

## DEUXIEME PARTIE

### LITTERATURE CANADIENNE ANGLAISE

#### SEEING NIAGARA AND AFTER

par Clara THOMAS \*

For the past several years Canadian Literature, Canadian culture and Canadian life have been in a state of effervescent engagement that neither the continuing Arnoldian conservatism of some literary critics nor the post-colonial cringe of others can stifle. In the past half-dozen years, such established writers and poets as Callaghan, Reaney, Davies, Laurence, Purdy and Livesay have pushed beyond their own previous boundaries of achievement in works whose imaginative range and mastery of technique are alike impressive; younger, newer writers and poets — Atwood, Lee, Munro and Godfrey, among many others, have found their voices — and most important, their audiences. Our present literary awareness gives me joy and when, some time ago, I attended the University of Calgary's Conference of Writers and Critics, I felt like Susanna Moodie who, after twenty years in Upper Canada, finally achieved her dream of visiting Niagara Falls.

Year after year, during twenty years' residence in the colony, I had indulged the hope of one day visiting the Falls of Niagara, and year after year, for twenty long years I was doomed to disappointment...

Like a true daughter of romance, I could not banish from my mind the glorious ideal I had formed of this wonder of the world ; but still continued to speculate about the mighty cataract, the sublime "*thunder of waters*", whose very name from childhood had been magic to my ears...

Yet this hope of mine, of one day seeing the Falls of Niagara, was after all, a very enduring hope ; for though I began to fear

\* Certains éléments de cette communication ont été publiés sous une forme différente dans *Lakehead Review* et *Journal of Canadian Fiction*.

that it would never be realized, yet, for twenty years, I never gave up entirely ; and *Patience*, who always sits at the feet of *Hope*, was at length rewarded by her sister's consenting smile (1).

The Conference of Writers and Critics was a source of stimulation and of optimism for all those who attended its sessions. It was bound to be especially satisfying to those of us who studied, sometimes taught and often fought through the years when Canadian Literature among the offerings of the Academic Bazaar was like the Medicine Man at the old-time Fall Fair — he was a freakish part of the scene, his absence might even have been noted; but hardly anybody bought his liniment.

The Calgary occasion was a kind of Literary-Ecumenical Love-Feast (and there have been many others since then), but it was saved from the aura of intensely self-regarding, self-conscious "Canadianism" satirized forever by Frank Scott in "The Canadian Authors Meet" by two all important elements: the first, the obvious working professionalism of both writers and academics; and the second, the presence of the students who came by the score to listen to the sessions. They are among the young generation in Canada who are aware, as no generation has ever been before, of the spell of a poem well-spoken or a story well-read.

Because of the reciprocal enthusiasm between writers and students, and the generosity of the Canada Council in funding reading tours, we have now a very large number of accomplished readers among our literary artists. The platform reading which in the mid-sixties was still an infant phenomenon has become an established and valuable means of the dissemination of our poetry and fiction — an "occasion" which gives the audience a direct and satisfying involvement with the writer and his words.

The students are, of course, largely responsible for the proliferation of Canadian literature courses during the later sixties and seventies, first in the universities and colleges and now in our secondary schools. Naturally it is the work of our writers that makes such courses possible; it is the work of critics and academic scholars which provides the tools of teaching—Reginald Watters' *Check List of Canadian Literature*, *The Literary History of Canada*, edited by Carl Klinck, Gerard Tougas' *History of French-Canadian Literature* and Malcolm Ross' editorship of the New Canadian Library Series are among our basic teaching assets. On yet another level the growth in national consciousness in every segment of the public has opened doors to Canadian works in homes, schools, libraries and publishing houses. However, had we not had accelerating pressure from students for courses, for readings,

for involvement with their own literature and culture which quite suddenly has seemed more and more real, perhaps more and more fragile, certainly more and more precious and worth learning about, we would not now be in this state of literary and academic health. As Robert Harlow of U.B.C. wrote in *Maclean's* magazine: "Many Canadians have become cultural if not economic nationalists and cheerfully support what used to be thought of as dubious enterprises"(2).

I do not presume to prophesy the future, but there is no doubt at all about the vitality of the present situation and its concern for our literature as a voice and mirror of our culture. John Newlove's poem "The Pride" has made one of the most crystalline of all Canadian statements. It culminates in these lines:

we stand along,  
we are no longer lonely  
but have roots,  
and the rooted words  
recur in the mind, mirror so that  
we dwell on nothing else, in nothing else,  
touched, repeating them,  
at home freely  
at last, in amazement;

'the unyielding phrase  
in tune with the epoch,'  
the thing made up  
of our desires,  
not of its words, not only  
of them, but of something else,  
as well, that which we desire  
so ardently, that which  
will not come when  
it is summoned alone,  
but grows in us  
and idles about and hides  
until the moment is due —

the knowledge of  
our origins, and where  
we are in truth,  
whose land this is  
and is to be (3).

In terms of aids to literary study I think that I can best illustrate what has happened and the speed with which it has happened by comparing Nora Story's *Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature* (1967) with its recently-published *Supplement* (1973), and *The Literary History of Canada* (1965), edited by Carl Klinck, with its first revision (Spring, 1976). Nora Story is a historian, formerly with our National Archives. She has an red early from the archives in order to devote full time to the Oxford volume, and it is a monumental piece of work. However, only six years later, when Oxford Press decided to update and supplement this volume, William Toye, its editor worked with Nora Story and a group of thirty-seven other contributors, to cover both Anglophone and Francophone History and Literature. Similarly when the material for the revised *Literary History* was gathered together, the editorial board, together with editors at the University of Toronto Press, decided on three volumes to replace the one-volume first edition. Volume III is entirely devoted to literature since 1960. The point I am making will be obvious: there is a major difference today in our attitudes to our literature, in the risks and responsibilities that our publishers are willing to take, and in the demands for and responses to information from general readers, students and teachers. In 1965 the *Literary History* was designed to be, and was, traditionally conventional and retrospective in its contents and tone — as, indeed, was *The Oxford Companion*. In the retrospective literary mode, the building up of an archive of a country's literary achievement claims almost equal importance to the assembling of information or the dispersing of critical opinion. The validity of such enterprises is unquestionable — the point is that those two landmarks of the retrospective, archival mode mark our High Middle Ages, as it were; now at enormous and bewildering speed we have moved into the Modern World— in the space of ten years.

Earle Birney's line "It's only by our lack of ghosts we're haunted," which used to be quoted far beyond the point of cliché, is scarcely true now in the tone of its usual quotation, the self-denigrating voice of the "nice Canadian", a Walter Mitty among the men and women of the world. I question, in fact, whether we were not always misreading Birney's essential meaning when

we used the line. For he and all our writers are, indeed, ghost-haunted and ghost-obsessed; it is only when one of the ghosts has invaded, taken seat in the imagination of the writer and then insisted on his reincarnation in the word that a Hagar Shipley, a Dunstan Ramsay or a poem like *The Pride* moves into the literature — and the mythology — of a country.

Art, after all, is not as formless as life; if it were, and if it were as strange and as paradoxical and as living and as complex, it wouldn't be art — it would be life. And it isn't. *The humility of the fiction writer is in that realization* (Margaret Laurence, February 8, 1973).

The italics of the last line are mine. The creation of a Hagar Shipley depends upon a gigantic complexity: the coming of the Scotch to Canada, the settlement of the West, World War I and the depression and drought of the thirties, all of these historical time—and—event streams joining with the vast complexities of experience and sensibility in the life of Margaret Laurence herself, and the giant sum of these complexities impelling her (and this is not too strong a verb to describe the power of the artist's impulse) to write down the imagined reality of Hagar.

Hagar Shipley and Dunstan Ramsay, Robert Kroetsch's Hazard Lepage, Layton's Keine Lazarovich, Carrier's Floralie and Richler's Duddy Kravitz are among the "presences" of our literature. They and their authors constitute a serious challenge to Professor Frye's dictum of 1965:

Canada has produced no author who is a classic in the sense of possessing a vision greater in kind than that of his best readers (Canadians themselves might argue about one or two, but in the perspective of the world at large the statement is true). There is no Canadian writer of whom we can say what we can say of the world's major writers, that their readers can grow up inside their work without ever being aware of a circumference ("Conclusion", *Literary History of Canada*).

From this brief "state of the nation" I propose to move to a brief discussion of some recent critical and scholarly works which are, I believe, both landmarks of the present and signposts to the future of our literary biography and criticism and as such, important to the understanding, appreciation, study and teaching of our literature.

Easily the most memorable study of a single writer to appear within many years is Douglas Spettigue's *F.P.G.: the european years (1973)* (4). Starting in 1969 when he undertook to do a small critical-biographical work on

Frederick Philip Grove, Professor Spettigue has patiently unravelled the mystery of the man we know as Frederick Philip Grove, and of his self-styled "Auto-biographies", *In Search of America* and *In Search of Myself*. Spettigue's search, its excitements and its frustrations, finally culminated in the recognition that F.P. Grove had been Felix Paul Grève, a German writer and translator, who abandoned his entire identity to come to America. The man who set out in Canada, "to be a North American and a Canadian, to express timelessly our experience as he understood it, "must now be accommodated with the dazzled, ambitious young *litterateur*, for a time moving in the circles of André Gide and Stefan Georg and subject of Gide's "Conversation avec un Allemand". Atlick's *The Scholar Detective* does not record a stranger tale, not pay tribute to a more tenacious scholar nor, in the end offer a more satisfying dénouement. All of Grove's work now calls for reconsideration. The power, the clumsiness, the successes, failures and inconsistencies of his Canadian work will be neither greater nor less in an absolute sense, but they must now be looked at as attributes of a canon which includes novels and poems as well as scores of articles and translations in German. The present lively critical interest in autobiography and autobiographical fiction could have no more teasing and satisfying grounds of speculation and analysis than the man Felix Paul Grève—Frederick Philip Grove and the masks which, in Spettigue's words, he assumed in order to create in his writings "both a response to the landscape and a self to make that response".

Opportunities for critical reviewing in the field of Canadian Literature can almost be dated from the inception of *Canadian Literature* under the editorship of George Woodcock in 1958. It is certainly fair to say that his standards have affected academics far more than, say, the publishing of "Letters in Canada" in the University of Toronto Quarterly. Admirable as many of these yearly surveys were, the whole operation was a closed shop compared to *Canadian Literature* which at one and the same time created standards and challenged us to meet them. The remarkable success of the many recent quarterlies and "little magazines", prime among them *The Journal of Canadian Fiction*, is due in considerable part to the established presence of such criteria. Even the popular standard of book reviewing has taken leaps forward, though in spite of the continuing informed efforts of a few old time professionals, and the training that numbers of young reviewers are now receiving in writing for *Books in Canada* and *Quill and Quire*, we still have to educate ourselves beyond prejudice and the kind of witless, colonial condescension that impelled a reviewer of Margaret Atwood's *Survival* to undercut the value of her own words with the cheap throwaway of this final sentence: "She has analyzed Canadian literature so perceptively that it sounds interesting enough to be read".

The move towards comparative studies of English and French Canadian literature is certainly one of the most important academic trends in English Canada at the present time. When, in 1893, John George Bourinot wrote *Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness*, our first literary "State of the Nation", he spoke biculturally and confidently. When the next landmarks in literary surveys were written by Thomas Guthrie Marquis and Camille Roy in 1913, English-Canadian was completely separated from French-Canadian literature (5). There was no determinedly joint consideration of our two literatures again until Ronald Sutherland's *Second Image* (1971)(6) and Douglas Jones' journal, *Ellipse* (7), both the products of the University of Sherbrooke and its English and French-Canadian Comparative Literature programme. Sutherland's paper, "Tabernacles à douze étages: The New Multicultural Nationalism in Canada", was effectively the keynote speech of the Calgary Conference. His separation of cultural and political nationalisms and his vision of the present pluralistic opportunity for Canada are welded together by his own optimism into a persuasive hope. At the same time, the energy of his desire to join, and illuminate our literature is productive of many insights and a mass of information.

At the moment, we are witnessing several explosions of cultural nationalism — in Quebec, in the Acadian Maritimes, in various parts of English Canada — and the phenomenon certainly invites close attention.... the cultural nationalism afoot today is not an extension of the past, reaching back over the seas; it is a native product, springing from the actualities of contemporary Canada ....

Names like Jutra, Vigneault, Charlevoix, Julien, Loranger or Tremblay are known across the country, as well as in Europe and the United States. Established writers are continuing to produce at a bewildering rate — Jacques Ferron, Gérard Bessette, Claude Jasmin, Yves Thériault, Jean-Jules Richard, Jacques Godbout...

But Quebec is not alone. The Acadians, the French-speaking people of the Maritimes, have discovered a new cultural nationalism of their own (8).

Sutherland's *Second Image* was a pioneer work in 1971. It is valuable for its present aid to our understanding and equally valuable for the areas of further investigation to which it points. We need, for instance, a depth-study of Canadian "Puritanism", not only of the Calvinism and Janse- nism which Sutherland surveys, but of Fundamentalism in all its religious, moral and ethical aspects, of Methodism and of Judaism. Patricia Morley's

*The Immoral Moralists* (1972)(9), a study of Hugh MacLennan and Leonard Cohen, moves several stages farther than Sutherland into the history of Calvinism. In two chapters, "The Puritan Heritage" and "The Puritan Mind in the Seventeenth Century", Mrs. Morley considers the background of MacLennan's thought, taking into account such authoritative works as R.H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, and A.S.P. Woodhouse's *Puritanism and Liberty*. This is valuable, but it is still partial. The Canadian Perry Miller may already be alive and well and working on his authoritative study of "Puritanism and Canada": I hope I live to see its publication. For a long time, the course "Victorian Thought" was a staple of the University of Toronto's Graduate Department: Canadian literary scholars need to engage themselves into research into "Canadian Thought". We are not yet seriously engaged in doing this work for ourselves: two cultural and intellectual historians, Ramsay Cook and Carl Berger, are the foremost men in the field.

Certainly the most important literary-critical document of the sixties was Professor Frye's "Conclusion" to *The Literary History of Canada*. As Northrop Frye's works have liberated creative writers in this country for two decades, so his "Conclusion" has provided both structure and stimulus to critics. The phrase "garrison mentality" is now, alas, a cliché, but its connotations are brilliantly, imaginatively apt to much of our literature as Douglas Jones has demonstrated in *Butterfly on Rock* (10). Whereas Sutherland's *Second Image* proceeds sometimes from a consideration of the literature and sometimes from the historical situations out of which the literature sprang, Jones proceeds inductively from myth to literature to other examples of literature. No one can now study English Canadian literature without recourse to Jones' readings of our fiction — and at the same time, any critical reader will emerge from *Butterfly on Rock* considerably enlightened and, hopefully, cautious, about Jones' concerns for literary criticism, social criticism and pulpit rhetoric as they mix and merge in his finale, "An Ancient Slang or a Modern".

Margaret Atwood's *Survival* (11) is a witty reading of our literature according to another set of idiosyncratic premises. *Survival* is not so much an introduction to our literature as the dramatization of a state of mind; it has been an extremely popular and widely read introduction to our literature, and it has also played a role in English Canada comparable to Pierre Vallière's *White Niggers of America* in the French Canada of recent history. Its author is passionately engaged in her own involvement with Canada's nationalism and she shrewdly and dynamically takes the position of the old-time circuit rider who, though committed to the love of God, gets — and keeps — the poor



sinner's' attention by preaching damnation and doom in his sermons. In fact *Survival* is a sermon; its text is set forth in the famous four "victim-positions"; its chapters are a plethora of *exempla* — what does not serve the sermon's purpose Miss Atwood does not use — and again, the accomplished preacher—rhetorician always knew about this; and its peroration is a challenge to Self-Help. The book is a remarkable blend of old, old techniques of rhetoric, nineteenth-century missionary zeal and twentieth-century challenge, directed towards a people who are still so close to the fundamentalist faith of their fathers that they react vigorously to both method and message. It is a brilliant piece of polemic, but not, of course, entirely our literature, much less our life.

The power of our religions in our lives may have dwindled, but a good deal of its zeal has dispersed itself among our literary critics: as surely as Jones and Atwood reflect a residual Methodist enthusiasm and mission, Ronald Sutherland's work and his attitudes derive from the enduring Scottish Calvinist elements in our history. There is a powerful stream of Canadian thought that moves back in our literature through Sutherland and MacLennan, to Connor, who in his attitudes was so importantly their forerunner, and to the Scottish heritage in general. We do not yet have a definitive history of the Scotch in Canada, but we do have available T.C. Smout's *History of the Scottish People* (12) and John Prebble's *The Highland Clearances* (13). There is nothing guaranteed more surely to give the emigration of the Scotch to Canada a connotation of *victory* far beyond the survival level than to tour the Highlands, as I did last summer, reading Smout and Prebble as I went. The Pass of Glencoe, the present museum of Glencoe, an effort at imaginative reconstruction of the port of Oban as it must have been when the emigrant ships sailed west beyond the islands, the thousands of acres that are barren land even now, the church at Dumfries whose graveyard, with its heavy, angular, ugly tombstones and its mass grave for cholera victims of the 1830s, are chilling reminders of the cold judgements of the Calvinistic faith: the evidence of history all over the land points beyond survival towards a huge victory of body and spirit for the tens of thousands who came to Canada.

The attitudes and the ethos of the Scotch who emigrated are still central to the writings of Hugh MacLennan and Margaret Laurence, among others. Significantly, Robertson Davies, although of Welsh background himself, and although *Fifth Business* has discernible autobiographical elements, makes Dunstan Ramsay of *Fifth Business* Scottish in background, with a powerful Calvinistic heritage of guilt that always threatens to stunt his self-acceptance and his understanding of others. These, and other writers, make the most

precise differentiations amongst the backgrounds of their characters. We are always challenged to make the effort to appreciate those differences as best we can. Cecil Woodham-Smith's *The Great Hunger* (14) gives the background we need to the barbarous Irish whose behaviour so shocked Susanna Moodie, Muriel Jaeger's *Before Victoria* (15) sets Susanna herself firmly in context and Terry Coleman's *Passage to America* (16), the most recent and definitive account of emigration to America, will forever shift our perceptions towards the attitudes that our early writers — and their descendents — have illuminated.

On Grosse Isle the fever sheds still stand; a row of white wooden crosses marks the graves of 5 424 emigrants, and you have to walk carefully through the long grass in the valley because the ground is uneven where the grave trenches have sunk. The monument at Montreal, which was once on the site of the fever sheds there, is now next to the site of Expo 67 and in the centre reservation of a motorway... (17).

Tens of thousands of people came through these places in the nineteenth century. There were men like "John Ryan, labourer", who crossed the Irish Sea at night on a steamer in a storm, having no shelter "except as a man can shelter himself"; or children like "Ellen Keane, aged four years and three months, of the barque Syria, who was the first to die of a fever at Grosse Isle in 1847". There were only a handful like "T. Hibbert Wane, barrister of the Middle Temple, who found female domestics hard to keep in Canada and went home" (18); or Dunbar Moodie, he of the remarkable wife, Susanna, whose literary dramatizing of her situation in Canada has made her a totem for our contemporary self-dramatizings, but whose writings, as all our writers' works, call constantly for our efforts at extensions of context and meaning.

One literary context that we all share with Susanna and that she shared with all her fellow emigrants, is *Robinson Crusoe*, the underlying literary fable of all the colonization and expansion of the 18th and 19th centuries. In 1719 Daniel Defoe published the first two volumes of the study of the man who is forever the type of Protestant adventurer and exile, explorer and exploiter. Crusoe was the terrified castaway; he became a successful plantation manager. He prayed to God for deliverance and he thanked God for success, but his sense of the Divine plan was at a radical and Protestant remove from the old cyclic world view with man's place set in submission and acceptance to an unalterable scheme of things. To Crusoe, God's challenge was man's task; man's will was challenged to tame his environment, not to submit to it.

He made a shelter from the wilderness and then the shelter became his garrison; he suffered from solitude and then he became a solitary, at least as appalled by the advent of Friday as he was relieved by the presence of another human being. To Crusoe progress was measured by his success in bending the environment to his will, and in his opinion God blessed progress.

We share a central Crusoe image with all the other post-colonial nations of today's world. The image is overtly central, for instance, to contemporary West Indian literature, in the work of V.S. Naipaul, Derek Walcott and George Lamming. Amongst all the huge canon of Crusoe commentary, two works are particularly germane to my view: O. Mannoni's *Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization*, and "The Naked Footprint: An Enquiry into Crusoe's Island," by the Jamaican novelist and critic, John Hearne (19).

Crusoe on his island is not content with mere sustenance, nor even with the precautionary surplus of food to store against hard times. The island must be made to pay, to yield, to improve. Alone, often frightened, condemned, as far as he knows, to a life sentence of solitary confinement within his own skull, he can yet find meaning in the act of exploitation. Survival is not enough: One must commit oneself to the obligatory and redemptive process of appreciation (Hearne, p.101).

Defoe's fable spoke for generations of settlers who came to Canada, as Susanna Moodie's sister, Catharine Parr Traill wrote, "In the hopes that we might found a property to hand on to our children". Quite often they wrote explicitly of Robinson Crusoe himself, for by the 19th century, Crusoe was deep in the consciousness of literate Englishmen. Catharine Traill and Susanna Moodie both wrote of their "Crusoe-experience", and Mrs. Traill went on to a book called *Canadian Crusoes*. Later, English Canada's novelists began to illuminate the experience of life in this country and in their work we can always see some exploration of the Crusoe fable, its triumphant vindication in a thousand easy romances, as in Ralph Connor's *The Man from Glengarry*, its ruin in Grove's *The Master of the Mill*, or its bitter irony in Richler's *Duddy Kravitz*. Above all, our works have been explanations of the present fact or impending threat of man's solitude (and again I quote Hearne).

Man, modern man that is, is incurably and increasingly alone....

We have invented ourselves out of the consoling simplicities of love, friendship and the tribal embrace. We should not pretend other-

wise. (Defoe) presents us with a neatly casted ledger and tells us just where we went bankrupt and just why every new investment must drive us further into ruin.

It is a terrifying exercise, but it is, almost, utterly convincing.

It is the Sybilline canon of industrial man (Hearne, p.104).

The Crusoe fable with both its "colonial-castaway" and its "progress as the will of God" motifs enlightens our past and our present in life and literature. On Crusoe's terms, our ancestors went far beyond survival to triumph, but often, in human terms, at very great cost.

Nothing is more prominent in our writers today than the urge to restore what was lost in the past of the land and its people and in the knowledge of our ancestors. John Newlove in "The Pride", the poem whose lines I read, Rudy Wiebe in *The Temptations of Big Bear*, Robertson Davies in *Fifth Business*, *The Manticore* and *World of Wonders*, Margaret Atwood in *Surfacing*, and Margaret Laurence in her Manawaka cycle — all these writers and many others are searching out and making plain the past and the imperative need for its integration into our present. The first pages of *The Stone Angel*, the first work of the Manawaka cycle, set up its variation on the Crusoe theme.

Above the town, on the hill brow, the stone angel used to stand.  
I wonder if she stands there yet, in memory of her who relinquished  
her feeble ghost as I gained my stubborn one, my mother's angel,  
that my father bought in pride, to mark her bones and proclaim his  
dynasty, as he fancied, forever and a day.... I think now she must  
have been carved in that distant sun by stone masons who were  
the cynical descendants of Bernini, gouging out her like by the score,  
gauging with admirable accuracy the needs of fledgling pharaohs in  
in an uncouth land (*The Stone Angel*, p.3).

The power, enslavement and death—obsession connotations of that word "pharaoh" add another grim dimension to Hagar's scornful indictment of man's will to dominate and exploit the land. But the insistent vitality of the land, its principle of surging life, is also very quickly made explicit.

But sometimes, through the hot rush of disrespectful wind that shook the scrub oak and the course couchgrass encroaching upon the dutifully cared-for habitations of the dead, the scent of the cowslips would rise momentarily. They were tough-rooted, these wild

and gaudy flowers, and although they were held back at the cemetery's edge, torn out by loving relatives determined to keep the plots clear and clearly civilized, for a second or two a person walking there could catch the faint, musky, dust-tinged smell of things that grew untended and had grown always, before the portly peonies and the angels with rigid wings, when the prairie bluffs were walked through only by Cree with enigmatic faces and greasy hair (*The Stone Angel*, pp. 3-5).

In *The Diviners*, Margaret Laurence's latest novel, and the most complicated and comprehensive of the Manawaka cycle, Morag Gunn's integrating journey takes her through time and memory to the tales of her ancestors in Scotland, told her by Christie Logan, and to the tales and songs of the Canadian Métis, told her by Jules Tonnerre. This is a part of Christie's first tale.

Among all of them people there on the rocks, see, was a piper, and he was from the Clan Gunn, and it was many of the Gunns who lost their hearths and homes and lived wild on the stormy rocks there.

And Piper Gunn, he was a great tall man, a man with the voice of drums and the heart of a child and the gall of a thousand and the strength of conviction...

Now Piper Gunn had a woman, and a strapping strong woman she was, with the courage of a falcon and the beauty of a deer and the warmth of a home and the faith of saints, and you may know her name. Her name, it was Morag. That was an old name, and that was the name Piper Gunn's woman went by, and fine long black hair she had, down to her waist, and she stood there beside her man on the rocky coast, and watched that ship come into the harbour in that place. And when the plank was down and the captain hailing the people there, Piper Gunn began to walk towards that ship and his woman Morag with him, and she with child, and and he was still playing "The Gunns' Salute"...

And that was how all of them came to this country, all that bunch, and they ended up at the Red River, and that is another story (*The Diviners*, p.41).

Christie gives Morag her past and her ancestor; Morag and Jules pass on their double heritage to their daughter, Pique. In fiction and in poetry Margaret Laurence and many of our other writers are engaged in the task that Achebe of Nigeria has called "the reeducation and regeneration that must be done" if we are truly to know our human—and our cultural — heritage and to pass it on—

The knowledge of  
our origins, and where  
we are in truth,  
whose land this is  
and to be.

#### FOOTNOTES

- (1) *Susanna Moodie, Life in the Clearings, ed. by Robert. L. McDougall, Toronto, Macmillan, 1959.*
- (2) *Robert Harlow, "Confections Beyond Our Best Sellers", Macleans, March 1973, p.96.*
- (3) *John Newlove, "The Pride", quoted by permission of John Newlove.*
- (4) *Douglas Spettigue, F.P.G. : The European Years, Oberon Press, 1973.*
- (5) *J.C. Bourinot, T.G. Marquis & C. Roy, Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness, English—Canadian Literature, French—Canadian Literature, introduction by Clara Thomas, University of Toronto Press, 1973.*
- (6) *Ronald Sutherland, Second Image, Toronto: New Press, 1971.*
- (7) *Douglas Jones, ed., Ellipse, University of Sherbrooke, 1969.*
- (8) *Quoted from unpublished article by permission of Ronald Sutherland.*
- (9) *Patricia Morley, The Immoral Moralists, Toronto: Clarke Irwin, 1972.*
- (10) *Douglas Jones, Butterfly on Rock, University of Toronto Press, 1970.*

- (11) *Margaret Atwood, Survival, Toronto: Anansi Press, 1972.*
- (12) *T.C. Smout, History of the Scottish People, Collins, Fontana, 1969.*
- (13) *John Prebble, The Highland Clearances, Penguin Books, 1969.*
- (14) *Cecil Woodham-Smith, The Great Hunger: Ireland 1945-9, New-York: Harper & Row, 1962.*
- (15) *Muriel Jaeger, Before Victoria, Penguin Books, 1967.*
- (16) *Terry Coleman, Passage to America, London: Hutchinson, 1972.*
- (17) *Coleman, op. cit., p.249.*
- (18) *Ibid., p.249.*
- (19) *John Hearne, "The Naked Footprint: An Enquiry into Crusoe's Island, "Review of English Literature, Vol. 8, No.4, 1967, pp.97-107.*