

**1 "Where is here?" and "Where are our ghosts?"**  
**An exploration of both questions**  
**from a Jungian, psychological perspective.**  
**An Exploration of Selected Canadian Poetry and Fiction.**  
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(Red footnote-numbers denote slides)

These two questions, that form a scaffold for my paper, are closely connected.

Forgive me if I begin with personal anecdote.

In 1964 I left the University of London and came to Alberta. I worked with Peigan indigenous people in a hospital in a one-horse town on the Alberta/US border while finishing my graduate thesis. I provided a foster home for a homeless Peigan youth through whom I learned first-hand much about the enclosure system and the Pikani people. I watched a native couple leave the hospital with a cardboard Campbell soup box, to hitchhike back to the reservation with their dead baby. **2**

The next year, in my first position at the University of Calgary, I climbed my first Canadian mountain, **3** Mount Rundle, in Cree, Waskahigan Watchi (House Mountain). My companions were two philosophers, one Hungarian, one American; a Polish economist; a South African mathematician; and an Austrian humanities student. The student and I spent the night before the dawn-climb sleeping under the pines at the foot of the mountain, utterly bewitched by the pine's all night whispering. These were for me founding experiences in Canada, images that took residence in my soul. The Academy and the Reservation and the splendour of wilderness!

I enjoy the *The Xenophobe's Guide to the Planet* series. **4** With generous humour one describes this second largest country in the world, with six time

zones, bordered by three oceans and the largest coastline in the world. It claims that most other countries would fit several times into one of its provinces.

Pierre Trudeau claimed that being next to USA is like "being in bed with an elephant, one can sleep, but very lightly". It is said that the only thing all Canadians agree on in relation to their identity, is that "we are not Americans!" In a competition to complete the comparison "As Canadian as ..." the winning entry was: "as Canadian as possible under the circumstances". It is suggested that two major things defining Canada are its Geography and its Weather. The guide insists: "If some countries have too much history, Canada has too much geography." More seriously Mackenzie King thought that "Canadians are a disparate lot, huge country created by volunteers from every other nation and consequently none too sure of what it is itself." My Guide claims that Canadian optimism culminates in the realization that "at least there are no flies today." More seriously, in 1945 Hugh McLennan has his main character, Paul, reflect:

No world trends begin here. ... everything that makes the world what it is --- fascism, communism, big business and depressions --- they're all products of other people's philosophies and ways of doing things. A book about Canada --- it would be like writing of the past century! ... Canada was imitative in everything. Yes, but perhaps only on the surface. What about underneath? No one had dug underneath so far, that was the trouble. Proust wrote only of France, Dickens laid nearly all his scenes in London, Tolstoi was pure Russian. Hemingway let his heroes roam the world, but everything smelled of the United States. (364)

There have been significant paradigm shifts in Canada's sense of itself since that post-war novel.

In my first years at the U of C, the Academy was dominated by English and American professors. Canada's own graduates were only just coming on stream and the increasingly sensitive questions of Canadian identity were becoming urgent. We were all interrogated by a "Commission of Enquiry into the Non-Canadian Influence on Canadian Post-Secondary Education" chaired by the President of the Alberta Wheat Pool. I was asked how much Canadian con-

tent I had in my Renaissance poetry course! (ask me if you want to know my answer)

Such multi-ethnic experience was not untypical. Hear a contemporary Canadian poet, Dionne Brand, whose life began in Trinidad. Her collection is entitled, *Land to Light On*, expressive of the archetype of arrival. **5**

We have been in this island science only a short time. What we are doing here is not immediately understandable and no one is more aware of it than we, she from Uganda via Kenya running from arranged marriages, he from Sri Lanka via Colombo English style boarding school to make him the minister of the interior, me hunting for slave castles with a pencil for explosives, what did we know that our pan-colonial flights would end up among people who ask stupid questions like, where are you from ... and now here we are on their road, in their snow, faced with their childishness.

**6** Adrienne Clarkson, refugee from Hong Kong, in her book, *Belonging: the Paradox of Citizenship*, speaks of "blood and belonging still tied in most of the world, in a way they are not in Canada's paradoxical citizenship". She remembers, as a child immigrant, finding Ottawa "full of white people, white bread and white snow." Her parents were relieved that post-boxes were red, like back home. Reflecting on citizen diversity she claims:

We have so many different pasts now, we are so used to hearing and being enriched by others' stories, by what has been called "the impossible sum of our traditions" that we give space to people in a way that doesn't happen in Europe.

For her the African concept of Ubuntu, inclusion, is paramount. I will consider this "impossible sum of our traditions" and some of the implications for our work as Jungian analysts. An Acadian critic speaks of "wavering identities" and all analysts here have worked with this dilemma, reconciling conflicts in living

from a core self. Immigrants must develop what Lippard calls "reciprocal identity" which is inevitably altered by the place ... by the people who are already there." (161) Such people are themselves settlers from numberless elsewhere.

Clarkson emphasizes the positive side of Canada's integration of diverse traditions: but there is a shadow side, which is increasingly brought to consciousness in various national projects. I mention as an example the TransCanada enterprise. Its third volume, *Critical Collaborations*, presents papers on Canadian literature, ranging over issues of "Indigeneity, Diaspora and Ecology". It gives central space to the trauma of Canada's indigenous people, now finding their voice and bringing to Canadian culture both its wounds and the richness of its own native lore. The trauma of these peoples must also be integrated into the Canadian psyche. Much unspoken guilt has gathered for decades as the full extent of their exploitation and abuse has been uncovered. In her book, *Trauma and Beyond* Ursula Wirtz urges that trauma victims need to recreate an identity that joins the before, and the after, trauma into a new kind of consciousness. This individual need is also collective, and it belongs to the abusers as to the abused. When we add to this the fact that so many new Canadians bring with them experiences of abuse and persecution from distant lands, the intensity of traumatic memory in this country is a potent element in analytic work. A German poet evokes the residue of guilt and morass of evil that permeates Sunday living rooms in post-Nazi times, soaking into the fabric of ordinary lives and furniture. We too must pause and remember: She whispers, it is on "Sundays/The forgotten comes". (Kasnitz. *Zoon Politikon*)

For traumatized people, the past must be reshaped into a personal myth capable of reconstituting damaged identity. Wirtz suggests that identity is an elastic concept, owing much of this elasticity to the stories" that people tell about themselves and their lives. This new consciousness helps them establish where is their present *here*, the new here, a new sense of liberated identity that one post-Holocaust survivor inscribed in the title of the book that told her story: *And Yet, I Am Here!* (Wirtz, 98) Renos Papadopoulos, a Jungian analyst who has

lectured here, advises the UN on psychological care for the world's traumatized migrants. In relation to refugee and immigrant psychology, he speaks of the condition of Adversity Activated Development. AAD. (Wirtz. 239)

We may contend that Canada's rich mixture of traditions is distinctive. But Canada has a history that began long before Confederation in 1868, **7** when, in an all-male, all-white assembly, Canada was created, a country 'by consent', which it continues to be especially for those who choose it, and those who have had a voice.

**8** If we look at the now available corpus of literature from before Confederation to the present, one sees that many themes from the *Guide* do typify our culture. I will deal later with the omnipresent survival themes, from the early Moody sisters' *Roughing it in the Bush*, to Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* or Robert Service's Yukon, imaging Canada, "all lure, and virgin vastitude" **9** Temperature becomes closely allied to geography, especially for immigrants. Indigenous peoples have lived with the challenging climate for centuries. For poets like Brand, the 'vastitude' and being cold come to symbolize troubling isolation.

**10**... all these roads heading nowhere, all  
these roads heading their own unknowing way,  
all these roads into smoke, and hoarfrost, friezed  
and scrambling off in drifts,

In my early days here in English literary studies, there was no such thing as Can. Lit, but it was just becoming conscious of itself. There *was* a pre-confederation literature of course, diaries, journals, amateur verse and fiction, but the documentation and valuing of this is fairly recent. Trail lamented that Canada's "volume of history is yet a blank". That early settler literature looked back to Europe, often with a sense of inferiority. Earl Birney's poem, *Can Lit*. notoriously claimed that Canadian poets are **11**

Too busy bridging loneliness to be alone  
we hacked in ties what Emily etched in bone.  
We French, we English, never lost our civil war,  
Endure it still, a bloodless civil bore;  
No wounded lying about, no Whitman wanted.  
It's only by our lack of ghosts we're haunted.

This became one of the most significant tropes of modern Can. Lit. "It's only by our lack of ghosts we're haunted." Charles Steele objects:

Not so; it's just that we refuse to recognize them, to acknowledge that our past, and particularly our literary past, was, and *is*, prologue to our present... We wilfully persist in the romantic notion that we are a generation sprung fully-formed from our own Jovian temples, self-made (or perhaps, in the appropriate jargon, "self-realized"). In our perilous disregard for our own past, we are, ironically, much more the naive pursuers of Eden than the predecessors against whom we have often made this accusation.

Canada's 'past' comprises many pasts. Its particular past goes back far beyond the first settler cultures, only now really valuing its indigenous heritage.

Our work always befriends ghosts. In my praxis I worked with people who brought with them family trace memories from Auschwitz, the Warsaw ghetto, earthquakes, floods, civil wars. The descendant of a Scottish family who lost everything in the highland clearances **12** two centuries ago, was now dealing with some of the residual trauma that had not been integrated by his Saskatchewan farming fore-fathers. We constantly work with such transgenerational trauma.

Ghosts from such pasts linger in desolate dream images. Derrida tells us that we need to "learn to live with ghosts" and he relates this to the "politics of memory." (*Spectres of Marx*) So it is vital to help analysands bring to remembrance the tribal ghosts that go beyond their own lives. All these experiences and traditions brought to new lands enact a kind of "cultural portage" **13** that makes Canada such a rich place to work. I remember a most vivid dream about weaving hut walls from snakes, brought to the hour by a South African who had

grown up with snakes of all kinds without fear. He needed to portage some of that creativity into his new context, building his new soul's home.

A Quebec novelist introduced a vivid paradigm for Canadian culture in his imitation of C.P. Snow's *Two Solitudes*. Whereas Snow was diagnosing the alienating divide between humanities and the sciences, Hugh McLennan explored a largely imported separatism. His fiction begins with a typically geopolitical image of this:

The Ottawa River flows out of Protestant Ontario into catholic Quebec. In winter ... the sky is generally empty, blue and glittering over the ice and snow ....

In Montreal ... there is little of this sense of new and endless space. Two old races and religions meet here and live their separate legends.

He adds, The French are Frencher than France the English are more British than England ever dared to be...

[Paul then reflects] with wonder and some indignation that each was the victim of the two racial legends within the country. It was as though the two sides of organized society had ganged up on them both to prevent them from becoming themselves ... On both side ... the older generation was trying to freeze the country and make it static .... Yet the country was changing. In spite of them all it was drawing together; but in a personal, individual way, and slowly, French and English getting to know each other as individuals in spite of the rival legends. And these young people no longer seemed naïve .... He (Paul) would see to it that his battle to become himself remained a private one. And Paul was the new Canada.

McLennan's vision for Canada's future some would consider to be in process of being fulfilled. Others may still deny it. The private work of individuation and the contribution that makes to the reality of the collective is something that Jung insisted we take very seriously, a special task, perhaps, here in Canada.

Europe haunted the imagination of the settler culture, and educated Canadians continue to be "marinated in Eurocentrism", as a contemporary writer claims. This is changing significantly as our artists plumb the archetypal depths, individuating them into a Canadian contexts in authentic ways. In Hugh McLennan's *Two Solitudes*, Paul still hankers for the classical past as he works on his Latin grammar, mimicking a very British education.

Some day he would see it. He remembered stories from the Odyssey: the wine-dark sea, rollers coming in over the beaches ... men rowing ... He looked back at the Parthenon, and *in the book* it seemed plain and ugly, almost like a bank in Montreal. Why was a building beautiful in Europe when an exact copy of it was ugly here? But in Athens the Parthenon was framed by what lay around it, it was free in the air and sunshine ... (233)

Only a page before, Paul was glorying in the familiar Canuck world of ice hockey.

He loved these moments when the game paused and he was able to get the whole feel of it: the full exhilaration of the air coldly still in the sunshine, the teams poised and the referee standing over the crouching centre-forwards, holding the puck above the crossed sticks, the sticks twitching nervously and the sweat warming on the face, the lungs charged with fresh cold air and the legs tired ... Some winters I felt as if I lived in the Forum. I knew every scratch on the paint along the boards. Where was one long gash near the south penalty box I used to touch before every game, and remember how it was made ...

Both cultures fed Paul's soul.

A contemporary poet integrates the classical mythological world very differently, siting it in nature's Canadian reality. It is here, now. In his poem, 'Pond', Don Mckay evokes the pond's world, surrounded by shrubs, then trees, "ranged/ like taller children in the grade four photo ... " He reflects that "pond is not pool". **14** He differentiates the clarity of pool from the density of pond. His final thoughts bring classical myth into his world with electrifying immediacy, authentically Canadian. **15**

Suppose Narcissus  
were to find a nice brown pond  
to gaze in: would the course of self-love  
run so smooth with that exquisite face  
rendered in bruin undertone,  
shaken, and floated in the murk  
between the deep sky and the ooze?

In this way, much of McKay's poetry fulfils his claim:

I had a thing to say about



our common residence in time.

Kurelek works myth into Canadian landscape in his work for Children, *A Northern Nativity*. **16** Here Mary and her fur swaddled Eskimo Christ-child huddle in the sheltered circle of an igloo. More compelling integration of myth than the hyper-self-conscious references in Robertson Davies' myth-making Deptford Trilogy, where he so explicitly introduces Canada to the world of Jungian myth. Sometimes, in this most impressive work, one does sometimes feel rather like Rilke on the "danger of living in the interpreted world."

Such integration of tradition was/is more disturbed for Canada's original, indigenous people. One such writer speaks of living "in the cognitive spaces of our parents' stories, told in M'kmaq or English. Learned both languages. This allowed us to generate an ambidextrous consciousness that has proved helpful" (86) This is a crucial form of living within one's tribal culture, but having to learn, and live by, a knowledge invented elsewhere (7), the common trauma of our native people. Newly articulate indigenous authors on the literary scene speak of this generation of "ambidextrous consciousness", as people who feel "in between stories", who are keen to help Eurocentric society find its new story. Roy Kyooka is one such writer, saying of himself: "growing up yellow in a white world ... I am to all intents and purposes, a white anglo-saxon protestant with a cleft tongue'. He was a Nisai (2<sup>nd</sup> generation Japanese Canadian). The Japanese differentiate immigrant experience fastidiously. **17** I will return to his work.

So, many ghosts do inhabit Canada, imported and native. What a rich diversity of ancestors we have! But we know not how to deal with them, here, now, as did and as do our indigenous people. We are beginning to establish our necessary rituals of shared remembrance. Canadian writers more than most are keenly aware that they are reaching out to "multiple publics". But the question is asked, "How can you expand the meaning of 'we' without losing the sense of who you are?" (217) A very Jungian challenge.

The two questions that have haunted the Canadian literary imagination then, are the presence or absence of ghosts and the interrogation 'where is here', questions posed by two significant early writers, Earl Birney and Northrop Frye. But Frye wrote:

It seems to me that Canadian sensibility has been profoundly disturbed, not so much by our famous problem of identity, important as that is, as by a series of paradoxes in what confronts that identity. It is less perplexed by the question "Who am I?" than by some such riddle as "Where is here?"

So, on the way to "where is here?" I want to let our national critters join us. The campfire song insists that this is "land of the silver birch, home of the beaver, there where the mighty moose wanders at will". I will have to be satisfied with the mighty moose ... you will get the bear later today. So I will let Roy Kyooka introduce the moose, in his book entitled *The Artist and the Moose: A Fable of Forget*. **18** Forget is "an inconspicuous hamlet in southern Saskatchewan", where men achieved local fame "for the sheer amount of grit they swallowed with the morning oatmeal during the dirty thirties and lived to spit it out in their hard-nosed prose". From here Kyooka's narrator goes to the national archives in Ottawa to research a fictional painter (aka Tom Thompson). There is a supporting cast of beasts, especially Moose, who **19**

having been around long before language invented "God", he had all the time in the world to become uglier than any beast ought to be for its own survival. But it was only since 1492 that he really knew what "ugly" meant and, like other dumb critters, learned to see himself mirrored in White-man's languages.

Kyooka's serious purpose is to critique cultural nationalism and the appropriation of native lands, which exiled Moose from **his** own Space, **his** "virgin vastitude".

Implicit in such writing is the conjunction of nature and culture that is central to Canadian experience. But it exposes what we call the nationalization of nature such as might represent the work and goals of the Group of Seven,

which has been seen as a "forging of a "Euro-Canadian wilderness sublime" 20  
It is claimed that this involved a formal "erasure of aboriginal presence". It is argued that the sacredness of wilderness has covered over a colonization of nature that has inevitably displaced native communities, as in our National Parks, however highly we treasure them.

Each of us needs to become conscious of how we travel and inhabit the world. We enter, we settle, we conquer, we discover; to enjoy is a new category of experience, especially that of tourist, eco-pilgrim. Al Purdy spoke of "extending the syntax of Empire westward across a continent" and reflected that

In the pastoral vision man's relationship to the surrounding space is intimate, even loving; the community is a domestic centre, informed by a feminine presence. In the imperial vision, the relationship is impersonal, concerned to exploit the surrounding space; the community is a power centre, where the feminine becomes peripheral.

Purdy's poetry sensitively if outrageously, insinuates an instinctual presence into the Canadian context. His titles proliferate the sense of place and space in numberless locations. I cannot resist quoting the whole of one such poem. 21

*Love at Roblin Lake*

My ambition as I remember and  
I always remember was always  
to make love vulgarly and immensely  
    as the vulgar elephant doth  
        and immense reptiles did  
in the open air openly  
sweating and grunting together  
and going  
    "BOING BOING BOING"  
        Making  
every lunge a hole in the great dark  
for summer cottagers to fall into at a later date  
and hear inside faintly (like in a football  
stadium when the home team loses)  
ourselves still softly

going  
    "boing boing boing"  
as the vulgar elephant doth  
    & immense reptiles did  
In the star-filled places of earth  
That I remember we left behind long ago  
And forgotten everything after  
On our journey into the dark

Perhaps more than anywhere else, Canadians are on the move, interrogating new physical and psychic territory. Poets articulate this instability. Brand says, "I have to think again what it means that I am here". Alice Munro insists

It always takes a long time  
to decipher where you are. (*The Ottawa River by Night*, 104)

A perennial problem is the individual's sense of being such a tiny organism surrounded by such endless horizons. This requires an existential survival. I find this expressed no more vividly than in W.O. Mitchell's prairie novel, *Who Has Seen the Wind*. Here a small boy discovers himself, the prairie with all its life forms, and the spirit of the wind. At the outset, the novel locates the main character, the prairie:

Here was the least common denominator of nature, the skeleton requirements simply, of land and sky ---Saskatchewan prairie.

Expressions of endlessness haunt every page, nouns, verbs even prepositions evoke its breathing reality. Throughout the novel, we come face to face with these sights and sounds: "down the prairie sky ... the sun ... splendid on the prairie's edge": "The face of the prairie ... a pervasive sighing through great emptiness": "an emptiness that wasn't to be believed". A culminating symbolic moment came "After the Soo Line train of the C.P.R. had disappeared into the prairie's flat emptiness". These are experiences of "frightening emptiness and grandeur outside". "There were no catches of breath, simply ears as he stood alone in the silence that stretched from everlasting to everlasting."

This is a vocabulary of soul-stretch, found in so much Canadian writing, evoking an emptiness that is either terrifying or inspiring. Psyche must relate to the seeming infinitude of this land. Artists and poets are pre-occupied by horizon. Here, as far as the eye can see is a special measurement. Robert Service has the Canadian north proclaim, "Wild and wide are my borders", his constant theme, with which all his characters must contend. Mitchell's heroic boy, Brian, also feels "stretched to the prairie's rim". His eye constantly "looked out over the prairie sweeping to the horizon's bare finality". This is a world of spirit and soul and landscape: "the prairie flat as the palm of a suppliant hand, inscrutable and unsmiling, patched dark with summer fallow, strung long with the black crosses of telephone poles marching to the prairie's rim." **22** Such emptiness is problematical for many. It makes me wonder whether agoraphobia is particularly dominant diagnosis here. That was certainly a dream experience that I remember analysands bringing.

Inevitably, a central trope in Can. Lit is the canonic trans-Canada passage, from sea to sea, *A Mari Usque ad Mare: D'un océan à l'autre*. The road, the highway, continues to be a central motif in Canadian poetry and dream. Or the rail-road. McLennan's "double tracks that held the country from one end to the other". Remember the vividness of the theatrical crossings of Robertson Davies' travelling company. Now of course, we are hurled across the continent, knowing the landscape from the air. Making the passage via the Trans-Canada highway has now become something of a pilgrimage.

For painters such as Emily Carr, the open space was divinely given. "I seem to be after something without a name. It's to do with movement, a transcendental thing but not quite clear". Her autobiography complements her visually spatial images and her endless depth of colour. **23** She reaches for the "Great green ocean of growth". She insists: "my (canvases) don't take you to any destination but I want them to give the desire to get there, to go on and not sit down anywhere en route. I want to express growth, not stopping, being still

on the move". Her language echoes Mitchell's in paradoxical ways. She refers constantly and achingly to "the big spaceness of it ... Oh the West: the wonderful feeling of space: space swinging into space". As her art developed, she claimed: "I judge space better now. How I do want to learn more about space", in order that she might reveal "the big, grand things of our country". So "I must go out and feel more." The yearning to understand and the ability to evoke such space brought with it "Silence and loneliness". She felt that "The great forest ... [was] full of unseen things and great silence". **24** Of a painting entitled *Strangled by Growth*, she explains, "I want to bring great loneliness to this canvas and a haunting broodiness quiet and powerful". Space, intensity, growth and depth, but more than anything else she asks, "What is it I want to meet out there? It is light and space space". Carr's world was the west coast, horizons of forest and sea more than mountain mass. But she travelled across Canada and the States and was personally involved with Group of Seven painters.

Space, emptiness, the rim and edge of the horizon, solitude in the midst, and great loneliness. This appalled many of the early settlers, but today it inspires so many. I remember meeting Sonja Marjasch who had flown from Zurich. We drove straight from Calgary airport through prairie country out towards the foothills to our wilderness acreage at the edge of the Bow Crow forest, with a vista of the Rockies. She was up at dawn the next day, wanting to share her *eureka* experience. "I have never felt that I landed before ... I've always been taken into cities from the airport. But this time, I entered the land."

In the search for a definition of identity, I think that Canada has had to contend with, but has largely resisted, a dangerous kind of nationalism. We knew a terrifying conflict in the early sixties, perhaps anticipated in McLennan's anatomy of two solitudes, linguistic and political, where he expressed the "constant tug of war between the races and creeds ..." where people seem "unable to use ideas as instruments to discover truth, but waved them like flags." It would seem that Canada has survived that political danger of fragmentation. Or at least

it lies dormant. But it was particularly traumatic time for Canadians who themselves fled civil war and nationalist hostilities, re-traumatizing many.

In conclusion I suggest that in many ways Margaret Atwood is shrewd in dismantling the question of identity as the major concern of our literature. Instead, she instates the topic of her novel title *Survival* as the "central symbol for Canada", claiming that it "figures prominently in both official languages". Atwood herself is considered worldwide to be a "real Canadian". Her father was a naturalist and she recalls that "at the age of six months I was carried into the woods in a packsack, and this landscape became my hometown". She knew what it is to survive in wilderness of land and soul.

It can perhaps no longer be claimed that the Canadian west is the last wild place left on earth. But the Tundra retains that awesome and awful energy of wildness and desolation. **25**

Canadians are now sophisticated urban citizens inhabiting sophisticated cities. It is indeed a vital 21<sup>st</sup> century country. It can no longer be said, as Robertson Davies contended in his *World of Wonders* that the showman world he evoked

... still had magic here in Canada, not because people were unsophisticated ... but because, in a way I cannot explain, it was speaking to a core of loneliness and deprivation in these Canadians of which they were only faintly aware...I think it was loneliness ... for some faraway and long-lost Europe. The Canadians knew themselves as strangers in their own land, without being at home anywhere else. (769)

As in several typical poem that I have referred to, the past that Canadian writers now typically excavate is evoked by Al Purdy, who left school at 17 and rode the rails to Vancouver. He feels so keenly his part in Canada's reality, claiming that "even the mosquitos think of me". In his "Lament for the Dorsets", subtitled (Eskimos extinct in the 14<sup>th</sup> century AD) he relates to the history of the million year old man in us all that Jung urges us to connect with. I end with his lyrical attempt to dig beneath Canada's surfaces: **26**

Twentieth century people  
apartment dwellers  
executives of neon death  
warmakers with things that explode  
— they have never imagined us in their future  
how could we imagine them in the past  
squatting among the moving glaciers  
six hundred years ago  
with glowing lamps?  
As remote or nearly  
as the trilobites and swamps  
when coal became  
or the last great reptile hissed  
at a mammal the size of a mouse  
that squeaked and fled

27. Fallen elevator.



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**Slides for Banff:**

1. Title
2. Pikani Reservation
3. Rundle
4. Xenophobe's Guide
5. Dionne Brand (text)
6. Clarkson, belonging
7. Confederation
8. Roughing it in the Bush/Sisters in the Wilderness
9. Road going nowhere (image)
10. Brand (text)
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12. Clearances
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15. McKay (text) Narcissus
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17. Japanese table
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20. Wilderness Sublime
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22. Telephone wires
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29. Pikani Reservation
30. Rundle
31. Xenophobe's Guide
32. Dionne Brand (text)
33. Clarkson, belonging
34. Confederation
35. Roughing it in the Bush/Sisters in the Wilderness
36. Road going nowhere (image)
37. Brand (text)
38. Birney. Text
39. Clearances
40. Portage

41. Pond image
42. McKay (text) Narcissus
43. Kurelek
44. Japanese table
45. Elevators. Forget
46. Moose
47. Wilderness Sublime
48. Love at Roblin Lake. Text
49. Telephone wires
50. Carr
51. Strangled Growth
52. Tundra
53. Purdy. Lament. text
54. Fallen elevator