ENGL 215 Live Chat 3b

The meeting will begin at 1.00 p.m. ET

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

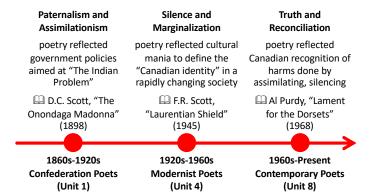
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Appendix D1

 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

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

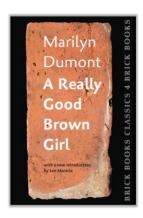
Purdy, "Lament for the Dorsets"

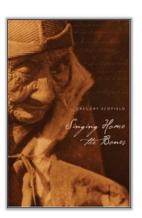


... by the middle of the fourteenth century [the Dorset people] were no longer. They had never developed the technology of using dogs in the seal hunt, and the quicker tribes who invaded their hunting grounds soon froze the Dorsets out.... It all happened so quickly, and the Dorsets were so slow, that 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.

Marilyn Dumont and Gregory Scofield





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☐ 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.

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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, "nichâpanis [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.