

ENGL 215 Live Chat 3b



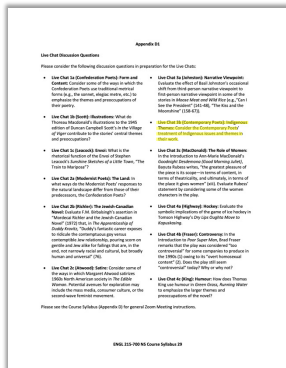
Zoom Meeting Information

- Zoom Meetings are about 60 minutes in length.
- Zoom Meetings are recorded.
- Recordings and PowerPoint presentations are posted on onQ (under “Activities” > “Zoom Meetings”).
- Participate in the discussion by using the “Chat” window or by raising your hand in “Reactions.”
- Your camera may be on or off.

ENGL 215 Zoom Meetings

Weeks 1-3	Live Chat 1a Confederation Poets	Live Chat 1b Duncan Campbell Scott	Live Chat 1c Stephen Leacock
Weeks 4-6	Live Chat 2a Modernist Poets	Live Chat 2b Mordecai Richler	Live Chat 2c Margaret Atwood
Weeks 7-9	Live Chat 3a Basil Johnston	Live Chat 3b Contemporary Poets	Live Chat 3c Ann-Marie MacDonald
Weeks 10-12	Live Chat 4a Tomson Highway	Live Chat 4b Brad Fraser	Live Chat 4c Thomas King

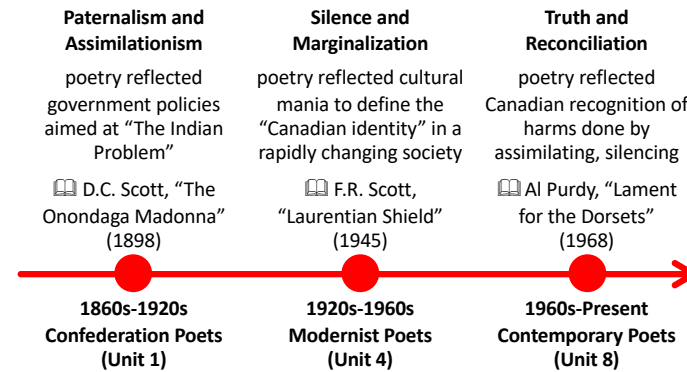
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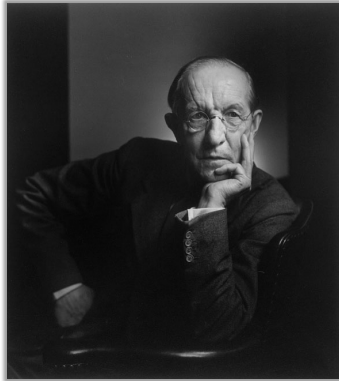
Appendix D1

- **Indigenous Themes:** Consider the Contemporary Poets’ treatment of Indigenous issues and themes in their work.

Indigenous Issues and Themes in Canadian Poetry



📖 D.C. Scott, “The Onondaga Madonna”



I want to get rid of the Indian problem. I do not think as a matter of fact, that this country ought to continually protect a class of people who are able to stand alone. That is my whole point. Our object is to continue until there is not a single Indian in Canada that has not been absorbed into the body politic, and there is no Indian question, and no Indian department, that is the whole object of this Bill.

Duncan Campbell Scott. 1920

📖 D.C. Scott, “The Onondaga Madonna”

In 2008 ... Canada launched the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. This Commission was intended not only to bring the voices of [residential school] Survivors forward, but to fundamentally shift the national narrative away from a culture of domination and oppression and towards a culture of respect, reciprocity, and understanding.... As a nation, the opportunity for Canada now is ... to become the nation that it has always been—a nation of many rich traditions, identities, and systems coming together to find solutions to many of the deep-seated social tensions and challenges we face as a collective society.... Reconciliation in this regard means arresting the attacks on Indigenous ways of knowing and being, and working from this day forward in a spirit of mutual respect and understanding. (60-61)

Ry Morgan. Introduction. “Truth and Reconciliation.” *Indigenous Peoples Atlas of Canada*. Canadian Geographic, 2018

📖 D.C. Scott, “The Onondaga Madonna”

She stands full-throated and with careless pose,
This woman of a weird and waning race,
The tragic savage lurking in her face,
Where all her pagan passion burns and glows. (1-4)

Her blood is mingled with her ancient foes,
And thrills with war and wildness in her veins;
Her rebel lips are dabbled with the stains
Of feuds and forays and her father’s woes. (5-8)

And closer in the shawl about her breast,
The latest promise of her nation’s doom,
Paler than she her baby clings and lies,
The primal warrior gleaming from his eyes;
He sulks, and burdened with his infant gloom,
He draws his heavy brows and will not rest. (9-14) (Lecker, ed. 106)

📖 F.R. Scott, “Laurentian Shield”



[T]he Laurentian country was wonderful, open, empty, vast, and speaking a kind of eternal language in its mountains, rivers, and lakes. I knew that these were the oldest mountains in the world, and that their rounded valleys and peaks were the result of long submersion under continents of ice. Geologic time made ancient civilizations seem but yesterday’s picnic. (44)

F.R. Scott. “The Poet in Québec Today.” 1963

📖 F.R. Scott, “Laurentian Shield”

Hidden in wonder and snow, or sudden with summer,
This land stares at the sun in a huge silence
Endlessly repeating something we cannot hear.
Inarticulate, arctic,
Not written on by history, empty as paper,
It leans away from the world with songs in its lakes
Older than love, and lost in the miles. (1-7)

The first cry was the hunter, hungry for fur,
And the digger for gold, nomad, no-man, a particle;
Then the bold commands of monopolies, big with machines,
Carving their kingdoms out of the public wealth;
And now the drone of the plane, scouting the ice,
Fills all the emptiness with neighbourhood
And links our future over the vanished pole. (18-24) (Lecker, ed. 151-52)

📖 Purdy, “Lament for the Dorsets”



... by the middle of the fourteenth century [the Dorset people] were no longer. They had never developed the technology of using dogs in the seal hunt, and the quicker tribes who invaded their hunting grounds soon froze the Dorsets out.... It all happened so quickly, and the Dorsets were so slow, that they no more sensed their own lack of a future than we, ours. (20)

Dennis Duffy. “In Defence of North America: The Past in the Poetry of Alfred Purdy.” *Journal of Canadian Studies*, vol. 6, no. 2, 1971, pp. 17-27.

📖 F.R. Scott, “Laurentian Shield”

Canada’s indigenous peoples are conspicuously absent. In the process of centring himself, the self-styled pioneering artist either marginalizes native people or renders them altogether invisible.... Most striking in Scott’s poem ... [is that it] concentrates not so much on the colonized at the hands of the colonizer, but on the experience the recolonizer enjoys at the expense of the twice-colonized. There is little awareness of the colonialist’s own colonization of indigenous peoples, virtually no guilt at rendering entire cultures invisible through the heroic act of naming a found land. (4-5)

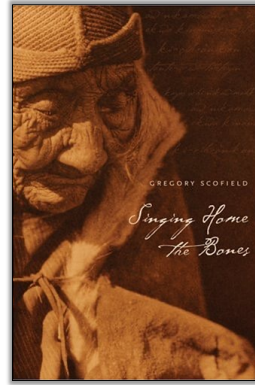
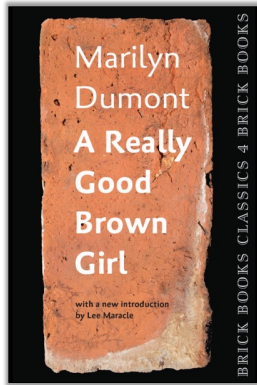
Gary Boire. “Canadian (Tw)ink: Surviving the White-Outs.” *Essays on Canadian Writing*, no. 35, 1987, pp. 1-16.

📖 Purdy, “Lament for the Dorsets”

and the puzzled Dorsets scratched their heads
with hairy thumbs around 1350 AD
—couldn’t figure it out
went around saying to each other
plaintively
“What’s wrong? What happened?
Where are the seals gone?”
And died (22-29)

Let’s say his name was Kudluk
and watch him sitting there
carving 2-inch ivory swans
for a dead grand-daughter
taking them out of his mind
the places in his mind
where pictures are (51-57) (Lecker, ed. 265-66)

Marilyn Dumont and Gregory Scofield



Dumont, “The Devil’s Language”

I grew up in the fifties in small, redneck town Alberta where there were few “real” Indians, meaning the Indians that were in the Calgary Stampede parade or in John Wayne movies. Even though both my parents were Métis—from a long line of Métis who spoke Cree, who hunted and trapped—who maintained ties with Métis culture, I never knew where I fit in the stratification of the Aboriginal community. What I realized when I went to Mount Royal College or the University of Calgary, as I began to make friends with other Indigenous students from reserves, was that the lifestyle I grew up in was more traditional than many and this was in part because we were not living on a reserve or settlement. Unfortunately, my parents wanted us to learn English better than Cree. We did and lost our language.

Marilyn Dumont. “Interview with Marilyn Dumont.” With Margery Fee. 2014. *Canadian Literature*. 2016.

Dumont, “The Devil’s Language”



its
lily white words
its picket fence sentences
and manicured paragraphs (7-9)

a mad Indian
unpredictable
on the war path
[of] native ethnic protest (12-15)

how many of you speak Cree?
correct Cree not correct English
grammatically correct Cree
is there one? (26-29)

back(words)
back to your mother’s sound, your
mother’s tongue, your mother’s
language
back to that clearing in the bush
in the tall black spruce (37-40)
(Lecker, ed. 587-88)

Scofield, “Women Who Forgot the Taste of Limes”

I recently went on a reading tour in Manitoba with seven other First Nations writers to promote awareness and appreciation of aboriginal literature.... When the tour ended in Winnipeg, I visited the Exchange District’s antique stores.... I spoke to one store’s owners [and] ... asked them to call me a taxi. They grew silent, looking at me like I’d said something terribly wrong. One of the women ... cleared her throat: “You may want to reconsider that. The Indians around here use taxis like public transit. They’re *really dirty*.” ... I felt as if I’d been slapped.... I left the store in a daze, hating myself for appearing weak, for not speaking up. I wandered the streets back to my hotel ... considering the generations of my family who had helped to create this province and this country. On the corner of Portage and Main, I saw an old half-breed woman holding a bag of bones. From her bag she withdrew her finger and said, “ni-châpanis [my ancestor], take this and make good medicine.” (102-03)

Gregory Scofield. “Notes on the Poems.” *Singing in the Bones*. Vancouver: Raincoast, 2005. 102-09.

 **Scotfield, “Women Who Forgot
the Taste of Limes”**

ni-châpan [my ancestor], if I take ki-cihcânikan [your fingerbone],
press it to their lips,
will they remember the taste of limes,
sea-salt bled into their grandfathers’ skin? (1-4)

the city is made of blood, wîni [bone marrow]
stains their grandmothers’ aprons,
swims deep in the flesh, a grave of history,
a dry bone song. (17-20)

the city is made of blood, wîni [bone marrow]
stains their grandmothers’ aprons,
swims deep in the flesh, a grave of history,
a dry bone song. (31-35) (Lecker, ed. 671-72)

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