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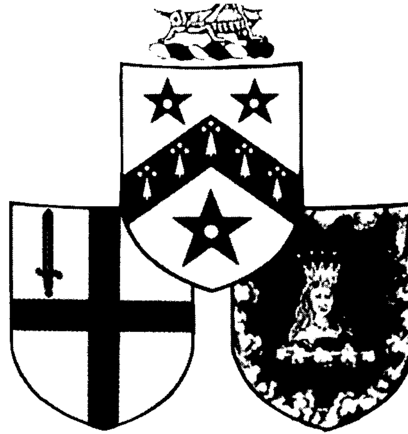

TELLING STORIES / TELLING TALES

A Lecture by

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Telling Stories / Telling Tales

This lecture should really have the alternative title, 'The Creation of Hope'. As I have read and re-read First Nations texts in preparation for today, I have come across the word 'hopeless' again and again. Yet again and again that hopelessness has been pushed aside as the words bring back hope. And one way in which they do bring back hope is in the act of writing. Most of the peoples whose texts I am talking about today come from cultures that are primarily based in oral traditions, yet writing has become a way of participating in the society around them. The difficulties and benefits of that participation underlie much of what this discussion will go on to explore.

Nearly all First Nations texts, whether they are oral or written, have some kind of formal introduction that is there to locate the speaker, but also in doing so, partly locates the audience as well. As you know, I am here as the Gresham Professor of Rhetoric, and I also teach literature and other verbal arts at the University of Leeds. In doing so, I try to help people learn how to read: attentively, with analysis and critique, but also in ways that encourage us to articulate the elements of our own lives and to understand better those of others. I hope that this is what I am doing today.

Introductions always need to contain a citing of sources, both for the stories and for the knowledge from which the speaker will talk. For all the texts that I will discuss, I have permission either directly or indirectly to speak from them. I have the inspiration to speak about the issues these stories from elder Christine Miller, who has encouraged me to keep working on reading and telling when I have found the words difficult – which is often. To her, and to other elders, those people who have shared their knowledge with me, both here and elsewhere, I give my respect.

The other thing about introductions, which may not be formal in presentation, indeed they may tell you about the speaker's mother or grandfather or what they have been doing, is that once they have located the speaker, that person can be as vulnerable or didactic or personal as they wish, because a scope has been offered. At times, this vulnerability or didacticism can make the Anglo-American reader feel embarrassed. The voice can speak in ways that are alien to western culture these days, and can appear almost naïve. For example, children's stories in First Nations culture are taken rather seriously, unlike in British culture, because the status of children is different. Children are the main source of hope. Yet it is the immediacy of this voice, located firmly in the genre expectations that western readers and audiences bring to texts and which are analogous to introduction, that forms the body of some of our most cherished texts. Nowadays, it is often overlaid with signals of displacement as if the writer or speaker is no longer confident in those expectations, and is running away from being found out. In contrast, Angela Sidney, a Tinglit elder from the Yukon, says, 'You tell what you know. The way I tell stories is what I know'. Not only what you say but how you say it from your own life and experience, both of these are knowledges needed in daily life, that the stories make it possible to say.

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There is a double focus to this lecture: on the oral and written, and on the stance that the texts take up. The first emphasis picks up elements from the last lecture in this series, and explores some of the things

we need to know about the differing strategies in orature and literature if we are more fully to understand what is being said. The second emphasis tries to engage with the ways in which these writings and tellings bring back hope, through rhetorical structures that are often familiar but not fully domesticated to English culture: Humour, elegy, allegory and irony. Each of these stances is profoundly located in social expectations – humour as we all know, being highly specific to peoples and places. Often, when I read these texts, I don't know whether they are funny or not, sad or not, with the same common grounds as my own, or not. And I will try to offer ways of engaging with these differences, not to get rid of them, but to value them.

First, I must begin with some background. Most of the texts referred to today are taken from Canadian First Nations peoples. But the word 'Canadian' is not a sensible geographic distinction. First Nations communities cross internationally recognised national borders between Canada and the United States, the United States and Mexico, Canada and Siberia, and so on. Furthermore, there are over 50 First Nations in Canada itself and over 500 bands. The reason for my focus on 'Canadian' is simply that these peoples form the communities that my research area covers. However, the national borders have begun to exert an influence on the structuring of First Nations cultures, if only through government policy in the arts. The federal government in Canada, which is largely responsible for First Nations affairs no matter which province they reside within, has distinctive publication policies that will support Canadians but not United States writers. For example, the En'owkin writers centre in British Columbia, which is one of the most important centres for encouraging First Nations writing, publishes the journal *Gatherings*, with the support of two Canadian arts agencies. Although there are, in the recent 'Standing Ground' (Vol VII, 1996), contributions from other societies in the United States, New Zealand, Australia and elsewhere, the predominant country of origin is Canada.

However divided national borders may try to make First Peoples, they are united in common causes with other aboriginal peoples, that are most visible to the First World powers in their closeness to the land. The common causes have led to the epithet 'Fourth World' for aboriginal peoples all over the world, which has no specific definition but which distinguishes these societies from Third World countries. Fourth World nations have never been colonised, nor are they post-colonial, they have simply been erased. They have not all been erased in the same way, because different governments have had different policies for painting out their existence, that range from extermination to cultural cleansing. In Canada, the single most important element, especially with regard to the verbal arts, was the residential school system policy in effect from the early years of this century until the 1960s, and even later in shadowy forms. Canada operated a supposedly benevolent despotism – First Nations people did not get the vote until 1962. These schools were, terribly, involved in the same abuses now attributed to church and state institutions here in the UK, but with the added horror of the systematic targetting of an entire society, and with the added destruction of all Indian languages.

The residential school system has touched nearly every First Nations person in Canada in one way or another. The presence is there in direct accounts such as Isabelle Knockwood's *Out of the Depths* which

details with tragic clarity the appalling destruction of Mi'kmaw children at the Shubenacadie Residential school in Nova Scotia, from the 1920s to the late 1960s. While the tone is relentlessly documentary, it is tinged with a voice that has no genre that I recognise, one of seeking an accommodation to the horrors as the only way of proving to oneself that there was a reason for them. In her conclusion, Knockwood describes some children who don't even remember the beatings, who 'looked on the school as a refuge from homes where they were abused, frequently by parents who had themselves attended the school and learned physical punishment as a method of child-rearing' (156). On the other hand, there are the many who,

> tell shocking stories of what happened to them there. Yet they all seem to make an effort to understand what motivated the priests and nuns who ran the school. 'I've tried to understand why the priests and nuns acted the way they did toward us and I can't justify any of the beatings no matter how much I try,' a former student, who is now a grandmother, told me. (156)

More subtly, but again in a voice of wondering bitterness that is not part of the register of recognised English generic modes, Metis writer Emma LaRoque writes:

> I looked at my hometown
> no longer a child afraid
> of stares and stone-thowing words
> no longer a child
> made ashamed
> of smoked northern pike
> bannock on blueberry sauce
> sprinkled with Cree
>
> I looked at my hometown
> Gripping my small brown hands
> on the hard posts of those
> white iron gates
> looking at the lions
> with an even glare
>
> How did they get so rich?
> How did we get so poor?

This extract is part of a much longer poem by LaRocque, titled 'My Hometown Northern Canada South Africa', and its contained bitterness is found in a substantial number of First Nations texts.

Imagine what happens next to First Nations peoples, when, after 40 and more years of systematic destruction, and with the access to political power that came in the 1960s, First Nations peoples want to restore some sense of dignity, of purpose, of community. One of the most important strategies is to encourage cultural work, especially language rooted arts, not only because they are the primary communication between human beings, but also because they are so powerful in the print societies of the west. You may have lost your language, indeed it may have been destroyed. You may have lost your stories, your knowledge about telling, your understanding of how to listen. And you may find it difficult to tell your story in a eurocentric generic form. In fact, First Nations cultures have on the whole proved

incredibly robust, but there have been many problems, not the least the transliteration between the oral and the written.

Many elders have been responsible for transmitting stories, and , as we shall see,many writers and tellers have built their own, but another source that has been used is that of transcripts made by nineteenth and early twentieth century anthropologists. During the eighteenth century, the Moravian missionaries from Europe who flooded into North America, needed to find a written version of the languages they encountered so that they could make the Bible available to be read by each individual. They devised a number of alphabetic systems for these languages, particularly Cree, the Cree Nation occuping a landmass at least equal to that of western Europe. However, Cree, and the other languages are not alphabetic. They are syllabic languages similar to Japanese, so a lot gets lost when they are rendered as alphabetic. The later anthropologists frequently used these alphabetic systems for noting down First Nations accounts. But whether they did or not, there are many issues of difference intervening often silently between them and the storytelling event. There is the cultural difference between these white, christian, often affluent, men from Europe, the linguistic difference, the difference between the oral story and the written account, let alone the difference between the alphabetic and syllabic systems. What kind of status would such a story have for a late twentieth century First Nations person? It is clear that the stories are not used as if they were some unmediated, nostalgic source, but are taken up and reclaimed for the present. In any event, origin stories in oral societies are frequently re-created for each generation's needs.

Take for example, *Talking Animals*, a collection of Swampy Cree tales told by L. Beardy and edited and translated by H. Wolfart. The book presents the tales in Cree syllabics, introduced in the mid-twentieth century, in roman-type orthography, and in English (see Appendix One). A quick glance at the English, renders the stories into fables, akin to children's tales, for the western reader. But if we read across all three presentations of the stories, and realise that in each script the animals' speech is always present in English, then the stories take on different connotations. In an oral performance, we can give the English animal words distinctive animal noises: 'Where, where, where, where' becoming 'Quack, quack, quack, quack'. This simple device begins to draw out the humour of the tales, their self-conscious play with the different scripts that acknowledges the gaps among them.

At the same time the device is not merely 'funny', but humourously provoking. Do the animals speak in English because they are ignorant and cannot speak Cree? (Do all ignorant animals speak English?) Do the animals speak in English because they have forgotten their own language? (Do people who forget their own language turn into animals? Do animals who forget their own language get killed?) Do animals who speak loudly in English, like the duck, get killed? (Do loud English speaking animals always get killed, or only if they are English? or only if they are not?) The story has many meanings, depending on how we read the humour. And our reading of the humour will derive from our own cultural presuppositions.

Readings of these tales, as with many First Nations stories, depends on a sense of the possibilities in orature. Gerry William, a member of the Spallumcheen Indian band and teacher of both creative writing

and storytelling, says that they are fundamentally different (160): 'Storytelling is a group process' (158). 'Storytellers take the germinal of an idea and shape the story to suit their audience' (160). 'Storytellers tend to use stock characters. It's the story, the message, which is important, not the messenger' (160). Storytelling uses repetition as a technique which becomes the 'steady beat of a drummer ... The drumbeat goes on in their [the audience's] minds after they've left the circle. It beats in their minds for the rest of their lives' (161). 'The storyteller tells stories again and again, ensuring that at some point the listeners fully understand what's being said' (161). These elements and others make telling quite a different experience from reading and writing, and they have their own formal qualities.

If we were to turn to one of the stories in a book 'translated' by Maria Campbell from Metis tellers, *Stories of the Road Allowance People*, many of these elements would come through. Metis communities come from intermarriage between First Nations and either French or sometimes Scots europeans. As such, because of the government definition of who an 'Indian' is, the Metis are neither settlers nor indigenous peoples. They are not allowed on the reserves, and not wanted in the towns due to prejudices similar to those in England about Romanies, Gypsies, and travellers generally: Hence, 'the road-allowance people', a people reduced to living along the strips of the road between the city and the country. Metis communities have produced some elaborately interesting linguistic conventions that move between English, French and First Nations languages.

To some extent Maria Campbell has tried to catch the 'accents and grammar' that 'coil and spin lightly around the lives and voices of a complex and courageous people' (Ron Marken, Foreward, 4). The first strophe of the story 'Jacob' begins like this:

> Mistupuch he was my granmudder.
> He come from Muskeg
> dat was before he was a reservation.
> My grandmudder he was about twenty-eight when he
> marry my granfawder.
> Dat was real ole for a woman to marry in dem days
> But he was an Indian doctor
> I guess dats why he wait so long. (86)

Campbell not only catches the accents and grammar, but the structure of the stories her tellers tell her. There is frequent repetition, particularly of key names that guide one through the story and its interlacing plots, of negative verbs like 'can' = can't, the sounds of which pile up on each other when the story is trying to address difficult issues, and of single words with changing surrounding phrases that carry forward a narrative movement and transformation such as 'cry' and sing' in the following:

> an he start to cry and he can stop.
> He say he cry for himself an his wife
> an den he cry for his Mommy and Daddy.
> When he was done
> he sing dah healing songs dah ole womans
> dey sing to him a long time ago.

Through these, and other, oral techniques, Maria Campbell brings the stories to life, lets us hear the tellers through a tortuous route from Mitchif (a mixed language of Cree and English and French), into standard English, and then into what Ron Marken calls 'village English'. Marken observes, 'Degrade or silence the voices and you kill the culture. Take away a people's language and insult its forms of expression, and you rub out their singularity and character' (5). Campbell's 'translations' bring this culture into our lives despite its erasures.

The story 'Jacob' offers a series of elegies: for a past way of life, for a specific person, and for someone's 'self', a part of the humanity that is destroyed by the denial of culture and the community it makes possible. Elegy runs throughout First Nations writing, and I find it the most accessible generic form that is used. Like eurocentric elegy, the focus is on community: the dead person's contribution to community, the feelings of the community left behind, grief as a tear in the lives of those left behind that must be re-textured partly through the words. Just so, Linda Mcdonald, an Athapaskan and member of the Liard band, offers us an elegy for a grandmother, 'Their Time' in the collection *Writing the Circle*. Along with 'Jacob' which concludes, 'We should never forget dem ole peoples' (104), Mcdonald stresses the need to remember the actions and time of the person passed away so that the time of those left behind is enriched. She says, also in conclusion,

> What is important?
> Your time.
> My time.
> Whose time?
> We must never forget – their time.

Yet take the elegy 'love medicine', also from *Writing the Circle*, by Metis poet Alice Lee:

> i met a man
> i fell in love with
> if he did not love me back
> i thought i would die
>
> Kohkom
> was a cree woman
> a medicine woman
>
> you have to be careful
> with this
> she said
> it is strong medicine
>
> she showed me
> how to crawl inside him
> and make him love me
>
> today he died
> i was still inside him
>
> Kohkom
> never told me
> how to get out

Here I find a distinct problem with the status of the image of the woman being inside the man. Is it an allegorical embodiment of the person in words? or a symbolic reconstruction of emotion? or a metaphorical

translation of feeling? or a simile gesturing to parallel experience? As I move away from the allegorical/ literal toward the simile, I can find more ways of explaining what I understand from the poem, but this makes me worry about missing the meanings it conveys and by substituting my own, somehow wrenching the text away from its own particular significances. And this insecurity is not only poetic, whether written or oral, but rhetorical, and rooted in the gaps in my social understanding.

I will return to this sense of wrenching awry, but would now like to address the other large issue in Gerry Williams' remarks, that of the audience. A storyteller tells tales in different ways to different audiences. In an article from 1986 by Barbara Godard, we can find a discrete analysis of how tellers engage all male, or all adult, or all worker audiences, with distinctly differing forms of the story. Indeed, implicit in Godard's article is a question about the whole process of audiotaping stories, because this necessarily opens them up to audiences who may not be appropriate. However, some tales clearly can be spoken in different ways, and yet not be threatening or improper. The collection of oral stories from Yukon elder women, *Life Lived Like a Story*, put together by ethnoanthropologist Julie Cruikshank, is a good example. From this collection we find at least two versions of the Moldy Head story (74 and 209), each from a different storyteller. But we also find two Stolen Woman stories from the same writer (102 and 117), each with a varied emphasis, and a shift in the position of voice.

Against this background, we might assume that written texts were far more stable. Indeed, as I hope I have demonstrated over the past few lectures, the critical history of literature has, until recently, taken this for granted. If the assumptions about orality are that it is naively constructed, from semi-literate (ie semi-civilised) peoples, tediously repetitive and rather embarrassing, assumptions about writing include its purported fixity of medium, its author-bound meanings, its inflexible treatment of all audiences as the same. Yet of course, each medium simply offers communication from one human being to another in a different way, sometimes with engagement and sometimes not.

One way of looking at this in action is to read the densely allegorical origin stories told by many First Nations peoples, and see what happens when they are transliterated from oral to written or written to oral. I would like to compare two such accounts, one oral story by Tinglit elder Angela Sidney and one written from a telling but specifically for the printed medium, from the Mohawk community of Tyendinaga (see Appendix 2). The Tyendinaga story tells of a happy community who live in the sky, until a woman becomes unexpectedly pregnant but will not say who the father is. A few years after the child, a daughter, is born, a man in the community falls ill and moves toward death – something that has not happened here before. As he does so, the child becomes upset, and the village understands that this is the father. The young girl has many conversations with the dead man, and eventually makes a hole in the sky and goes down to earth to populate it.

Similarly, the Deisheetaan story from the Yukon, tells of a happy family in the sky, with a beautiful daughter who becomes unexpectedly pregnant. Even though this pregnancy is not caused by human means, but is Crow trying to get born, the family is very upset. The child, a son, is born, and when he begins to grow up, he wants to play with all the wonderful things hanging in his grandfather's house,

and 'He's the only one that has them'. One by one the child plays with the sun, the moon, the stars, and ends up kicking them out of the house, and so the story develops. As an extension of this story, Sidney also tells of 'The Day the Animals Broke Through the Sky'. She tells of the world in darkness, wet and cold, populated by animals who know that on the other side of the sky is a warm sunny place. So they decide to send first the bloodsucker through to the other side, and then animals of increasingly large size, until Beaver goes through dragging a huge Moose-hide that causes a large hole. When the people in the sun are away, the animals begin to steal things for the earth: the sun, the warmth, the summer. But at last an old man comes out, wrapped in a blanket, and says to these things 'Don't go away for good...Go back and forth', and so now we have summer and winter on the earth.

The Tyendinaga tale is self-consciously adapted to the written page. The grammar and syntax are quite acceptable. There is a feeling of causality as paragraph leads to paragraph, and makes apparent sense. I say 'apparent' because the story itself is not one that a western reader would conventionally accept as describing the beginning of the earth. And while there might eventually be consensus about what the story 'means', each reader will cross the cultural and linguistic gap that it is the work of language to mark out. We interpret the story for ourselves, English-educated readers taking cues from the allegorical tone and what we know about genres of parable or fable. In contrast, the Deisheetaan story needs to be paced, to gain emphasis, intonation, and an understanding of the speaker's relation to their audience, if it is to be appreciated. The 'meaning' may be more obviously negotiated, as in a conversation, but interpretations will be as varied.

But allegory is a highly problematic stance. It is at once literal and fabular; making analogies at the same time as embodying actual experience. Even those within one culture are unlikely to understand the grounds for interpretation held by others. When I read these stories, I inevitably invest them with significances particular to myself. The Tyendinaga tale is curiously opposite to the Deisheetaan, in that the happy people from above make a hole in the sky and go down to earth, while in the other, the disgruntled animals from below make a hole in the sky and steal what they need from above. I find myself reading one as a post-contact version of the Christian world, and one as a proto-Marxist uprising of the proletariat. Or, for example, and you need to know that I am co-editing *Romeo and Juliet* at the moment, many of the Yukon Stolen Woman stories remind me for all the world of Shakespeare: both are obsessed with stars.

When I read like this, am I colonising the text, appropriating its meaning? The issue has been central to debates within and around First Nations communities for some time: the 'Appropriation of Voice' issue, which is most clearly focused on the anger felt by many First Nations peoples when their stories are used by non-First Nations writers in films, children's books, novels. In eurocentric cultures we tend to think of copyright as tied to the order of words on the page, but for many First Nations peoples copyright is in the narrative itself. Nations own stories, bands own stories, tellers own stories. And I can see their point: if I tell their stories I inevitably pass on a version of First Nations culture which is at least at one remove. The dilemma is made most acute by the fact that I am not only a reader but a critic and teacher. Are my readings ethical to pass on? I do at least for these in this lecture have some permission.

However, readers have a different kind of problem because they are often alone when they read with no-one to alert them to the possibilities of other significances, other values, other ways of life. This problem is one that I personally locate most starkly in trying to understand ironic texts. Irony works by holding silent a ground common to both speaker/writer and audience/reader. This is one reason why it is so often humourous, because we enjoy not only the pleasure of collusion in this common but unspoken ground, but also the discrepancies, the secrets and the potentially jarring double meanings. But if the common ground is not common, the irony disappears and what is left is often curiously empty, difficult and even so alien that we do not try to understand it.

The work of Lee Maracle is a case in point. Maracle's writing has been criticised severely for clumsiness and sheer bad writing. Yet she plays with the subversion of generic and linguistic convention all the time. If a eurocentric reader knows that she is First Nations then possibly prejudice intervenes; the reader doesn't try hard enough to value the text, certainly doesn't try in the way that they would with, say, recognised writing by James Joyce. When I first read *Sojourner's Truth* I simply didn't know what to make of it, but as I worked on the text, with guidance from others, I began to recognise its often bitter ironies. For example, the short story 'Polka Partners' soon introduces a wild fluctuation in register:

> "Hay-ay." The roller tried to bolt but I ran him down, thoughtlessly scolded the purveyor of the passed-out man's purse before I relieved him of his catch. Tony standing behind me must have geared up my mouth. I peaked inside the wallet – there was a whack of cash in there. (81)

What is 'purveyor of the passed-out man's purse', so formal and correct, doing in the proximity of 'geared up my mouth' and 'a whack of cash'? It doesn't take long to read this as ironic humour, from someone who understands standard conventions inside-out and is having fun with them. This particular scene in the story develops into a fascinating description of the mugging that has just taken place, with the pronouns of mugged and muggee getting completely mixed up. The more serious purpose of this playing, is that it involves testing our assumptions about just who is more likely to be mugged or muggee, the First Nations person or another. We soon find out that the muggee is First Nations, but also of a quite different background to the others who have come to his help. I not only learn about my prejudices but also about the complexity of the society which prejudice renders as cliche and stereotype.

At the same time as this serious purpose is going on, I am also enjoying the skill with words, appreciating the irony, and getting the joke. In the complexity and craft of the writing the common recognition of prejudice and its social roots gets worked on. The engagement is a way of moving toward the valuing of ways of life I don't conventionally understand. That this can take place is largely due to the exceptional generosity of the writer for making it possible in the first place. The generosity of the writing along with the with the work we do when we read, marks out the location of hope.

I would like to come to the end of this lecture by referring you to a writer who continually underwrites this generosity with ironic humour, Thomas King, who is of Cherokee, German and Greek descent. His story, 'A Short History of Indians in Canada', which he has allowed us to reproduce in full, develops a complex voice that criticises, laments, horrifies, and yet gives hope in the humour. When I first started reading King's work I didn't recognise that humour, or at least I think I was afraid to do so in case it

involved me in ways I couldn't cope with. Christine Miller talked me through that one, giving me the gift of laughing and getting on with it. I hope you enjoy the story as much as I do.

To conclude, there is a short passage in the stories of Athapaskan-Tinglit Annie Ned in *Life Lived like a Story*, that I would like to tell. Gerry William says that people should not tell stories until they have heard them so often they 'own' them for themselves, and I think I am beginning the long process of understanding this one, from 'Since I Got Smart':

> Long time ago, what they know, what they see
> That's the one they talk about, I guess.
> Tell stories – which way you learn things.
>
> You think about that one your grandma tells you.
> You've got to believe it, what Grandma said.
> That's why we've got it.
> It's true, too, I guess—
> Which way they work at moccasins …
> Which way they make sinew …
> Which way to fix that fishnet …
> Some lazy women don't know how to work,
> Don't believe what old people tell them
> And so … short net! (317-8)

The last thing I want is to end up with 'short net', so I'd better keep on reading.

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The Sky World

from Tyendinaga Tales

Before the earth was formed, there was only the sky world, and a vast expanse of water below it. The people who inhabited this world led an idyllic existence; there was no crime or war or death.

There was among the sky people a young unmarried woman who gave birth to a daughter. The woman refused to reveal to anyone the identity of the father. As the years passed, she cared for the little girl who became a happy, playful child. The sky people watched the child for a clue to her paternity.

One day a man in the village became ill and, as his condition worsened, he explained to his mother that he was going to die. This had not occurred before among the sky people. He described how his breath would leave his body and how he would become stiff. He gave his mother

2 * How the World Began

from Life Lived Like a Story

"You tell what you know.
The way I tell stories is what I know."

* The Story of Crow

One time there was a girl whose daddy is a very high man.
They kept her in her bedroom all the time—
Men tried to marry her all the time, but they say no, she's too good.

Crow wanted to be born—he wants to make the world!
So he made himself into a pine needle.
A slave always brings water to that girl, and one time he gets water with a pine needle in it.
She turns it down—makes him get fresh water.
Again he brings it. Again a pine needle is there.
Four times he brings water and each time it's there.
Finally, she just gave up—she spit that pine needle out and drank the water.
But it blew into her mouth and she swallowed it.
Soon that girl is pregnant.

Her mother and daddy are mad.
Her mother asks, "Who's that father?"

"No, I never know a man," she told her mother.

That baby starts to grow fast.
That girl's father had the sun, moon, stars, daylight hanging in his house.
He's the only one that has them.
The world was all dark, all the time.
The child begged for them to play with.

Finally, the father gives his grandchild the sun to play with.
He rolls it around, plays with it, laughs, has lots of fun.
Then he rolls it to the door and out it goes!

"Oh!" he cries. He just pretends.
He cries because that sun is lost.

"Give me the moon to play with."

STORY I

[1] ᐯᔭᑳᐤ ᐁᓴ, ᐁ ᐊᑎ ᓰᒁᕽ ᐆᒪ —
ᑳ ᐊᑎ ᑎᐦᑭᓱᒋᐠ ᐊᓬᐄᑭᓴᐠ, ᑳ ᐃᐦᑭᕽ — ᐁᑳᐧᓂ
ᐁᓴ ᐁᑯᑕ ᐊᓬᐄᑭᓴᐠ ᐊᔮᐘᐠ, ᒥᐦᒉᑎᐘᐠ.

[2] ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᐁᓴ ᑳ ᑭᑐᒋᐠ, ᓇᓈᑌᐧᐁᐧᒣᐤ
ᐑᒋ ᐊᓬᐄᑭᓴ ᐊᐊᐧ ᐊᓬᐄᑭᐢ ᐯᔭᐠ, ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᐁᓴ
ᐃᑌᐧᐤ, "Come across, come across," ᐃᑌᐧᐤ ᐁᓴ,
ᐊᑳᒥᕽ ᓰᐲᓯᓯᕽ ᐅᐦᒋ, ᐊᐊᐧ ᐯᔭᐠ ᐊᓬᐄᑭᐢ.
ᑵᐢᑭᑌ ᓀᑌ ᐑᐢᑕ ᐅᐦᒋ ᑭᑐᐤ ᐊᐊᐧ ᑯᑕᐠ
ᐊᓬᐄᑭᐢ, "Too deep, too deep." ᐃᑌᐧᐤ ᐁᓴ.
ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᒫᐧᐨ ᑮ ᓈᑎᑐᐊᐧᐠ.

[3] ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᐁᓴ ᑳ ᐯ ᐃᑐᐦᑌᐟ, ᐁᑯᑕ ᐊᓂ ᓰᓰᑊ
ᐊᑯᒧᐤ, ᐊᓯᒋ ᒨᐦᑲᐦᐅᓯᐤ. ᓈᐯᐤ
ᐁ ᐯ ᐃᑐᐦᑌᐟ ᐁ ᐯ ᓈᒋᓅᐢᒋᑫᐟ.

[4] ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᐁᓴ ᑳ ᐚᐸᒫᐟ ᐊᐊᐧ ᒨᐦᑲᐦᐅᓯᐤ,
ᐆᐦᐆ ᓈᐯᐊᐧ, "It's coming, it's coming," ᐃᑌᐧᐤ
ᐁᓴ ᒨᐦᑲᐦᐅᓯᐤ. ᐁᑳᐧᓂ ᐁᓴ ᓯᐯᐧᔮᒧᐤ ᐁᓴ
ᐊᐊᐧ ᓰᓰᑊ, "Where, where, where, where," ᐃᑌᐧᐤ

STORY I

[1] pêyakwâw êsa, ayahiw, ê-ati-sikwahk ôma -- kâ-ati-tihkisocik alîkisak, kâ-ihkihk -- êkwân ês êkota alikisak ayâwak, mihcêtiwak.

[2] êkwân êsa kâ-- kâ-kitocik, nanâtwêwêmêw wici-alîkisa awa alikis pêyak; êkwân èsa itwêw, "*come across, come across*," itwêw êsa, akâmihk sîpîsisihk ohci, awa pêyak alikis. kwêskitê nêtê wista ohci-kitow awa kotak alikis, "*too deep, too deep*," itwêw êsa. êkwâni mwâc kî-nâtitowak.

[3] êkwân êsa kâ-pê-itohtêt, êkot[a] âni sisip akomow, asici môhkahosiw. nâpêw ê-pê-itohtêt ê-pê-nâcinôscikêt.

[4] êkwân êsa ka-- kâ-wâpamât awa nâ--, awa môhkahosiw, ôhô nâpêwa, "*it's coming, it's coming*," itwêw êsa môhkahosiw. êkwân êsa sipwêyâmow ês âwa sisip, "*where, where, where, where*," itwêw êsa sisip, ê-sipwêyâmot. êkwân êsa pâskiswêw awa nâpêw; nipahêw sisipa. nipahêw sisipa.

ANIMAL SOUNDS

[1] At one time, well, when it was just about spring time -- when the frogs are thawing, at that time -- there were frogs there, lots of them.

[2] And in their croaking this one frog was calling out to his fellow-frog; and he said, "*Come across, come across*," this one frog said, from across a little creek. From over there on the other side, in turn, this other frog croaked and said, "*Too deep, too deep.*" And so they could not get to one another.

[3] And coming towards them, there was a duck on the water there, and also a bittern. A man was coming towards them, sneaking up to them.

[4] And when the bittern saw the man, "*It's coming, it's coming*," said the bittern. And the duck took off, "*Where, where, where, where*," said the duck as it took off. And the man shot at it; he killed the duck. He killed the duck.

BY THOMAS KING

A SHORT HISTORY OF INDIANS IN CANADA

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRIK DRESCHER

Can't sleep, Bob Haynie tells the doorman at the King Edward. Can't sleep, can't sleep.

First time in Toronto?

Yes.

Businessman?

Yes.

Looking for some excitement?

Yes.

Bay Street, sir, says the doorman.

Bob Haynie walks down Bay Street at three in the morning. He loves the smell of concrete. He loves the look of city lights. He loves the sound of skyscrapers.

Bay Street.

Smack!

Bob looks up just in time to see a flock of Indians fly into the side of a building.

Smack! Smack!

Bob looks up just in time to get out of the way.

Whup!

An Indian hits the pavement in front of him.

Whup! Whup!

Two Indians hit the pavement behind him.

Holy Cow! shouts Bob, and he leaps out of the way of the falling Indians.

Whup! Whup! Whup!

Bob throws his hands over his head and dashes into the street. And is almost hit by the van.

Honk!

Two men jump out of the van. I'm Bill. I'm Rudy.

Hi, I'm Bob.

Businessman? says Bill.

Yes.

First time in Toronto? says Rudy.

Yes.

Whup! Whup! Whup!

Look out! Bob shouts. There are Indians flying into the skyscrapers and falling on the sidewalk.

Whup!

Got a Mohawk, says Bill.

Whup! Whup!

Couple of Cree over here, says Rudy.

Amazing, says Bob. How can you tell?

By the feathers, says Bill. We got a book.

It's our job, says Rudy.

Whup!

Bob looks around. What's this one? he says.

Holy! says Bill. Holy! says Rudy.

Check the book, says Bill. Just to be sure.

Flip, flip, flip.

Navajo!

Bill and Rudy put their arms around Bob. A Navajo! Don't normally see Navajos this far north.

Is he dead?

Nope, says Bill. Just stunned.

Most of them are just stunned, says Rudy.

Some people never see this, says Bill. One of nature's mysteries. A natural phenomenon.

They're nomadic, you know, says Rudy. And migratory.

Toronto's in the middle of the flyway, says Bill. The lights attract them.

Bob counts the bodies. Seventy-three. No. Seventy-four. What can I do to help?

Not much that anyone can do, says Bill. We tried turning off the lights in the buildings.

We tried broadcasting loud music from the roofs, says Rudy.

Rubber owls? asks Bob.

It's a real problem this time of the year, says Bill.

Whup! Whup! Whup!

Bill and Rudy pull green plastic bags out of their pockets and try to find the open ends.

The dead ones we bag, says Rudy.

The live ones we tag, says Bill. Take them to the shelter. Nurse them back to health. Release them in the wild.

Amazing, says Bob.

A few wander off dazed and injured. If we don't find them right away, they don't stand a chance.

Amazing, says Bob.

You're one lucky guy, says Bill. In another couple of weeks, they'll be gone.

A family from Buffalo came through last week and didn't even see an Ojibwa, says Rudy.

Your first time in Toronto? says Bill.

It's a great town, says Bob. You're doing a great job.

Whup!

Don't worry, says Rudy. By the time the commuters show up, you'll never even know the Indians were here.

Bob walks back to the King Eddy and shakes the doorman's hand. I saw the Indians, he says.

Thought you'd enjoy that, sir, says the doorman.

Thank you, says Bob. It was spectacular.

Not like the old days. The doorman sighs and looks up into the night. In the old days, when they came through, they would black out the entire sky.

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- to continue the free public lectures which have been given for 400 years, and to reinterpret the 'new learning' of Sir Thomas Gresham's day in contemporary terms;

- to engage in study, teaching and research, particularly in those disciplines represented by the Gresham Professors;

- to foster academic consideration of contemporary problems;

- to challenge those who live or work in the City of London to engage in intellectual debate on those subjects in which the City has a proper concern; and to provide a window on the City for learned societies, both national and international.

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