

Introduction for Lorna Crozier

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When poet John Keats described negative capability as poets' openness to the ambiguity and multiple potentials of a more fully understood existence, he was representing what writers and other artists have long known—that it is through the deep exploration of life's mysteries that one recognizes a resistance to resolution. The interconnections of actions and interpretations, the deep entanglements of human experience, and the importance of small and specific distinctions—all things we talk about in complexity thinking—are the very things that poets have wondered and written about for centuries. And so it is that we are fortunate to have speaking this evening, one of Canada's most treasured poets, Lorna Crozier.

In describing her first published poem, Lorna writes that she believed then that she would be able to articulate what she was wrestling with. "Now," she writes, "I know it's not the task of poetry to find the answer. Instead, as Rilke suggested, I've learned to live with the questions." It is in the poetic articulation of these enduring questions that Lorna explores the philosophical, political, spiritual and emotional in ways that the ordinary person can understand. I have seen adolescent girls listening with rapt attention to Lorna's poem "The Swimmer," and I have seen older women sigh in remembrance at hearing "The Light in My Mother's Kitchen."

Lorna believes in the democracy of poetry and its importance of always being on what she calls "the edge of the unsayable." She writes: "There's always that slide between silence and speaking, and the friction that's created between those two planes—what we cannot possibly say, but what we say anyway—is remarkably charged. That's why I'm attracted to poetry again and again, no matter what."

Lorna is noted for her generosity and inspiration to other writers. She has read poetry on every continent except Antarctica. She has published 14 books of poetry, 2 non-fiction collections and 2 anthologies that introduce new poets to the literary world. She has received numerous awards for her writing, most notably the Governor-General's award for poetry in 1992. As a teacher of creative writing at the University of Victoria, Lorna has also been honored for distinction in both teaching and scholarly research.

Pointing My Way with a Radish

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ON THE SEVENTH DAY

On the first day God said
Let there be light.
And there was light.
On the second ay
God said, *Let there be light,*
and there was more light.

What are you doing? asked God's wife,
knowing he was the dreamy sort.
You created light yesterday.

I forgot, God said. *What can I do*
about it now?

Nothing, said his wife.
But pay attention!
And in a huff she left
to do the many chores
a wife must do in the vast
though dustless rooms of heaven.

On the third day God said
Let there be light. And
On the fourth and fifth
(his wife off visiting his mother).

When she returned there was only
the sixth day left. The light
was so blinding, so dazzling
God had to stretch and stretch the sky to hold it
and the sky took up all the room –
it was bigger than anything
even God could imagine.
Quick, his wife said,
Make something to stand out!
God cried, *Let there be earth!*
and a thin line of soil

nudged against the sky like a run-over snake
bearing all the blue in the world on its back.

On the seventh day God rested
as he always did. Well, *rest*
wasn't exactly the right word,
his wife had to admit.
On the seventh day God
went into his study
and wrote in his journal
in huge curlicues and loops
and large crosses on the *t*'s
changing all the facts, of course,
even creating Woman
from a Man's rib, imagine that!
But why be upset? she thought.
Who's going to believe it?

Anyway, she had her work to do.
Everything he'd forgotten
she had to create
with only a day left to do it.
Leaf by leaf,
paw by paw, two by two,
and now nothing
could be immortal
as in the original plan.

Go out and multiply, yes,
she'd have to say it,
but there was too little room
for life without end,
forever and ever,
on that thin spit of earth
under that huge prairie sky.¹

I started with this poem of mine because I think it illustrates some of the key points, at least as I understand them, of complexity thinking: Creativity as collaboration (God couldn't have done it without his wife), the unexpectedness of the outcome; the personality and background of the creator/theorist/researcher radically influencing the results, and the end of the story offering no simple resolutions, no comforting answers.

I must admit to feel a certain discomfort about giving a keynote address on a theory of knowledge and learning that I know little about. I'm going to borrow from Socrates, who, upon being asked to reflect on names and their nature said, "If I had not been poor, I might have heard the fifty drachma course of the great Prodicus, which is a complete education in grammar and language—these are his own words—and then I should have been at once able to answer your question about the correctness of names. But indeed, I have only heard the one-drachma course, and therefore I do not know the truth about such matters" (as quoted in Howard Nemerov's "Forward" to Owen Barfield's *Poetic Diction*, 1928).

A Dené elder's definition of wisdom is to know something a little. My something for the last twenty years or so has been poetry. In my talk I'm going to offer poetry, the writing of it and the reading of it, as a model of complexity thinking. As well, I'd like to convince you that poetry is a necessary part of the culture of learning though it's often been pushed to the sidelines in our classrooms. And I'm going to read some of my own poems because I've been asked to do so.

In a recent article in the *Victoria Times Colonist* called "What We Read" (Sunday, January 21, 2007), fiction topped the scale at a whopping 51.77%, followed by juvenile fiction at close to 10% (9.65). Poetry didn't warrant its own separate category. After the list of books on cooking, social sciences, health and fitness, business and economics, house and home, etc., it appears as part of a group called "Other" into which fall games, nature, pets, and other inessential things like philosophy. So if most people don't read poetry, how can I convince you that it's central to the human experience, something that we need if we are to live openly, graciously and fiercely in the world. I'm not the only one of course with this belief. William Carlos Williams' lines about poetry are oft quoted. "It is difficult/to get the news from poems/ yet men die miserably every day/ for lack/ of what is found there."

Surely his last lines would make a curious man or woman ask what is found there? Billie Collins, the American poet laureate a few years back gives us one answer to the question, "Poetry is the only history we have of the human heart." The novelist Ford Maddox Ford was driven to write and speak that history. In World War I, he was among the soldiers in the trenches of France who wrote sonnets to remind himself and his compatriots that civilization still existed. Primo Levi, who wrote several harrowing accounts of his time in Auschwitz, said that in the dark of the death camps to his fellow prisoners shivering around him, he quoted by all the poems he knew by heart. It comforted them, he said, when the old rhymes and rhythms fell into place.

Gwendolyn MacEwen, one of our country's finest poets, gives us some clues as to the poem's deep connection with times of crisis and exaltation. She tells us that "Poetry is how the air goes green before thunder, / is the sound you make when you come, and / why you live and how you bleed, and // The sound you make or don't make when you die."

The prime task of poetry, being able to speak the primal and to articulate what can't be said in any other way, doesn't mean that poets are wise men and women pontificating from the mountain. Danish writer Niels Hav in his poem "In Defense of Poets," makes a plea for these lost souls: "Poets are like insane children/ who've been chased from their homes by the entire family./ Pray for them/ they are born unhappy // When on a clear summer's day the sun shining brightly/ you see a poor poet/ come wobbling out of the apartment block, looking pale/ like a cadaver and disfigured by speculations/ then walk up and help him! // Tie his shoelaces, lead him/ to the park and help him sit down on a bench/ in the sun. Sing to him a little/ buy him an ice cream and tell him a story/ because he is so sad/ He's completely ruined by poetry."

So if poets are so ruined, if their neighbours would more likely call them fools rather than genuises, their intelligence must be of a different kind than what the tests can score. To use the language that is part of this conference, I would posit that the smartness of poetry is the smartness of complicity, of being to pay rapt attention, of being able to see what is there and then leap from the known— articulated

simply and without fuss—to the ineffable. The leap is a wondrous one because poets don't reveal the springs on the bottom of their feet—or perhaps, the wings on their ankles—that allow such a flight.

There's a courtesy to the kind of attention poetry requires, and what can only be called a devotion. It's a way of honouring all that is outside the self, even though it's the self that filters the sensory details every object and living creature emits. You come across this kind of respect for the Other in many of the haiku masters' small gems. Consider these three lines by Buson:

A snail,
one horn short, one long,
what's on his mind?

I love the unanswerable question and the remarkable distance the poem must cross to take the reader from the second to the third line, but what I delight in just as much is the image I have of the writer: a grown man down on his knees, perhaps prone on his belly, peering at a snail so closely that he notices the tiny lucent horns and marks their difference. He has to see that one is long and one short, simply *see* it, before he can ask his amazing question. It's no accident that the spelling and pronunciation of *see-er* and *seer* are almost the same.

What this small poem also does is lend tremendous respect to something that is often taken for granted. The poet's concentration on the snail transfers awe from him to the reader. The final question posits the radical idea of a snail thinking, wondering, no less than we do.

In the sixteenth century, Montaigne wrote: *See how many ends this stick has!* That imperative has become a motto, one of the things I strive to do—to look at the ordinary until I observe what is truly there but extraordinarily so because I'm seeing it (hearing it, smelling it) for the first time and, as far as I know, no one else has written the *insight* down. On a winter morning in Saskatchewan I noticed a wild-rose branch spiked with hoarfrost. This stick had a dozen ends, not two! Why didn't I see that before?

For years I'd wanted to write about gophers, but they've been popping their heads out of so many books that I thought every gopher-like nuance known to humankind had been recorded. After W.O. Mitchell, the word itself in prairie literature has come close to being a cliché. Then luckily for me two unrelated things converged. I was in the middle of revisiting Old Testament stories for the manuscript that would become *Apocrypha of Light*, and for a couple of years, everything I looked at fell into a religious context. Gophers, I thought, are as unappreciated on the prairies as prophets in their own country.

Pondering their role as victims, I went for my daily walk down the country road that bordered the place where I was staying. I stopped a few feet away from a gopher standing upright by his burrow at the edge of a field. Here was a creature I'd been looking at all my life—the most ubiquitous animal on the prairies—and I was suddenly startled by the beauty of his ears as if I were seeing them for the first time. How perfectly designed they were for an animal who had to dig head first into the dirt. And what about that action, that going blindly down into darkness? The number of the ends of this stick is rapidly increasing! The gopher is both what he is and something more. In complexity thinking's terms, I was entering a space where “the as-yet unimagined” could emerge (135).

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

The gopher on his hind legs
is taut with holiness and fright.
Miniature and beardless,
he could be stoned or flooded out,
burnt alive in stubble fields,
martry to children for a penny a tail.

How can you not believe an animal
who goes down head first
into darkness, into the ceaseless
pull of gravity beneath him?
What faith that takes!

I come to him with questions
because I love his ears, how perfectly
they fit, how flat they lie against his head.
They hear the inner and the outer
worlds: what rain says
underground. The stone's praise
for the sparrow's ankle bone.

Little earth-otter, little dusty Lazarus,
he vanishes, he rises. He won't tell us
what he's seen.²

There is an old Chinese saying: *poetry is like being alive twice*. There's an intensity that comes from paying close attention to the world. When you're that alert, it's as if time doubles, even as it moves by fast. The moment deepens; you feel what's beneath your feet and what stretches far above your head. The past is here and so is the future. You are in your body, but the borders of your skin that separate you from the air, the sky, and the light, are erased. When you touch a tree, the tree touches back. For once, your human language doesn't get in the way. And if the poem startles readers into seeing, it also deepens and doubles their own short time on earth.

WINTER DAY

All night the stars have fallen. Snow
resurrects their light. In winter you are closer
to heaven though you may not know it.

Clouds lie down in white and silent fields,
undulant, unplanted. Outside, your breath
separates from the air around you,

turns crystal on your brows and lashes,
your lower lip. You lick a sweetness,
the taste of what your body has twice-warmed.

Stand still: you'll hear the hands of the wind
working, without commission,
freeing from the nothingness of snow

the forms it finds along the fenceline,
the ribs of drifts climbing up the ditches,
hollows where deer have rested for the night.

Veined with shadows, the snow's marmoreal.
With a single chisel, wind sculpts your body.
It gives you this one day.³

One of the conclusions I was delighted to come across in Davis and Sumara's book *Complexity and Education* was that "humans are not logical creatures, but analogical creatures that are capable of logic.... The fact that humans find analogy so easy and so natural, but logic so demanding—precisely the opposite of electronic computers—is clear evidence that electronic calculators and flesh-based brains have very little in common" (111). Poetry is analogy-based but at the same time it is dependent on logic—the kind it obeys is the most demanding: the revelatory logic of the creative analogy in its many unfoldings within and outside of the poem.

Let me give you an example, if I may, of two different ways of looking at a mathematical concept. My husband and I just moved into a new house about two months ago, previously owned and designed by an engineer and his wife, a master gardener, who shared his mathematical bent and skills in computer sciences. All of the shrubs have been clipped and shaped, mainly for height and balance, including, we thought, three small privets planted side-by-side outside the front window. Looking at them closely a few days ago, however, we noticed a hole had been pruned in the centre of the first and third so that they look like donuts, and the one in the middle had been shaped into two narrow, horizontal parallel lines. The three shrubs thus read $0=0$. I found it kind of creepy, to tell you the truth. Three green, living forms carved by scateurs out of their natural form to spell out an irrefutable equation. To counter that image in your mind with one I hope shows a complexivist sensibility, I'm going to read a piece I wrote several years ago, "Poem About Nothing." It's written in parts, which are not numbered (I'll just pause between them) and it does, I hope, illustrate both analogic reasoning and another facet of complexity thinking: relentless nonlinearity.

POEM ABOUT NOTHING

Zero is the one we didn't understand
at school. Multiplied by anything
it remains nothing.

When I asked my friend
the mathematician who studies rhetoric
if zero is a number, he says *yes*
and I feel great relief.

If it were a landscape
it would be a desert.
If it had anything to do
with anatomy, it would be
a mouth, a missing limb,
a lost organ.

Zero is the pornographer's number.
He orders it through the mail
under a false name. It is the number
of the last man on death row,
the number of the girl who jumps
three stories to abort.

Zero starts and ends
at the same place. Some compare it
to driving across the Prairies all day
and feeling you've gone nowhere.

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In the beginning God made zero.⁴

Whatever the achievement or failure of this poem, it will be obvious to you that it relies upon conjecture (if it were, if it were, if it were) and moves toward an unpredicted (I hope) conclusion, but its driving force, first and foremost, is metaphor. All metaphors are at heart, a way of speaking the unknown in terms of the known. Poets go into them without hope of finding answers; instead they want metaphor to passionately live the questions. Another Chinese saying goes: The bird sings not because it has an answer but because it has a song.

Not being able to provide us with cut-in-stone or cut-in-shrubs facts does not mean that metaphors are lesser forms of knowledge. The poet Charles Simic says that "every metaphor is a new thought, a fragment of a new myth of reality. Metaphor is a part of the not-knowing aspect of art, and yet I'm firmly convinced that it is the supreme way of searching for truth."

Metaphors are the most kinetic way of engaging readers, of forcing them to be vital participants in the poem. How do they do this? Patrick Lane writes, "A bird is a poem that talks of the end of cages." In this line, the poet uncovers a heretofore unstated similarity between two unlike things but he doesn't explicate or explain his discovery. I as a reader have to enter the image and figure out its myriad possibilities and meanings for myself. I as reader become one of the poem's writers. In complexity thinking's toolkit, metaphor is a gadget essential to the building of creative collaboration.

Creative collaboration is intrinsic to every poem. Once it has been written, a poem leaves the control of the writer and settles in between, in that numinous space where the reader reshapes and re-envision the words through the lens of her own experience and knowing. A good poem always leaves room for the reader to enter. This partnership frustrates the the literal reader who explodes with impatience: why can't a poet just say what he means? The answer is because at least half of the meaning resides in you. Metaphor offers the opportunity for my inwardness to connect with yours and for a moment, we know one another though we may have never met.

Metaphors like Patrick Lane's conjunction of birds and poems fly out of the cages of language and rationality. As readers we are able to apprehend metaphorical relations, to feel them in our guts, without being able to paraphrase them. And the exciting part of this, is that we know we don't have to! They are a powerful and

secret key to a different kind of knowing. I don't think it's going too far to endow this trope with a spiritual significance. Once we accept the likeness of two disparate things, it isn't a big step to believe in the unity of all things, to believe that we are related to everything in the world out there, what Baudelaire called "the universal analogy." If that insight becomes part of our conscious knowing, we cannot separate and isolate ourselves on the grand, cold ladder we've constructed for our species, towering above other forms of creation. It's lonely up there, it's cold, and time is running out. The wind up there is a bitter wind of generalities, of euphemism, of belief only in the rational. Many of us are ready to echo that great Irish lyricist, William Butler Yeats "Now that my ladder's gone./I must lie down where all the ladders start,/ In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart."

Centuries ago, Shelley wrote that metaphors show us the "unapprehended relations of things." Owen Barfield, in his book *Poetic Diction*, rewrites Shelley's definition to read: "the forgotten relationship" between things. We believe in the truth of the metaphor because the poet reminds us of something we once knew. We once talked to stones and horses, we prayed to the spirits in trees, we saw the man inside the bear.

THE DARK AGES OF THE SEA

Because we are mostly
made of water and water
calls to water
like the ocean to the river,
the river to the stream,
there was a time when
children fell into wells.
It was a time of farms
across the grasslands,
ancient lakes
that lay beneath them,
and a faith in things
invisible, be it water
never seen or something
trembling in the air.

We are born to fall
and children fell,
some surviving
to tell the tale,
pulled from the well's
dark throat,
wet and blind with terror
like a calf
torn from the womb
with ropes.

Others diminished into ghosts,
rode the bucket up

and when you drank
became the cold shimmer
in your cup, the metallic
undertaste of nails
some boy had carried
in his pocket
or the silver locket
that held a small girl's
dreams.

In those days people
spoke to horses,
voices soft as bearded
wheat; music lived
inside a stone. Not to say
it was good, that falling,
but who could stop it?

We are made
of mostly water
and water calls to water
through centuries of reasons
children fall
light and slender
as the rain.⁵

The best of metaphors make us whole again. The best of metaphors are not decorative or rhetorical, but are necessary and true. When Sumara and Davis make the following claim for complexity thinking, they could be talking about poetic metaphor in the voice of Aristotle, Gwendolyn MacEwen, Charles Simic, Wendell Berry: "... the point is that major developments in human understanding usually occur when new and previously unnoticed associations are made between seemingly disparate phenomena" (76).

I've made some pretty big claims for poetry and I hope, for its being a model of complexity thinking. I am going to make another large claim and I am not the first to do so. When Margaret Atwood was asked why she returns to poetry when her international reputation and awards all come from her fiction, she replied, "For me poetry is where language is renewed. If poetry vanished, language would become dead." Poets continue to use words even when they know it's impossible to say what we mean. Our dissatisfaction with the vocabulary we have is not new. In "Sonnet 76" Shakespeare wrote: "So all my best is dressing old words new, / Spending again what is already spent." He of course is also the one who said, 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' My friend, Don McKay implies a great deal about the way a poet names when he distinguishes between two different kinds of Adams. The one who is the scientist, Don says, observes the animals, names them, and goes home happy to a warm supper and a good sleep, his job complete. The Adam who is the poet observes them, names them, goes home and can't eat or sleep. He knows he didn't get it right and has to try again. And again.

Why is this continual revising anything more than a neuroses? Why does it matter? Socrates said that the misuse of language is not only distasteful in itself but actually harmful to the soul. In so many other facets of our lives the words are beaten out of meaning; they become twisted, distorted, sullied. Think of “downsizing,” “collateral damage,” “the ultimate solution.” The other day on the radio I heard an interview with our new minister of the environment. When asked what new things the government was doing to decrease Canada’s carbon emissions, his reply was “We are rolling out not insignificant initiatives.”

When William Blake came across a sentence which praised abstraction and generality, he wrote in the margin in large letters, “To Generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit...” (Western Wind, 5). Surely one of the side effects of complexity thinking will be an effort to expunge meaningless generalizations and inspeak from the research. If you truly are crossing disciplines you need to speak in a way that can be understood by an intelligent and committed reader outside of your specific field.

Zadie Smith in her award-winning new novel, *On Beauty*, a big-hearted satire on the academic life, differentiates between an art history professor and his down-to-earth wife. “She called a rose a rose. He called it an accumulation of cultural and biological constructions circulating around the mutually attracting binary poles of nature/artifice” (225).

I’m going to dare to poke fun at some of the language I came across in preparing for this conference. Here’s a sentence from one of the seminal texts in the field, one which I found full of a great deal of wisdom: “Complexity thinking points to the inadequacy of nesting personal understanding within collective knowledge as it posits the presence of several intermediary layers of nested coherence that are of vital relevance to educators” (75). Compare this to the haiku I submitted for the conference program to summarize my talk: “The man in the radish field/pointed my way/with a radish.” This is an equally complex, if not more complex sentence, and it could not be said in a clearer, more understandable way.

I want to wish you the best with your conference and to thank you once again for inviting me. Since this talk falls near the beginning of the conference, I thought I’d conclude with a poem called “Packing for the Future,” to leave you with a blessing for the panels and talks ahead of you, and a blessing for your own short time on earth.

PACKING FOR THE FUTURE

Take the thickest socks.
Wherever you’re going
you’ll have to walk.

There may be water.
There may be stones.
There may be high places
you cannot go without
the hope socks bring you,
the way they hold you
to the earth.

At least one pair must be new,
must be blue as a wish
hand-knit by your mother
in her sleep.

*

Take a leather satchel,
a velvet bag and an old tin box—
a salamander painted on the lid.

This is to carry that small thing
you cannot leave. Perhaps the key
you've kept though it doesn't fit
any lock you know,
the photograph that keeps you sane,
a ball of string to lead you out
though you can't walk back
into that light.
In your bag leave room for sadness,
leave room for another language.

There may be doors nailed shut.
There may be painted windows.
There may be signs that warn you
to be gone. Take the dream
you've been having since
you were a child, the one
with open fields and the wind
sounding.

*

Mistrust no one who offers you
water from a well, a songbird's feather,
something that's been mended twice.
Always travel lighter
than the heart.⁶

PATIENCE

Best, the Chinese cricket
cage without a cricket.

Just an old sorrow
whittled to a winged thinness that fits

inside: now you must begin
to teach it how to sing.

READER

The cat licks
one of your eyelids,
then the other.

The way you lick
a finger
to turn a page.

Every poem has a sense of urgency about it, a sense of a voice breaking out of silence. I think it would be appropriate to end with a poem which attempts to honour the difficulty of speaking in extremity, of communicating when there are no words to say what needs to be spoken. I wrote this, thinking of my father and how I wished we'd had a death-bed talk because we didn't talk much while he was alive.

MY FATHER, FACE TO FACE

I am afraid to meet my father
in the otherworld. I am afraid
he'll be lonely, sad,
and I'll feel bad about it,
yet won't be big enough—
my body as I know it gone—
to comfort him.

I failed him—there, I've
said it—coming home
from school vacations
thinking I knew more
than him, thinking I was better,
though I met him face to face
at the door, insisted the dry kisses
we exchanged were on the lips.

Years later, just before his death,
too sick to walk, he drove me to the bus.
I made myself say, I love you, Dad,
and he replied, I love you, too,
and used my name.

We sat in the parking lot,
his big hands on the wheel though
the car was stopped, a late spring
snow sticking to the windows
so we couldn't see out. I wish

I'd told him his drinking was a sickness
not a sin, and released him,
but I didn't know that then.

The radio was on to catch the weather;
the names of towns and falling temperatures
saved us from each other. Maybe
when I see him next
there'll be no need for me to try
to take away the shame.

Maybe all the things grief gives us
mean nothing there, and face to face,
we'll feel no more
than wind, than grass, though sometimes
both to me seem full of sorrow.⁷

The poet Kenneth Koch, in speaking of D.H. Lawrence, said "Writing about them, he seems to have concentrated on his subjects with enormous intensity, as if what he was looking at or thinking of and writing about were the only thing in the world."

In an introduction to his own writing, Francis Ponge insists on the value of things: "I suggest that every person open an interior trapdoor, that he negotiate a trip into *the thickness of things* (italics mine), that he make an invasion of their characteristics, a revolution, a turning-over process comparable to that accomplished by the plough or the spade, when suddenly millions of particles of dead plants, bits of roots and straw, worms and tiny crawling creatures, all hitherto buried in the earth, are exposed to the light of day for the first time. O infinite resources of the thickness of things, *restored* to us by the infinite resources in the semantic thickness of words."

Sources of Poems

1. From L. Crozier, *Inventing the hawk* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1992), p. 10–12.
2. L. Crozier, in D. Margoshes & S. Sopher (Eds.), *Listening with the ear of the heart: Writers at St. Peters Abbey* (Richmond Hill, ON: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 2004), p. 82.
3. From L. Crozier, *Whetstone* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 2005), p. 49.
4. L. Crozier, *The garden going on without us* (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1985), pp. 15–17.
5. From L. Crozier, *Before the first word: The poetry of Lorna Crozier*. Edited by Catherine Hunter (Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 2005), p. 25–26.
6. From L. Crozier, *What the living won't let go* (McClelland & Stewart, 1999), p. 36.
7. Unpublished.