot one of the sequences we shot in Arctic Bay in Baffin Island. And we did a film called *Trial in Fortitude Bay* which was partly shot in Iqualuit. This was nothing to do with the Film Board though. From the Film Board perspective, we are doing a fair amount of work up north right now. We're doing a film in Nunavut called *The Great Distemper*. It's about the controversy surrounding the RCMP: claims by the Inuit that the RCMP shot all of their dogs and claims by the RCMP that said they didn't. [The

film] centers around that and the Truth and Reconciliation Commission that is operating in terms of that subject.

The Quint: I've heard the light is very good for filming up north.

Mazur: (laughs) It depends on the time of the year. Sometimes there's hardly any light! In the winter you get maybe half an hour of twilight. When I was shooting up there, it was essentially twenty four hours a day. The sun is always low in the sky, and because of that it gives you a beautiful light....very much like you see beauty shots done here just before sunset. You see it's the low angle of the sun.

The Quint: Do you think that's why the North is so "hot" these days? Everybody seems to be doing something northern…

Mazur: No…well…the Film Board, you know, we've been working up north for a long time. I mean so it's not like its something new to the Film Board. It's just that at the national Film Board we truly believe that films and the film makers that we use should reflect the diversity of Canada. Our population has been changing and becoming more diverse, and we're seeing more films in that regard. One of the reasons that we started doing a strong aboriginal program is that we felt that aboriginal filmmakers were under-represented.

The Quint: Could you tell us something about the NFB's work with aboriginal filmmakers.

Mazur: We are very active. On the First Stories, we sent notices out to all the First Nations. We advertised in the First Nations papers. We are very proactive trying to find people.

The Quint: In order to become a filmmaker what do you have to do or have?

Mazur: To be a film maker, whether you're aboriginal or Portuguese or whatever, you've got to have talent, and our first stories programs are designed to recognise that talent. Because all of our training programs involve what you call professional film experience, we don't find an aboriginal filmmaker and say—"Go make this film…here's a camera…go figure out how to use it." We use the best cinematographers the best editors and composers that we can find. [The filmmakers] get to work with very talented people, and that is part of the nurturing process.

The Quint: How did you get started directing with the NFB?

Mazur: Well, I was a young film maker and had some ideas and started to make films for the Film Board. There was a period in time when I started in the business where all of the films that were made for the government were made by the Film Board. The sponsor films, [for example] from the Department of Defense were under the

control of the Film Board. So we'd be making topnotch sponsor films for the Film Board. That changed and the departments have more individual control over what they do.

The Quint: The NFB is known for producing not necessarily politically correct but socially relevant material. Why is there that sort of an emphasis?

Mazur: I think it's because we're a public producer, and we feel that our films should have some sort of social relevance for Canadians. We don't do reality television programming. We don't do game shows. We're generally employing or working with documentary film makers who have a point of view. We're not journalists. We don't necessarily need or want to show both sides of the issue. It really is what comes out of the filmmaker's brain--what comes out of the filmmaker's commitment… so that film has to be socially relevant. In animation, we're a little looser than that. Generally it displays some aspect of the human experience but there we're looking at artistic excellence in animation and really pushing the envelope. That's how we operate on our animation side.

The Quint: How much further can the NFB push the envelope?

Mazur: Oh, you can always be better. You can always do better films. It's a matter of what we have to do as the Film Board. And we have to really figure out how to make our films as accessible as possible. We still do very well in all the stores. We sell a lot of our material to the educational market and into the institutional market. When I was young I used to watch NFB films all the time, and kids are still doing that. Accessibility is our big need right now. And we're putting a lot of resources towards making sure that that's possible…the other thing that we're doing that we consider very important we are protecting our archives. We have a really large program of digitizing into big databases all of our films so we can preserve them.

The Quint: Have you noticed anything new about the Canadian identity issue? Are there are recurring patterns or cultural iconography appearing in our films?

Mazur: No, I don't think so. Every film is a unique statement. I don't believe there is what I would identify as a specific Canadian identity. I like to say that at the Film Board we are changing Canada one story at a time. One of the reasons that the Film Board has regional offices is so that we can have regional voices. We have a very strong French program. Films that come out of Halifax can be quite different from films that come out of Edmonton. It's a range. I can't identify anything that's a theme if you want to call it that other than the fact that we want films that are about issues of social relevance.

The Quint: The public often doesn't get a chance to see what the NFB does…

Mazur: You'd be surprised how much stuff you see that is Film Board that is disguised on television for example. We do quite a lot of work with CBC, APTN, etc. and sometimes our logos don't make it on. We are aware of that issue and that's why we are developing a new website which will stream our programs. It's not out there yet. We have revamped our existing website but we're working on a, I don't know what its going to be called, NFB TV essentially and you'll also be able to order directly online with a credit card or whatever and get the stuff shipped to you the next day.

The Quint: I understand the NFB is also launching something called E-Cinema?

Mazur: That's an experimental program we're running where we put film in into smaller communities: we work with universities or community groups. It depends on the situation--we collaborate together, and we set up with their support a really good high definition projector combined with a large server and a good surround system. It allows us to download HD quality films or whatever to the communities and then they can show them. So in really remote communities, say we were in a place like Iqualuit up north, where they would not have the broad band depth, we would have to sending out hard drives but its hard drives. The theatres vary in size from thirty to three hundred people. So far we've got four or five units setup in Acadia and News Brunswick. It's a new program.

The Quint: Are there any units operating in Manitoba yet?

Mazur: No. But we're looking across the country. We want to serve underserviced communities. You know we don't have the budget to put in a hundred of those across the country in one year. But that's something you'll see more of--the idea is to create more accessibility to NFB films. Because the accessibility situation is something that we hear of all the time, we're trying to make the films more accessible in a theatrical way and make them more accessible through the web.

The Quint: How do you see the NFB operating?

Mazur: The Film Board really operates on what I call three pillars. One pillar is the Emerging Filmmaker Programs and productions. We consider an emerging filmmaker someone who has made three or less films. The second pillar is community-based media and that's using media or community interaction and community awareness. The third pillar is our innovative distinctive programming--what we call distinctive television, theatrical shorts, auteur animation, and also alternative drama. That's what we're really concentrating on to get the best projects we can. And we've been quite successful lately We've been really been making news on the world stage. It's surprising in some cases that the Film Board is better known internationally, and is highly

respected internationally sometimes more than in Canada.

The Quint: Isn't the best-known wing of the NFB its animation?

Mazur: Animation is very much a part of what we do because of the mission we've had. We've been nominated for an Oscar in the last four years and we've won twice I believe so I think that will continue.

The Quint: Why is NFB animation so good?

Mazur: Because it's auteur driven. Essentially we don't make the kind of animation that you would find on a Saturday Morning Kids' Show. We do auteur animation driven by artists who are our animators, and that's why we basically do shorts--because of that concentration and because we have such talent in that across Canada. Historically it goes way back to the Fifties. We have been able to nurture an amazing amount of animation talent. We also do very strong documentaries too so I wouldn't say [animation]'s the best, it's well recognized. We just co-produced a film out of our called *Up The Yangtze* that was shot in China. It's done extremely well at the box office, and it's a theatrical documentary. We keep trying to get better and better films.

The Quint: What's going on in the North right now?

Mazur: In northern Manitoba. I'd say essentially right now nothing. I'm responsible for Saskatchewan, Manitoba, northern Ontario and Nunavut. And right now in Nunavut, we have a Nunavut animation lab going where we've taken Nunavut artists and taught them how to animate. They are finishing their films up right now. They're quite interesting. In the Northwest Territories we're doing a community project with Fort Good Hope. We have a filmmaker up there who's starting using video as a means of engagement. We also film makers in the Yukon who have been doing what we call digital stories. We pick young filmmakers and get them to make I would say somewhat simple films that are fantastic. We do a lot of work with aboriginal people across the country. Also, our Emerging Filmmaker Programs are very important to us.

The Quint: Who are these emerging filmmakers? Could you tell us something about them?

Mazur: Sure. They come from all over actually. We did what we call First Stories Manitoba and First Stories Saskatchewan. We went out and solicited applications, and we chose forty five I guess in each province. This [program] is for aboriginal people to show their talent, and for aboriginal people to tell stories, their own stories. So out of those forty five, we chose fifteen and we put them through an extensive workshop on story structure, set etiquette, how to handle your cinematographer, how to deal with your editor…We weren't trying to make people into camera men or

editors. We were looking for people to direct the films and be filmmakers. Those fifteen people were then given an opportunity to submit a proposal and to do a pitch. We selected four people from each of the provinces and gave them a professional film experience to make their films. They are all about five minutes long, and they've won awards all over the world in terms of the quality. We then took the people who made First Stories and selected one per province to do a half hour film--part of our continuing training, so to speak Those half hour films are just being completed right now. I'd like to do the same thing also in Nunavut...to do a First Stories situation.

The Quint: Could you tell us something about how you trained the artists working in the animation lab in Nunavut?

Mazur: It's very similar [to the First Stories experience] except the people went to Banff Centre for four months to work in a multi-disciplinary artistic environment in the summer--to suffer the pains of having a wonderful studio overlooking the mountains and four months in Banff. Now they're back up north working.

The Quint: What sort of animation were they doing?

Mazur: In the general workshops we let people do some clay-mation and some drawings. In the Nunavut animation lab three of [the films] are hand-drawn: one of them is drawn on paper and scanned the other two are drawn on what they call a waycom tablet which is like drawing on plastic paper. It's like drawing on paper…you still have the ability to draw. And the fourth one was animated stop action with leather.

The Quint: Are there other animation projects?

Mazur: In Saskatchewan we do a series with the Wapos Bay people. That won a Gemini last year for Best Children's Programming. It's a half-hour animated film for children and it takes place at Wapos Bay which is a fictitious First Nations community. It's quite beautiful. Have you seen *Madame Tutli-Putli*?

The Quint: No.

Mazur: *Madame Tutli-Putli* is a stop action film. It's very hard to explain…very brilliant, and I've never seen stop action done like that before. It was done by some young film makers, and it was their first film. It was nominated for an Academy Award. There's such a range of stuff that we do.

The Quint: What else is new in animation and the NFB?

Mazur: In Winnipeg and in Montreal we're working on stereoscopic animation. You probably know it as 3-D but we don't call it 3-D because it gets confused with things like *Toy Story* which uses 3-D models. Stereoscopic happens in front and behind the screen. You get things

floating in front of you, and we can actually animate in space. You have to see it to understand it.

The Quint: You mean it actually looks like things are coming out of the screen?

Mazur: Oh yeah. We could put it on your nose if we wanted to.

The Quint: Without the 3-D glasses?

Mazur: No, you have the 3-D glasses. And we're working on the new technologies right now so pretty soon we'll be able to do that without polarized glasses. And it'll happen soon.

The Quint: That's amazing. You can actually have the stuff in your living room then?

Mazur: Yes you could.

The Quint: Is it like a holograph?

Mazur: No, a holograph you can walk around. This is programmed . Have you every done a 3-D IMAX film? In this, things come out and float around you, and you feel like you want to grab them. And they come over your head. They come out of the screen.

The Quint: So you can have birds coming out of the screen and flying right over your head?

Mazur: Yeah. You have to see it to understand it. And that's sort of the future of a new style of film making which would be more prevalent with the digitization of theatres across the United States…there are some producers that will not make any animated features unless they are stereoscopic. You're going to see a lot more stereoscopic films. And if you had our e-cinema…we're very close to being able to screen that through the web. It won't be very long before you'll be able to watch stereoscopic stuff on a large screen television. A Japanese public broadcaster has 3-D televisions.

The Quint: Asian cinema has always composed in depth. For North America, this is very cutting edge and carrying the composition even further…

Mazur: We're working on that.

The Quint: What about documentaries?

Mazur: We have talked about doing stereoscopic documentary, yes. It's very complicated to do though. You need two cameras shooting at the same time. You have to worry about different things like convergence and the lens and stuff like that. It depends on the subject--where it is. You don't just sort of point it and shoot, if you know what I mean. It's difficult, it's not simple.

The Quint: But the impact would be incredible.

Mazur: Yeah. And you have to have right subject matter for it. So that's important.

The Quint: It's like talking about science fiction almost--suddenly we're in the twenty third, not the twenty first, century.

Mazur: Well, digitization of imagery has changed the world.

The Quint: The next thing they'll be putting us inside the box instead of the box coming outside of itself.

Mazur: That's actually not too far away …

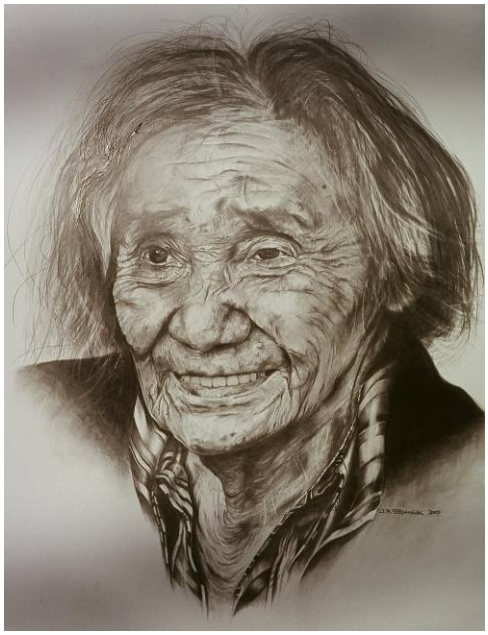
The Quint: Thank you so much for talking with *The Quint*. What will your office be doing for the next year or so?

Mazur: What's in development? We've got a film in development that deals with the Candian Rangers up in the north. We are working on a developing a stereoscopic 3-D using 3-D modelling. Nunavut is another project. We are going to probably start on another stereoscopic film. Also we're finishing up two large, not long but large, animation films. And we get proposals all the time. We're working on an alternative drama. We're working on a large film on residential schools which will be filming next year. We're doing a bunch of short two-minute films with APTN which will be done next year for the Olympics and for streaming. We're working with aboriginal filmmakers across the country. So we'll see how it goes.

gallery *quint*

Connie Pohl

Jeff Stephaniuk



Connie Pohl

A Snow Lake resident for thirty years, Connie Pohl could spend all her time making glass art. "I could sit there for hours but you have to limit yourself," she said, "It's just something I've always been fascinated by." Connie is only one of three glass artists in Northern Manitoba--and is largely self taught because accessibility to these classes is very limited in the North. Previously a potter, Connie has been working in glass for seven years. She specializes in stained glass, fused glass, and glass jewellery.

Photo: David Douglas Hart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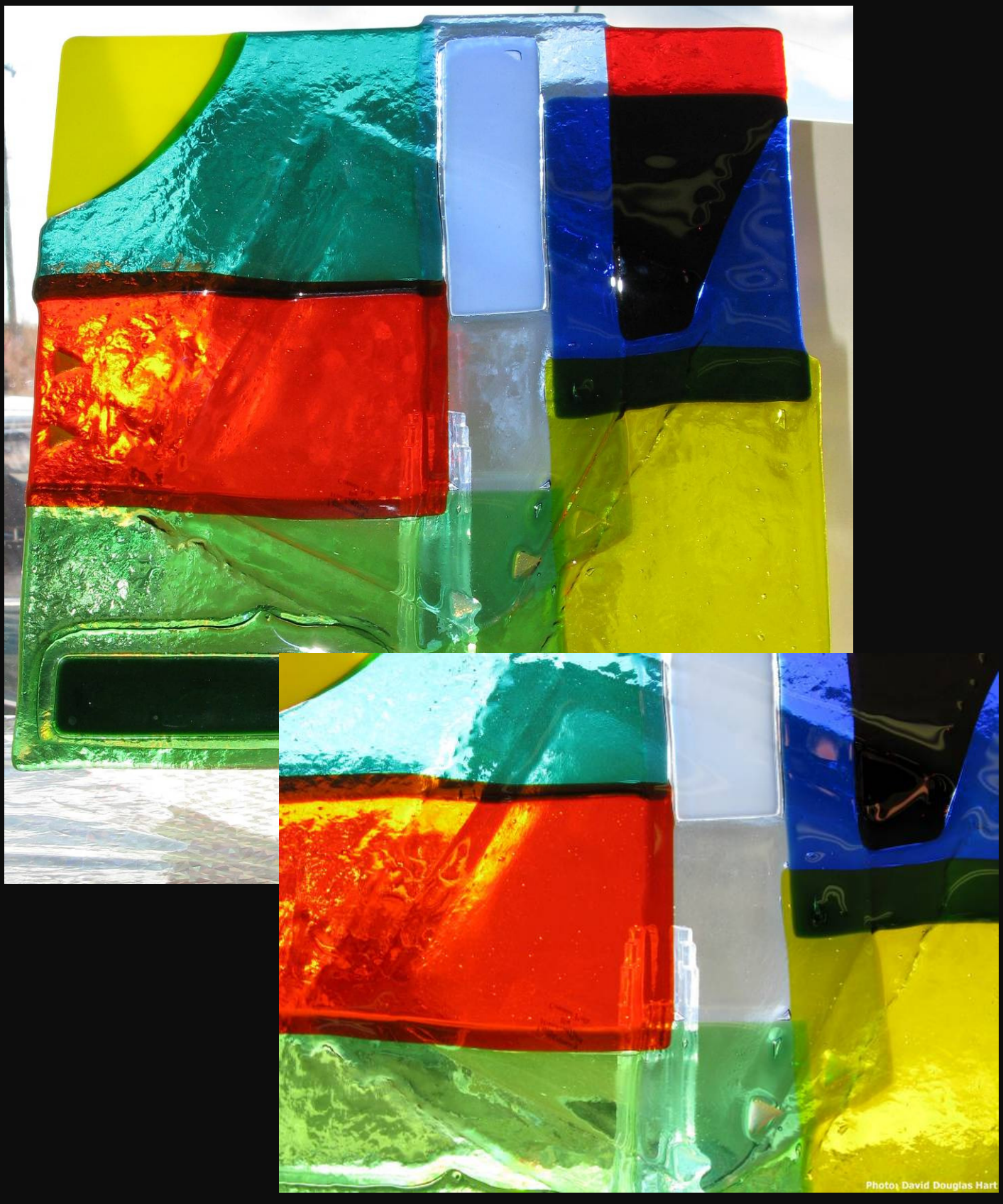
Photo: David Douglas Hart


Photo: David Douglas Hart

Jeff Stepaniuk

As a naturalist and biologist, Jeff Stepaniuk developed an appreciation for wildlife and the environment in his childhood, discovering pockets of undisturbed ecosystems within an urban habitat and witnessing the destructive impact of unplanned land use. These early experiences have fueled Jeff's drive to increase awareness and appreciation of our environmental legacy – an ecologic intelligence – through educational products, photography, and art. A portion of all proceeds generated through Jeff's art, photography and educational products supports ongoing research on teaching and learning issues related to habitat conservation, wildlife preservation, and ecological education.


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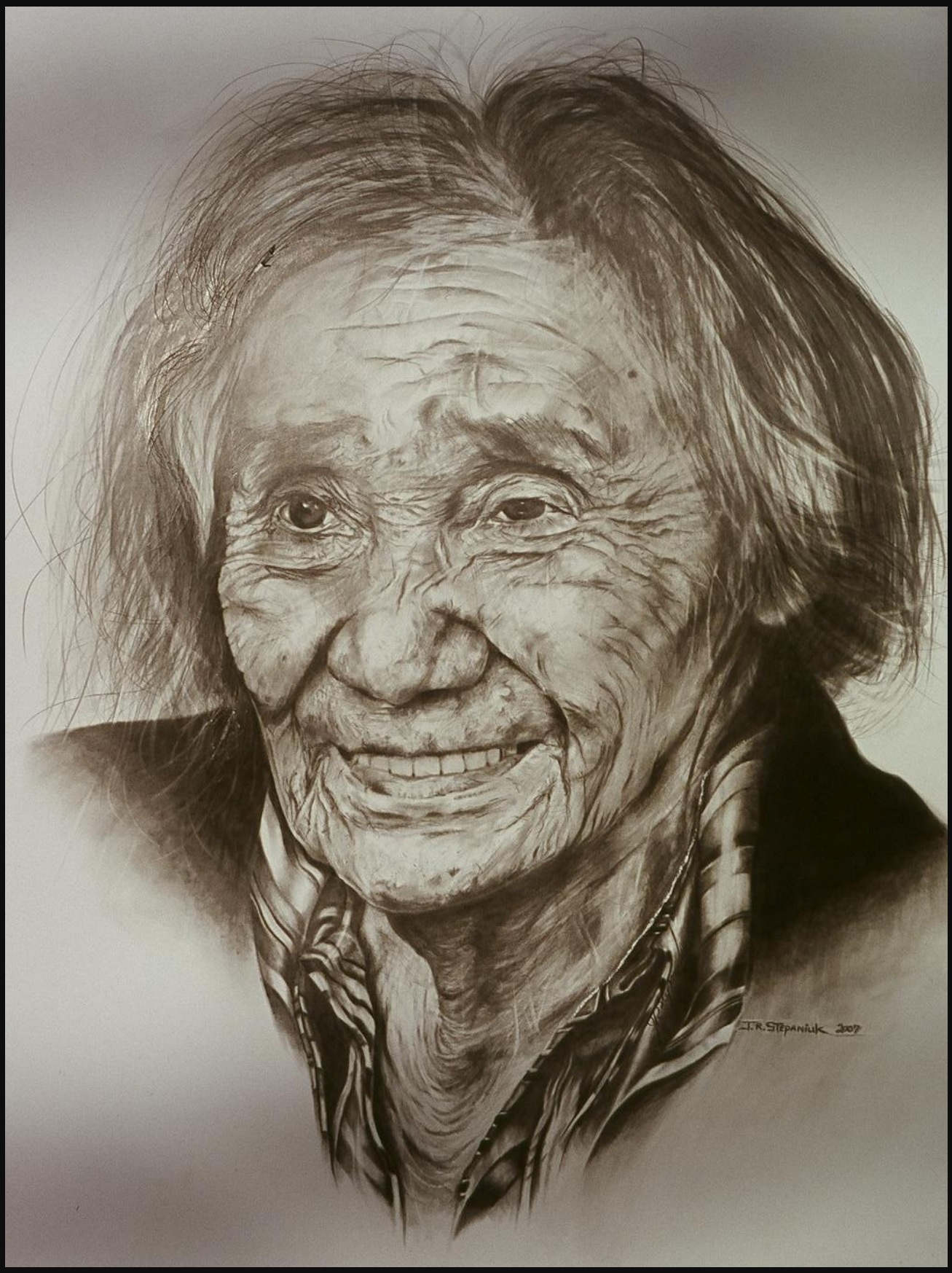
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Writer/Story teller Laurie Block is the author of two books of poetry. The most recent, *Time Out of Mind (Oolichan Books, 2006)* was awarded the 2007 Lansdowne Prize for Poetry. He's also been awarded a National Magazine Award for fiction and a Western Magazine Gold Award for creative nonfiction. *Midnight Train* was shortlisted for the 2006 CBC Literary Award for Creative Non-Fiction.

Rosanna Deerchild's poetry has been published in several literary magazines and was featured in *Post-Prairie: An Anthology of New Poetry*, edited by Jon Paul Fiorentino and Robert Kroetsch. As a member of the Aboriginal Writers Collective, she is in two collections, *urban kool* and *Bone Memory*, and a live spoken word CD, *Red City*. *'this is a small northern town'* is her first full-length poetry collection, published by The Muses' Company (J. Gordon Shillingford Press). It is set in a mining town and explores issues of race, identity and family.

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David Yerex Williamson lives on the bank of the Nelson River with his daughter, Robyn, and wife, Elizabeth. He teaches rhetoric, literature and communications for the University College of the North and shovels a lot of snow.

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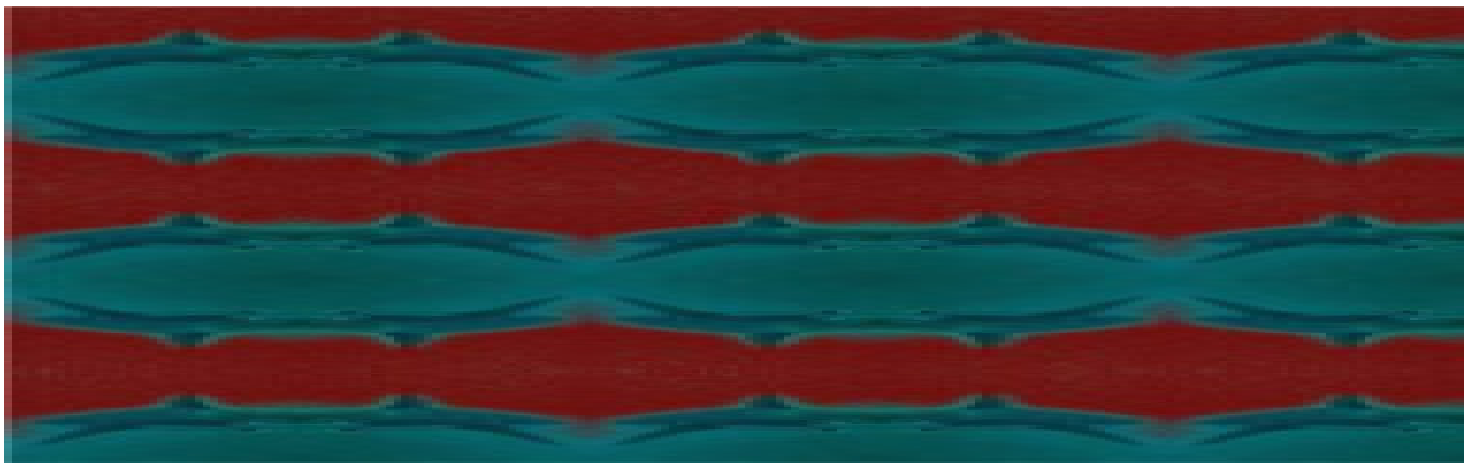

call for papers

the quint is issuing an open call for its second issue (March 1st) on any topic that interests writers in the North. We are seeking theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest which are also accessible to non-academics. As well as papers, *the quint* accepts for consideration creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books to be published throughout the academic year. The deadline for this call is January 31, 2009—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions to *the quint* will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published, nor should they be submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

Hard copies of manuscripts should be sent to *the quint*, University College of the North, 504 Princeton Drive, Thompson, Manitoba, Canada, R8N 0A5. We are happy to receive your artwork in digital format, PDF preferred. Email copies of manuscripts, Word or RTF preferred, should be sent to the appropriate editor: poetry/fiction jbachinger@ucn.ca; interviews/fiction sbarber@ucn.ca; articles acrowe@ucn.ca; art jhildebrandt@ucn.ca; creative nonfiction dwilliamson@ucn.ca.

Essays should range between 15 and 25 pages of double-spaced text, including all images and source citations. Longer and shorter submissions also will be considered. Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.