

Mark Simpson

Garry Thomas Moore

Delaine Carlson

David King

Joe Bladen

Paul Beets

Jake Reichert

Nahanni Hiansi

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Dr Stephen Roe
Northern Lights College

editors

poetry/fiction Yvonne Trainer
articles and reviews John Butler
art Sue Matheson

managing editor Sue Matheson

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guidelines or contact us at:

the quint
University College of the North
504 Princeton Drive
Thompson MB
Canada R8N 0A5

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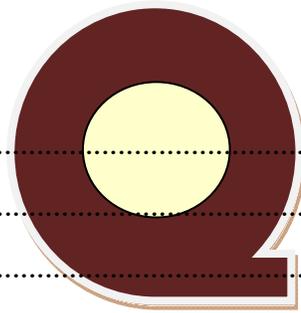
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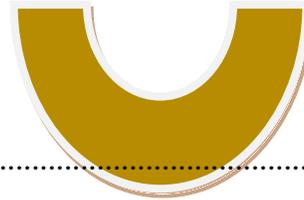
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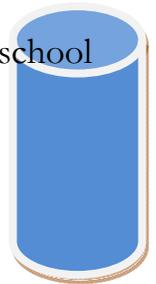
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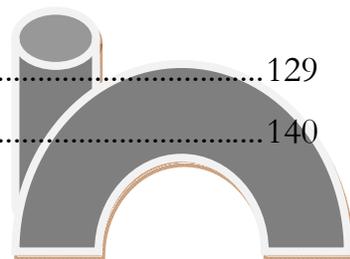
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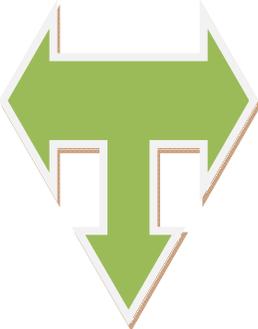
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EDITORIAL

This *quint* begins another new academic year at the University College of the North and warmly welcomes a new face. Graphic designer, Jillian Karpick is joining our ranks. We are looking forward to working with her. Our September issue once again showcases some of Canada's best: the poetry of Garry Thomas Morse, Mark Sampson, Joe Blades, and newcomer Jake Reichert. We are also privileged to have poetry from Japan in this issue. Nakamura Hisami graciously included verse when sending in a thought-provoking paper on Yeats' Crazy Jane. We are also privileged to introduce our readers to David King's and Paul Betts' work with important assimilation issues. And we are featuring TWO Shows by a new artist in Nova Scotia, Delaine Carlson. September is an invigorating month—this *quint* is designed to stimulate the mind and the eye, body and soul. With this in mind, I won't keep you much longer from your reading. I only need to say that everyone at *the quint* wishes you the very best that this new academic year has to offer. We'll be back in December with much more for you to discover.

Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

Four Poems by Mark Sampson

He Says

Horse hooves fall on macadam of dirt
like a jazz drum solo, or the passage of time
That sound conjures phantom pain in
his knee, a sense of loss like
joints hollowed of their cartilage

Eight years of suspended animation
he has only now released the revenge
a dark sight, the thunderclouds
that hang over his bed and
the residue of reoccurring dreamscapes

He has finally learned the secret,
that this love was not a round-and-round
harness race for some empty cup and saucer
It was show jumping, bursts of energy,
playful dance, optimistic leaps over tall rails
that led to applause more often
than bad falls, shattered shin bones
and euthanasia
sadly welcomed when it comes

The smell of barns, of manure
horse's hair and hay as sweet as springtime
leave him grey and impotent
Eight years in, he has only now learned
not to hate what he loves

that lengthy tan face, those
pointed ears, a mane the
colour of struck oil,
eyes like balls of dark chocolate
offering benign wisdom
and a silence full of so much knowing

Things she had so desperately wanted
and he could not give

Northumberland Strait

Stuck between home and someplace else
I shutter to think
how the ship would shiver
in this ice flow, if ships could shiver.
Beyond the deck, the grip of winter
is not white. Rather black
as the sky, the air, the night.

What florescence could cut through that?
None, while we are ruttid.
I wait to spot the cherry glow
of buoys—pronounced *boo-eeys* here.
But none arrive. We are not moving.
Have run aground on the icy dark.

If it were summer, the Strait would welcome us
with a chandelier of moonlight,
waves tinkling through that affluent shine.
Instead the windows facing the ice
are black as night. Nothing else.
Not even the cobalt dawn would illuminate.

Then the ship does shutter, with whole body,
as if realizing at once that it's only right
to shiver in such
straits.

A breath later, undeniable movement.
We sense it in our feet rather than our eyes
for the windows refuse to change their race.

Perched on lounge ledge, I watch
that unmoving darkness

as we move through it
and anticipate bright cherries,
knowing that when they arrive
I will be almost home
and night wasn't infinite after all.

Grief that Shook the Earth on its Axis

This is no play on pause for breath
1.26 millionth of a second
is not enough time to
take in the 'magnitude' of a moment
the fading daylight stunned,
drawn taut
its circular movement to the horizon
quicken
by the short, percussive gasp
of 700 lives lost in an instant

The mother
who pulled her son from the rubble
turns her face up to the falling sky
and pleads with the earth
to reverse its rotation
to take her back in time
to just an hour ago
when her boy's body was not broken
but buoyant in her arms
She would face anything for that chance
anything at all
even Pinochet
even the murder of her parents

I witnessed her anguish that day
Not there, in the crumbled creases of her streets
but at home, in my office
staring at my computer screen

My interest lasted less than a second
before I strolled onwards
to other random business

Note: The 8.8-magnitude Chilean earthquake on 27 February 2010 released so much energy that it may have slightly shortened the length of the Earth's day, a NASA scientist says. NASA scientists suggest that the length of the Earth day may have been shortened by 1.26 millionths of a second. — News report.

Pottery, a Face in Shards

I imagine it existing once as a bowl,
bright blue-green, jug-like handles
and a swirling swollen side
like a teenager's pregnant belly
Silly to think it might have been raised
on high, revered,
a craftsmanship that stole breath from lungs
Was it jealousy or just carelessness
that finally sent it to cement
dropped from the overpass that
passes over the artery of this town

I swear I saw a face in the shards
of what remained:
triangle eyes (suspicious)
and a hardened smile
The pieces, when glanced at
from a certain angle
would form kinky strands
of hair that flew out
from an imaginary scalp
It was a face I saw
blasted to life on the sidewalk
It didn't strike me as just
another broken bowl
It struck me as art
a beauty not quite accidental
It tempted my imagination to fill in
the lacunae between real things
what everyone could see

This isn't my town
Snow here does not turn blue at night
Just this descending darkness over white
like a cheap potter's bowl
dropped from a bridge
I touched the shards with my fingertips
moved them around
trying to find the face I had seen
and not
seeing instead this busted thing
laid out and shattered
from a long-ago act of imprudence
that I wasn't around to witness

Nothing more, really
But nothing less

Diet and Dress: culture transition among Inuit as a result of the Canadian residential school system, 1955-1970

by **David King, Ottawa, Ontario**

In traditional times, Inuit believed they held a reciprocal relationship with the animals they hunted for their sustenance. The animals provided food for nourishment and health, clothing for warmth, sinew and bone for thread and tools. In return, utilizing shamanism as a median, Inuit honoured the animals whose existence made their life sustainable. While there is little doubt that the gradual introduction of western technology altered this traditional diet and dress relationship, the residential school system facilitated the transition, but it did not introduce it. A nutritional report based on western food items sold or purchased from 1946-54 at Hudson's Bay Company posts using Family Allowance by eastern Arctic Inuit indicated that most Inuit communities had appropriated milk, pablum and, to a lesser extent, dried fruits as staples in their diet. Chesterfield Inlet and Baker Lake were the only communities in all of the eastern Arctic and northern Quebec where traders found Inuit reluctant to

accept pabulum as part of their diet. As western Arctic Inuit were more exposed to western ways, it is significant that local traders noted that eastern Inuit still held a preference for traditional diet and dress when available.^[i] During this period, the federal government also provided a noon-hour lunch program for both day and hostel students. Between the years 1947-1949, a special committee, set up by the Northwest Territories Council to assess the conditions of children attending day schools in the Northwest Territories and northern Quebec, concluded that the majority of pupils had not been provided with adequate lunches by their parents. Many students had traveled considerable distance to school, making it impossible to go home for lunch. As a result, a federal program was instituted to alleviate nutritional deficiencies. By the late 1950s-early-1960s, a typical noon hour lunch in a federal day school would have generally consisted of pilot biscuits, cocoa, sugar, powdered milk, rolled oats, salt and soups. Students were also taught food preparation and cleanliness, as well as dishwashing.^[ii]

The federal government was not opposed to the consumption of traditional foods, provided they had been thoroughly cooked. As early as 1943, doctors with northern experience had been recommending that the best way to treat tubercular disease was to keep the conditions of the Inuit as Native as possible; this included a

guaranteed supply of traditional food, preferably seals.^[iii] In 1947, the Medical Report of the eastern Arctic Patrol, the S.S. North Pioneer, clearly demonstrated that sickness and the spread of disease was directly related to the health of the Inuit economy and the ability to supply themselves with sufficient food resources. It was not a matter of the particular foods or game consumed, or whether or not country food was consumed raw or cooked. The report stated that, judging by Inuit mode of life, one – the Qallunaat – would be led to believe that individual Inuit families would be ravaged by disease, yet the evidence collected did not support such a hypothesis.^[iv] Quite the contrary, Inuit who lived by their traditional diet were generally healthy. In another example, according to historian Richard Diubaldo, as early as 1937 explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson was among the first “to advance the view that tooth decay had been virtually non-existent in societies which had subsisted primarily on animal products, a theory sustained by parallel investigations of the Eskimos’ changed eating habits”.^[v]

As far as tuberculosis was concerned, the x-ray surveys of the eastern Arctic patrol demonstrated that the only cultural aspect that aided the spread of tuberculosis was that Inuit dwelled in small, shack buildings or confined and poorly ventilated igloos. Entire families living together in close quarters served to spread tuberculosis.^[vi]

With the exception of setting annual quotas for caribou based on the yearly

fluctuation of the herd's numbers – numbers provided by the Canadian Wildlife Service – between the years 1955 to 1961, Northern Affairs left diet policy to the churches which managed the hostels, with advice from the Department of Health and Welfare Canada. The policy of the churches in Inuvik and Chesterfield Inlet was to provide Inuit resident in hostels a combination of the traditional and western diet. Northern Affairs allowed this for two reasons. First, there was a supply of traditional foods available for purchase. Second, it was cheaper and Northern Affairs saw no reason why Inuit should not be fed their traditional diet.

By 1961, influenced by highly questionable estimates from the Canadian Wildlife Service indicating dwindling caribou herds [see chapter three] and increased enrolment in the federal schools, it was necessary to increase the proportion of western foods in order to offset the conceived dwindling availability of traditional foods. The transition magnified the increase in western food in the federal residential schools. As students became more accustomed to western foods, those who had parents under government employ or had attended residential school in a federal hostel noticed that the federal hostels were providing many foods that the church-managed hostels did not. The churches realized that, based on the budget and produce prices provided by Northern Affairs, they could not compete. This led Northern Affairs, with advice from

the Department of Health and Welfare, to conduct studies into ways to save money, and bring the church-managed hostels of Inuvik and Chesterfield Inlet inline with the federally managed hostel in Yellowknife. By this, creating it was hoped, a standardized diet plan within the education system. One of the first discoveries Northern Affairs made was that the Department had paid the actual itemized food costs in Inuvik and Chesterfield Inlet instead of a bulk food price, as with Yellowknife. This revelation alone afforded savings.

The results of such studies would lead to a shift in policy. In the past, the churches had been given considerable lead-way in matters of Inuit diet, but in 1961 Northern Affairs had replaced the church policy with a new federal policy. The federal policy, again on the advice of the Department of Health and Welfare, banned the traditional Inuit custom of eating their country foods uncooked.

Policy concerning dress within the residential schools did not receive the same attention as diet. In fact, neither the churches nor Northern Affairs placed significant emphasis on the issue. Nonetheless, Northern Affairs maintained a policy of providing southern Canadian clothing in place of traditional Inuit clothing for the students' resident in the federal hostels. As Inuit traditional dress was designed for outdoor Arctic conditions, much of the traditional Inuit clothing could not be utilized indoors

as it could not endure the warmer temperatures. Traditional clothing was at times utilized for outdoor activities. In 1958, Northern Affairs' policy was to deliberately provide the pupils with a limited choice of clothing that was deemed to be of middle-class standard. The obvious aim was to introduce pupils to the prospect of their being the future middle-class Canadians in the "new north".

Diet

During the inauguration of the residential schools, the churches made an effort to provide Inuit students with as much of their traditional diet as could be expected under the circumstances. On 19 February 1954, the Roman Catholic school at Chesterfield Inlet successfully applied for permission to use twenty-five caribou carcasses to feed their Inuit pupils until 30 June 1955. ^[viii] This translated into one carcass per student per school year. The licence was granted by the Commissioner of the Northwest Territories under the "distinct understanding...that it will not be used as a precedent upon which later requests of other mission schools or hospitals may be based."^[viii] Nevertheless, a precedent had been set, but the church had to re-apply annually for a new licence. The licence was renewed on 26 July 1955, without incident.^[ix] However, when church officials re-applied on 1 August 1956, complications arose. The Roman Catholic Church asked that quotas be maintained so

that the ratio of one caribou per pupil, per school year, would continue. This constituted an increase from twenty-five caribou to approximately seventy as hostel recruitment and enrolment had soared. Northern Affairs declined, citing surveys from the Canadian Wildlife Service that demonstrated the caribou herds were in decline; hence, no quota increase could be granted. The church was permitted the standard of twenty-five caribou for the year ending 30 June 1957. Thus, federal objections (to the traditional Inuit diet) in 1957 were based on perceptions of supply, and nothing more.^[xi] Now, students residing in hostels at Chesterfield Inlet would receive roughly a third of the caribou ration previously provided. Logically, the two-thirds less caribou meat had to be supplemented to feed the pupils. Consequently, necessary foodstuffs were imported from southern Canada.^[xii]

When comparing the costs in food expenses in 1960 between large and small hostels, W.G. Booth, the Acting Chief observed:

While it is true that the estimate for rations has been based on those supplied for white or Eskimo children, I believe the cost would be the same if food more in line with the local diet of the Eskimo were to be supplied. The estimated cost is \$300.00 per pupil or approximately \$2.00 per day per pupil for a 200 school day year. This, in my opinion, is not excessive.

If an Eskimo couple were to operate the cottage type hostel - the wife to act as cook and the husband as caretaker - it would still be necessary to send in certain staple items of foodstuffs peculiar to the white man's diet. I believe that flour, powdered milk, cocoa, vitaminized biscuits and some canned vegetables should still be supplied to the pupils residing in small hostels.^[xiii]

If Booth were correct, the administrative costs of operating large and/or small hostels, as well as the cost of obtaining traditional as opposed to western foods, was not a factor in the diet change. What was a factor was that the Department of Northern Affairs had limited experience, and had been paying the actual food cost of individual foodstuffs on a small scale rather than a bulk food price.^[xiii] The federally managed hostel at Yellowknife had maintained a far superior diet by Canadian standards in comparison to the church managed hostels at Inuvik and Chesterfield Inlet. The federal hostel in Yellowknife provided a diet that was virtually southern Canadian. "The influence of the Yellowknife Hostel is felt even at Inuvik. The older pupils at Inuvik hear what the pupils at Yellowknife get by way of food and wonder why the difference."^[xiv]

The church hostels claimed they could not afford to pay for a diet similar to that provided at the Yellowknife hostel. The Anglican hostel at Inuvik in particular maintained that they could not afford such foods as celery, bacon and eggs, as they were too expensive. The Inuvik complaints continued: "A number of the older boys have worked during the summer at D[eartment] P[ublic] W[orks] projects where steak, bacon and eggs, fresh greens, etc., are commonplace at the meal tables. They now consider the school diet and variety of food as inadequate and dull."^[xv]

A comparison between the school menu's formulated in 1960-61 for the Chesterfield Inlet and Yellowknife hostels demonstrates the discrepancies between the church-managed hostels and their federal counterparts. On a typical Sunday in Chesterfield Inlet, one could expect in the federal hostel Corn Flakes or Puffed Wheat as a treat for breakfast, along with pilot biscuits and hot chocolate. For lunch they could expect pork and beans with bread, preserved fruit, jam or jellies for desert, and "weak" tea and sugar. If students were not at school for Sunday mid-day lunch they would eat "fancy biscuits and milk." Frozen beef with bread, dehydrated raisins, peaches, apples, dates or cake and Jello were served for supper. In all, each student was fed three meals daily. ^[xvi]

On most days other than Sunday, Chesterfield Inlet students could have expected hot cereal, with milk and sugar, pilot biscuits and a hot chocolate and milk for breakfast. Lunch usually meant meat stew with macaroni and potatoes or vegetables, or bread and potatoes, corn syrup and "weak" tea or milk. Supper offerings could include frozen or boiled fish or boiled beef, bread, preserved jam and jellies, or dehydrated fruits with "weak" tea and sugar. Eggs, when available, would be served twice a week. ^[xvii]

At Yellowknife, a typical Sunday breakfast would include a combination of a

half grapefruit, dry cereals, griddle cakes and syrup, grilled bacon and coffee and milk for breakfast. A 1 p. m. snack consisted of tomato soup and crackers, canned blackberries and cookies and tea and milk. Lunch would consist of a menu such as roast lamb and mint sauce, baked potatoes, buttered carrots and peas, a slice of orange pie and tea and milk. [\[xviii\]](#)

A typical breakfast at Yellowknife would have consisted of orange, grapefruit or apple juice, cooked cream of wheat or rolled oats cereal, stewed apples, raisins or prunes, dry cereals, boiled eggs, toast and marmalade or jam, or french toast and syrup or toast and honey. Coffee, “weak” tea and milk were also provided. Lunch could consist of a variety of foods, depending on the day: soup, chicken a la king and toast, pork and pepper casserole with rice, steamed potatoes and parsley butter, mashed potatoes and butter, grilled cheese sandwiches, roasted potatoes, shepherd's pie, hamburgers and fries, spaghetti and meat sauce, bologna and home fries, bread and butter, canned prune plums, white cake, cinnamon rolls, coconut cream pie, canned pears, jello, orange cream pudding, tapioca pudding and tea, coffee, and milk. Supper could consist of sausages and gravy, pork chops and apple sauce, liver in tomato sauce, corned beef, salmon loaf and parsley sauce, hamburgers, french fries, roasted potatoes, buttered beets, mashed potatoes and melted butter, boiled cabbage, steamed potatoes

and parsley butter, buttered onions, scalloped potatoes, niblet corn, buttered green beans, apple betty, white cake, coconut cream pie, spice cake, raspberry surprise cake, ice cream sundae, tea and milk. Coffee does not appear to have been served at supper.^[xix] The Anglican and Roman Catholic hostels at Inuvik, as opposed to their operations in Yellowknife, provided similar menus as that at Chesterfield Inlet.^[xx]

During the initial inauguration of the residential schools, the Department of Northern Affairs provided the churches with little guidance or regulations so far as nutrition was concerned.^[xxi] According to the Department of Northern Affairs, the churches had long experience with both residential schools and administering healthy food to large numbers of hostel students.^[xxii] Initially, then, the churches were left alone, but once Ottawa became more involved in the well-being of Inuit youth things would change.

The discovery that Northern Affairs had paid the actual food cost instead of the bulk food price in the church hostels led to a more accurate fiscal accounting of the foodstuffs purchased for the hostels within the residential schools. With the assistance of the Department of Health and National Welfare, Northern Affairs began to assume all responsibilities for feeding the students and ensuring proper nutrition, but avoided distributing at church run hostels. By recruiting the Department of Health

and Welfare, Northern Affairs planned to create a standardized and nutritious diet policy for all the residential school hostels.^[xxiii]

The Department of Health and National Welfare Canada directed the churches to apply the "Canadian Food Rules" to their own operations informing them that the traditional Inuit custom of consuming raw meat and fish was now banned from federal schools and hostels; furthermore, church officials were told to teach Inuit children that the consumption of raw meat and fish would lead to many health problems, if not death.^[xxiv] Church officials, for the most part, believed the government had overstepped its moral authority in attempting to end Inuit custom of consuming raw meat and fish; however, resistance was futile as Ottawa had decided to implement all the recommendations of Health and National Welfare Canada.

On 27 September 1961, Rev. L. Holman of the Anglican hostel in Inuvik reacted vigorously to these federal initiatives. He conceded that frozen whitefish and frozen reindeer were served to the Inuit pupils raw, whitefish never more than twice a month as an extra treat along with a regular meal. Reindeer was served approximately once a month as an extra with a regular meal. Holman then pointed out that both whitefish and reindeer were still approved by government officials for human consumption; even his own hostel obtained the whitefish from the government-

operated frozen fish cold storage plant in Inuvik. Reindeer came from the government's Reindeer Station annual kill. Holman, while pointing out the inconsistencies in the governments position, decided to make little objection to the change, and stressed that the discontinuance of serving raw foods to children would not constitute a problem. [\[xxv\]](#)

However, Holman attached a separate letter to his formal one. There, he chafed at what he perceived as a lack of compassion and understanding on the part of the government:

Just a little 'extra' to the formal reply attached.

Rather a sweeping statement that many Eskimos have died of 'Trichinosis' but then surely the Chief Health Officer would not say this if he did not have accurate statistics at his finger tips.

Since I have joined them in eating frozen fish and meat, I presume I should expect to drop dead anytime now!!!!

All joking aside, we do appreciate your letter as we would be the last ones to ever want to serve anything which might be contaminated in any way, shape or form. It is interesting to note, however, that it was men from the same Department who advised and recommended that we include these items as a 'special' in our diet and that they would be perfectly safe. (No names - no Pack Drill).

A little story: - Over a year ago in the midst of the Measle epidemic, one little Eskimo lad from a very primitive section was really very sick and was showing no sign whatsoever of recovery. Just lay there with a high fever, not wanting to drink. We have on our staff and [sic] Eskimo lady, Mrs. Annie

Andreason, who comes from Coppermine area and knows their dialect, so whenever there is sickness she leaves her sewing and goes in to help the Nurse, and talks away to them in their own language, which we have found to be very beneficial. He called and asked her to PLEASE get him a piece of frozen Caribou. None was available so she slipped downstairs and came back with a little piece of frozen Reindeer. He fairly grabbed it out [sic] of her hand, pushed it into his mouth and lay there sucking and chewing on it. This was the turning point on the road to recovery. Just a little taste of 'home' from one of his own, who knew and understood.

It is an experience, to say the least, just to watch the expressions and hear the squeals of delight when they see the platters of frozen fish-which they call 'kwawk'. They stop eating everything else and just sit there, wreathed in smiles, sucking and munching, leaving nothing but the bones. Even though it does seem a bit of a shame to deprive them of this occasional treat (when they eat it anyway at the home and the homes of anyone they might happen to visit here in Inuvik) you can rest assured that we will certainly abide by any recommendations you may see fit to make.^[xxvi]

The Catholic hostel in Inuvik readily fell in line with federal initiatives. To Father Max Ruyant, the hostel administrator, "I know that some of our eskimo [sic] children would like very much to be served raw frozen fish and frozen meat, but we never served them any because it is not practical and also because I knew that some Health officers did not like it."^[xxvii] Officials at the Catholic hostel in Chesterfield Inlet, who served raw meat and fish more than any of the other hostels, were particularly hesitant to change. Chesterfield Inlet students were accustomed to two meals a week of raw fish, and another two meals per week of raw beef imported from the south. A change in diet to no raw food seemed a drastic measure. Asked by R.A. Bishop if this

change in diet would create problems, Father Rene Belair replied:

Yes it would create a real problem because it would reflect on the health of the children: they need this kind of food: it [sic] part of their diet. You cannot stop that because I know for certain that the minute they will return home they will ask for it and they will defenitly (sic) get it. The best reason for approving this raw food is the very evident fact that none of our children at Chesterfield Inlet has been sick for the last past five years. They are very healthy as they are right now: so do not try to stop this practice of serving raw meat. Do not forget that they are eskimos and not white: They like it and it is good for them. This is one thing that you will never be able to stop, is to stop an eskimo from eating raw meat. It is just like ice-cream to us.^[xxviii]

On 10 May 1962, Elijah Erkloo, an Inuk employee with Northern Affairs, sent Health and Welfare officials a question by way of the Department's Assistant Director, R. A. J. Phillips, challenging the government's position on Inuit custom. Inquired Erkloo, "Why don't the doctors want Eskimos to eat frozen fish and polar bear meat? Isn't it possible that when the meat is frozen it kills the germs?"^[xxix] Dr. P.E. Moore, Director of Medical Services for National Health and Welfare, replied:

You ask why doctors tell Eskimos not to eat frozen fish and polar bear meat.

I do not think it is frozen meat and fish that you mean but fish and meat raw, not cooked in any way. The reason for not eating uncooked flesh is that the flesh of many fish and animals contains the eggs of certain worms that are dangerous to man. Freezing does not kill those eggs. If the fish or meat is not well cooked, stewed or roasted but eaten raw, these eggs thaw out in the man's stomach and grow into worms. Freezing does not kill either germs or worms. It only prevents them growing while frozen. As soon as they warm up, they begin to grow again. Freezing is a way of keeping meat for a long time but it must be

cooked to be safe to eat.

The worm that lives in fish flesh lives on the blood of man and makes him thin blooded and weak and unable to keep well and a very little illness, like a cold in the head, can kill him, also he is always tired and unable to work or hunt well.

The commonest worm from bear meat gets into a man's muscles and causes pain and sometimes great itching of the skin. It can also get into his lungs and brain and make him very ill. It is not wise to eat raw flesh of wild animals and fish but frozen fish and meat that is properly cooked is quite safe to eat. To be quite safe, it should be boiled for about half an hour or very thoroughly roasted.

I hardly think it can be necessary to tell an Eskimo that the liver of polar bears is dangerous to eat. It contains too much of a substance that, in small doses, is good to eat but, in large doses, is poison to man. There are many things that are harmful if too much is eaten, in fact most good things can be harmful if too much is taken at one time. Salt and even water can kill as much as any poison if enough is taken in. A very little polar bear liver contains far too much of this dangerous 'good thing.'^[xxx]

On 22 May 1962, under the advice of the Department of Health and National Welfare, B.G. Sivertz dispatched orders to Rev. Holman to serve only vegetables such as carrots and turnip raw, never raw fish or meat, stating "Whether or not the children eat raw meat or fish while they are at their homes has no bearing on our care of them while they are in our custody." The reason for not serving raw fish or meat is that according to Health and National Welfare Canada, "There is always a possibility that it may be infested with trichinosis and hydatid or tapeworms."^[xxx] Sivertz, who had acted

on the advice of Dr. P.E. Moore, conceded that members of his Department were not health experts and were relying strictly on the Department of Health and National Welfare. R.A. Bishop pointedly defended this position against the protests of the Roman Catholic Church at the Chesterfield Inlet hostel:

...We have been advised by the Chief Medical Officer of the Northwest Territories who, in turn, bases his opinion on research studies carried out by the Department of National Health and Welfare that amongst the native population of the north there is a high incidence of tapeworm and trichinosis. These infestations are caused by the consumption of raw meat and raw fish and the Chief Medical Officer, and other experts who studied the problem, are very strongly of the opinion that an all-embracive (sic) educational program is required to teach the native peoples the dangers inherent in eating these raw foods. We fully recognize the fact that this is a long term program and that it may be many years before the benefits are fully apparent. I am sure that when you look upon the subject in this light you will realize that our aim in discontinuing the serving of raw meat and raw fish in Turquetil Hall is much broader than simply the protection of the health of children who happen to be resident there today.

In their day to day work throughout the north Public Health workers will be campaigning against the practice of eating these raw foods. The general health program offered in the schools will emphasize this problem and, of course, specialized Home Economics programs will give it particular attention.

The importance of this program to the future well- being of the native population cannot be overstated and I think you must appreciate the fact that, should the Government continue to authorize the serving of raw meat and raw fish in its student residences at the same time it sponsors a public health program which opposes the eating of these foods, it would be a most irrational act.

I think I mentioned in a previous communication that the administrators of all other hostels have agreed to discontinue the serving of raw meat and raw fish. They do not anticipate any major problem in doing this and, quite frankly, I am having some difficulty in understanding why the situation

should be any different at Turquetil Hall. Perhaps it is simply a matter of a misunderstanding of our long term aims and objectives.

...Reverting to the raw food problem at Turquetil Hall, I wish you would again give this matter some consideration in the light of what I have said above and let me know whether you do not agree that the wise course is to discontinue the current practice. I am writing to you in this personal way because I feel strongly that it is the right thing to do in the interests of the children and the Eskimo people as a whole. I have no authority to direct you one way or another in this matter, but my duties will require me to bring the situation to the attention of those who do carry the ultimate responsibility and authority.

You and I both wish to do what is best for the Eskimo people and, because of this common interest, I think you will agree that as far as possible we should try to work out these minor differences in an informal way. ^[xxxiii]

Reverend Rene Belair received yet another paternalistic letter dated 28 May

1962, from R.A. Bishop:

I think you know the general subject of Eskimo health, but perhaps it would be helpful if I mention a few of the main points that I am thinking of. Only a few years ago the life expectancy of an Eskimo at birth was just over 21 years. The infant mortality was more than 1 in 5. The vigour of those who lived was badly impaired by a number of diseases, of which tuberculosis led by laying low some 8% of the entire population. This latter figure should not obscure the fact that other serious health scourges were rampant. Among them, eye trouble certainly should be mentioned but not least among the formidable list, the ingested infestations such as tapeworm, hydatid and trichinosis. This short recital paints a picture of truly terrible conditions. There are worse to be found in some parts of the world but in no *civilized country* [*italics by author*] was there any thing as bad. I think it is right to say that these conditions were revealed only after widespread medical examinations and the setting up of records. The severity of disease and suffering endured by the Eskimo people was revealed gradually over several years that commenced just over a decade ago. Whenever these statistics have come to the attention of the public, widespread shock was the result and the government was urged to effect remedies as rapidly as possible.

...The doctors urge us to discourage the serving of raw fish or raw meat. It is called a threat to the health of children. The reason is the possibility that the raw flesh may be infested with worms that can cause illness, incapacity and in some cases death.

It strikes me that we are not justified in ignoring medical opinion and the near universal practice of *civilized people* [*italics by author*] in the matter of cooking fish and meats before serving them as food for human beings. I urge you to give this subject your earnest consideration. Do so not from the point of view of the desires of the children. If we were to be guided by them in making menus in children's residences, I am sure one could not only predict the result but the very unhappy consequences. I suggest to you also that it is not sufficient to be guided by practices in Eskimo communities, where health standards are still appallingly low and mortality rates still disturbingly high. Many things have been done in the past in the dwellings of Eskimos and, indeed, of other *untaught people* [*italics by author*] that have now given way because of improved knowledge and better techniques. I do not believe it is wise to regard Eskimos as beings apart whose health is governed by different principles than that which govern the health of other human beings. A great many Eskimos in Arctic Canada have always cooked their meat. Indeed, cooking meat has been the rule rather than the exception in most sea coast settlements. My circle of Eskimo acquaintances, while not large, includes none who do not habitually eat cooked fish and meat and, so far as I can tell, prefer it so. [\[xxxiii\]](#)

Ethnocentric assertions aside, as demonstrated, the most serious concern to Health and National Welfare Canada officials regarding Inuit consumption of raw meat was the risk of trichinellosis. While correct that fully cooking meat was the only sure way to kill trichinellosis – freezing meat did not kill the parasite – infected polar bear and to a lesser extent walrus meat were the most common source of human trichinellosis in the Canadian Arctic. Other less prevalent sources have been Arctic

foxes, red foxes and wolves. Contemporary research has found trichinellosis on occasion in seals and dogs, and in one documented case, a beluga whale.^[xxxiv] Ironically, meats most common to be infected with trichinellosis were rarely, in most schools never, served to students. Caribou, the country food most frequently consumed raw in the hostels by Inuit residential school students, was not likely at risk to be contaminated with trichinellosis or hydatid (the larva of the tapeworm) because the caribou was a vegetarian.

While scientific data from the historical period in question is rare and inclusive, a 2001 Health Canada study estimated the contemporary trichinellosis infection rate of the northern Canadian Indigenous population at “11 cases per 100,000”.^[xxxv] If climatic changes and pollutants have played a role in the survival and spread of trichinellosis among Arctic wildlife, the former statistic would have been even lower during the 1950s and 1960s. Statistically then, the argument can be made that the risk of contamination was marginal enough that it should have been left to Inuit to decide whether or not to phase-out the custom of eating country foods raw, particularly with game where the risk was virtually non-existent.

By comparison, western society ethnocentrically considered the consumption of uncooked eggs perfectly acceptable, in spite of the danger of salmonella poisoning.

Contemporary estimates are that one in every million Canadian produced eggs contains salmonella, while in the United States the figure rises to one in every twenty thousands, believed to be due to larger production and the inherent greater challenge of controlling bacteria. Canadians continue to consume raw eggs in eggnog, caesar salad dressing, cookie dough and sunny-side eggs with bacon or ham and toast for breakfast. In addition, unlike the United States and much of the western world, warnings to fully cook eggs in order to kill potential salmonella bacteria are still not placed on Canadian egg cartoons.^[xxxvi] Consuming raw eggs, particularly with breakfast, was and continues to be a Canadian cultural tradition. Clearly, although well-meaning, the government's policies on the risk of raw food consumption and the education thereof were not without ethnocentric bias. By the summer of 1962, the Roman Catholic hostel at Chesterfield Inlet ended its protest against the federal ban on serving raw meat. "It has been approved by our staff at Chesterfield Inlet that we will not serve any more of raw meat and raw fish to the pupils at the Hostel. So this question of raw meat and raw fish is a question of the past."^[xxxvii] With the churches caving in, a new era begun for the Inuit. With the assistance of the Department of Health and National Welfare Canada, a newly devised Home Economics program became part of the school curriculum. Children were taught that the traditional foods their parents fed them, ate

in the traditional manner, were responsible for sickness. Inuit parents themselves were never consulted, causing a strain on Inuit culture as students returned home with a foreign set of values that, at times, appeared hostile and alien to their parents. [\[xxxviii\]](#)

Dress

Unlike diet, change in dress did not lead to much of a controversy amongst Northern Affairs and church officials. The only concern raised by them was how Inuit parents would perceive the appearance of their children dressed in uniformed clothes as they arrived home from residential school:

...on their arrival at Cambridge Bay, and this is true in the other destinations as well, the children were for the most part dressed in blue denim jeans and in many cases with a blue denim jacket. Mr. Bond points out that, in his opinion, this is not appropriate clothing for children to wear in that part of the country on their return from school, and further that there was a certain appearance of such uniformity as to indicate that the children had just been released from an institution...the children were mostly carrying their few possessions in gunny sacks or brown-paper-wrapped parcels. This, of course, is common practice when Eskimo are travelling in that area but, on the other hand, when they return from residential schools at Inuvik, perhaps Mr. Bond is right in feeling there may be a reflection on the Department at seeing these children in their denim jeans carrying a gunny sack, as perhaps bearing an unfavourable reflection on the Department. [\[xxxix\]](#)

Northern Affairs had reason for concern. Inuit were accustomed to seeing white people who visited their isolated communities dressed in uniform. Many Inuit somewhat feared or were intimidated by uniformed southerners as they were usually

people who were placed in a position of authority over Inuit, such as church clergy, military and government officials or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. To Inuit, uniforms were representative of western authority.^[xli]

Inuit children who arrived at the residential school without southern Canadian clothing were registered as indigent, meaning their parents were unable to provide for their well being.^[xlii] Northern Affairs articulated their position succinctly:

As the students attending the Yellowknife Hostel are not selected on the basis of monetary qualification, there will be those who do not have and cannot provide their own clothing of a type and quality in keeping with the standards envisioned for the institution. They will be attending Academic classes along with day students, so that a wide discrepancy in apparel will be a deterrent to full acceptance in the student group. This is undesirable and will tend to produce an unpleasant and unwelcome integration problem.^[xliii]

To remedy the indigent problem, Inuit students attending the Yellowknife hostel were provided with southern clothing at the expense of Northern Affairs. In 1958 (the first year the Yellowknife hostel opened), Northern Affairs provided an average of one-hundred and fifty dollars per year, per pupil, for clothing. The aim was to acculturate Inuit children to a Canadian middle-class standard. Northern Affairs deliberately maintained a policy of not purchasing the best quality clothing or the cheapest, but rather somewhere in the price range that would be provided by parents

with "average means." Inuit children were allowed a certain amount of leeway in selecting their own clothing, as Northern Affairs believed this would help prepare the pupils for a life as middle-class Canadians in the "new north."^{xliii}

Yellowknife maintained the only hostel for Inuit managed by Northern Affairs without the assistance of the churches. Yellowknife also was home to a large white student population, most of whom, lived within the city and attended school as day, along side Inuit residential students. The proximity of whites where clothes and style differed markedly from Inuit tradition would also facilitate the transition to Canadian standard.

The change from traditional diet and dress to southern Canadian ideals was accomplished in a remarkably short time. It was part of the changing north where other federal initiatives, the Distant Early Warning Line, and new economic ventures were beginning to spread across the Arctic. As early as 1960, the second year the Inuvik school was in operation and one year prior to the implementation of federal policy banning the consumption of raw meat and fish within the hostels and schools, students at the Anglican hostel in Inuvik began complaining of not being able to eat "...grapes, oranges, bananas, cabbage, (green) tomatoes, etc." The pupils making the complaints were from communities near DEW line sites where southern Canadian

food was available.^[xliv] By February 1965, hostel employees noticed that it had become less difficult to persuade Inuit students to eat vegetables. The change was taking place without much notice at all as the rapid pace of acculturation continued.^[xlv]

At the beginning of the 1960s, Inuit parents themselves began to notice a change in their children's dress and their children's preference of dress upon their return from the federal hostels. Traditional Inuit clothing could not withstand the indoor temperatures of western buildings, necessitating the need to provide western clothing to students resident at the hostels. After years of living in southern buildings built in the north, Inuit children frowned upon traditional garments, favouring western apparel.^[xlvi] When the question of the possible erosion of the traditional cultural dress of Inuit arose, Northern Affairs blamed the churches and fur traders. The churches in turn blamed Northern Affairs. In response to such accusations Ottawa responded:

We deplore as much...the thoughtless examples of our material civilisation given to Eskimos in matters of dress, and so on. To keep perspective, however, it must be remembered that in the Canadian Arctic the aping of southern dress began long ago, when the first traders and Missionaries came into the land. It has been represented that the encouragement of southern dress was partly at the instance of traders, and partly at the instance of certain Missionaries who in particular attributed immorality to the traditional women's costume based on the wearing of sealskin pants. In Greenland, the traditional dress was not opposed and was not so lightly discarded. We think the Greenland example has much to commend it. At any rate, we do not believe that we should be blamed for the emphasis on southern styles which began long before the entrance of the administration, and which has continued in spite of it.^[xlvii]

Although the Department of Northern Affairs deliberately set out to eradicate the traditional Inuit custom of consuming raw meat and fish, the same can not be said of traditional dress. Northern Affairs knew that the residential schools were significantly contributing to the eradication of Inuit dress; however, there was never a set policy or objective to accomplish this eradication. Northern Affairs was responsible for establishing the mechanisms that had drastically effected the change in dress that is, transferring a land-based people into dwellers of heated and serviced buildings. In matters of food and clothes, and who should be responsible for Inuit education, curriculum, and the like, the government of Canada had had to contend primarily with the churches and public opinion. By the 1950s and 1960s they saw the erosion of their domain and power in the north.

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5. Richard Diubaldo, Stefansson And The Canadian Arctic (Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 1978), 3.
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20. NAC, RG85, vol. 1442, no. 630-125-8/3, 17 October 1962.

21. NAC, RG85, vol. 1337, no. 600-1-1/11, "Basic Standards For Meals In Boarding Schools," [Document dated with stamp 2 November 1956].

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[23. NAC, RG85, vol. 1442, no. 630-125-8/3, F. A. G. Carter to Reverend L. Holman, 26 May 1961.](#)

[24. Ibid.; also AC of C, GSA, MSCC, 6575-103, Series 2-15, Box 24, "Visit Reports, Superintendent's Visit To Inuvik Hostel, 8-15," March 1960.](#) Further complicating the issue of student diet was the Anglican disclosure that according the Department of Public Works, the Roman Catholic hostel at Inuvik maintained four different scales of a menu. Number 1 being for priests, 2 for nuns, 3 for kitchen staff and 4 for pupils. According to the Anglicans, the most favourable menu was number 1, followed by 2 then 3 while number 4 was the least favourable.

25. NAC, RG85, vol. 1442, no. 630-125-8/3, Holman to B. G. Sivertz, 27 September 1961.

[26. Ibid.](#)

[27. NAC, RG85, vol. 710, no. 630-125-9/2, Father M. Ruyant to B. G. Sivertz, 28 September 1961.](#)

[28. NAC, RG85, vol. 1374, no. 630-158-9/7, Belair to \[R. A.\] Bishop, 28 September 1961.](#)

[29. NAC, RG85, vol. 1339, no. 603-3/3, R. A. J. Phillips, Assistant Director to Dr. P. E. Moore, Director, Medical Services, Department of National Health.](#)

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[31. NAC, RG85, vol. 1442, no. 630-125-8/3, B. G. Sivertz to Holman, 22 May 1962.](#)

[32. NAC, RG85, vol. 1374, no. 630-158-9/7, R. A. Bishop to Rev. Belair, 18 July 1962.](#)

[33. NAC, RG85, vol. 1374, no. 630-158-9/7, R. A. Bishop to Reverend Rene Belair, o.m.i., Bursar, Vicariate Apostolic of Hudson Bay. 28 May, 1962.](#) Dried moose meat, however, was permitted by officials of Health and Welfare Canada, who felt there was no danger in moose meat being infected with trichinosis as the moose was a vegetarian. In addition, "The dried meat is probably a muscle part of the animal so it is

unlikely to be infected with hydatid (the larva of the tapeworm) which is found in organ meat. Furthermore, hydatid would not likely survive in a dry environment.” NAC, RG85, vol. 1442, no. 630-125-8/3, B. G. Sivertz to Reverend L. P. Holman, Administrator, Stringer Hall, Inuvik, N.W.T., 21 June, 1962.

[34. Health Canada 2001, “Outbreak Of Trichinellosis Associated With Arctic Walruses In Northern Canada, 1999,” 27-04 \(15 February 2001\). Retrieved 28 March 2002, from: <http://www.hc-sc.gc.ca/pphb-dgspsp/publicat/ccdr-rmtc/01vol27/dr2704eb.html>. Also see Morten Tryland, “Zoonoses of arctic marine mammals,” *Infect Dis Rev* 2 2 \(2000\): 55-64. Retrieved 28 March 2002, from: <http://www.idreview.co.uk>.](#)

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The 2001 Canadian Inuit population was estimated to be nearly 56,000.

[36. Marcia Kaye, “No yolk: When eggs go bad,” \(2000\). 50plus.com, \[2 pages\]. Retrieved 28 March 2002, from: <http://50plus.com/articlefull.cfm?Section=Health&Subsection>.](#)

[37. NAC, RG85, vol. 1374, no. 630-158-9/7, Rene Belair to R. A. Bishop, 22 July 1962.](#)

[38. AC of C G.S.A. M..S.C.C. M96-7 48-3A. \[Author’s signature illegible\] St. Francis Anglican Mission, Eskimo Point N.W.T to Bishop Marsh, D.D., Diocese of the Arctic. 10 February, 1961. In one example, Bishop Marsh was informed by his missionary in Eskimo Point of a discussion among the male elders, who had expressed general dissatisfaction with the cultural changes their children were experiencing. Among the elders complaints, the young people had become “very cheeky” and would not listen or help out at home. The elders were particularly disturbed by the latter trend in the girls, who traditionally were responsible for domestic chores. Even more disturbing to the elders, the boys had no interest in hunter but rather preferred to play games and act-out scenes they saw in Hollywood movies. The elders blamed “White mans Schooling” and the fact that they now lived in settled communities, gathered together. They expressed that the old people of long ago had prophesied their predicament for](#)

abandoning their own way of life – even the game had left their land because they had adopted the “White mans ways”.

[39. NAC, RG85, vol. 1062, no. 630-125-8/2, 11 July 1960.](#)

[40. Interview by author, Ottawa Ontario, July 2004.](#)

[41. NAC, RG85, vol. 709, no. 630-105-10/1, Memorandum for the Chief, Education Division, Re: Clothing for Students in Residence at Yellowknife Hostel, 24 July 1958.](#)

[42. Ibid.](#)

[43. Ibid., Memorandum for W. G. Booth, Chief Superintendent of Schools, “Re: Clothing for Students at Yellowknife Composite School,” 8 September 1958.](#)

[44. AC of C, GSA, MSCC, 6575-103, Series 2-15, box 24, “Superintendent's Visit To Inuvik Hostel, 8-15,” March 1960.](#)

[45. NAC, RG85, vol. 1443, no. 630-125-8/4, R. A. J. Phillips to Holman, 2 February 1965.](#)

[46. NAC, RG85, vol. 1062, no. 630-125-8/2, 11 July 1960.](#)

[47. NAC, RG85, vol. 1434, no. 600-1-1/20, 21 January 1964.](#)

Five Poems by Joe Blades

bus jabuka: poem smuggler

two lines of somewhat bare
snow-covered asphalt guide
the driver while passengers
can do nothing but follow
him on an intercity bus

can draw some letters
spell or speak a few words
and key place names
have a jabuka in bag
for a possible snack

night bus through
mountains to the plain
at a small border town
they stamp passports
to leave and enter again

after dawn brightens valley
freshly-painted lettering
gleams white on roadside
shrines for family members
lost to the road not war

now almost romanian
not possible white russian
saxon dane or german

southeast or -west of home
but maybe something else

better here it seems than
at some midwest america
cornbelt college/university
so near to the whole europe—
a truly different perspective

twisting riverside roads
roman ruins on one hill
ottoman ruins on another
land mines in the gorge
stay on the road please

never stop anywhere unless
at restaurant or gas station
or if the armed eufor convoy
commands the vehicle halt
for papers search whatever

or it could be the policia
double-checking after
you've entered their
country on their roads
their's is all the time

being furthest travelled
and the always recorded
noted not local slows
everyone and gives them
something to joke about

shoppin' carts are go(ne)

for biff

1.

358 dundonald

one on front lawn beside steps

420 smythe

one behind apartment/rooming house

frex grounds

(smythe & superstore corner):

one beside the recyclables bin

one by fence under billboards

2.

have ya gone a huntin' on no'side?

three carts in the stream

—drowned not bathing—

seen from the trail bridge

behind nashwaaksis stuporestore

and upriver where chute street

off brookside crosses the stream

(where one turns to get onto

the redemption end of macfarlane)

and there's a herd of carts—giant

tiger walmart and stuporstore—

hanging by the dumpster there

—smokin' or somethin'

3.

two more carts
spotted last night
hangin' back
of capitol winter club
'tween boarded-up trailer
and the fox's satellite
dish cluster across
a guardrail fence

4.

spotted
a friday cart
waiting
at the bus stop
beside 332 york
holding scrap wood
and an empty
milk carton

5.

in plain view when
i returned from bulgaria
a cart beside front steps
of 359 dundonald
pushed onto the lawn
near the perfect left
angle of eight cedars
planted earlier this month
too close to the driveway

if they root and survive
for when grown

act c i

of my arm dge the e
ne straight is not a li or crvd
ed like the but blurred fur
am haired ani i mal

ter li cacti in win ght
my shad ow wall on back
age joined in block
e/re/diso come volver

ppe cursive hairs on ni and
led up lip the green palm he
ly stud the curr car dogged
ing eful t without ly ouch

ic u grabbed spines lum
art ts hairs or -like plan p
ble more ing visi with
ritating feel and the ir quest

ing where cour con age
tion en vention versa ere
vis th almost in able like
notion philo ideasophical or

if there is time

if there is time to sit in front of a computer
to converse with impossibly faraway friends
and if there is enough exhaustion to afternoon nap
then fall asleep repeatedly in front of a tv
and if travel's elliptic return discovers
grapes becoming raisins in a refrigerator
and if a not watched kettle boils three times
before its hot water gets poured on coffee
and if everyone gets to tell their story
there might be less human destruction

and if a hurricane has destroyed this year
then an abysmal silence has reclaimed
and if a cowboy drops a match burning
sulphurous into neighbouring bushes
and if a pigeon atop a statue head
of state religion industry is death
and if school buses continue gathering
then dropping children in institutions
and if come-down leaves clog gutters
backed-up waters pool and freeze

and if sudden winter hits fiercely
during extended construction season
and if this is a one-minute survey
but the other an essay question worth
and if morning departure for afternoon
arrival means a short work friday
and if waking for dawn's arrival
is another's high noon waiting
and if there's an end to possibilities
then this is rendered meaningless

affix to third package

morning starts late thick in the skull with late
night work no not work of night of wine and candle
light quiet talk curled tight as two entwined interested
in each other and being together for the gestalt of we when we
are ... and we did ... and we have ... and have you met our ...
in the radiant dance of two step back one steps
forward no the night was some stuff on spoken
word and indie publishing bound with wire as a polished
stone wrapped to reveal beauty its small piece of natural
wonder millions of years in creation strung on a string
of animal hide a string of spun plant fibre a fine chain
with back-of-neck clasp hung down chest between
breasts of its admirer though that gets confused often
admirers give pieces of earth as if they own it have not
borrowed from *la tierra* for the geologically brief wonder
that is each human life each animal and plant's life for some
one day is their whole world their brief-to-us life birth or
emergence from egg larva pupa wings drying then flight
procreation and death all in one blast of sunlight while we
pace furiously sit stupid or numb feeling failure plotting
revenge or war terror on terrorists with some greedy
agenda or by-law clause some lording-over control by
the short hairs led around by ganglia driven by anger
by the debt that living not-on-this-earth but in the constructs
of others imposes on each of our lives before we can ever
not learn freedom without debt responsibility obligation honour
respect all confused and jumbled like yesterday's clothes stripped
in night's haste to return to flesh our flesh each of us
imperfectly in orbit about earth creator of our matter dust
and ash swirled in water made our bodies corporal
heavier than air not flung into more open space tethered
invisibly spin into orbit no we are held close by life's food
chain our cycle keeps bumping and impacting the surface

ground we must never forget that earth made us possible
as we now fling pieces of earth at far away stars hoping not
for an echo but for a reaction a response or reply from out
there when we cannot even reach a hand to everyone resident
and celebrate the individuality of our billions of lives created
from this one earth this one planet that is us even as we exploit
extort rape and murder in false beliefs let us put that behind us
let earth fold that into itself and its radiant molten ocean so nearby
just under the mantle of our life let us sing under sun and moon
let us sing together with our many voices let us live on earth

How Crazy is Jane?

Yeats's Use of the Double in *Words for Music Perhaps*

by Nakamura Hisami, Chuo University, Japan

Words for Music Perhaps in *The Winding Stair and Other Poems* (1933) is a strange set of poems written whilst W. B. Yeats was recuperating from a serious illness, which nearly took his life.¹ The whole sequence came out of his inner self (double) as if it were part of the healing process. The whole series is a parody of the traditional sonata form, complete with a synthetic finale. Through the chiasmus-like interplay between the doubles, divine spirit is passed on from man to woman, whilst divine beauty is transferred from woman to man, as in a contrapuntal fugue.² The poems as a whole

¹ Yeats wrote the series as he was recovering from Malta fever in 1929. Cf Richard Ellmann, *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987) 272.

² For the general theme of chiasmus and interaction between characters, I am much indebted to Masatoshi Nozaki, "Essentially Made": Chiasmus, Loop, and Void in *Henry IV Part 1* (*Rikkyo Review* 2001, No 3, 53-69).

make an ironical sequel to 'Among School Children' in *The Tower* (1928), where the central theme is an imaginary meeting of a couple resulting in a flowering tree or a dancer inseparable from the dance. In the *Words for Music Perhaps* series, the tree has become blasted and the dancer is running out of time, but the poet sings louder for the soul's beauty and perfection.

Despite its title, Yeats doubts if anyone will sing *Words for Music Perhaps* and explains that he simply wanted the poems to be 'all emotion and all impersonal'.³ The illness may count for the discordant note, seemingly unfit for music in the traditional sense of melodious harmony and rhythm.

The structure of this 'music', however, is neither formless nor chaotic. It has a sonata form, in which the first subject and the opposing second subject challenge each other and finally arrive at a synthesis. Or to be precise, this is a parody of such music. Take the protagonist Jane's babble as the main theme, and the subordinate theme of the antagonist Bishop as a challenge to the first theme, and one sees that the whole piece of *Words for Music Perhaps* is structured thus: Jane's out-of-tune 'choir of Love', sung in three voices with Tom's basso continuo (continuous bass) and Jack's discordant responses, meets her archenemy Bishop's protest, gains parody and carnival

³ Allan Wade, ed, *The Letters of W. B. Yeats* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954) 758.

quality before developing into the harmonious, fugue like exchange between the young boy and girl (young Jack and Jane), then the conflict is recapitulated in the quarrel between the old dancers (Jane and Tom), and is finally solved in Tom's murmuring Coda. The series then ends with the words of an oracle, reminiscent of the traditional chorale. Jane, as a young woman foresees, as if in a double vision, the ghost of old Tom—Jack in her lover Jack the straight man, and young Jack anticipates aged Jane in her flowery youth. Tom the poet—creator never meets his creature—creation, and his self image is vague, devoid of any bodily features and clear cut personality, but sees through Spiritus Mundi his prime time dancing and singing with Jane.

Typical classical music, such as Bach's cantata, begins with an elaborate chorus followed by a couple of arias and recitatives, and ends in a plain chorale; Yeats's poems defy the unity of melody, harmony and rhythm in their classical sense, and employ discordant notes by allowing the juxtaposition of beauty and ugliness, holiness and vulgarity, so as to represent both man and woman's view in the theme of love.

Yeats's skill in combining the traditional mad songs of Tom O'Bedlam with those of Crazy Jane is especially apt. The originals are two unrelated mad songs, and Crazy Jane is pitied as 'poor Crazy Jane' for being deserted by a man and thereafter by reason, in the 18th century English air, *Crazy Jane* (Words by M. Lewis; Composed for

accompanying the Harp or Piano Forte by Miss Abrams).⁴ Jane loses her sanity after Henry leaves her, much in the fashion of Wordsworth's crazed mother in the *Lyrical Ballads*:

Crazy Jane

Why fair Maid in ev'ry feature,
Are signs of such fear express'd
Can a wand'ring wretched Creature,
With such terror fill thy breast,
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee,
Trust me sweet thy fears are vain,
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane,
Dost thou weep to see my anguish,
Mark me and avoid my woe,
When Men flatter sigh and languish,

⁴ The British Library, No 136 Miscellaneous series of Songs, Cyclopedia of Music.

Think them false I found them so,
For I lov'd oh so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the Youth I lov'd so dearly,
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.
Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but one,
He sigh'd he vow'd and I believ'd him,
He was false and I undone,
From that hour has reason never,
Held her empire over my Brain,
Henry fled with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.
Now forlorn and broken hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that sport where first we met,
Still I sing my lovelorn ditty,

Still I slowly pace the Plain,
Whilst each passer by in pity,
Cries God help thee Crazy Jane.⁵

Meanwhile in a version of the 17th century song *Mad Tom*, Tom of the bedlam is a typically silly and bragging loud mouth who goes insane for his love for Maudlin:

Tom o' Bedlam

From the hagg and hungrie goblin
That into raggs would rend ye,
And the spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moones - defend ye!
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken,
Nor wander from your selves with Tom
Abroad to beg your bacon.

⁵ *Crazy Jane, A Favorite Song* (London: B. Williams). The British Library, No 136, Miscellaneous series of Songs, Cyclopedia of Music.

(Chorus; sung after every verse)

While I doe sing "any foode, any feeding,

Feedinge, drinke or clothing,"

Come dame or maid, be not afraid,

Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I

Twice twenty been enraged,

And of forty been three times fifteen

In durance soundly caged.

On the lordly lofts of Bedlam,

With stubble soft and dainty,

Brave bracelets strong, sweet whips ding-dong,

With wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin

And a cruse of cockle pottage,

With a thing thus tall, skie blesse you all,

I befell into this dotage.

I slept not since the Conquest,

Till then I never waked,
Till the roguish boy of love where I lay
Me found and stript me naked.
When I short have shorne my sowre face
And swigged my horny barrel,
In an oaken inn I pound my skin
As a suit of gilt apparel.
The moon's my constant Mistrisse,
And the lowly owl my morrowe,
The flaming Drake and the Nightcrow make
Me music to my sorrow.
The palsie plagues my pulses
When I prigg your pigs or pullen,
Your culvers take, or matchless make
Your Chanticleers, or sullen.
When I want provant, with Humfrie
I sup, and when benighted,
I repose in Powles with waking souls

Yet never am affrighted.
I know more than Apollo ,
For oft, when he lies sleeping
I see the stars at bloody wars
In the wounded welkin weeping,
The moone embrace her shepherd
And the queen of Love her warrior,
While the first doth horne the star of morne,
And the next the heavenly Farrier.
The Gipsie Snap and Pedro
Are none of Tom's companions.
The punk I skorne and the cut purse sworne
And the roaring boyes bravadoe.
The meek, the white, the gentle,
Me handle touch and spare not
But those that crosse Tom Rynosseros
Do what the panther dare not.
With a host of furious fancies

Whereof I am commander,
With a burning spear and a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.
By a knight of ghostes and shadowes
I summon'd am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wild world's end.
Methinks it is no journey.⁶

There are some variants of the mad Tom songs, in which there is no mention of Maudlin but Tom is made more of a megalomaniac:

Mad Tom

Forth from my dark and dismal cell,
Or from the dark abyss of hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again
To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.

⁶ Harold Bloom, *How to Read and Why* (New York: Scribner, 2000) 104.

Fears and cares oppress my soul,
Hark how the angry furies howl
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam mad.
Thro' the world I wander night and day
To find my stragling senses,
In an angry mood I met old Time,
With his Pentateuch of tenses,
When me he spies, away he flies,
For time will stay for no man;
In vain with cries, I rend the skies,
For pity is not common.
Cold and comfortless I be, Help; help,
O help, or else I die;
Hark I hear Apollo's team,
The Carman 'gins to whistle,
Chaste Diana lends her bow,
And the Boar begins to bristle,

Come Vulcan with tools and with tackles,
To knock off my troublesome shackles,..
Bid Charles make ready his wane,
To bring me my senses again.
In my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,
I range around, I range around the world
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'Tis I mad Tom
drive all, all, all, all before me,
While to my royal throne I come,
Bow down, down, down, down,
bow down, down, down, down,
bow down, my Slaves and adore me,
Your sov'reign Lord mad Tom.
tho' I give Law, and tho' I give
Law, give Law from beds of straw,
And tho' I give Law, and tho' I give
Law, give Law from beds of straw,
And drest in a tatter'd robe, and drest

in a tratter'd robe, and drest in a tratter'd robe,
The mad man can be more a Monarch than he,
the mad man can be more a Monarch than he, than he, than he,
that commands, that commands the vassel Globe.
The mad man can be more a Monarch than he,
the mad man can be more a Monarch than he, than he, than he,
that commands commands the vassel Globe.⁷

Yeats gave these traditional songs an ironical twist, allowing the reticent crazy woman to take an upper hand, whilst loud mad Tom is subdued throughout the whole sequence of *Words for Music Perhaps*. Similarly, the sane/insane distinction becomes blurred until one is no longer certain whether Jane and Tom are mad, or the Bishop is the fool.

Foucault has defined a madman as anyone who could not be understood in the ordinary light of reason, but here I would like to focus on a special type of schizophrenic hallucination known as a doppelgänger, double, alter-ego or an imaginary friend who represents all that is not oneself and yet is an inseparable part of

⁷ *Mad Tom, A Celebrated Song* (London: B. Williams). Composed by Purcell; Arranged for the Piano Forte by J. C. Clifton. The British Library, No 93, Miscellaneous series of Songs, Cyclopedia of Music.

the self. The Yeatsian terms for such an alter-ego are daimon and anti-self, a shadow-like double whose appearance resembles himself, but is opposite in personality; a 'mysterious one' who looks 'most like me, being indeed my double, / And prove of all imaginable things / The most unlike, being my anti-self' ('Ego Dominus Tuus', *P* 212).⁸ Elsewhere he states a daimon is like one's beloved and an archenemy.⁹ I would like to point out that the Yeatsian anti-self is someone who shares aesthetic senses but not ethical values, whilst the Yeatsian double is someone who shares the ethical values but not aesthetic senses. The double can be friendly or hostile, but can be agreed or disagreed with since it shares the same measurement, whereas the anti-self cannot be communicated with via logic. It is a heterogeneous Other and must be approached through the senses.

What happens when one meets one's anti-self is as exasperating as it is destructive, resulting in a fierce and futile battle. An example of such combat is seen in 'Crazy Jane and the Bishop', and 'Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop'. Being the Bishop's anti-self, ie, the heterogeneous Other, Jane not only resembles him in her ugliness but also shares his belief in beauty, yet not in moral codes, thus baffling their

⁸ All Yeats poems cited from Daniel Albright, ed, *W. B. Yeats: The Poems* (London: J M Dent, 2003).

⁹ Cf. George Mills Harper and Walter Kelly Hood, eds, *A Critical Edition of Yeats's A Vision* (1925) (London: Macmillan, 1978) 27: 'The relation of man and woman, in so far as it is passionate, reproduces where man and Daimon sport, pursue one another, and do one another good or evil.'

dialogue in a deconstructive fashion. This annoys the Bishop and provokes cannonades of slanders from him, which invite Jane's severe curses in turn. This is the conflict of heterogeneous matter versus homogeneous spirit, and its futility is represented by the blasted oak, an ironic twist to the flowering chestnut tree in 'Among School Children', a previous poem of Yeats with a man-woman dichotomy theme.

The rest of the figures in the whole series are interrelated in the following way: Jack is the warring double of the Bishop. Jane, Jack and the Bishop are Tom the Lunatic's creation, who in turn is an opposing double of the Bishop and is also a fighting double of Jack. Jack teases Jane with his funny responses, and Tom sings in manners most carefree, slighting Jane in a similar way, but both men share heretical values with Jane and therefore are not her anti-self. Only the Bishop fights Jane square in stressing the severity of God's punishment upon those like her. Hegelian dialectics is employed to silence Jane in the end, but her assertion in materialism is duly passed on to Tom (the poet).

This dialectics reminds one of a contrapuntal fugue of J S Bach, although the melodies may not be quite as pleasant. To be precise, the poems resemble a parody of classical music. A modern composer who calls himself P[retty] D[amn] Q[uick] Bach,

a parodist of Bach, has presented examples of how classical music could be challenged, by employing various devices. These are: incongruous sound, mixed genre, drifting tonality, metric disruption, implausible delay, excessive repetition, incompetence cues, incongruous quotation, and misquotation.¹⁰

There is a certain similarity between such parodies and Crazy Jane poems. Yeatsian parody consists of three categories:

1) Rejection of linear logic: Jane employs double standards and sets arbitrary rules. This is analogous to mixed genre. Sometimes disruptive and incongruous sounds are made, too, such as the ‘meaningless’ refrain *fol de rol, fol de rol* in ‘Crazy Jane Reproved’ (P 307). Other examples of the complexity of nonlinear logic can be typically seen in ‘Crazy Jane and the Bishop’ and ‘Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop’, where Jane fights the priest whilst retaining belief in God. This distinction between belief in God and disbelief in clergy, which she seems to regard as a truism, is itself a contradiction. Moreover, she is picky about her ideal image of God and takes only what she likes and conveniently discards the rest: her God would only care for a ‘shell’s elaborate whorl’ (‘Crazy Jane Reproved’, P 307). In logic, one cannot arbitrarily choose part of the system and drop the rest, and here Jane is being totally illogical, that is, mad.

¹⁰ David Huron, ‘Music-engendered Laughter: An Analysis of Humor Devices in PDQ Bach’, *ICMPC* 2004, No 8, 700-704.

In 'Crazy Jane on the Day of Judgment' she asks of her lover and God, 'Take the sour/ If you take me'. And yet she applies a different rule when it comes to loving them in turn: in 'Crazy Jane Reproved', she dismisses the angry God and takes only the loving God. What Jane does not see, or wilfully ignores, is that she needs to accept their violent aspect along with their generosity, if she wishes them to accept her whole being. She thus shows her cracked wits, and rightly so, since she is supposed to be crazy.

2) Rejection of proof: Jane states her inner truths which cannot be proved, such as 'fair and foul are near of kin', or 'nothing can be sole or whole/ That has not been rent' ('Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop', *P* 310). This may be similar to incongruous quotation. Originally spoken by the witches in *Macbeth*, such a twist of logic cannot be assured to be applicable to God's ways, nor is it a suitable example for refuting the Bishop. Her assertion is heterogeneous to the Bishop's logic, and hence the Bishop is lost for words to reply. And yet she (rather than mad Tom) is appropriately an 'Elizabethan fool', an idiot savant who only occasionally speaks words of deep wisdom but mostly utters nonsense.¹¹

3) Rejection of inter-subjectivity: Jane resorts to a none-of-your-business assertion as

¹¹ Richard Ellmann, *Yeats: The Man and the Masks* 272.

soon as it comes to admitting her non-logic. An example of this can be seen in 'Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop', where being accused of living in a 'foul sty', Jane retorts that 'fair needs foul [so leave me alone]' (P 310). The equivalence of this going-my-way attitude in music would be drifting tonality, avoiding the dialectics of thesis and antithesis to develop into synthesis.

Jane's point can be summarised thus: since no one knows God's mysterious ways, what is the point of trying to please him? Do not wild beasts please him as well as exemplary humans?

One must say that Jane does have an existential consistency, in asserting that her bestial life has a meaning. Elizabeth Cullingford asserts that someone of Jane's poverty could not afford a respectable life within a settled family, and doubts the validity of applying any decency to the poor.¹² In fact, the Bishop is so fixated in his dogma that he cannot even reply to Jane's protest when she asserts that the sailors are wrong and that God does not care about their fate at all. Jane then goes on to sing her solo aria about Jack (despite the title which suggests otherwise, 'Jane and Jack the Journeyman'), in which she chooses walking as a ghost over leaping alone into the light of salvation. Jane's point is almost heretical in questioning the reason for the living to

¹² Cf. Elizabeth Cullingford, *Gender and History in Yeats's Love Poetry* (New York: Syracuse UP, 1996) 232: 'a craftsman who hires himself out for a day's wages, is a man of no property, and free of the sexual conservatism that accompanies land ownership'.

continue love and life, if the body is to be scorned in favour of the spirit, and her witch-ridden blasphemy reaches a climax in ‘Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop’. The silence of the Bishop evidently shows his lack of practical rhetoric. Earlier, in ‘Crazy Jane Reproved’, Jane retorted to the Bishop’s reproof, showing the failure of his illustration of the sailors’ fear of God to support his sexual ethics.¹³ Jane insists that since heaven cares only for the beauty of shells and nothing about the fate of the sailors, the Bishop should stop worrying about Jack, for Jack is already disowned by God and walks nightly as a ghost. The Bishop need not worry about Jane, either, because she also is destined to walk. He can rest assured that he, unlike them, will sleep well in his tomb, and therefore should leave Jane and Jack alone: ‘So never hang your heart upon/ A roaring, ranting journeyman’. And now he has no words to challenge Jane’s assertion that love’s mansion cannot be reached through the heavenly mansion.

Indeed the Bishop’s ignoble incompetence is something worth probing a little. Being an anti-self of Jane, who can sing, dance and speak, it is not surprising that he is lost for words when confronted with her. The reference to coxcomb implies that the

¹³ Ellmann and Jeffares take the former stance, whilst Bloom, Albright and Haswell take the latter. Cf. Ellmann, *Yeats: The Man and the Masks*; A Norman Jeffares, *A New Commentary on the Poems of W. B. Yeats* (London: Macmillan, 1989); Daniel Albright, ed, *W. B. Yeats: The Poems* (London: J M Dent, 1990); Harold Bloom, *Yeats* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1972); Janis Tedesco Haswell, *Pressed Against Divinity: W. B. Yeats's Feminine Masks* (Illinois: Northern Illinois UP, 1997).

Bishop is actually blaming Jack for his own sin, as it is the Bishop who bears the likeness to a bird, be it a cock, heron or goose. The solid man suggests Jack who stood like a birch-tree, whilst the coxcomb refers back to the Bishop himself, who must have been a fop in his youth. In his old age now, he seems to project his hopeless deformity on to Jane and reproves her for losing her beauty.

The Bishop's logic falls apart in attempting to refute Jane, as she would not be intimidated by an angry God. The Bishop's reference to God fearing, superstitious sailors is invalid and even irrelevant as a logical sequence, nor is his emphasis on Jane's ugliness persuasive in making her remorseful. Obviously he does not notice that appealing to the senses cannot bring out a logical conclusion in matters of ethics. Worse, he stresses God's anger instead of mercy. There is not even a discourse on the heavenly mansion, only silence on hearing the word of 'place of excrement'.

Jane's lack of 3 step logic makes a stark contrast with the Bishop, who represents the traditional values of truth, goodness and beauty, going back to the days of Socrates. However, the image we get here is not that of the powerful Socrates refuting his opponents and leading them to the aimed goal, rather the Bishop becomes one of those foolish challengers of Socrates and ends up being dumb, although he is very sure of his vindication in the beginning, rejecting Jane with his narrow view and renouncing

her physical ugliness, until finally he falls silent upon realising his powerlessness. His ambition for power and control is strong but he cannot lead Jane to the way of truth because, unlike the interlocutors of Socrates, Jane does not respond with a clear and linear yes or no, instead she overthrows the whole argument by bringing in new 'crazy' rules of her own and complicating the issue, which reminds one of the metric disruption (sudden change of rhythm) or mixed genre in modern music quoted above.

It is at this point that Jane begins to appear wiser in a way than the Bishop, with her wider view of reality. In 'Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop', for example, she accepts ugliness as necessary evil, even close to beauty. She justifies herself by referring to the famous line from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*: 'Fair and foul are near of kin'. Even the ugly Bishop would find room in the eyes of God: 'All find safety in the tomb'. Jane admits his place in heaven so that she, too, may be saved if chance happens. Jane and Jack, however, would not rest in the grave but will walk as ghosts for committing sins, until the last day comes, and she is not afraid of her doom.

If the Bishop, and also Jack (who is as wild as Jane but takes her sweetness whilst discarding her sourness), are both exclusively one-dimensional, with only one measure to apply to the world, Jane has two to complement their view. Asceticism (of the Bishop) and hedonism (of Jack) are the two sides of the same coin, and they fight the

more for that, as each is the mirror image of the other. Jane adds a paper note to the battle of the coin, so to speak, which presents a referential point outside of either/or argument, introducing a both/and thinking. She is the transcendental Other to the Bishop, not vertically transcendent as God but horizontally transcendent, to paraphrase Luce Irigaray's discussion on 'horizontal...relation with the other as other'.¹⁴ It is no longer clear who is the crazier—Jane or the Bishop.

Whilst all four characters, Jane, Jack, the Bishop and Tom, share the praise for the divine beauty of 'the shell's elaborate whorl', Jane only is willing to embrace the misery of the flesh, whose sacred mansion is pitched 'in the place of excrement'. Jane endures the ugliness, just as the Self forgives himself in 'A Dialogue of Self and Soul'. She knows her weaknesses, but she can forgive herself as God might forgive her sin. In contrast, the Bishop seems to have no mercy regarding human error, distorting the Christian dogma much as Jane is over-idealising it.

Jane does not aim for the reversal of traditional male logocentrism, but by playing the game without sharing the rules, she nullifies the existing rules and imposes those of her own, eventually overturning the game table.

Tom the Lunatic, on the other hand, does aim for upheaval by employing logical

¹⁴ Luce Irigaray, *To be Two* (London: Athlone Press, 2000) 111.

synthesis. He is the man 'that on a stick relied/ To hold himself upright' whom young Jane saw alongside Jack and wept for, in 'Girl's Song'. Jane and Tom share their pleasure in singing and dancing. Tom, like young Jack who used her conveniently, now comes to molest Jane with his strange song, which is hardly a consolation but does indeed bring together Jane's point and the Bishop's view on love and God on an artistic plane.

Tom makes a sharp contrast with the still energetic Bishop, in his open receptive attitude. The Bishop's angry God becomes in Tom a praiseworthy God; Jack=Tom is exhausted from passionate embraces with Jane in her young beauty, and all he can do now is to dream of an erection, in the forms of a standing beast or swelling sail, and to hope that the act of begetting (becoming) does not result in the sailing of the sea between life and death, between 'Building-yard and stormy shore,/ Winding sheet and swaddling clothes' of ordinary mortals ('Old Tom Again'). He dreams of the right kind of begetting in which the soul, after death, redeems its original abode of Elysion, reached by swimming in the sea of salt and blood—life's plenitude. This blissful destiny of soul makes an ironical contrast with the sailors' superstition in associating storms with God's anger, and actually supports Jane's assertion that God could not care less about punishing lowly men:

I care not what the sailors say:
All those dreadful thunder-stones,
All that storm that blots the day
Can but show that Heaven yawns;
(‘Crazy Jane Reproved’, ll 1-4)

Tom shares with Jane the view that intellectual light leads to God, who receives all creatures in their beauty.

Jane’s sordid but realistic materialism is passed on to Tom, through his warring double Jack (Tom calls Jack a ‘knave’); he takes on Jack’s attributes, albeit in a diminished way, in the image of a stick in contrast to Jack’s solid birch-tree. Despite the busted music, unfit dancers and misunderstood dialogue, Jane’s persistence regarding earthly love is passed on and elevated into Tom’s hymn to heavenly love, followed by the chorale ending in the homage of the choir of love by the Golden Race (‘The Delphic Oracle upon Plotinus’). Pythagoras seems especially befitting here as he is the renowned discoverer of the golden section in harmonic theory in music.¹⁵ It is also significant here that out of the three judges of the dead, there is no Aeacus, judge

¹⁵ The golden section of $\Phi=1.618$ and its companion, $\phi=0.618$, is used in deciding the golden scale. Julian Cartwright et al, 'Aesthetics, Dynamics, and Musical Scales: A Golden Connection' (*Journal of New Music Research*, 2002, Vol 31, No 1, 51-58).

for European souls, only 'bland' Rhadamanthus (judge for Asian souls) and Minos (presiding judge) are present in the Yeatsian underworld.¹⁶ In this world of his consciousness, somewhat Asian (and irrational, according to Yeats's *A Vision*) Jane is the only one to be judged, and the judge Rhadamanthus is bland in contradiction to the usual association of him as rigorously severe (hence the adjective Rhadamanthine), just as Jane has earlier wished her God to be. Just as the dialectic and European Bishop has been made silent, Aeacus's presence is no longer felt nor missed. In such a world, one cannot distinguish the insane from the sane, much as the dancer in 'Among School Children' cannot be separated from the dance: it has achieved a unity in an ironic way.

¹⁶ Plato, *Gorgias*, 524A.

The Untitled (44) by Garry Thomas Morse

some
 where
 between
 the auto-
 detailers
& the detox
 centre
 i convince
 myself
 i'm crazy
 in love
 with
 you
 here, this will
go relatively
 unnoticed, where
every quiver
 of fibre
 of being
is chalked up
 to coming
 down
 or overlubed
 fatigue
morning, noon

& so on
the dutiful (or
insanely
jealous) lover
picks up
or drops off
his best gal
& i ain't him
nor do i
work for no
moving
company
although as they drive
off
i kinda
think I'm crazy
in love with you
as your beauty lines each avenue with colour
(what have you done for me lately)
as my moods vary with your bright shades
i figure
to eff
the ineffable
is not
to hear
faint music
& if you try
real hard
imagine
what is
there

awaiting
your terrestrial
embrace
by the
mount
pleasant
clock
outside the adult
theatre
where the two
streets
wildly scissor
/ i could
come in
but that would be less
poetic /
lovely
ordinary stuff
like
it's raining
in the manner
of faint music
just out of
earshot
but it's quite pointless
to point out the mountains
you can see for yourself
yet they are
there
austere, almost
immobile
like the suggestion
i'm crazy

in love
with you

times the train station is not a black bough

& the glazed faces are sure not petals

(who said they would be)

during crowded

commute

the faces

lack

yours

& today

i am tired

too, beset

by irritable

vowels

& woebegotten

by verboten

smittenish

things

i might

presume

you might do

on the most

edifying of

evenings

in the dark

crying out

i'm crazy

in love

with you

like the ice

cream

truck

WASH

is more like it

so close to

the truth

dripping

sweat

in small

of back

in hollows

of a body

aching to be

yours

o

i'm quite

convinced

i'm crazy

in love

with

you

Hardness and tension: A White researcher's story working with an Aboriginal Community

by Paul Betts, University of Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Introduction

This story starts with NSERC: an opportunity to receive grant money to consider math and science outcomes within an Aboriginal community. I took it, found a community to work with, and started building a partnership. Six years later, I look back on these experiences, not by reporting on research results, but by placing research acts as filled with tension, at least for me. I will wonder what it meant for me, as a White scholar, to work with an Aboriginal community, in hopes that it is helpful to others who do this kind of work.

When this research began, I was exploring possible relationships between Aboriginal cosmologies and Western knowledge systems (see, for example, Betts and Bailey, 2005). In particular, Western scientific advances in fields such as Complexity, Chaos Theory and Quantum Mechanics, and the philosophical import of such

advances, call into question a reductionistic orientation toward the world (Ricard and Thuan, 2001). Concomittantly, I had noticed the ecological and wholistic foundation of Aboriginal cosmologies. I was investigating synergies between ultra-modern Western and traditional Aboriginal ways of knowing.

At the same time, I was studying Indigenous methodologies, seeking to understand how I might participate in research with, for and by Aboriginal peoples. A fundamental idea became clear to me: I must not, cannot, assimilate or be assimilated. Following Smith (1999), non-indigenous research methodologies would propagate the status-quo and therefore not contribute to Aboriginal education. New methodologies, respectful of Aboriginal people, place and view were needed. But further, it was clear to me that I carried Western ways of knowing, which would filter all perceptions and interpretations. If I could not take up Aboriginal ways of knowing, then, I speculated, perhaps Western ideas concerning complexity, given their synchrony with Aboriginal cosmology, could serve as an available lens for my work.

Given this theoretical starting point, the work proceeded. I sought a partnership with an Aboriginal community. We worked hard to build a collaborative partnership, develop and implement research actions, and consider the results of these actions. We struggled. At every turn, I felt tension. In the end, I was dissatisfied. What had we

accomplished in six years. At best, some “results” having little to do with the goals of the research agenda – we did not generate recommendations for mathematics or science instruction, or illuminate Aboriginal cosmology in ways that might be of value within White institutions such as schooling, or generate recommendations for Indigenous research methodologies. Six years of research appears to be a failure. But this is from the perspective of White ways of knowing – I still had my reductionistic lens on.

So, I pulled off my reductionistic lens as much as I could, tried to push onto my eyes the complexity lens that I started with, to keep my Western trained eyes out of focus as much as possible, and looked again. I looked again and saw results that are hard to measure and hard to address; that is, results that resist inscription into well defined categories whose impacts can be clearly detected, and with delineated and manageable implications. Further, I noticed the negative connotation hung around the word tension. My interpretation of work with an Aboriginal community was filtered by a negative notion of tension. As such, this paper is about a White researcher’s legitimate desire to perceive in a new way. This is done by casting in a new light research that seemed a failure from a White perspective. I cannot generate White results. I can view hard to measure and hard to address research results, and the

tension of seeking praxis, in a positive light. I am hopeful this is helpful to other researchers in terms of their dispositions toward research within the field of Aboriginal education.

I will attempt to achieve this reorientation from negative to positive by telling my story. I will sketch out some theory and methodology, noting its problematic nature and setting the stage for research acts. Then, I will relate, in a White way, the data and interpretations that I have labeled hard and tense. But then I will provide an interpretation that is a recasting of this research journey as not a failure. I conclude by reiterating the hopefulness of things that are hard and tense.

Problematizing Theory

Complexity theory, for me, is an opportunity to notice some of the dichotomies of Western ways of knowing, such as subjectivity/objectivity and knower/know. The artistic rendering of two hands drawing each other reveals to me the illusion of these dichotomies. If one hand is knowledge, and the other a knower, then it is clear that each does the other; that what we know comes from who we are and who we are comes from what we know (Merleau-Ponty, 1962). In particular, this entangling sounds a lot like a interconnected and wholistic cosmology. What is key for me is that

entangling the polarities of a dichotomy can shift the perspective of a knower, such as myself, when trying to understand Aboriginal cosmology.

Consider the example of the medicine wheel. Before my study of complexity, I viewed the medicine wheel as follows:

It is a circle that inscribes 4 seasons, 4 directions, 4 races, 4 aspects of humans, 4 cycles of life, 4 elements, and 4 seasons.

Notice the Western separations into categories such as season and direction. These separations are not wrong, but they do hide other layers of meaning. In looking again with complexity as a lens, my perception shifts:

Through the multiple dimensions of the four directions the people come to harmony and interconnectedness with all the parts of their world. The many layers and the circular interweaving of thoughts, actions and ceremony bring about the teachings and the ingrained quality of the learning.

Now my language lacks separations, and carries more organic metaphors such as layer and ceremony.

But it is still incomplete. If I knew in what other ways my perceptions were incomplete, I would describe them now and then still conclude incompleteness. I have not experienced the actions and ceremonies, the teachings. I have not experienced the ingrained quality of learning. It is all theoretical. It is a whimsical, and perhaps arrogant, attempt by a White researcher to understand. About the only thing saving

this quest so far is the wisdom of Socrates: I know that I do not know.

Problematizing Methodology

It is well established that listening and seeing (that is, research acts) are entangled with culture (Gubrium and Holstein, 1997). Such entanglement is a complexity double entendre. By implication of complexity, my ways of knowing are entangled with who I am, and I am a product of culture. By implication of complexity, entanglement is a disposition for noticing the wholistic understandings of an Aboriginal culture. This is a hope that complexity can be a lens for seeing the ways of another culture, as well as a recognition of the difficulty of this hope.

I also agree with Wilson (2001) that participatory approaches are a necessary condition of research for, with and by Aboriginal communities. A participatory approach seeks to not assimilate, but rather invite, to build partnerships, to seek collaboration, and to ensure all perspectives are honored at all stages of a research agenda (Holly, 1991). Even the notion of research must be rejected, in favor of searching. To re-search risks to re-produce, whereas participatory research seeks to search and illuminate, rather than produce results.

Two Hard to Measure Research Results

As part of our participatory searching, we gathered to consider data collection issues. In particular, we agreed that community members would be interviewed. As part of this dialogue, I raised what I considered to be a critical issue concerning interview protocols:

Me: When interviewing, be careful not to impose your beliefs by “leading the witness.”

Tara: Are you implying I would disrespect the views of a community member?!

Me: [Pause for about 10 seconds, while I worried that I had offended Tara, a member of the community, and wondered how to repair the damage] The first time I did an interview, this was a problem with my transcripts.

I tried to repair by noting my past mistakes – it was an effort to suggest that I was not positioning myself as in some way better than others as a researcher. Tara acknowledged my response and we moved on.

Ten seconds was a long time for me. I wanted to fill the silence with “ums.” I wasn’t expecting an accusation of disrespect when I was trying hard to be respectful. Everyone else appeared comfortable with the silence. I was the only one who seemed uncomfortable. Perhaps Tara wasn’t being accusatory: the ease with which our dialogue moved on suggests that my repair was only part of the story. Perhaps Tara was only trying to illuminate her perspective. Perhaps her choice of the word

“disrespectful” was a deliberate, if only implicit, reminder that “leading the witness” is

a White metaphor. Perhaps, Tara was merely teasing me – she became my trickster, without intending to. Perhaps...

My second example of a hard to measure research result centers around one innocuous statement by a parent from the community. Within our data, a common story from parents was their struggle to navigate the local school; a struggle compounded by their children's difficulties in school. An innocuous statement by one of these parents illustrates this struggle:

Upon finding out that the school uses a web page to communicate homework, she remarked, "I think that is a good idea. Why didn't the school tell me?"

I doubt that the school did not try to communicate this homework protocol to all parents. I do not doubt the sincerity of these parents. I am not trying to lay blame for breakdowns in communication. Rather, I am trying to understand the struggle of these parents.

Further context helps to illuminate the struggle. The school is separate from the community in several ways. The school is located in a nearby town, not within the reserve boundaries of the community. The school board and school is staffed and run by a largely White population, with little representation from the community. There are members of the community working at the school, and a formalized community voice at the school board level, but such representation is not representative of the

proportions within the school's student population. Again, this is a description of context, and not a suggestion of blame.

Finally, the school curriculum is White. There are Aboriginal programs, such as language classes, and Elders are invited to the school to share traditional knowledge. On the surface the school appears progressive. But it is still separate from the community. It is a foreign place. A place whose philosophy and socialization processes are not understood by the community. The teachings of the medicine wheel are present in the school, but the many layers, circular interweaving, and ingrained learning are foreign to the school. Again, an observation and not an indictment.

One innocuous statement by a parent, a statement illuminating a theme in the data, has overwhelmed me with a nagging suspicion that I am not reading the data faithfully. The effort to bring forward complexity by noting the dissociation of school and community falls short. I do not understand these parents. I do not understand Aboriginal cosmology; I have not recognized the processes of producing and reproducing culture across generations – that some would claim these processes are dying seems weak to me now; I have not moved closer to community ways of ingrainning the learning – even when an Elder tells me that such ways are disappearing. I do not understand these parents, and it is more than a failure of complexity as a lens;

more than a lack of understandings to notice because a culture is fading into history.

Plain and simple, I do not understand.

A Hard to Address Research Result

In the data, we found a lot of evidence to suggest that children and parents of the community have difficulty navigating White institutions such as schooling. For example, statements from children about their schooling experiences included:

- I can't keep up with my work.
- My parents know but can't really help me.
- I have to do it on my own.
- I like in-class projects.
- I like him [a teacher] because he didn't rush.

The following statements by parents, likewise commenting about their interactions with the school, are indicative:

- At parent-teacher interview, I asked the teacher to call if my son isn't getting work done, but they never call. Perhaps they are too busy or forget.
- Why is it always the children from our community that are put with the EA?
- I always want to intervene, but that's not my place to do so.

We struggled to make sense of this data. On the one hand, it is not surprising in several ways: the community knows that the children will struggle in school; and Statistics Canada reports (e.g., 2008) suggest that similar results would be evident in Aboriginal communities across Canada.

At the same time, and by accident, I came across the work of Lareau (2003) concerning a bifurcation of parenting style across class and race. She found that upper class white families parent by concerted cultivation; a highly programmed and negotiated environment where children learn a sense of entitlement and how to customize their environment. Lower class and black families parent by natural growth; a highly unprogrammed environment, where children learn dependence on institutions.

I see evidence in the data above that concerted cultivation is not the parenting style of the community (if such patterns within the community in fact exist). The schooling experiences of the children suggest that they are not used to a highly organized learning environment. The data of both the parents and children suggest they are not able to navigate the institution of schooling because they are unable to customize their environment (Betts, 2010). Such an interpretation could be applied to the second hard to measure research result described in the previous section.

The following quote from another parent is further suggestive of the absence of concerted cultivation:

I always ask my daughter, ‘why don’t you ask your teacher for help when you need it – that’s what they’re there for.’ She said, ‘well I try but the teacher always says to me to wait until I’m finished here and then I’ll help you, which never happens.’ So she had to get help from another student that knew what to do.

The data is dripping with a sense of not knowing what to do: Why doesn't the parent call the school and persist? Should I defer to my uncertainty in the previous section. In actuality, I reported to the community the following interpretation: The children and parents don't know how to "customize" their environment; this is an inability to negotiate and customize a highly organized environment like school.

We met to discuss my interpretation. I cited Lareau's claim that education and social advantage accrue to children reared by a concerted cultivation parenting style. I cited Doolittle (2007), a mathematician of Mohawk heritage, to support the idea that Aboriginal communities stand to gain by assimilating those White ways of knowing that they need to survive (Doolittle was referring to mathematics when he made this claim). I concluded that parents might benefit from parenting workshops, which sought to respect traditional community ways of knowing while also drawing on White parenting styles that may help parents and children to navigate the institution of schooling.

A community member questioned my interpretation: Our children, he noted, are often aggressive and disrespectful of their teachers and parents. But isn't this an effort by a child to customize their environment. I responded no: Aggressive behavior is further evidence of an inability to customize their environment – they do not know

how to do it, so they rely on inappropriate and ineffective strategies. Such behaviors are evidence of frustration with, rather than success at customizing their environment. There appeared to be agreement.

An Elder noted that my interpretation was insightful. He also suggested that natural growth as a parenting style appeared similar to traditional ways of parenting, as it foregrounds the idea of children learning through (safe) exploration. He also noted his concern that traditional ways of parenting are not in use within the community. Perhaps there are no patterns of parenting within the community because the parents don't know what to do – they have lost their way as parents. Perhaps this research is further evidence that the community needs to regain its traditional values. But perhaps there is also wisdom in the idea of drawing on ways of knowing from the West. We agreed to pursue these ideas.

Here the story ends. We could not come to consensus on what to do next. We considered parenting workshops, but there were too many questions. How would they be run? What would be the content? How could we encourage parents to attend? When, how long and how many? What about children involvement? Although there is agreement on a result of our research, no measureable progress has been made. The result is hard to address.

Two Tensions of Shifting into Praxis

My first tension centers around the use of complexity as a lens for a White researcher to perceive Aboriginal ways, and the problematizing of theory suggested earlier. The use of a complexity lens was foregrounded in research proposals and initial meetings with community representatives. But it gradually drifted into the background. At times, I reminded myself, but for the most part I forgot about my initial premise concerning the need for a lens. What does it mean for a research lens to drift into the background while doing research?

I have already illustrated what I expected would happen using the medicine wheel. I expected to be exposed to the stories of Aboriginal cosmology, and be better able to interpret these stories by looking with complexity. This is not what happened. In fact, I kept waiting for the stories, and they didn't happen (or I didn't hear them). I learned nothing new about Aboriginal cosmology, beyond what I have already learned by reading publications on the topic (e.g., Graveline, 1998; Mehl-Madrona, 1997); I have read about these wholistic and ecological understandings, but I really don't know because I haven't experienced them.

Rather, the research drifted into the mundane aspects of life in the community. Poverty and efforts by the community to generate economic opportunities; land claims

and decisions on how to use the acquired land; their children's struggles in school, complaints about how the school board dealt with the community, and how the school dealt with their children, etc. – these became my data. I seemed to be understanding the mundane of the community. Our data didn't say anything that hasn't already been reported by other researchers in other Aboriginal contexts. There was nothing to look at with my complexity lens. It had drifted into the background because it was not needed.

In drifting into the background, a problem was replaced by a tension. The problem with complexity as a lens is that complexity suggests I am entangled by my own culture, and yet I will use complexity to help disentangle myself from my own culture. But this problem disappears because I am not finding an explicit need to use complexity as a lens. But then I feel tension about the point of this research. What am I accomplishing if not using complexity and only experiencing the mundane? There is no answer to this question if we accept my initial (White) assessment that this research was a failure.

My second tension considers methodology: in particular, what does it mean to do participatory and respectful research with, for and by an Aboriginal community. Shifting from scientific method to participatory searching is wrought with slippages.

In particular, I will illustrate how a White researcher's enactment of research (entangled with scientific method) can pull in a different direction than respectful participation by all parties.

My first example considers the pull of research results against trust. A necessary condition for the richness of participatory research is trust among all members of the research. The trust imperative is magnified given the delicate relationship between White researchers and Aboriginal communities. In initial meetings, community members alluded to a previous research project by professors from another university. Although nothing explicit was said, I think the community members were being protective of their community. We worked hard to build trust.

White research, aka scientific method, is interested in well-defined, reproducible, and generalizable results, generated by an objective observer. Although I have theoretically critiqued scientific method, it was still entangled with my research acts. I wanted to get going with research actions such as collecting and interpreting data. I wanted results. At times, I felt impatient with the slow moving deliberateness of the community members I was working with. But it had to be collaborative. We had to build trust. I had to try not to be impatient.

I am not suggesting that trust was established first, followed by research actions

that generated results. As we can see from above, the generation of (White) results is questionable. But further, I cannot say how we built trust, or when everyone involved would agree that trust had been established. Rather, the imperatives of results and trust responded to each other dialogically: a little bit of trust, a little bit of research, more trust, more research. The effort to be collaborative by all parties initiated, sustained and enriched the dialogue. I felt tension during this dialogic process, pulled by the differing research needs of results and trust.

My second example considers the pull of “I am THE LEAD researcher” against I am a participant collaborating with others. Even as I tried to let go of being the lead researcher, I was positioned this way: by myself, given my perceived obligations to granting and university institutions; by the community – I was jokingly referred to as the “professor” by research partners. It was my job to co-ordinate training of RA’s for data collection and interpretation, as well as participate in these acts. But my training as a researcher, by Western institutions, is entangled with my perceptions. My lead researcher hat was entangled with the desire for rigorous data (read “objective”), and my collaborative participatory hat was entangled with the desire for trustworthy data (read “respectful”). But these hats conflicted when rigor pulled toward objectivity and trust pulled toward respect. Balancing these research imperatives was an impossible

task.

Conclusion

My story of research with an Aboriginal community has been hard and tension filled. One hard to measure research result involved an apparent tension among partners concerning data collection – it is a story of the difficulty of partnerships. A second hard to measure research act involved the difficulty of interpreting the struggles of parents within a community – a story of trying to understand. The hard to address research result involved a possible interpretation of parenting patterns that brings forward questions of Traditional Aboriginal versus Western values. These questions eventually stopped further research acts. The tensions revolved around theory and methodology. In terms of theory, complexity was intended as a reminder that my looking is entangled with White understandings, and an alternative lens with which to hopefully detect non-White ways of knowing. And yet, complexity drifted into the background and so the results are no longer grounded in intended a-priori theory. In terms of methodology, my desire for results pulled against the need for trust, and my title as lead researcher pulled against the need to be collaborative, which is a story of competition between scientific and participatory research imperatives.

White researcher sensibilities suggest that the project was a failure, given that the above summary of results is taken at face-value. But the goal of this paper is to suggest otherwise: to suggest that these hardinesses and tensions of research are a good thing. To make this shift in perspective, I make a re-appeal to complexity, and look again at the “results” of this work with an Aboriginal community.

Complexity theory suggests that the subjectivity/objectivity dichotomy is an illusion. That it is impossible to truly observe from the outside, like a person observing a fish, does not mean all observations are subjective. It only means that such a dichotomy is pointless – we are in the water with the fish. As such, it is impossible to separate my own perspectives from possible stories of the data. And, as such, all generalizations (the much sought after products of research – the theory) must be incomplete because knower (e.g., me) and known (e.g., research result) are entangled. From this perspective, all good research is hard, and so hard results are suggestive that the research is on to something.

Given a shift from objectivity-is-desired to objectivity/subjectivity-is-an-illusion, I saw the potential of hard to measure results. Of course it was hard to measure because measure is a White word. Measure carries with it objectivity filters – to measure is to be in a position separate from what is measured.. Hard to measure, then,

implies I was touching important things that would always elude my White ways. So, although I cannot provide recommendations (that have not already been made) concerning respectful methodology, I can suggest that “hard to measure” is a litmus test for the White researcher: if what I am perceiving is hard to measure, then I am coming to know something important about the people I am working with.

I also re-saw the potential of hard to address. If the work of Aboriginal peoples were easy, then why all the fuss about the place of Aboriginal peoples within Western culture – the abysmal educational outcomes, rampant poverty, ominous crime statistics and insidious health problems – these must be nothing more than fabrications or easily solved political problems if the work were easy. So, it should not be surprising that our work generated results that would be hard to address. This is evidence that we were getting somewhere.

Further, I noticed the negative connotation hung around the word tension. My interpretation of work with an Aboriginal community was filtered by a negative notion of tension. Tension suggests a problematic (read “therefore entangled”) relationship between the researcher and the researched, which is considered problematic from an objective perspective. On the contrary, tension is a good thing in the same way as hard to measure and hard to address research results are a good thing, because it suggests

relationships and mutual participation. Tension for me emerged as I tried to shift from theory to practice. No amount of study could have prepared me for the work I would do, because theory is problematic. Theory is problematic because it is dissociated from practice and incomplete (can never be complete). To feel tension while shifting from theory to practice is to experience the problematic nature of theory – this is a placing of the researching community (not just the researcher) at the frontier of knowing, a necessary placing to search and illuminate.

I also think that the results are meaningful from the perspective of values. Consider the result concerning parenting patterns, where Traditional and Western values collided. This is hard because it is important – the fundamental issue here is the valuing of all values by all parties, which is very hard to do in practice, even though it is so easy to purport in theory. That we couldn't go any farther is further evidence that we were at a cutting edge of research – not objective scientific research results but a journey to negotiate our values. In the end, this is the research that will matter because it is truly participatory.

I think the hardness and tensions of this research means that the journey did matter – that my presence in an Aboriginal community mattered to them and their presence in my life mattered to me. This claim is not something that scientists report

in standard accountability documents to granting agencies. But it is important precisely because it is hard to detect. That I struggled to build partnerships and felt tensions are all evidence of an impact. Like a canoe struggling to move through water, the waves generated a ripple through the water and are felt by all things on the water.

From my experiences, I have but one simple recommendation for any White researcher embarking on a research project – a searching journey – with an Aboriginal community. If it proceeds smoothly and easily, with clear and well defined publishable results, then consider whether this journey will actually make a difference. If, on the other hand, the results are hard and the journey is filled with tensions, then take hope that the journey is actually making a difference.

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three poems by Jake Reichert

Anticipation

c. 1988 Portage P
lace eatery "He
was a rat!" sez
dark eye lash
of Greek twin n^o one
Pale and alon
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quinned cowboy ha
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"He deser
ved what he got," sez
she.
Blackie's arm
pressed mome
ntarily, eyes so clear
A pinch just
below the diaph

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in the corridor, folding

into the warm
belly b
etween the doors, the h
umming lights and the un
swept cement.

We All Get There Eventually

those big american ladies
always tipped best

*

my throat too straight to stay steady
i remember he looked suddenly hurt
some hot cane
field across his brow.
so youre gonna be a daddy
he said, & the silver tooth grin
slipped back as quick.
milton. now in some winnipeg hospital
just stubs where his legs once were
11 years old in the bushes above the road
first tasted that fruit with 16 year old beatrice
on the slopes of trinidad.
they used to call him trini when he was
working in the u. s. virgins
yet when he came to canada, too small
to work in the transcona yards
a slicked back smile
in a teenager's job gettin
old and alcoholic, & eyes
yellowed from the sun
or the smoke. little capuchin
too long on a string.
drunk in the sutherland
every day at 4 oclock. green
canadian kid can t do that. far
from home as Santo Domingo

*

clot in the leg something like that
says old glenroy

doctor did im wrong he says
you dont leave it like that.
miserable.
more than usual even
i ll go see him tomorrow probably
says glenroy,
his kids won t go

*

remember that adorable boy
who went up the tree to
get us a coconut, up
like it was easy as walking
body lithe and brown?

*

a few chops and it crashes on the ground
quite by their feet, its meat
tender, sweet

REVIEWS

John Butler

Vikram Chandra, *Sacred Games*. Harper Collins, 2007.



Vikram Chandra

Rather like life itself

Vikram Chandra is an Indian novelist who has won, amongst other awards, the Commonwealth Writers' Prize for Best First Book (*Red Earth and Pouring Rain*) and the same prize for Best Book (Europe and South

Asia Region) with his collection of stories, *Love and Longing in Bombay*. This book was shortlisted for yet another Commonwealth Prize. Like his compatriot Vikram Seth, Chandra seems to get his name on a prize-list whenever he sets pen to paper, and this huge, sprawling novel (947 pages) of Mumbai (Bombay) has been no exception.

Enormous books like this one are very difficult to review, because they involve multiple plots, a teeming cast of characters, and almost unmanageable thematic material, most of which cannot be conveniently summed up and revived in a set number of paragraphs. *Sacred Games* is a kind of crime fiction novel on one level, but it also encompasses a satirical look at Bollywood, the Mumbai underworld, spies, terrorists, prostitutes, and strange religious cults, all interwoven with the lives of people ranging from the highly-privileged to Mumbai street-people barely eking out a living. Violence is everywhere, but so is tenderness and compassion, as the extremely flawed characters Chandra creates move in and out of each other's lives, some wreaking havoc, others bringing love, still others both. The reader can almost smell Mumbai-- there are

many descriptions of food in this book, but curry isn't all one can smell, for there is blood, semen, perfume and excrement all around, as well. Chandra's book makes even a rather good novel like Vikas Swarup's *Q and A* (perhaps better-known as *Slumdog Millionaires*) look almost tame and genteel as a look at urban life in contemporary India. By the time the reader gets through this one, exhaustion may have set in, but so has a sense of exhilaration, and *Sacred Games*. Rather like *War and Peace* (and definitely not like *Gone with the Wind*), is the kind of door-stopping book to which a reader can return and always find some new treasure missed the first time around; in terms of Indian novels of the same size (and there seem to be quite a few), it's up there with Seth's *A Suitable Boy* or Rohinton Mistry's *A Fine Balance*, both of which are over six hundred pages long and which both amply repay return visits.

Chandra anchors the plot around two characters on opposite ends of the moral scale, although it's fair to say that Mumbai itself is the main character and anchor in the book. One is Inspector Sartaj Singh, who first appeared as a character in *Love and Longing in Bombay*, and with whom Chandra, as he himself states in one of the useful appendices, "I still had the sense that I had unfinished business." The other is Ganesh Gaitonde, a Bombay *bhai* (gangster), who has been busy carving himself out an empire in the underworld, and whom Sartaj Singh and his men, at the beginning of the book, finally entrap. Gaitonde commits suicide in his private bunker, and then tells his story to Sartaj, occasionally even addressing him in person as a voice from the "other side." The novel is one enormous flashback of Gaitonde's flamboyant and dangerous life,

narrated side-by-side with Sartaj Singh's day-to-day existence as he solves the mystery of who Ganesh Gaitonde actually was. Through this interesting technique, in which so much is narrated by a man already dead, we meet dozens of characters passing through the lives of both Sartaj and Gaitonde. The one problem with the narrative is that a reader might be confused by the plodding nature of Sartaj's investigation (reality) and Gaitonde's almost unbelievably inflated self-aggrandisement, which borders on the surreal at times, and simply seems unbelievable at others. Sometimes Chandra can't make up his mind whether this novel is a detective story, a fantasy, or some kind of Indian "magic realism," especially when Gaitonde's guru, Swami Shukla, gets involved. Then, of course, it's a love story between Sartaj and Mary Mascarenas, the sister of the woman found dead with Gaitonde, not to mention Gaitonde's own marriages and affairs, most notably with the film-star Jamila, but also with a host of other women.

Gaitonde, of course, is the character whom readers most remember, because it's really his story which takes up most of the book, although much of it is uncovered by Sartaj's detective work. Gaitonde is by turns violent, funny, manipulative, tragic, sympathetic and thoroughly unlikeable. He kills people without remorse, or gets one of his henchmen to do it for him. He has an unexpected spiritual side, and we have no reason to suspect that his relationship with Swami Shukla is anything more than genuine. But Gaitonde is, in the end, a rather empty ego; everything he does is an assertion of his power as a *bhai*, and his ultimate achievement is making a Bollywood film that is, in many ways, about himself. He has a critic's legs

broken for writing an unfavourable review, and he brooks no opposition to his suggestions about how the film should be made. Gaitonde creates himself as a great and feared underworld figure, but he is really a frightened little slumdog at heart, as his emotional dependence on women like Jojo (Mary's sister) shows, as does his preoccupation with his penis size. In his own world Gaitonde is the great *bhai*, but in the larger world he is really nothing. Chandra's skill in depicting this complex and oddly sympathetic character is never in doubt, and the reader remains fascinated by Gaitonde throughout the book, as does his nemesis, Sartaj. And Chandra knows his man-- he

spent time actually meeting and interviewing some of the real *bhais* and discovered that their world, as he puts it, “was not really an “underworld” but the world that all of us shared,” and then “from the *bhais* and Sartaj Singh, I was led into show business, politics, international espionage, and the unnoticed bravery of common people attempting to live with dignity.” This statement explains why this novel is nine hundred and forty-seven pages long; Chandra weaves all these strands together as they flow around and into each other, and the result is compelling, repellent, fascinating and funny all at the same time, rather like life itself.

Sue Matheson

Woodman, David C. *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony*. Montreal/Kingston: McGill Queens University Press, 1991.

No solution in sight: the Franklin Mystery continues to mystify

My next review will deal with a more current publication, because I just couldn't pass up the opportunity to read David C. Woodman's *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony for the quint*—especially after watching Charles Dickens' grandson apologise to Nunavut MLA Tagak Curley, an Inuit oral historian who challenged the claims made by Dickens and Lady Franklin blaming the Inuit for the cannibalism which seems to have taken place at the end of the Franklin

expedition in NFB's award-winning *Passages*. *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony* is a book that I've been wanting to read since I first learned about the ill-fated voyages to the Arctic by the Erebus and the Terror in the mid-nineteenth century. After all, this text is the closest thing to the horse's mouth when it comes to understanding what must have happened to Franklin and his men. After all, the Inuit were witnesses to the Franklin mystery. As the narrative's handsome jacket announces, among the many authors who have attempted to reconstruct the tragedy of Franklin and his men, Woodman was the first to recognize the importance of Inuit testimony handed down from one generation

to the next. From his investigations, the jacket states, Woodman concludes that the Inuit probably did visit Franklin's ships while the crew was still on board and that some actually saw the sinking of one of the ships. He maintains that fewer than ten bodies were found at Starvation Cove and that the last survivors left the cove in 1851, three years after the standard account assumes them to be dead. Surely, I thought this is the book to close the Franklin mystery for me once and for all. Unfortunately, Woodman's book had exactly the opposite effect. It has only served to exacerbate my curiosity.

As Woodman himself takes great pains to point out, the Inuit accounts of meeting Franklin and his men and of witnessing their slow unpleasant endings are, regrettably, highly unreliable. Often two or three or four generations pass before the stories are transmitted to researchers attempting to piece the puzzle together. Individual memories have been proven to be faulty. Interpreters were often incompetent and researchers tended to ask the Inuit leading questions. The result of conflicting contemporary accounts and historical inaccuracies has created a mare's nest that can only be untangled, as Woodman himself notes, if one or both of the wrecks ships are found, and found to contain valuable evidence or if some future explorer uncovers an overlooked cairn or stumbles upon Baynes's "vaults." Such events could happen. As Woodman notes, in 1973, a perfectly legible note was recovered from a cairn in the interior of Cornwallis Island which had been deposited by Commander Phillips in June 1851. And even more remarkably, a letter written by Willem Berents, the Dutch explorer who spent the winter of 1595 at Ice Haven on Novaya Zemlya, was recovered intact in 1871,

276 years later. Unfortunately, it seems that we may indeed have to wait another 176 years before any documents like these are brought to light regarding Franklin and his crew. Perhaps it is just as well—I can't imagine such a document to be happy reading. At best it would be like the text which I am presently reviewing: a fascinating, frustrating reading because poor John Franklin or his remains is not around to attest to its accuracy.

Perhaps it is because it is impossible to have the last word about the fate of Franklin and his crew, I find myself recommending *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony*, but don't expect to learn much about the locations of the watery graves of Franklin's ships or why 105 men carefully and inexplicably prepared themselves for a long, long walk through the snow, left their vessel the day before Easter, and dragged heavy packs (and stoves) across the tundra. Evidence abounds that they left behind enough food to feed them comfortably for at least a year and a mountain of warm clothing. Human beings often act strangely. As a reminder of how people, especially Arctic explorers, can behave irrationally, *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony* takes the cake. I had always thought Franklin's crew had spent their final days wandering around in circles, foaming at the mouth from lead poisoning, occasionally stopping to eat someone who had dropped dead, and then running about on all fours. They were, I thought, very very hungry, completely crazy individuals who had left the safety of their ship after eating the last can of beans available and best avoided. This, however, was evidently not the case. These men had had so much time to prepare for their journey that they had been able to manufacture snow

goggles, but they had left what I would consider in their place to be their biggest asset, their groceries, behind. Go figure.

Woodman suggests that contemporary accounts seem to point to scurvy combined with lead poisoning as the culprit which may have been responsible for such irrational behavior--however the crew had left behind large caches of vegetables and kegs and kegs of lime juice. What in the world could have happened to make them abandon their shelter and food in April and take their chances on land? Personally, I detest being cold and I dislike being hungry. And I certainly can't imagine anything worse than being very cold and very hungry at the same time. Could the crew and officers have succumbed to typhus? An outbreak of scarlet fever? Diphtheria? The Avian Flu? H1N1? If this expedition had returned home, it would have been distinguished by the fact that more of its members had died than any other Arctic expedition even before it had become lodged in the icy embrace of the polar seas. Whatever had driven Franklin's crew ashore in the snow had to be something so nasty and so lethal that the Arctic became a more desirable place than the ship in which they had lived for over two years.

Perhaps the most fascinating and frustrating thing about this book is Woodman's excellent, exacting and exhaustive research into his subject. The maps, figures, tables and appendices present a plethora of information from the Inuit which point to a myriad of possibilities. His placements of photographs of the officers of the expedition at the before his readers encounter the accounts of their tragedy evoke sympathy and concern: especially the picture of Franklin

who it seems was not happy with his picture as he was suffering from a bad cold the day it was taken. Crozier, Fitzjames and Reid are all shown looking cheerful, fit and in robust good health before their voyage North and the horrible hike that ensued. It is difficult to image the rather meaty image of Lieutenant Le Vesconte becoming the skeleton recovered from Set-tu-me-nin by Charles Francis Hall who lived with the Inuit for five years. Imagine being identified by dental forensics in the nineteenth century. The lucky Vesconte ended up in a marked grave because of a gold tooth plug.

Throughout *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony*, the Inuit prove themselves to be an eminently sensible people in what must have been a very awkward and distressing situation, helping individuals when they could and avoiding men whose behavior was unacceptable. Charles Dickens certainly did owe the Inuit an apology. I find it hard to believe I would have been as tolerant in their situation. If you have always been interested in learning more about the compelling and confusing tragedy of the crews of the Erebus and Terror and haven't had the opportunity to read *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony*, it is well worth taking home from the bookstore. You may not find a straightforward solution to the riddle of Franklin's ill-fated voyage but no matter how bad things may seem to be, *Unravelling The Franklin Mystery: Inuit Testimony* will put the world back into perspective. Drinking a hot cup of tea and a roaring fire, it is a comfortable thing to reflect how things could be worse. One could always be John Franklin. Or F.R.M. Crozier.

John Butler

Ivan Turgenev, *Fathers and Sons*. Translated by Peter Carson, with an Introduction by Rosamund Bartlett and an Afterword by Tatyana Tolstaya. Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 2009.

A sensitive translation of a Turgenev novel for teens

This novel has been translated into English many times since it first appeared in 1862, and remains one of Turgenev's most popular novels today, for its accessibility (it's only 200 pages long, as compared to door-stopping Russian novels such as *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina* or *The Brothers Karamazov*), and for its overriding theme, the generation-gap, which will always remain current. Tatyana Tolstaya, a relative of the great novelist, tells us in her afterword that *Fathers and Sons* is "loved by teenagers (although the majority of teenagers hate literature, even the classics)," and it is easy to see why, as the novel can be read simply as a clash between two generations of Russians, each equally stubborn in holding on to their ideas, and equally convinced that they have the answers to all of life's questions. The narrative voice remains completely objective throughout the novel, as if Turgenev wanted his readers to sympathise with the arguments on both sides, yet at the same time realising that the old must give way to the new, which will of course itself be old when the next generation comes around. This wonderful new translation by Peter Carson preserves the elegance of Turgenev's language, whilst at the same time conveying the sense that this novel was about modern Russia and the clash, or rather stand-

off, between the new intelligensia of the mid-nineteenth century and the old aristocratic



Turgenev by Repin

class, which was to be exacerbated by Tsar Alexander II's liberation of the serfs, which had begun in 1859, thus placing Turgenev's novel right in the middle of the social and political upheavals which marked the reign of the ill-fated "Tsar-Liberator," yet just before the actual emancipation came into force.

Turgenev's novel isn't really about politics; it's about people, for with this writer the human always eclipses the didactic or the political. Turgenev presents an impressionable young man, Arkady Kirsanov, who has come firmly under the influence of his friend, a medical student named Yevgeny Bazarov, a self-proclaimed nihilist, who states simply, when asked for clarification: "I've already told you I don't believe in anything." This statement sparks enmity between Bazarov and Arkady's uncle, the Francophile, cultured Pavel Petrovich, who supports aristocratic values and eventually ends up fighting a duel with Bazarov in which he gets wounded. Meanwhile Arkady finds that Bazarov's rather rude, abrupt and direct attitude, which contrasts with the cultured circumlocution of Pavel Petrovich, serves only to highlight his own differences with his father and uncle. Arkady becomes a mouthpiece for Bazarov, even a "disciple," alienating himself from his father's generation without really thinking through his position, and by the end of the novel marrying the right girl and becoming almost conventional.

Fathers and Sons is, of course, about Bazarov and what he stands for, and Turgenev's difficult task was to create a character who didn't simply embody an ideology, but who came across as a living, breathing human being, and in this he succeeds completely. Bazarov is even ruder to his own parents than he is to Pavel Petrovich and fails miserably as a lover. He rejects aesthetic values as being frivolous, as art can only be significant when it rails against injustice or depicts oppression and suffering, thus arousing sympathetic emotions in readers and viewers. The only learning of any importance was the natural sciences, hence

Bazarov's profession as a would-be doctor; mastering the laws of nature was the paramount end of education, and overthrowing the old hierarchies, which stood in the way of progress, was the nihilist's contribution to human happiness. All this, in the hands of a novelist without Turgenev's genius, could make for a very dull character, a wooden mouthpiece dutifully generating the usual clichés about oppression and freedom, but Bazarov is as far from this as Turgenev can make him. Psychologically, Bazarov comes across as a man who is desperately hiding his tender and sensitive heart under a harsh exterior; a man who wishes to spend his life healing others cannot be forever impervious to human emotions, and Bazarov discovers this when he falls in love, a situation which he finds most unsuitable, as it's very difficult to be a nihilist in love without contradicting oneself over and over again. It is a great credit to Turgenev's skill as a novelist that he pulls off the creation of his hero, and Bazarov emerges as an engaging, sympathetic and ultimately tragic character, although many critics at the time thought that Turgenev was either attacking the nobility or trivialising the new generation. What could be said was that he believed the nobility as he saw it had no natural or moral right to direct the way society ran and that their outlook would retard the development of Russia as an emerging European state. They would need to listen to new ideas or be doomed to irrelevance. As for the younger generation, the rejection of what some called the "finer things" in life was to reject what was essentially human and that some compromise was necessary on their side, too, if they wanted to include in their movement people outside their own circles. Turgenev himself was no nihilist, but he was

revolutionary enough to create a nihilist who did not live up to the stereotype; one cannot imagine Bazarov as a wild-eyed, bomb-throwing fanatic or even living in exile writing inflammatory pamphlets advocating the overthrow of the Tsar.

Turgenev also understands the older generation, who are in their forties and fifties, because he is their age (he was born in 1818), belonged to the landowning class and was European-educated; after 1856 he lived mostly abroad, thus avoiding the controversy his writings caused whilst becoming the first Russian writer to gain a European reputation. He depicts the older generation as idealists and aesthetes who lack a realistic view of the world, which is one of the main criticisms Bazarov directs against both his own parents and people like Pavel Petrovich. None of the older generation, according to Bazarov, had the energy, will-power or even intelligence to either see that change was coming, let alone make changes happen “My entire tale,” Turgenev wrote to his publisher Sluchevsky, “is directed against the nobility as the leading class,” as Rosamund Bartlett tells us in her useful introduction to the novel. Yet Arkady's father and both of Bazarov's parents are depicted as kindly people who clearly love their children, but in the end fail to understand them. Bazarov's parents are particularly doting; they worship their son and put up with his rudeness towards them, repaying it with love and devotion, which he routinely rejects until the day he dies. The ending of *Fathers and Sons* poignantly captures both the sadness of Bazarov's ageing parents as they visit his grave and highlights their almost complete lack of understanding as to who their son was and what he stood for.

Contemporary readers will, of course, recognise the “generation gap” theme in this novel, but Turgenev wants to get beyond that. Both Bazarov's parents and Arkady's father (to a lesser extent) have a great deal of unconditional love for their sons, even if they utterly fail to understand them. In the case of Bazarov, the tragedy is theirs as well as his; Bazarov does not live to accomplish his goals, and his parents lose, well, everything that mattered to them. Turgenev seems to say that love is actually not enough-- parents should look at other aspects of their children, and the children in turn should not shut them out when they disagree. A lot of bathwater got thrown out in the years immediately preceding the Russian Revolution of 1917, but amidst the turmoil Turgenev is suggesting that we have a care for the babies that are in it.

The translation reads naturally, which is as it should be, because Turgenev is a naturalistic writer. Moreover, Carson scrupulously avoids any slangy terms or modern colloquialisms that would have been completely anachronistic in a nineteenth-century novel; I have seen too many translations which employ language that would have been unrecognisable to their original readers. Carter strikes a good balance between the language of 1862 and of 2009, and never forgets that whilst *Fathers and Sons* indeed has contemporary resonance, it can resonate very well and still remain a novel of its own times. Turgenev was lucky to have found such a sensitive translator; this book should take its place alongside the wonderful new version by Anthony Briggs of *War and Peace* (also published by Penguin Books) and other Russian classics.

two poems by Nakamura Hisami

On a Snowy Night

Oh snow, do you know
That your absence arouses a yearning
And your presence causes a delight
But too much makes people disinterested
And lingering too long you will be hated

Whether you know or do not know
Falling and thickening snow, snow, snow
Absolutely white and without sound
Covering the world in snow, snow, snow

Burdened with the contradiction of being
You resemble love

The Night of the Soul

The music descends from the sky
Upon the silent night
The poet in the portrait
Commences his say

Deep deep down
At the bottom of silence
There flickers of a sudden
Transparent blue light

A world without words
Nor are there bodies
The inside envelopes the outside
And the outside penetrates the inside

When through the dark red space of Chagall
The soul and the soul drift upwards

gallery *quint*

Delaine Carlson



I have always been an artist and think everyone is in one way or another. I've tried various types of art including writing, acrylic, pastel, silk screening, ink drawing, photography, and now watercolour. I am, for the most part, a self-taught artist. With books to study, a love of the outdoors, and gentle instruction from friends and fellow artists, I've taken the leap from artwork hanging in my hallway to public display.

My parents, children, husband, and friends have always been a strong presence to lean on. Their interests, stories, thoughts, photos and happenings of everyday life are all inspiring. I am still learning to work with watercolour, and have painted a variety of subjects, with people becoming the favorite. I hope you find something here that makes you smile or touches you in some way.



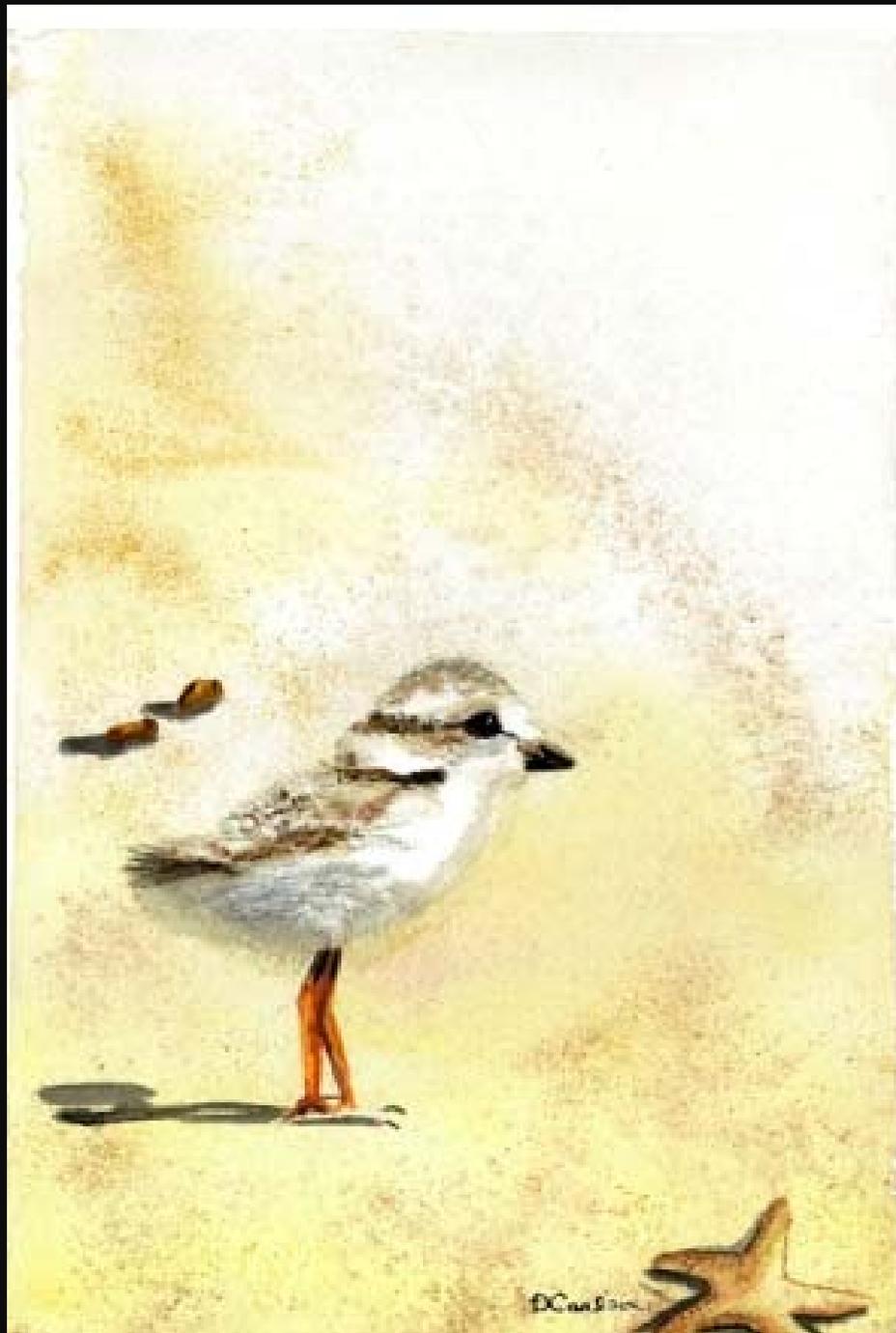
Sailing Home



Ducks



Ever Watchful



Baby Plover



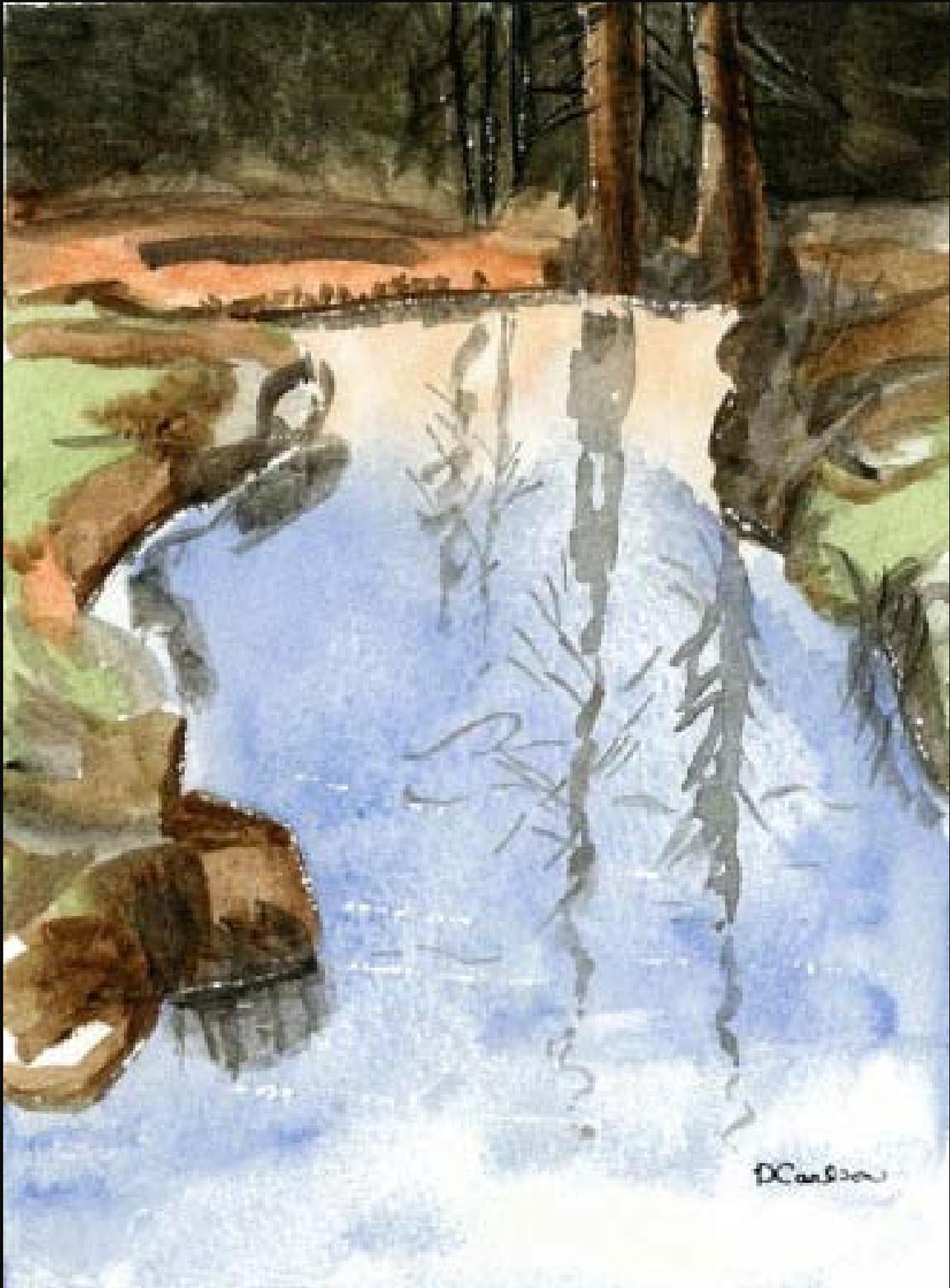
Plover



Elk in snow



Storm Warning

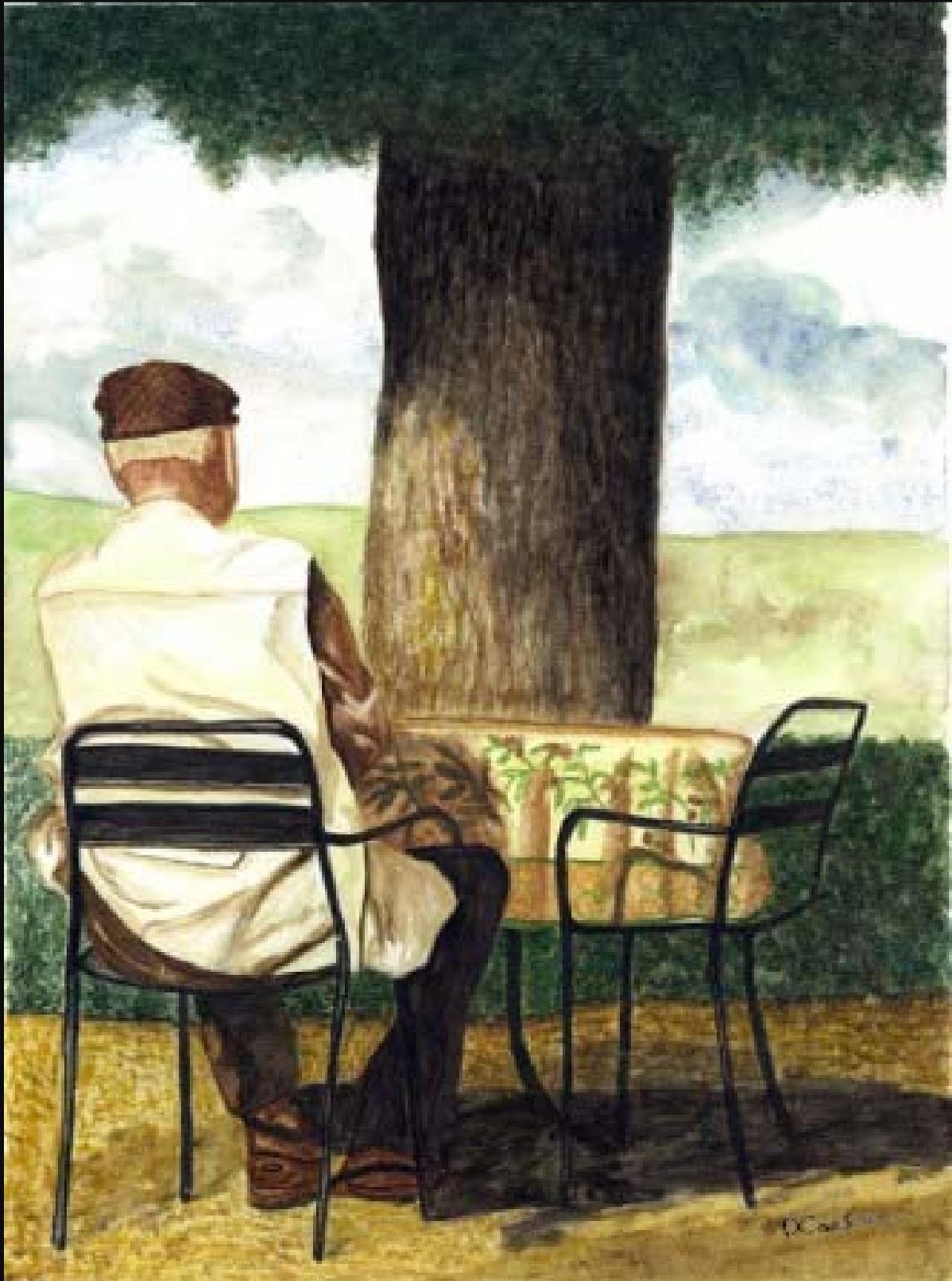


Forest stream



DC Creative

Jessica



Evening meal

Delaine Carlson

Photography



You don't take a photograph. You make it. — Ansel Adams



Nature's art



Another rock



Evening meal



Even as the sun goes down



From the porch



Green bug



My sister's yard



My sister's yard 2



Forest floor



From stormy seas



Habitaton



Jewel bug



Into the wind



My Yard



Hiding spot



Work to be done



Ocean treasure



Snowshoe reprieve

CONTRIBUTORS

An associate professor of the Faculty of Education at the University of Winnipeg, Paul Betts lives and works in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Joe Blades lives in Fredericton, NB, Canada. On the editorial board of *revue ellipse mag*, he is Vice President–Membership Chair of the League of Canadian Poets, producer–host of the *Ashes, Paper & Beans* radio program, and founding publisher of the independent 25-year-old Broken Jaw Press. The author of seven poetry books, including *Cover Makes a Set* (1990), *River Suite* (1998), *from the book that doesn't close* (2008), *Prison Songs and Storefront Poetry* (2010) and the forthcoming *Casemate Poems (Collected)*. Two of his books were translated and published in Serbian editions in 2005. Visit www.joeblades.com + brokenjoe.blogspot.com.

Formerly a professor of British Studies at Chiba University, Tokyo, John Butler is an associate professor of Humanities at University College of the North. He and his wife Sylvia live in The Pas with their 2 cats.

Painter and photographer, Delaine Carlson grew up in Lake Echo, just outside of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Delaine, who has travelled “a bit” and lived in Labrador, Saskatchewan, and the U.S. She is now settled in Berwick, Nova Scotia, with her husband and daughter, who is the last of four children still living at home.

Formerly an assistant professor at University College of the North, David King is an independent scholar who lives and works in Ontario and Iqualuit.

Sue Matheson is a twentieth century generalist who teaches literature and film studies at the University College of the North. Her interest in cultural failure has become the base of her research: currently, Sue specializes in popular American thought and culture, Children’s Literature, and North American film.

Garry Thomas Morse has had two books of poetry published by LINEbooks, *Transversals for Orpheus* (2006) and *Streams* (2007), and one collection of fiction, *Death in Vancouver* (2009) published by Talonbooks. His current book of poetry, *After Jack* (2010), is also available from Talonbooks. Grounded in the work of Arthur Rimbaud, Ezra Pound, Jack Spicer, Rainer Maria Rilke and his Native oral traditions, his work has been featured in a variety of publications, including *Canadian Literature*, *The Capilano Review*, *dANDelion*, *filling Station*, *memewar*, *The Vancouver Review* and *West Coast Line*. Morse is the recipient of the 2008 City of Vancouver Mayor’s Arts Award for Emerging Artist and has twice been selected as runner-up for the Robert Kroetsch Award for Innovative Poetry.

Discovery Passages, his collection of poetry about the Kwakwaka'wakw, will be available from Talonbooks in 2011.

Nakamura Hisami is a lecturer at Chuo University in Tokyo. She has published papers on W B Yeats and Oscar Wilde, as well as co-authoring interdisciplinary papers on the art of Katsushika Hokusai and on the history of tsunami. She now lives in Yokohama.

When he is not busy studying at University College of the North, Jake Reichert works, and writes poetry in The Pas, Manitoba.

Mark Sampson has published one novel, entitled *Off Book* (Norwood Publishing, Halifax NS, 2007) and a number of short stories and poems in literary journals across Canada, including *Pottersfield Portfolio*, *paperplates* and *The Frequent & Vigorous Quarterly*. Born and raised on Prince Edward Island, he holds a master's degree in English (creative writing) from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg as well as a journalism degree from the University of King's College in Halifax. He currently lives and writes in Toronto.

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Call for papers

the quint's ninth issue (December 2010) is issuing an open call for papers on any topic that interests writers. 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 November 10th, 2010—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 ytrainer@ucn.ca; articles and reviews jbutler@ucn.ca; art smatheson@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.

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