Under the Canvas: Camping and Indigenization in Emily Carr's Writings

by

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ABSTRACT

Emily Carr's camping trips were central to her self-construction as a British Columbian and a "native" Canadian. Through camping she identified with First Nations peoples and with the land itself, creating herself as a natural inheritor of the land and culture that she believed was "dying out." Camping facilitated access to the totem poles that became the subjects of her art, and the key to her developing career as an interpreter of Native culture. Camping also brought her into close proximity with nature and wilderness, which provided material for many of her later paintings and fostered a lifelong affinity with the earth. The campsite provided a respite from Carr's urban life and was a space in which Carr was able to step outside the confinement of traditional femininity and domesticity.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LIST OF FIGURES

NOTE ON TEXTS

Title abbreviations:

BS	*The Book of Small*
DN	*Dear Nan*
GP	*Growing Pains*
HP	*The Heart of a Peacock*
HS	*The House of All Sorts*
H&T	*Hundreds and Thousands*
KW	*Klee Wyck*
OC	*Opposite Contraries*

The 1951 edition of *Klee Wyck* was silently expurgated. Most of my page references are to this widely available Irwin edition; references to the first edition (1941) will be marked [1st]. For a complete list of variants, see Appendix.

Carr's spelling has been regularized in most of her published work, but where it has not, I have retained her unorthodoxies.

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For Stephen, who gave me the courage to try

Fig. 1 Carr and the Elephant, Esquimalt Lagoon, 1934. *B.C. Archives D-03844*

Under the Canvas: Camping and Indigenization in Emily Carr's Written Works

INTRODUCTION

Caravan Fever

A famous photograph of Emily Carr [Figure 1] shows her seated, perched in the doorway of "the Elephant," surrounded by her dogs and all the paraphernalia of the campsite. A canopy shelters a neatly laid outdoor dining area—to the right a makeshift kitchen, complete with kettle boiling merrily on the campfire. The picture recalls Carr's musings in her journal on the romance of the caravan, and the attraction she felt for camping from childhood on.

> Caravans ran round inside of my head from the time I was no-high and read children's stories in which gypsies figured. Periodically I had caravan fever, drew plans like covered express carts drawn by a fat white horse. After horses went out and motors came in I quit caravan dreaming, engines in no way appealing to me and my purse too slim to consider one anyhow. So I contented myself with shanties for sketching outings, cabins, tents, log huts, houseboats, tool sheds, lighthouses—many strange quarters. (*H&T* 43)

Camping was the primary way in which Carr explored the western landscape, and the campsite was the locus from which she constructed an identity in that landscape. Emily Carr's camping trips were central to her self-construction as a British Columbian and a "native" Canadian. Through camping she identified with First Nations peoples and with the land itself, creating herself as a natural inheritor of the land and culture that she believed was "dying out." Camping facilitated access to the totem poles that became the subjects of her art, and the key to her developing career as an interpreter of Native culture. Camping also brought her into close proximity with nature and wilderness, which provided material for

many of her later paintings and fostered a lifelong affinity with the earth. The campsite provided a respite from Carr's urban life and was a space in which Carr was able to step outside the confinement of traditional femininity and domesticity.

As the above passage from Carr's journal illustrates, camping and campsites are ubiquitous images in her writing and her life. Emily Carr's camping experiences were diverse; her motley shelters may not obviously fit the standard definition of campsite. But camping is not simply the use of particular objects (like tents) or the performance of certain practices (like campfire cooking). Camping is the creation of a temporary living space in a landscape that has been culturally defined as "wilderness," for the purpose of experiencing its characteristics as "wilderness." It is a means of literally making a place for oneself in the wilderness—a refuge and a space apart from civilization. Any trip Carr took to get closer to wilderness or First Nations villages that involved some level of deprivation (which is integral to camping) I regard as camping. The level of hardship and adventure was much reduced on her trips as Carr aged, but still her later sketching trips to cabins and in her long-awaited caravan were undertaken in the spirit of escape, and she herself described these places as "camp."

Carr's camping career spanned nearly fifty years and much of the lower West Coast [Figure 2]. Carr was born in 1871 and began camping near Victoria in her early twenties. In 1899, when she was twenty-seven, she made a trip to the mission at a Nuu-chah-nulth village in the Ucluelet area where her sister taught. Carr then spent five years in England. In January 1905 she visited Ucluelet again, this time on her own. From 1907 to 1909, after an inspirational cruise up the coast to Alaska with her sister Alice, Carr made trips to Alert Bay, Campbell River, Lillooet, Hope and Yale to paint totem poles as subjects. She also visited her friends' summer camp in Buccaneer Bay on the Sunshine Coast. In 1912, after two years

Fig. 2 Maps of Carr's camping trips (Shadbolt, *Emily Carr*)

in France, Carr took a six-week trip north, returning to Alert Bay, visiting nearby villages on Vancouver Island, and going up to the Upper Skeena River area and the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii). A long hiatus from camping meant she did not return to these areas until 1928 when she again visited Alert Bay, the Fort Rupert area, the Nass and Skeena Rivers and the Charlottes. In spring of 1929 she visited Nootka and Friendly Cove on the north west coast of Vancouver Island, and that summer went to Port Renfrew. The following year was her last year travelling to Native sites on northern Vancouver Island. After that she stayed closer to Victoria: from 1931–37 she camped, in spring and late summer, at Cordova Bay, Goldstream Flats, Sooke, Metchosin and Mount Douglas. In May and June 1933 she took a one-month trip to the B.C. Interior and visited Brackendale, Lillooet, Seton and Pemberton. Upon returning to Victoria, Carr bought her long dreamed-of caravan, known affectionately as "the Elephant," in which she camped for the next four years. In January 1937 she had her first heart attack, which limited her subsequent camping trips to cottages and shacks on the outskirts of town. After another heart attack and a stroke, Carr had her last camp in August 1942 at a cabin in Mount Douglas Park. She died in 1945.

In the late Victorian period of Carr's youth, recreational camping flourished in Britain, though R.H. MacDonald suggests that, in the early years of the twentieth century, camping for young people was still considered a "novel and rather daring activity" which needed to be defended "as both safe and character-building" (25). Much of this camping was specifically imperial in intent: Britain was beginning to fear that its young people were not fit to maintain the Empire. The program of "national regeneration" (MacDonald 24), exemplified by Robert Baden-Powell's Scouting movement, stressed outdoors skills for boys, especially camping. Camping and reading stories about camping became a popular pastime. Ernest Thompson Seton's League of Woodcraft Indians was more pacifist, and extremely

popular. In 1910 it was the largest youth organization in North America (Francis 150), and, unlike the Scouts, had a branch for girls. In Canada at that time there was increasing interest in outdoor recreation. Railway expansion and fast-growing cities meant "outdoor activity became fashionable in light of a widespread belief that urban life was contributing to the physical and mental decline of the Canadian population" (Francis 153). Camping was a way of (re)introducing "wilderness" into urban "civilized" lives.

These urban holidayers generally camped in mixed-gender groups. Pauline Johnson wrote essays for Canadian and American magazines in the early 1890s promoting canoeing, camping and other outdoor activities as appropriate pastimes for women (Strong-Boag & Gerson 157) as well as men. But it was not common for single women to camp alone or with Native guides, nor was it common for a woman to camp for the purpose of art; and to this extent Carr's camping activities challenged current gender norms.

Camping was not only a preparatory or rehabilitative exercise, but also a colonizing practice in itself. Camping allowed British Columbians and tourists to carry their influence and their appropriating gaze that much further into the landscape. Carr, like the female English adventurer and writer Clara Vyvyan, generally "travelled independent of any particular institution, [but] her journey was largely facilitated by the institutions, transportation, and communications put in place by the gradual settlement and administration of the Canadian landscape" (Smyth 33). Some of Carr's travel in 1912 was funded by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, whose support she did not publicize (Tippett 107)[1]; and she travelled part of the Grand Trunk's newly extended line to Prince Rupert in 1914. Her 1912 trip to the Queen Charlotte Islands was made possible by steamer service

[1] Carr was apparently on the staff of the G.T.P.R. on her trip to the North Coast, but the nature of her employment with them is unclear. The G.T.P.R. did not buy any of her paintings from that trip (Tippett 118,

that had started seven years earlier (Moray 125). As corporate transportation networks expanded, Carr was able to travel further afield.

While much has been written about Carr, her biographers have primarily concerned themselves with her painting. Other critics have examined her writing, but none have addressed the role of camping in Carr's work. Carr's camping is important because it was an integral and fundamental part of the development of her writing and painting, and of her perception of herself, and also because she was unusual for camping at the time and in the manner she did.

Maria Tippett's biography, the first comprehensive scholarly one written on Carr, concerns itself mostly with Carr's art and psychology. Tippett's documentation of the details of Carr's camping trips is useful, but her limited discussion of camping focuses primarily on it as a practical activity undertaken to provide material for painting. For a fuller understanding of Carr's camping it is necessary to look at the activity as an end in itself, not just as a means. Likewise, Carr's association with aboriginal people is addressed by Tippett mainly in relation to her visual art, rather than as a means to her own indigenization.

In *The Life of Emily Carr*, Paula Blanchard devotes a chapter to Carr's early love of nature and her association of nature with both femininity and freedom. She discusses the development of Carr's Canadian identity and documents Carr's teenage daytrips into the woods and her later camping trips. Blanchard romanticizes Carr's relationship to First Nations people and to the woods. I hope to problematize this relationship—Carr was sincere in her love for both First Nations people she knew and for the landscape of B.C., but

289 n. 13). It is possible that her disappointment contributed to Carr's silence on the matter.

her interactions with them could not help but be influenced and constrained by her white middle-class perspective and the prejudices of the society around her.

Doris Shadbolt's biography of Carr looks almost solely at her development as an artist. Shadbolt touches on Carr's extension of a Canadian identity from a regional one, and refers briefly to the almost mystical identification with nature that Carr developed. Shadbolt also makes the observation that the change in Carr's camping destinations after 1930 is attributable not only to aging, but also to the shift in Carr's artistic focus from totem poles to nature, permitting her to camp closer to home.

Shadbolt views Carr's different types of writing as performing distinctly separate functions:

> The books . . ., the letters, the journals answered different needs for Carr: the books to substantiate the self-image she needed to authorize her life and art . . .; the letters for the comfortable day-to-day warmth of friendship . . .; the journals for the working out and clarification of her artistic and spiritual goals. The substance of the three forms is quite separate with little overlapping, and that pattern is revealing. (23–24)

Shadbolt's main point in this passage is that Carr did not talk about her art with anyone. Her assertions are reasonable regarding the books, in which Carr presents carefully constructed selves that defend her vocation as an artist, present her according to certain social and literary conventions, preserve her modesty and privacy; and tell good stories. However, Shadbolt's appraisal of the letters and journals exaggerates their differences. The letters and journals frequently had overlapping functions. As Shadbolt herself notes, Carr's significant correspondence with Lawren Harris was mainly about art. Her journals (the published parts

of them, anyway) include many entries about domestic life, the activities of friends and pets, and, of course, life in camp, in addition to musings on her art.

The heterogeneity of genres in my selection of Carr's writing permits an examination of camping from various perspectives. Though heterogeneous, all these texts fit within the category of life writing. "While life writing may include some of the elements of the more familiar genre of autobiography, it steps beyond genre boundaries and disciplines, particularly with regard to narrative unity, 'objective' thinking, and author/ity" (Verduyn 29). Carr's writing varied in form, purpose and audience. I have tried to take the "voice" of a text into consideration and to make the varied genres' implications explicit. The three primary texts in my analysis of Carr's writing about camp are her first book of sketches, the Governor General's award-winning *Klee Wyck* (1941); her autobiography, *Growing Pains*, published shortly after her death in 1945; and her selected journals, published under the name *Hundreds and Thousands* in 1966. I refer also to *The Book of Small* (1942), sketches of her childhood; *The House of All Sorts* (1944), sketches from Carr's days running her apartment house; *The Heart of a Peacock* (1953), a collection of short animal stories; *Dear Nan* (1990), a collection of some of her correspondence; *Opposite Contraries* (2003), a collection of previously unpublished journal writings and letters, and two of her lectures, "Modern and Indian Art of the West Coast" and "Lecture on Totems," both from 1929.

Carr's first book, *Klee Wyck*, has been studied more often than her subsequent texts. *Klee Wyck* contains many accounts of camping in diverse locations and will be central to this study, as it has been to many previous studies of Carr's work. Roxanne Rimstead considers *Klee Wyck* the most feminist of Carr's works and examines the strong female presence Carr found in the B.C. wilderness and in the First Nations community. She does not, however,

name or discuss the activity—camping—that permitted Carr to come in close contact with wilderness and Native women. Rimstead briefly identifies the significance "adventure" had in Carr's construction of identity: "[Carr] developed a love of region and sense of bonding by reaching into a space beyond the exclusionist reality of patriarchy—into nature and native civilization, and her own female subjectivity" (31). I explore these two ideas, that the campsite encouraged a sense of union with nature and First Nations people which formed part of her self-identification as a British Columbian and Canadian, and that the campsite is a space set beyond the gender conventions of "home," at length in Chapters One and Two respectively.

In her article "Klee Wyck: The Eye of the Other," Hilda Thomas cautions against regarding Carr as a feminist. "While she frequently expressed her irritation at the arrogance and egotism of men, [she] did not question the basic assumptions of patriarchy, and she often turned to male authority figures for validation in both her painting and her writing" (5). In her "feminist reading" of *Klee Wyck* (which ironically relies heavily on Fredric Jameson and Jacques Derrida), Thomas attempts to locate the work in its social and historical context, though most of her evidence is internal. She argues that in *Klee Wyck* Carr's emphasis is on showing the gulf between White and Native culture and asserts that "Klee Wyck does not identify with aboriginal people [though] she does empathize with them" (8). Thomas perhaps exaggerates this empathy. I maintain that Carr *did* identify with her idealized construction of "Indians," and identified with "Indians" *more* than she empathized with "aboriginal people," since identifying herself with an imaginary constructed Indian did not require acknowledgment or understanding of the lives and situations of real First Nations people, while "empathy" implies a deep understanding of those people, which it is doubtful

Carr had.[2] No critic has examined closely this identification and the way in which camping helped develop it.

Much of the criticism of Carr's writing is concerned with the ways her books do not fit into conventional androcentric traditions of autobiography. She has been accused of untruthfulness, and the "unreliability" of Carr's books is a common theme of her biographers and other critics. Both Nancy Pagh and Susan Elderkin have deconstructed this criticism and demonstrated that Carr's writing is more profitably examined as a "feminist revisioning of the dynamics of self-inscription" (Pagh, "Passing through the Jungle" 65). Elderkin notes that Carr's biographers (like many other biographers) "fail to consider the possibility that the variety of 'truth' that they seek may not be present" in Carr's texts (16). Both examine Carr's untraditional polyphonic voice: Elderkin sees the different personae as vessels that "protect their contents," tantalizing the reader with their secrets, while Pagh sees the successive authorial voices as "work[ing] in stages to carve away the facade" (78), getting progressively closer to an exposed self. In this paper I have concerned myself more with what emotional "truths" Carr's factual discrepancies convey than with the inconsistencies themselves.

Pagh's book about women recreational boaters on the West Coast discusses the relationship of gender to nature and regional identity, the place of domesticity in an "away" space (hence the title, *At Home Afloat*), and the interactions of colonial women with First Nations people—all subjects I tackle here; but in her article about Carr she makes no mention of these subjects, and her book mentions Carr only in passing.

[2] "empathy: the power of identifying oneself mentally with (and so fully comprehending) a person or object of contemplation."

Carr thought of camping as an Indian practice; through that association and the enhanced contact with landscape that camping permitted, she constructed herself as native. However, Marcia Crosby's discussion of Emily Carr in her article on the "Construction of the Imaginary Indian" is a good antidote to the common representation of Carr as a woman with intimate understanding of First Nations people. Crosby objects to the valorization of Carr's motives for painting totem poles, and the widespread embrace of Carr's images as authentic representations of First Nations people and art.

> To accept the myths created about Carr and her relationship with 'the Indians' is to accept and perpetuate the myths out of which her work arose. The academic community today has access to primary source material on First Nations people and postcolonial discourses, and should have a broad enough perspective to consider what Carr did not and perhaps could not see. (278)

One of the driving ideas in this paper is that Carr constructed herself as Native or nearly Native, but it is proposed as a *construction* of identity, not reality.

Crosby problematizes Carr's colonial proprietary desire to save doomed aboriginal culture and places Carr's work within the tradition of the "salvage paradigm" (274). "Salvaging" Native culture is not only an act of appropriation; it can also suggest that that culture exists only in the past. However, some of Crosby's conclusions about Carr's presentation of Native culture are suspect because they are based on a very small selection of Carr's paintings. Crosby cites only a few lines by Carr, from her unpublished writing, and does not refer to any of Carr's published written work. For example, she suggests that Carr's

"identify with **a** regard oneself as sharing characteristics of (another person). **b** associate oneself" (Canadian Oxford Dictionary)

paintings of abandoned villages "intimate that the authentic Indians who made them exist only in the past" (276), omitting any reference to Carr's earlier paintings, many of which have people as well as poles in them, or to any of Carr's writings that feature "modern" authentic Indians.

Gerta Moray's dissertation, *Northwest Coast Native Culture and the Early Indian Paintings of Emily Carr, 1899–1913*, is a balanced and thorough examination of Carr's painting project of West Coast totem poles, which carefully sets Carr's work in historical context. Moray notes that Carr's project originally sprang solely from her desire to paint the totem poles, predating her sense of "salvaging" Native culture. Moray also traces the development of Carr's iconization as a "mediator between white Canadian culture and an ancient Indian legacy" (23).

Moray defends Carr against those who suggest she should have been more politically aware and politically active in her relationships with Native people. Carr's political agency was limited by her temperament, and also by her gender and unmarried status: women did not get the vote until World War One, when Carr was in her mid-forties;[3] and in adulthood there were no men in her immediate family. (Her father died when she was sixteen, and her brother was away at school in Ontario and then in a California sanatorium from 1892, when Carr had just turned twenty, until his death in 1899.) Carr had little political voice: "The avenues of social and political action that existed for a woman in Carr's position were either voluntary work and the church, with which we see she had a problematic relationship, or in her profession, if she had one" (75). There is one mode of potential political comment Moray overlooks, though—Carr drew political cartoons for the *Week*, a Victoria newspaper, in 1905, and the *Western Women's Weekly*, a feminist Vancouver women's newspaper, from

1917 to 1919.[4] It is doubtful, however, that cartoons advocating on behalf of Indians would have been published, had she thought to draw them. Later, Carr did attempt to use her profession as an artist for social commentary and as a way to teach the public:

> We know from her accompanying text [for the "documentary" totem pole paintings], as well as from the ambitious scale and style of her oil paintings and large watercolours, that she was attempting to present native culture in a positive, even romantic light. We know that she believed the public would have to be educated to look with sympathy at these images. She clearly did not believe that the processes of cultural change would be halted, but her pictures presented implications of the process that the white community normally repressed. In her pictures, the "vanishing race" was made highly visible, the extent of its presence problematically vivid. (Moray 174–75)

In Carr's writing, particularly *Klee Wyck*, "the vanishing race" was also made visible, and its decline, illustrated in some stories, is tempered in others by representations of contemporary, vital Indians. Carr further politicized her writing with many anti-missionary comments in *Klee Wyck*, which were expurgated in the 1951 "educational" edition, and have remained absent in successive printings. [See Appendix.]

My terminology referring to indigenous peoples varies in my discussion: I use "Indian" to refer to the cultural image constructed by Carr and other Canadians, and "Native," "First Nations", or "aboriginal," when referring to the people. When referring to non-Native people, I follow the example of critics like Terry Goldie who use "Canadian" in opposition to "Indian" although using these terms in mutual exclusivity makes me

[3] It is unknown whether Carr ever used her vote after women gained franchise.

[4] "Seeking to express its views, Emily [Carr] submitted cartoons that advocated equal pay for women, women's

uncomfortable, inasmuch as I would like to have an inclusive term for all people living in Canada. If First Nations and everyone else in Canada could be included in one group, I could presume Native status for all—indigenization at work! Taiaiake Alfred, in his column "Who you calling Canadian?" says that the only way First Nations people can prevent their culture from being "swallowed up is to preserve the notion of our political independence and demand respect for our rights as peoples in a nation-to-nation relationship with Canada" (*Windspeaker*, September 2000). So, when I refer to "Canadians," I mean only non-Native people in Canada. Of course, Canadians' experiences vary widely and grouping all non-Native people together under the label "Canadian" or "settler" may seem reductive. A general term for the population of this country, which is an artificial construct anyway, now binding together many different ethnic groups, is bound to be unsatisfactory. But for the purposes of my argument here, I have had to ignore Roy Miki's question, "What would happen . . . if the term 'Canadian' were dispersed into all the lines of alterity that, in actuality, striate the social body?" (131). Though I sometimes extrapolate from Carr's experience to Canadians more generally, my focus is specifically on her construction of her "self" through camping, as native, Western, British Columbian, Canadian. Establishing a distinct identity that was not just a colonial shadow of the English was very important to Emily Carr, personally and artistically. She felt that the Canadian landscape shaped its inhabitants, and made them unlike people anywhere else. She struggled all her life to find a way, through painting and writing, to capture the unique spirit of the British Columbian West Coast, a struggle which often took her into the campsite.

suffrage, pensions for mothers, an act to protect deserted wives, the appointment of women judges in the courts, and the election of women to parliament" (Tippett 125).

In Carr's lifetime the idea that Indian people and culture were disappearing was common. The stereotype of the "disappearing Indian" was partly based on observation: researchers into the history of B.C. have shown the way that the slow recovery of coastal First Nations populations from the devastations of introduced disease, urbanization and forced displacement to reserves, and the simultaneous mass British and European immigration to British Columbia meant a dramatic shift in the ratio of Native to White in the B.C. population.

Pre-contact population estimates for First Nations people in the B.C. region range from 80,000 to 125,000. B.C. had a relatively high population density; "about 40 percent of all the native people in the country lived within the present boundaries of British Columbia" (Duff 55). Smallpox epidemics and other deleterious effects of White exploration caused devastating declines, beginning in the 1700s.

> The most terrible single calamity to befall the Indians of British Columbia was the smallpox epidemic that started in Victoria in 1862. Unique circumstances caused it to spread faster and farther than any previous outbreak could possibly have done, and within two years it had reached practically all parts of the province, and killed about one-third of the native people . . . . When the epidemic started, there were about 60,000 Indians in British Columbia. When it had burned itself out two or three years later, there were about 40,000. (Duff 59, 60)

Over the next twenty years the First Nations population in B.C. declined substantially more. According to the 1881 census, there were 25,661 First Nations people in B.C. However, Cole Harris and Robert Galois suggest that census takers were not accurate (underestimating or omitting people); therefore, they estimate the Native population in 1881 at 29,000 (Harris

146). In Carr's lifetime the decline slowed and stabilized; that number fluctuated little over the next sixty years. The B.C. aboriginal population recovered more quickly in the Interior than on the coast: it reached its overall lowest point in 1929, while decline among the Nuu-chah-nulth did not stop until 1939 (Duff 62). Census statistics from 1941 show the First Nations population finally recovering, not disappearing. The Native *percentage* of the B.C. population changed drastically over this period, dropping from close to three-quarters of the population (approximately 71 percent) in 1871 down to 3 percent in 1941. This was substantially due to immigration: the English percentage alone rose from approximately 30 percent in 1881 up to 70 percent in 1941 (Barman 379).

I quote these statistics to show that, though the First Nations of B.C. suffered terrible losses in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, their slowly growing population in the early twentieth century recovered faster than British Columbians' perceptions did. Carr's perceptions would certainly have been influenced by the dramatic change in the Native-to-White ratio in Victoria as she was growing up.[5] And, at the time of Carr's first visit to the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii) in 1912, the Haida population had almost reached its nadir: three years later fewer than 600 people remained in two towns (Duff 55), leaving many villages empty. But White society's persistent assumption that Indians all over B.C. were disappearing was based partly on ignorance and partly on wishful thinking—if Indians vanished, it would be much easier for settlers to claim the land and "relics" of Indian history for their own. The mental process was not that obviously cold-blooded,[6] but Canadians have

[5] In Carr's childhood, the Songhees reserve closely bordered the city and had a population of 2,000, while Victoria had 3,000 (Thomas 16).

[6] Some of the detractors of Native land claims certainly seem cold-blooded: Joseph Trutch, B.C.'s chief commissioner of land and works, denied that Indians had any right to their land (Moray 118). J.S. Helmcken thought First Nations people were lucky just to have "civilized" white people nearby (Moray 145); and Duncan Campbell Scott and William Halliday both looked forward to the day "when the Indian as such will be no more," and absorption into white society would be complete (Moray 166).

had much to gain, materially and psychologically, from convincing First Nations people and themselves that Indians were soon to be just memories and artifacts.[7]

Like many others of her time, Carr became convinced that Native art was dying out and imagined that the people might follow. She began to sketch the First Nations villages "in a desultory way just for the joy of it, but by and by I began to realize that these things were passing . . . ." ("Modern and Indian Art"). It is hardly surprising that Carr developed this belief, given the attitude of most of her contemporaries: missionaries, government, and the media were all interested in the assimilation of Native people and suppression of their culture. For example, William Halliday, an Indian agent with whom she had contact, was determined to stamp out the potlatch and held very unsympathetic opinions of Indians (Moray 173). Surrounded by so many people hostile or indifferent to First Nations people and their culture, Carr could hardly be optimistic. Carr's perceptions were also influenced by the timing of her travel: because she generally took her long-distance sketching trips in the summer, many of the Native villages she visited were empty, the residents having gone off to seasonal work in the canneries. Although Carr knew most of the empty villages were only temporarily abandoned, their emptiness still affected her emotional experience of the places.

The perceived decline of Native people and culture runs throughout many of Carr's stories. Cultural change is even presented as a cause of death: "Indian babies were temporary creatures: behaviour half-white, half-Indian, was perplexing to them. Their dull, brown eyes grew vague, vaguer—gave up—a cradle was empty—there was one more shaggy little grave in the cemetery" (*GP* 229). The sketches in *Klee Wyck*, in particular, frequently feature dying

[7] The First Nations population in Canada as a whole *did* decline in Carr's lifetime, from 108,500 people in 1881 to 103,750 in 1915. After the war, however, the population began to recover; by 1931 it was up to 122,911 (Francis 53–54).

and dead Indians,[8] though only passing references are made to smallpox and influenza epidemics (*KW* 64, 96). Infant mortality is prevalent, and cemeteries and traditional burial practices are both described at length (*KW* 15–17 [1st], *KW* 94–96). Carr was not silent about White culture's guilt in the decline of Native people. The last section of "Friends" in *Klee Wyck*, which was cut from the second edition, presents White culture as figuratively killing, through its residential schools that have destroyed a Native boy's pride in his culture; and literally killing, when a missionary ignores the risk of residential school to a sick child's life and pressures the boy's mother to send him away. Carr attributes cultural decline to the interference of missionaries again when she asks her young Native chaperone who D'Sonoqua is (this line was also cut from the second edition): "The girl had been to Mission School, and fear of the old, fear of the new, struggled in her eyes. 'I dunno,' she lied" (*KW* 53 [1st]). In Carr's writings overall, the future for Indians is uncertain; the next generation, deprived of traditional knowledge and rarely living to maturity, offers little hope.

Carr does not only represent Indians in decline. In her journal Carr wrote a glowing description of a visit to a potlatch on the Esquimalt reserve in February 1931(*H&T* 27). "Here she celebrates the living tradition of the Coast Salish in a zone of urban contact and assimilation" (Cole 159). Several of the stories in *Klee Wyck*, especially those about her Haida friends Jimmie and Louisa, or the Douse family in Kitwancool, present her friends and acquaintances as "modern", but not less "authentically" Indian. They speak English in addition to their Native languages; they drive gas-powered boats; they live in hybrid old-new houses; they eat tinned jam and soopolallie froth. Her Indians may be "imaginary" but "[t]hey live in Carr's present, not in an ahistorical past" (Cole 153). A number of Carr's

[8] See especially death in "Sophie," "The Blouse," "The Stare," "Sailing to Yan," "Wash Mary," "Friends" and "Century Time," all from *Klee Wyck*.

characters, as well, have great vitality; the force of their personalities is definitely not in decline. However, the undercurrent of illness and death in *Klee Wyck* is unmistakable.[9]

Unlike many of her contemporaries, Carr does not often suggest that the adoption of White culture reduced the "authenticity" of Indians she knew, but she did lament the deleterious effects of White culture on First Nations people. One of the effects she most regretted was the decline she perceived in First Nations art, specifically the carving and appreciation of totem poles. On Carr's northern cruise with her sister Alice in 1907, seeing totem poles—in Sitka, Alaska, ironically—gave her a sense of mission and inspired her to record totem poles in British Columbia.[10] She considered the B.C. poles a part of her history that needed preservation. The Native cultural heritage that her "Old World heredity" (*GP* 211) lacked could be constructed from these artifacts. In her "Lecture on Totems" (1913), she said, "I glory in our wonderful west, to leave behind me some of the relics of its primitive greatness. These things should be to us Canadians what the ancient Britons' relics are to the English. Only a few more years and they will be gone forever into silent nothingness and I would gather my collection together before they are forever past" (*OC* 203) There is a silent conflation of settler Canadians with First Nations as she smoothly slips Native art into "her" heritage.[11] Settler culture taking responsibility for saving First Nations artistic culture has been described as the "salvage paradigm":

9 Carr seems to have envisioned a Canadian future where First Nations and settler races would mix fully, but not become completely homogeneous. "[T]his country waits for development and the race waits for evolving. All the foreign elements incorporated into the white, the white elements incorporated into the foreign. The Indian watches his race disappear yet not disappear; appearing in a new civilization, new manners, new customs, new looks, yet with a trifle in them of himself. The new race gathering, sifting, sorting" (*OC* 31).

10 Carr visited approximately thirty percent of the villages with totem poles in B.C. (Peter Macnair, Curator's Talk, Vancouver Art Gallery, 5 December 1999).

11 Carr, of course, is not alone in this attitude: in 1884, the Duke of Argyll declared himself a fan of Canada: "I know what your great possessions are, and to what a magnificent heritage you have fallen heirs" (Campbell 260).

> Predicated on the concept of a dead or dying people whose culture needs to be "saved," those doing the saving choose what fragments of a culture they will salvage. Having done this, they become both the owners and interpreters of the artifacts or goods that have survived from that dying culture, artifacts that become rare and therefore valuable. (Crosby 274)

When Carr painted the totem poles as "relics," she was saving them for future generations of Natives and Whites but she was also taking ownership of First Nations history and art.

Carr's relationship to the totem poles was central to her self-construction as "native" to B.C. "Th[e] desire to establish some special tie with the native Indians is a form frequently taken by the possession theme: if the Indians cannot be claimed as ancestors by ties of blood, then there will be at least an attempt to establish by adoption ties of culture and art" (Pritchard 101). As anyone with a passing familiarity with Carr's art will know, the imagery of totem poles was a frequent subject, and Carr came to view them as a part of her heritage. This appropriation of First Nations culture as one's own is one way settler culture develops its identity, though it is often an idealized or bastardized version of that culture. The act of sketching itself seems to have had indigenizing power for Carr: on a misty day in the empty village of Yan, she goes "down the beach far away from the Indians [her guides]" and, when it gets too foggy to work any longer, says "the mist . . . stole my totem poles" (*KW* 61). She first removes herself physically from the sphere of those who might have claim to the poles, and then mentally rejects their claim further. Reproducing First Nations art on canvas was indigenizing for Carr by creating not only a connection with Indians but also with the landscape. European painters she respected had told her "Canada had no scenery" and the Western landscape was "unpaintable" (*GP* 76)—reproducing the totem poles was a way into that landscape.

At Kitwancool in Northern B.C., Carr explained to an elder that she wanted to make pictures of the totem poles because "[t]hey are getting old now, and your people make very few new ones. The young people do not value the poles as the old ones did. By and by there will be no more poles. I want to make pictures of them so that your young people as well as the white people will see how fine your totem poles used to be" (*KW* 101). It is true that the tradition of totem pole carving was threatened in some areas of B.C. in Carr's lifetime: in the 1880s, the Haida and coastal Tsimshian peoples were no longer carving poles for their own use; the Nisga'a and other tribes of the north coast stopped in the 1890s. However, the Gitksan of the upper Skeena continued to carve poles until 1950 or so, while at Alert Bay and other southern Kwakwaka'wakw villages, totem poles continued to be carved and the artistic tradition continued to develop in the hands of Kwakwaka'wakw carvers Charlie James (who was a contemporary of Carr's); his stepson, Mungo Martin; his granddaughter, Ellen Neel; Willie Seaweed, Henry Hunt, Doug Cranmer and others (Stewart 20; Crosby 279; Duff 123). Poles were disappearing rapidly in Carr's lifetime mainly because "[b]etween the 1870s and the 1920s, hundreds of poles were purchased or simply removed from seasonally vacant or abandoned villages without permission or payment" (Stewart 21) and transported to museums around the world. While Carr felt the poles that were decaying should be preserved somehow (for example, in her paintings) she disapproved of their removal to museums, where "they would be labelled as exhibits, dumb before the crowds who gaped and laughed and said, 'This is the distorted foolishness of an uncivilized people.' And the poor poles could not talk back because the white man did not understand their language" (*KW* 52–53)—excluding herself, of course. She undertook her painting project partly because she believed the poles should be seen in their original settings.

Totem poles are temporary structures: "The[ir] lifespan in the damp coast climate averages 60 to 80 years, with some lasting 100 years" (Jensen 708), and people who have wished to preserve the poles by taking them away to museums or standing them upright in concrete (as they did at Sitka Walk in Alaska) have suffered from "collective obliviousness to the idea that the poles were not created with forever in mind, but were meant to weather and lean and fall back into the earth. The cycle has little to do with aesthetics, and cementing them in any position is a bit like soldering a boat to the wharf" (Crean 261). In the 1950s, more "salvaging" was done, this time with the help of Bill Reid and others. Poles from Nunstiints on Anthony Island in Haida Gwaii (Queen Charlotte Islands) were taken away for preservation with the permission of the Skidegate Band Council. Solomon Wilson, a chief from Chaatl, however, refused to allow the removal of a pole from that village, saying, "I want to see it stay right there and go back into the ground where it belongs" (Crosby 285). It is unfortunate that those who have cared about the physical preservation of this artistic tradition did not focus more on defending the potlatch and other traditions through which pole carving skills were passed on and fostered, thereby advocating on behalf of carvers, not carvings. This preference for artifacts over people is symptomatic of settler attitudes.[12]

For Carr, camping was not just necessary to gain access to the remote locations where she was inspired by First Nations carvings; camping was also the means to her own indigenization, her construction of herself as "native" to the British Columbia landscape. Terry Goldie uses the term "indigenization" in his book *Fear and Temptation: The Image of the Indigene* . . . (1989), to refer to the desire and attempts of non-Native Canadians to make

[12] Though both interested Carr, in "Greenville" she says to a potential guide, "I want to see the poles, not people" (*KW* 51).

themselves native (lowercase n– and capital N–) to the land in which they live. Indigenization is attempted both by appropriating First Nations culture and by suppressing it. Indigenizing settlers "try on" Native identity, which they then claim as their own by subjugating and attempting to erase "true" Native culture. This contradictory behaviour can be seen in Carr's writing and art. She appropriated from Native art and villages in order to paint "her" land and increase her connection to the West Coast, while at the same time physically and psychically displacing Native people by her presence in their villages and her anticipation of their demise.

Carr gave her place of birth great importance. She always drew a distinction between her two much older sisters, who were born in California and lived for a short time in England, and the younger siblings, including herself, who were born in B.C. Carr was born in 1871, the year her beloved province joined Canada. Carr took it for granted that, having been born here, she belonged here. She assumed that her birthplace and love for the land and its people automatically offered legitimate roots in the land, an attitude supported by Pauline Johnson in her introduction to *Canadian Born*: "Whether he be my paleface compatriot who has given to me his right hand of good fellowship . . . or whether he be that dear Red brother of whatsoever tribe or Province, it matters not—White Race and Red are one if they are but Canadian born" (quoted in Strong-Boag & Gerson 179). All the other avenues of indigenization that Carr followed are founded on this first assumption that birthplace made her native. However, she does acknowledge that even if her birthplace could make her capital-N Native, it could not change her genealogy. "[The Northwest landscape's] bigness and stark reality baffled my white man's understanding. I was as Canadian-born as the Indian but behind me were Old World heredity and ancestry as well as

Canadian environment. The new West called me, but my Old World heredity, the flavour of my upbringing, pulled me back" (*GP* 211). Thus birthplace ensures her place in Canada, but does not endow her with a Canadian past or a cultural heritage. Though Carr refers to B.C. as "new" here, she also quietly acknowledges the history of First Nations people in Canada. In "Tanoo," Carr again concedes a lack of heritage: "The feelings Jimmie and Louisa had in this old village of their own people must have been quite different from ours. They must have made my curiosity and the missionary girl's sneer seem small" (*KW* 12 [1st]). Her construction of a Native identity is undercut by such small concessions to reality.

What is it that settler culture wants from Native identity? "Canadians have, and long have had, a clear agenda to erase [the] separation of belonging. The white Canadian looks at the Indian. The Indian is Other and therefore alien. But the Indian is indigenous and therefore cannot be alien. So the Canadian must be alien. But how can the Canadian be alien within Canada?" (Goldie 12). By appropriating Native status, settler culture claims authentic roots in Canada. For colonial British Columbians like Carr, identity was unstable. The late entry of B.C. into Confederation meant that many of Carr's early contemporaries still considered themselves British and bridled at the suggestion that they were Canadian. Unlike them, Carr was not content to rely on England to define herself. Neither English nor Native, she was Canadian, yet not entirely of this place called Canada. George Grant reminds non-Natives that "[n]one of us can be called autochthonous, because in all there is some consciousness of making the land our own" (17). Identity has been adopted or stolen by Canadians so that they can feel and claim to be at home, but their memory of settling here means they cannot be truly indigenous. Indigenization is not only about constructing a national myth but also about justifying the appropriation of Native land. Guilt over theft of land can be tempered if one can claim cultural rights to the land. But for settlers, making the

land truly one's own is impossible because "[t]hose closest to the soil are not blood ancestors, their cultural traditions are alien, and to become their mouthpieces in any valid sense is to betray both one's own culture and its claim to the land" (Fee 17). The adoption of Native identity means the denial of one's own past. Margaret Atwood further clarifies the psychological conundrum of Canadian identity: "The dilemma of all those who long for authenticity by identifying with the wilderness, and with their own idea of what an Indian should be, is that they can only be real, in their own terms, by turning themselves into something they are 'really' not" (57). The attempt by Canadians to become First Nations is always hampered by the knowledge they can never become "first"; the very need to make themselves at home precludes success.

Although the desire to feel "at home" is nearly universal, and not inherently bad, in Canada it is inextricably tied up with colonization. Colonizers, by definition, make themselves at home in order to claim land for allegiance to some other place. What makes indigenization (a crucial part of making oneself at home) problematic is its reliance on appropriation, both physical and cultural. It is only because of land appropriation by Europeans that the question of Canadian identity even arises. This original theft led to the additional appropriation of natural resources, geographical and medical knowledge and art and artifacts, while displacing First Nations' language and religion. This combination of stealing and suppression has been the primary tactic in forging "native" Canadian identity. Settlers pushed assimilation while simultaneously expressing regret at the loss of the idealized Rousseauian "noble savage." "Just as their turn-of-the-century counterparts in northern Europe turned to romantic tales of the Aryan and Celtic peoples, White Canadians readily fancied themselves heirs to 'superior' Natives" (Strong-Boag & Gerson 186). It would be wrong, however, to imagine an idealized cultural purity or stasis had European

explorers not come to Canada. Cultural exchange has been commonplace for thousands of years, in North America no less than in Europe or elsewhere. North American indigenous culture is not, nor ever was, static. This colonial expectation, by those who lamented the passing of the Indian, added insult to injury.

> Canadians did not expect Indians to adapt to the modern world. Their only hope was to assimilate, to become White, to cease to be Indians. In this view, a modern Indian is a contradiction in terms: Whites could not imagine such a thing . . . . Indians were defined in relation to the past and in contradistinction to White society. To the degree that they changed, they were perceived to become less Indian . . . . White society was allowed to change, to evolve, without losing its defining cultural, ethnic and racial characteristics, but Indian society was not. (Francis 59)

As I have noted above, Carr did not fully embrace this idea, but it was a widespread perception.

Ironically, it was settler culture that clung to its past. Cultures frequently tend towards stasis in the first period after emigration as immigrant groups hold onto their cultural conventions as the sole constant in the "New World," wherever that might be. This stasis, for example, hampered the progress and introduction of new artistic ideas and techniques in Canada, much to Carr's chagrin. Artistically, Carr rejected the static Victorian Anglo-Canadian views and "cultural vacuity" (Shadbolt 10) of colonial Victoria. However, in Native culture she desired stasis and lamented the changes she saw in it, but rarely acknowledged any responsibility for those changes. Carr visited a number of deserted villages but only occasionally mentions disease and economic, religious and governmental

causes for the desertion.[13] Carr's misanthropy and the poor reception her own art received for many years make her idealization and adoption of Native culture easy to understand. However, she consistently fails to acknowledge any connection between herself and the oppression of Native culture and disintegration of some of the Native communities she visited. (Her dislike of missionaries probably contributed to this dissociation.) When Carr writes about Sophie and other First Nations people on reserves, she does not address the disjuncture between their lives and the stereotypes of Indians' freedom and closeness to nature she perpetuates elsewhere in her writing. If she felt any sense of complicity it is not discernible in her published work.

The construction of Canada as a nation has required a great deal of forgetting. Ernest Renan defines "nation" as a construct in which "tous les individus aient beaucoup de choses en commun, et aussi . . . tous aient oublié bien des choses" (quoted in Anderson 6). To construct Canada, as Carr often does, as simultaneously "new" and yet also a repository of "relics," Canadians have had to forget both their own origins in other countries and First Nations origins here. They cannot say, as the man in a Mi'kmaq folktale does, "I have lived here since the world began" (Ray [vii]). Without their own history in Canada, settlers attempt to displace First Nations in order to appropriate (imaginary) ancestors and artifacts. Benedict Anderson suggests that nations "always loom out of an immemorial past" (11) but in Canada, the past is simultaneously forgotten and revised. In its desire to make itself native, settler culture appropriates time before its own history. Anderson criticizes Ernest Gellner's equation of the "invention" of nation with "fabrication" rather than "imagination" (6). Nation as it is constructed through indigenization, however, *is* fabrication, built upon a past

[13] For example, she makes passing references to her Haida friends' stories of smallpox and influenza epidemics (*KW* 21, 65, 96) and a subtle condemnation of missionaries who "took the Indians away from their old villages

that is not only imaginary, but deceitful. Homi Bhabha echoes both Renan and Anderson when he notes that at "the beginning of the nation's narrative" is a "strange forgetting of the history of the nation's past" (310). In Canada, this means forgetting First Nations history and forgetting the origins of Canadians' entry in that history. Nations construct themselves as deep-rooted and enduring, but in order to support this fictional past, citizens must forget their "real" history.

One means of visiting and appropriating the past is through camping. Camping attempts to return to a pre-contact era—campers travel through time as well as landscape. "[T]o enter the wilderness is to go backwards in time" (Atwood 49). Carr fabricates a (pre)history when she claims that, near her home in Victoria, "Beacon Hill Park was just as it had always been from the beginning of time, not cleared, not trimmed" (*GP* 8). She also uses images of a biblical past, comparing herself to "Mrs. Noah" with her pets on a rainy stretch in camp (*HP* 227, *H&T* 121), and feeling "as out of date as Abraham" in a primitive cabin in the woods (*DN* 21). In the colonialist tradition, Indians are also associated with the past of the wilderness. "Imperial progress across the space of empire is figured as a journey backward in time to an anachronistic moment of prehistory" (McClintock 40). The Canadian can make Indians alien, despite their indigeneity, by locating them in the past. For the camper, the past of the wilderness offers a simpler, emotionally and environmentally more authentic space. As indigenizers, campers want to be a part of that past. Pauline Johnson promoted camping through the appeal of the past: "We all have a scrap of the savage, a dash of the primitive man concealed about us somewhere—give it play girls, at least once a year. Be the roving nature-loving, simple-living being that the soul of your ancestors burning yet

and the totem poles" (*KW* 52). See Appendix for more criticism of missionaries from the first edition of *Klee Wyck*.

within you clamors out so loudly at times . . . ." (quoted in Strong-Boag & Gerson 74). Camping then, based on identification with both Indians and wilderness, attempts to take the camper back before her own origins to recover an imaginary cultural memory. Camping is thus a kind of erasure, both of the past, and of the present, as the camper retreats to this imagined prehistory, discarding her present and the Indian's past.

If going to wilderness allows a camper to go back in time, clearly wilderness is not simply a place. Wilderness is a cultural construct that has been replete with a variety of meanings through history: hostile, empty, beautiful, endangered, enlightening. "Wilderness in Canada is where you make it, or where you imagine it to be. It is not a place, but a category, defined as much by absences and contrasts as by positives and characteristics" (Murray 75). The term "wilderness" itself is problematic in Canada, as it represents a colonial perception of the land. "Wilderness is a Western concept that is not applicable to the relationships indigenous people have with natural systems" (Dann & Lynch 11). Historically, wilderness has been defined as "a wasteland, barren, uninhabitable" (Oelschlaeger 356n.10) and this is how Canadian settlers generally viewed their new surroundings. But only to them was the land unexplored, unexploited, untamed. "Although whites called the land 'wilderness,' no such thing existed. Indians knew, occupied and utilized every piece of earth, every stream, river and lake" (Lionel de Montigny, quoted in Rimstead 39). Perceiving the land in Canada as wilderness had several benefits for settlers. By regarding it as empty they could deny Native presence and claim it for their own. As Anne McClintock notes, the "myth of the empty lands" symbolically displaces indigenous people (30). Seeing Canada as wilderness was a psychological part of settlers' drive to remove First Nations people from the land, erasing Native presence in order to substitute their own and thereby constitute the landscape for

themselves. By considering Canada as underutilized wilderness, settlers could also exploit whatever resources it might have.

Wilderness, as Canadians perceive it, has undergone an image change. In Carr's lifetime, wilderness around Victoria went from ubiquitous to tame. In the late nineteenth century, the rise of outdoor recreation and the establishment of parks reflected this change in the perception of wilderness. Canada's first national park was established at Banff in 1870 (Crean 94), one year before Carr was born. Wilderness had changed from being an overwhelming space of uncertain value, to a receding and possibly endangered resource. It was transformed from a frightening wasteland to a space of freedom in which campers sought union with nature and the opportunity to prove themselves. This new desirable wilderness where the camper could test her mettle was, and still is, represented as empty, however: "[I]n our experience of wilderness is the death of others, annihilation of those native to what from the venturing perspective is necessarily perceived as empty. We may admire to the point of veneration the native capacity to endure but cannot forgive their intrusion into our narratives of exploration and achievement" (Moss 199). Wilderness needs to be perceived as empty to accommodate Canadian campers' sense of adventure and ownership.

As cities and agriculture encroach on wild space, greater self-deception is required to still perceive wilderness. Heather Murray argues that wilderness writing in Canada should be redefined, because our national myths construct wilderness mostly in supposedly remote areas (the West, the North) but our literature much more often represents a 'pseudo-wilderness' in "rural or cottage or near-woods settings" (74). The "wilderness" that Carr encountered in her camping trips was rarely far from settlement. The encroaching forest around deserted village sites made their civilized space seem wild, but they were hardly

unexplored wilderness. Her caravan was parked on the edge of the woods, in farmers' fields and popular picnic areas; the cabins she rented were not isolated. But all these pseudo-wilderness spaces functioned as wilderness for Carr. In the Canadian experience, pseudo-wilderness "not only mediate[s] between civilization and wilderness, but may substitute in both experiential and imaginative senses for that wilderness" (Murray 77).[14] The popularity of pseudo-wilderness is partly attributable to its accessibility. Outdoor activities and camping surged in popularity in Canada as roads were built (Francis 153). "Wilderness" grew in appeal, but, by definition, access to wilderness makes it less wild.

The idea of wilderness in relation to Carr's camping is complicated further because writings about B.C. wilderness are atypical in Canadian literature. In "West of the Great Divide," Allan Pritchard notes that literary representations of B.C. wilderness differ from the Canadian standard; the hostile wilderness of Northrop Frye's "garrison mentality" and Margaret Atwood's *Survival* is rare in B. C. literature. In contrast to the largely wintry fiction of the rest of Canada, spring is the dominant season for B.C. writers, and their focus is often on the cycle of seasons (Pritchard 108) (ironic, given that many people claim the West Coast has only one season). The west coast of British Columbia has frequently been referred to as paradise: Victorian settlers like James Douglas (Hudson's Bay chief factor, later governor of Vancouver Island) found Eden on southern Vancouver Island; while Francis Poole, a visiting engineer, called the Queen Charlotte Islands "the Eden of the North Pacific" (Pritchard 97–98). Advertisements for the colony of Canada, as Susanna Moodie comments in her preface to *Roughing It in the Bush*, were misleading in their promise of an Edenic experience (xvi–xvii); but in B.C., many thought they had found it. The West Coast was (and

[14] The idea of Canadian wilderness is a valuable commodity. This marketing cliché has been used by advertisers for years: the romantic view of wilderness was part of what sold Grey Owl's books in the 1930s and is still used

still is) known as the "land of the lotus-eaters," and the "remarkable climate" was considered "enervating[;] the inhabitants gradually grow indolent, and cease to worry and struggle" (Campbell 254). In the Gulf Islands, some worried that "life was too good, so easy and pleasant as to be damaging to the character" (Pritchard 98).[15] Carr did not lead this kind of idyllic agricultural life, nor did she find camping on the West Coast quite so leisurely. She complained about the rain, bugs, and her heavy sketch sacks, and occasionally she found the woods spooky. But Carr agreed that the West was different from the rest of the country: moister, heavier, more lush (*H&T* 83). Her lifelong love of nature on the West Coast is a constant theme in her writing, and when she was in England she pined for the "wild, untrimmed places" of B.C. (*GP* 143). In her repeated references to the incredible "life" in the forest, with its abundant vegetation eternally growing, it seems it was the overwhelming fecundity that unnerved Carr, rather than anything sinister. In her story "D'Sonoqua," the vitality of the woods "driv[es] away its menace" (*KW* 40). "Wildness" was a valued attribute of her home province.

In Chapter One I explore the ways in which the campsite enabled Carr's relationships with First Nations people, animals, and the land. The campsite was where she "played Indian," constructing an idealized romantic Native with which to identify. She often represented her indigenization in corporeal terms and the campsite was a space in which the boundary between the bodies of Native people and her own was blurred. From the perspective of the campsite, Carr also made herself feel physically indigenous by drawing

now at the beginning of the twenty-first century in the "Beautiful B.C." tourism campaign. Despite the urban majority, Canadians are popularly viewed, by themselves and by others, as close to the natural world.

[15] Similar complaints were made by eighteenth-century southern U.S. (Florida, N. Carolina) residents. William Byrd referred to North Carolina as "Lubberland," because of the "great felicity of the Climate, the easiness of raising Provisions, and the Slothfulness of the People" (Kolodny 16, 17).

parallels between her own body and the body of land on which she lived. Internalizing cultural and natural elements in camp assured her of her place on the West Coast. The campsite was also a place where she observed and interacted with animals whose freedom and comfort in natural landscape she envied, and sometimes tried to imitate. Like many other campers, Carr identified with the earth, and her writing works both within and against stereotypes of women and earth.

In Chapter Two I examine how gender influenced Carr's practice of camping. In her writing, Carr is impressed by the femininity of the woods and the strength of First Nations women she met on her camping trips. Contact with this "womanliness" (*KW* 40, 48) contributed to her indigenization, as shared gender gave her a sense of connection. Woman has been associated with both nature and the indigene; Carr identifies with both in the campsite. However, Carr also defied gender norms by camping when, where and in the fashion she did. Women were not expected to join in the cult of "roughing it," particularly not on their own. In going into the wilderness to camp, Carr both contravened and maintained the standards for feminine domestic behaviour: camp was an escape from home and domesticity, but also a construction of a temporary "home" in the wilderness. The freedom that the campsite has offered to Carr and other women is undercut by conventions which define women's activity as domestic, and domestic activity as feminine.

CHAPTER ONE "Going Native": Indigenization and the Campsite

In an attempt to "save" some of the endangered Native culture that Carr considered a part of her history, she undertook to paint all the totem poles on the B.C. West Coast. She accessed them by boat, train, and horse, often camping in the vicinity of her sketching sites. Later in life, she and her caravan were transported by truck to camp sites near Victoria. Because her guides on camping trips were often Native, because she had childhood memories of First Nations families camping near her family's property, and because she idealized the relationship of Indians to nature, Carr associated camping with Indians. Camp was therefore a space outside the confinements of White femininity, where Carr was able to cross boundaries separating her from Native people, and their native landscape.

Carr attempted to become indigenous to the landscape of B.C. through interaction with wilderness and with First Nations people in the campsite. Camping was a crucial part of constructing her identity as indigenous. Carr imitated and appropriated cultural and behavioural activities associated with Indians, animals and forest in the campsite, through which she could make herself feel native. She associated Native people very closely with the wilderness. Through her relations with them she gained access to wilderness: literally, by their means of transport and guidance; and figuratively, through her identification with them and their stories. Terry Goldie suggests that "indigenizing whites are allowed to acquire nature through acquiring the indigene" (39). I might turn this around for Carr and say also that, in camping, she is able to acquire the indigene through acquiring nature. Through her access to the wilderness she came to identify with Indians more. The indigene is also equated with animals; Carr (like many other writers) attributes animal characteristics to both. Carr's relationship with animals in the campsite helped her feel closer to wilderness and close quarters with both her pets and wild creatures were part of the pleasure of camping. Carr

also constructed indigeneity physically. She attempted to make her body Native through subtle methods, expressed in her written works in the imagery of consumption and incorporation. The proximity to woods and earth in camp was tremendously important to Carr in defining "her" land and herself. The "self" she constructed through all these interactions was Canadian, Western, and native to the land. In this chapter I examine the function of Indians, animals, and the woods in camp, and their role in the development of Carr's identity through the process of indigenization.

Indians

Hilda Thomas claims that "Klee Wyck does not *identify* with aboriginal people . . ." (8). It is true that the narrator of *Klee Wyck* does not provide as much evidence of Carr's attempts at indigenization as some of her other texts. But the quasi-fictional Carr, in her various autobiographical voices, clearly *did* identify with equally fictional Indians. The Indian that Carr identified with is imaginary, and should be distinguished from real aboriginal people with whom she shows only intermittent empathy. Carr felt identification, not solidarity. Sharyn Rohlfsen Udall asserts that, "[t]hough her sympathies with native culture were profound, Carr never forgot that she was an outsider" (43). I would argue, on the contrary, that Carr often forgot she was an outsider. But the sort of identification that Carr felt is the sort that interests graduate students, not psychiatrists: Carr was not delusional. In her article on "Modern and Indian Art of the West Coast" (1929) she recalled that in her childhood "[f]requently the Indians camped round on the beaches in the course of their travels up and down the coast in their great canoes and often I used to wish I had been born an Indian." Failing birth, Carr relied on camping and related activities to transform herself into an Indian.

Like many others, Carr associated camping with Indians. First Nations people often provided transportation for her camping trips and camped out themselves (*KW* "Tanoo," "Skedans," "Cumshewa," "D'Sonoqua," "Sleep," "Cha-atl"). Many other explorers and travellers have also been indebted to First Nations people: "The popularity of wilderness tourism [at the turn of the century offered the] induction of Whites into selected, often sanitized, mysteries under the tutelage of Native guides" (Strong-Boag & Gerson 186). In Canadian exploration narratives "[t]he adventurers may be known as heroes, yet they were always led, guided, literally carried and often saved from death by native people" (M.T. Kelly, quoted in Atwood 40). Carr would certainly not have been able to visit many of the villages she did without the guidance and transportation of First Nations friends and acquaintances, whom she credits in her stories.[16]

Carr followed the literary tradition of associating and even equating Indians with nature (Goldie 14; Alaimo 28). In her recollection of a family camping on the beach near her home, "the Indian children did not race up and down the beach, astonished at strange new things, as we always were. These children belonged to the beach, and were as much a part of it as the drift-logs and the stones" (*KW* 57). Carr equates the children's bodies with the beach landscape. Because of her strong love of the earth and desire for indigenization, Carr embraced the trope of Indian as land.

This exaggerated conflation of Native and nature made it hard for Carr to emulate Indians. The parallel she draws between the Indian children and the beach temporarily reinstates the difference between White and Indian: she puts herself back in the role of settler and explorer, surprised by the flora and fauna of this "new" environment. At times Carr's adult experiences with the rough side of camping also emphasized the weaknesses in

[16] *KW* 17, 21, 51, 59, 63, 78, 97, 108.

her aspiring indigenization. She admired Indians' laissez-faire attitudes to weather and time, and she romanticized their relationship with the environment (particularly in contrast to her whiny missionary chaperones): "Indian people and the elements give and take like brothers, accommodating themselves to each others' ways without complaint. My Indians never said to me, 'Hurry up and get this over with so that we may go home and be more comfortable.' Indians are comfortable everywhere" (*KW* 21). But Carr was not, and she saw her discomfort as a sign of failure in her relationship to the campsite. To be able to properly paint the B.C. landscape she needed to commune with it, but cold feet and mosquito bites precluded unity.[17] Carr wrote about Indians' symbiotic relationship with nature in her journals as well:

> Camp life is one steady wrestle—with the elements, with inadequate means. One says, "When I have leisure in camp I will do this and that," but the leisure never comes. Indians, those superb campers, had leisure in abundance because they understood; they did not combat. . . . There was no friction so there was peace and they went with nature and nature is quite comfortable if you don't thwart her. (*H&T* 122)

In the camping tradition, "roughing it" is a given, but here Carr suggests that the discomfort of camping is a result of a dysfunctional relationship with one's surroundings. This passage again romanticizes the Native relationship to nature, but it can also be read as a political passage: it both defends the stereotyped "lazy Indian" (as featured in "Greenville," *KW* 49) and criticizes the imperial desire to dominate the landscape.

[17] Elsewhere, however, Carr suggests that discomfort was a necessary part of her work, and that art benefitted from it; in other words, that suffering is part of feeling the "closeness of mother earth" (Modern and Indian Art 6).

Carr liked to let domesticity slide in camp in imitation of an idealized Native interaction with nature: "Tides and seasons are the things that rule their lives [and] domestic arrangements are mere incidentals" (*KW* 49). Camping permitted the freedom to organize time by physical necessities, not by the clock or social convention. The First Nations family that Carr as a little girl sees camp on the beach near her home exemplifies this relaxed attitude to time. Eating and sleeping are unregimented; the children run up and down the beach with their dinner. "Each child ate what he wanted, then went into the tent and tumbled, dead with sleep, among the bundles" (*KW* 58). Carr's stories characterize Indians as having casual attitudes towards time. She recollected that her guides were often slow to start, setting off hours after the appointed departure time (*KW* 12, 45, 108–9). Despite the inconvenience they caused her, Carr grew to admire and emulate their relaxed schedules. When camping in the Elephant, "[t]ime [wa]s only bounded by light and dark and hunger" (*H&T* 146) and there was "[n]o fussy hurrying clock to watch, only the steady old sun" (*H&T* 122). Carol Pearson, an art pupil and very close friend of Carr's, recalled:

> On our first trip, I packed a clock, a calendar, pillows, all the things I thought she had missed. I wanted to impress Miss Carr with my thoroughness. "Why?" That was all she said when she saw my little pile. I didn't know why! Miss Carr went on, "The Indians, Baboo, eat when they are hungry; they sleep when they are tired. The exact time and date mean nothing to them at all. For the next five days *we will be Indians.*" (Pearson 38; my emphasis)

Carr, according to Pearson,[18] not only imitated Indian lifestyle but also invested her imitation with the power to indigenize.

[18] Although Paula Blanchard describes Carol Pearson's memoir as "extremely unreliable" (155), this account is certainly in keeping with Carr's attitude towards time and Indians in camp.

Recreational campers have often emulated and idolized Indians. Ernest Thompson Seton's Woodcraft movement was an organization for young people (primarily boys) with a pacifist bent and explicit emulation of Indians. He advocated camping, "'the simple life reduced to actual practice' . . . . Camping combined the healthful character-building benefits of outdoor activity with a chance to experience vicariously life as the Indians lived it" (Francis 154). Seton's passion for Indians was not shared by Boy Scout leaders or by his publisher, who told him that there were "too many Americans who think of Indians either as dirty and loafing degenerates, or as savages, to make the idea popular when they think of educating their children" (Francis 152). Robinson Crusoe was more the sort of wilderness man that Boy Scout leaders felt comfortable with (MacDonald 25). Seton's influence, however, was strong: many Canadian summer camp organizers adopted 'Indian' names for their camps and camp leaders and, despite the Scouts' disapproval, Seton influenced nomenclature in their organization as well (Francis 154–55). And, as I can attest from my Girl Guide days, other imitative "Indian" activities like archery and Indian-themed songs persisted in summer camps into the early eighties (Atwood 47; Francis 154–56).[19]

Indian names have long been, and continue to be, fetishized as part of the indigenization process. During Carr's visit with her sister at the Christian mission in Ucluelet (her first extended visit to a First Nations village) she was given the name "Klee Wyck" (Laughing One) by Mrs. Wynook, an elderly Nuu-chah-nulth woman (*KW* 4). The use of *Klee Wyck* for the title of Carr's first book promoted the image of a woman with close connections to Native communities who wished to declare her Native identity. Carr also signed her "Indian" pottery "Klee Wyck." She attached great significance to her name: "a

[19] There is a terrible irony in these activities for Canadian children rising in popularity at a time when "real" Native children were being taken from their families and sent to residential schools in a programmatic effort to

name is not just a label to an Indian, but it is something real" (*OC* 186). But an aboriginal name does not necessarily confer special status or acceptance. Sixty years before Carr, Anna Jameson claimed to have been "adopted into [a Chippewa] family by the name of Wah,sàh,ge,wah,nó,quà" which her "new relations" gave her (quoted in Vargo 64). However, as Lisa Vargo notes, evidence suggests that Jameson "insisted upon being baptized with a Chippewa name" (67). And in the twenty-first century, the fetish for names was regularly parodied on the C.B.C. radio program "Dead Dog Cafe." On the show's website you can type in your name and gender and get an "Authentic Indian Name" (A.I.N.).[20] A.I.N.s used to be conferred individually by the cast of the show, but this automated feature was installed because demand for names was so high. The conferral of a name can be an honour, but it has also become a joke.

Carr's trip to Ucluelet was very important in her personal mythology. In her writing about this trip, she represents herself as a fifteen-year-old girl ("Modern and Indian Art," *Klee Wyck* 3). Though her biographers (Blanchard 291; Tippett 249) note that Carr was actually twenty-eight, not fifteen, they do not suggest any reasons for her misrepresentation. Fifteen is a more impressionable age than twenty-eight. Carr seems to have wanted to present herself at the age she felt emotionally: "I felt so young and empty standing there before the Indians" (*KW* 4). By moving the trip to the beginning of her painting career (before art school in San Francisco) Carr could attribute to it a greater influence on her art. And by making herself younger, Carr emphasized the tutelage she received in Ucluelet—not just education, but guardianship: "I was to them a child, ignorant about the wild things which they knew so well" (*KW* 11). While her sister was instructing and converting the

suppress and destroy First Nations culture and languages.

[20] http://edmonton.cbc.ca/deaddog_asp/ain.asp (March 10, 2000). The website address has since changed to

people of Ucluelet, the people of Ucluelet were instructing and "converting" Carr. By moving her naming back a decade, Carr is also able to expand the Indian-influenced portion of her life.

Carr hints at adoption in another *Klee Wyck* story. "When the Indians accepted me as one of themselves, I was very grateful" (*KW* 104), she wrote, recollecting her trip to Kitwancool. She began her stay stranded outside on the wagon that had brought her there, while her guides went into their house. She spent the first night with her cot and tent-fly on their front verandah, which afforded her some protection from bears but little from fear and none from mosquitoes. Her "acceptance" was an invitation into the Douse home, the offer of a rocking chair to sit in and the building of a fire, requested and paid for by Carr. It is difficult to know from the text whether Carr was invited in because, as she thought, she had given a satisfactory answer to Mrs. Douse's questions about Carr's motives for painting the village totem poles, or simply because the weather turned bad and Carr had only a tent fly to sleep under. (In a letter to Eric Brown, she wrote that "after the storm the Indians gave me a corner of their house" (Tippett 157).) Looked at critically, her "acceptance" is based on their hospitality and a commercial transaction rather than the transformative adoption Carr suggests.[21] By exaggerating her place in the Douse family she furthers her indigenization. After her return from the village, Carr spoke to a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, who told her that the people of Kitwancool had driven out missionaries and surveyors: "[They] simply won't have whites in their village" (*KW* 107). With this postscript, Carr stresses her special status: not only is she accepted by the Indians, she is one of the chosen few.

http:/www.radio.cbc.ca/programs/deaddog/

[21] The initial indifference and slight hostility that Carr encountered likely contributed to her exaggerated sense

The writing of *Klee Wyck* can be seen as an indigenizing activity in itself. Describing the composition of the stories, Carr wrote in her journal: "I tried to be plain, straight, simple and Indian" (*H&T* 292). Attempting to make oneself Native through stories about Native people is common: "For many writers, the only chance for indigenization seemed to be through writing about the humans who are truly indigenous . . ." (Goldie 13). There were many chances for indigenization for Carr, but at this point in her life, writing was a valuable one. In 1937, when she wrote about her work on the "Klee Wyck" stories, it was seven years since she had been to any Northern villages, and she had camped in her caravan for the last time the previous summer. Her opportunities to indigenize focussed inward.

In her later years, Carr reduced her reliance on First Nations art. Paula Blanchard suggests that in her 1929 article on "Modern and Indian Art," Carr saw herself as "no longer a deferential step behind the native Indian. She is up there beside him . . . . With the help of the native, she has freed herself from an outworn tradition. If other British Columbia artists want to shed [European influence], they must come to know the west as deeply as the native does, and as—by implication—Emily herself does" (202). Through First Nations art, Carr feels she has come to "know" the landscape, and that her knowledge of that landscape makes her native.

Incorporating the Indian

Emily Carr's sense of special identification with Native people included her physical self. One way in which non-Native writers attempt to adopt Native bodies is by discovering or inventing an aboriginal ancestor.[22].By foregrounding their Native "blood," they can

of acceptance.

[22] As Canadian poet and writer Elizabeth Smart did.

undergo corporeal indigenization. Incorporating the Indian is also sometimes done literally. In *Packhorses to the Pacific*, Cliff Kopas's story of his journey during the Depression from Alberta to the Bella Coola valley in B.C., he "takes pride in the fact that his identification with the place was later strengthened as a result of medical blood transfusion: he has in his veins the blood of the Bella Coola tribe, as well as of the Norwegian and Scottish pioneers of the area" (Pritchard 101). A pint of blood metonymically stands in for an Indian body.

Carr cleverly manipulates her texts to suggest the possibility of turning into an Indian through the physical changes of adolescence. As noted above, in the story of her first visit to Ucluelet, Carr presents herself as a fifteen-year-old girl (*KW 3)* in order to emphasize the formative experiences she has there. Carr's youthful emptiness is filled up in Ucluelet: in her journals, Carr attributes her fascination and affinity with Indian creative sensibility to the way "it struck into my vitals when I was freshly maturing into young womanhood. The ever-growing universe called to the fast-developing me. The wild places and primitive people claimed me" (*H&T* 315). Carr implies that her flesh is Indian, that *inside* she is Indian. Linking indigenization with puberty makes it seem, like the physical changes of adolescence, a natural and embodied process, as though she could grow up not just from girl to woman, but from a White girl to an Indian woman. By linking her trip to Ucluelet with puberty, Carr presents indigenization as a rite of passage, and therefore natural and necessary.[23] Reflecting on her stories about Indians, Carr again describes indigenization as though it were an internal organ: "I tried to be . . . Indian . . . . I went down deep into myself" (*H&T* 292). Her words suggest that through writing she was attempting to reveal her true indigenous essence, or a core of indigeneity. Indian qualities are made into flesh, made part of Carr's body.

[23] Carr also used corporeal metaphors to describe her relationship with Indian villages, in them "it was as if everything hugged me" (quoted in Tippett 78).

Animals

Carr felt closer to animals while camping, both to her own pets and to wildlife. Her pets performed numerous functions in camp. Early in her camping career, pets helped to bridge the language and culture gap between Carr and her First Nations hosts. Her dogs often provoked hilarity and helped to break the ice when language failed (*KW* "Greenville," "Kitwancool"). "It was Ginger who bridged the gap between their language and mine with laughter" (*KW* 105). Her pets also provided company and a sense of protection: her dogs scared off unfriendly dogs in Indian villages and soothed Carr when she was nervous about being alone in camp at night.

Carr's pets helped her understand the forest: "I have taken birds, a monkey, even a little white rat into the woods with me while studying. The creatures seemed somehow to bridge that gap between the vegetable and human" (*GP* 239). Through their intervention, she was able to get closer to an understanding of the woods. Carr identified with her pets in camp and emphasized her kinship with them. The line between human and creature blurred a little: "In camp once it rained for ten days steady. . . . If the rain stopped for a few moments we all tumbled out of the van to stretch ourselves. No shoes, no stockings—*I went like the rest*, barefoot" (*HP* 227, my emphasis). Her affinity with them was freeing and increased her sense of belonging to the natural world.

Although Carr tried to emulate the animals through acceptance of the elements, she often failed: "[T]his 12 × 5½ is dry and cosy, a tin and canvas haven saying with authority, "Keep out." It must be lovely to be a creature and go with the elements, not repelling and fearing them, but growing along through them" (*H&T* 241). In "A Winter Walk," Henry Thoreau expressed similar sentiments: "Probably if our lives were more conformed to

nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds" (quoted in Oelschlaeger 140). Animals set the example which Thoreau and Carr tried to follow. Carr's periods of harmony with the weather and landscape were transitory. While the imitation and companionship of pets in camp permitted Carr to feel closer to nature, their closeness sometimes emphasized her need for some protective barrier because she could not tolerate the elements as the animals could. Camping together therefore sometimes had the contrary effect of making their differences more apparent. For example, Carr envied animals their natural "dress." After a particularly wet week in camp she concluded that clothing was impractical, at least in the rain: "I believe we must have been intended to go naked. Rain-soaked clothes don't connect with a common-sense creator and a perfect universe. Drat Eve's modesty complex" (*H&T* 124). Carr solves this problem by going barefoot, as noted above, but her euphoric sense of harmony does not last, as the next diary entry begins, "Oh the misery of living in this slop!" (*H&T* 124).

Wildlife was also very important to Carr's sense of belonging in the campsite. "An owl came and sat on my cedar beside the fire. How I love it when the wild creatures pal up that way!" (*H&T* 53). Carr's interaction with wild animals is contradictory: she cherished their presence and felt adopted by their wildness, but she also liked to tame them and take them home (*HP* 63, 73, 81; Blanchard 110), thereby reducing their wildness and domesticating the campsite. Her sense of commonality depended on making the animals more like herself.

Carr blurs the boundaries between herself and wilderness when she anthropomorphizes wild creatures. Anthropomorphization makes the wildlife more like Carr. She does this particularly with birds, referring to them as "perpetual campers" (*H&T*

121), thereby establishing kinship through a common activity. Identification with animals functions much as Charles G.D. Roberts suggests the animal story does: it "helps us to return to nature, without requiring that we at the same time return to barbarism. It leads us back to the old kinship of earth, without asking us to relinquish by way of toll any part of the wisdom of the ages . . ." (283). This can be extrapolated to camping as well: it gives the camper a sense of being closer to wilderness without requiring her to give up civilization permanently.

Wild creatures' overtures made Carr feel welcome in the wilderness. They gave her a feeling of ownership in the land; she often claimed trees or wild animals, much as she claimed "her" Indians. Carr admired and aspired to animals' coexistence (particularly wild ones) with the elements (much as she idealized Indians' relationship to nature). When Carr set up camp, she also developed proprietary feelings for the surrounding landscape and the creatures that inhabited it. By saying "*my* frog is croaking right in my left ear" (*H&T* 124, my emphasis), she conflates their respective homes and makes herself part of the indigenous wildlife.

Incorporating the Land

In the campsite, Carr identified with the vegetation, earth, and air, conflating her body with the land. Her sense of intimacy with the soil she stood on and the trees surrounding her allowed her to feel she "naturally" belonged. However, translating this belonging into her art required lessons: in her study of First Nations carvings, Carr found an idiom for representing her surroundings. Later she felt capable of establishing a dialogue with the landscape without an intermediary: "I learned a lot from the Indians, but who except Canada herself could help me comprehend her great woods and spaces?" (*GP* 212).

Camping permitted this direct communication with "Canada," and her "woods and spaces." In Carr's writing, "open space consistently admits freedom, energy, and naturalness whereas enclosure in various forms prefigures spiritual smallness, stagnation and unnaturalness" (Rimstead 33). Carr was sometimes uncomfortable in houses, especially dark and empty ones (*H&T* 58). Their four walls shut her off from the elements. She felt a need to make things "live" in a house (*KW* 48, *H&T* 259), whereas in camp, because the barrier between her and nature was so thin, it let life through: "[With] the zip and roar of the wind lifting the canvas and shivering the van . . . you feel you are part and parcel of the storming yourself. That's living! You'd never get that feel in a solid house shut away securely from the living elements with a barricade" (*H&T* 188). Canvas is a literally and figuratively permeable membrane, which allows a closer relationship between a camper and her environment than is possible in a house. Sometimes even the canvas was too much of a barrier for Carr; in "Tanoo" she opened her tent flap to feel closer to the trees (*KW* 14). The campsite stimulated Carr's senses more that way: under the canvas she heard and noticed sounds from which she was insulated in the city—birds singing, mosquitoes buzzing, rain falling. "[W]ith the canvas top of the van so close to my crown I have full opportunity to note all the different sounds: the big, bulgy drops . . ., the little pattery ones, [the] hurried ones . . ., the cleansing and the slopping and the irritated fussy ones. It is amazing that no two of them sound alike when you listen" (*H&T* 193). The heightened perception and deeper knowledge of her surroundings encouraged a sense of intimacy with them. Activities like cooking and bathing, which would normally be done indoors, Carr performed outside in the campsite. Her greater exposure to the elements developed a corresponding greater physical—and by extension, mental and emotional—closeness to nature.

An early "wilderness" space in Carr's life was Beacon Hill Park. Much of the park was undeveloped, with woods, swamps, and camas-filled meadows (*BS* 78–79). Carr made a very special day trip to Beacon Hill with her mother, documented in *Growing Pains*. The two Emilies picnicked in companionable silence in a tiny clearing, a rare occasion when Carr had her mother's attention all to herself. She devotes two full pages to this one afternoon, and emphasizes the heady atmosphere of their picnic clearing, filled with "sunshine and silence" and the smell of flowering shrubs, so that "it almost seemed rude to crunch [our] biscuit[s]" (*GP* 7–9). This afternoon's importance is heightened in Carr's recollections because her mother died soon after. Carr's adolescent forays onto Beacon Hill confirmed her love for solitude, animal companionship, and woods. Her former circus pony, Johnny, was an adept bushwhacker and chose lovely resting spots (*GP* 14). It certainly seems likely that these early experiences encouraged Carr's deep, contemplative love for woodland and flora of all kinds.

The solitude of many of Carr's camping trips facilitated her sense of intimacy with the woods. "What most attracts me in those wild, lawless, deep, solitary places? First, nobody goes there . . . . In the abstract people may say they love it but they do not prove it by entering it and breathing its life. They stay outside and talk about its beauty" (*H&T* 207). Carr felt special because she alone appreciated the forest's virtues. Being alone (except for her pets) encouraged proprietary feelings: Carr could easily feel the woods were "hers." In her caravan days, because her campsites were not remote, she had to deal with other people "trespassing" on her campsite. Once she had staked her claim to a part of the woods, she was not eager to share. "One picnic party with a dog contemplated settling on top of my camp. I suggested that it was rather close and there was the whole park" (*H&T* 51). Part of Carr's disinclination to share can be attributed to misanthropy. But the representation of the campsite as "wilderness" space requires that it be empty. The emptiness of the woods also

made it easier for her to lay claim to them and foster a feeling of closeness. Many campers prefer not to share their campsites: sole "ownership" of a wilderness space facilitates mental and physical communion with the woods, and a resulting sense of indigenization.

Union with the woods is a mystical form of indigenization—if Carr could become one substance with the trees, one unified presence, then she could claim to know and be part of the land. Campers "periodically enter what we call wilderness in an effort to achieve such unity of being" (Moss 198). As a space apart from ordinary life, the campsite makes such unity seem possible. Carr's familial feelings for the woods are apparent in her writings. She often expresses affection for trees, and attributes emotion and human characteristics to them. In her writing, trees are sympathetic: "Tomorrow we leave the dear gracious trees and face grouchy tenants . . . . I wonder if the pines will miss me. I have loved them" (*H&T* 150). She regularly laments leaving the woods when her camping trips end: "Goodbye to these intimate friends, the trees . . . " (*H&T* 199). After living in England, she wrote that she preferred trees to people:

> I was struck by that vague similarity between London crowds and Canadian forests; each having its own sense of terrific power, density and intensity, but similarity ceased there. The clamorous racing of hot human blood confused, perhaps revolted me a little sometimes. The woods standing, standing, holding the cool sap of vegetation were healing, restful after seeing the boil of humanity. (*GP* 204)

Trees resembled people enough to be companionable, and not too much to be repugnant. Carr also preferred to paint woods rather than portraits: "I ought to stick to nature because I love trees better than people" (*H&T* 326). Though Carr herself anthropomorphized trees, she did not consciously think it the best way to relate to them. "I think our mistake is trying

to humanize the woods to make them conform to us, instead of going out to them in a spirit of recognition of the God spirit among them. Only when we realize our kinship in spirit will we get understanding" (*H&T* 147). This struggle for unity is a frequent theme in Carr's journals. "Carr was seeking, as mystics do, a relationship far more intimate than anything she had previously imagined between herself and her surroundings" (Davis 12). Communing with the trees and capturing their language in paint was difficult: "These woods with their densely packed undergrowth!—a solidity full of air and space—moving, joyous, alive, quivering with light, springing, singing paeans of praise, throbbingly awake. Oh, to be so at one with the whole that it is *you* springing and *you* singing" (*H&T* 267). In her quest to be a part of the forest, Carr is both trying to lose her sense of self, and to inflate her consciousness to encompass the entire woods. This "process of consciousness alteration" (Goldie 138) serves the pursuit of indigenization. To be a part of the woods is to be *of* the place.

The Edible Campsite

Indigenization can also take the form of making place part of oneself. The land can be incorporated by consuming it. Carr dug up her own modelling clay in Victoria rather than importing it, recognizing good quality clay by chewing on it. Her pupil and friend Carol Pearson accompanied Carr on these digging expeditions and recalled: "Miss Carr said, her love for the West included it all, even the earth" (27). Carr's quasi-consumption of earth suggests an internalization of the landscape. Geophagy, the eating of earth, makes the land literally a part of her. By blurring the borders of body and earth, she creates a commonality between herself and the landscape. Other B.C. residents have also established their claim through contact with the earth. Upon arriving in the Bella Coola region after a long trek,

Cliff Kopas's first "response to the lush valley, with its rich soil, great trees, and salmon-filled streams, was to kiss the earth and then kiss his wife with the earth still on his face, and to . . . resolve that there they would remain" (Pritchard 101). This oral ritual links the Kopases to their new home.

Campers who would never dream of tasting dirt may still engage in consumption of the land by hunting, fishing or gathering berries. Unlike agriculture, which requires effort and forethought, harvesting uncultivated foods near the campsite is easy, and makes the landscape seem especially hospitable. Ingestion of the landscape makes campers feel at home, and native to the place. Fertile, abundant land like that of B.C. has been portrayed as the "nurturing, giving maternal breast" (Kolodny 9) of Mother Nature. This infantilization of the settler's role conveniently absolves them of responsibility for appropriation. Oral consumption of the landscape recasts land appropriation as a benign, biological activity. The earth and its produce is not the only part of the environment that can be consumed. For Carr, intangible elements, like the night air in the campsite, also become edible; she describes the "velvety blackness" as being "so thick you can take it in your hands and your teeth can bite into it" (*H&T* 192). When Carr rested in a nice clearing in Beacon Hill Park with her pony, they would both consume: "I let down his bridle and we nibbled, he on the grass, I at the deep sacred beauty of Canada's still woods" (*GP* 14). This figurative "nibbling" brings the woods inside Carr, internalizing the landscape around her.

In the public writing of her autobiography, Carr only hints at the mystical element of her relationship to the "deep sacred beauty" of the landscape, but in her journal she is more explicit and compares her absorption of the woods to ingesting them like a communion wafer. The consumption of the woods took on religious significance for Carr: "Here the job

is to absorb. What, eat the woods? Yes, as one eats the sacrament" (*H&T* 196).[24] The suggestion of transubstantiation and subsequent union with nature offers a metaphoric feeding, nourishing body and spirit. The campsite provided time, space and privacy for this slow digestion of her surroundings.

Body of Earth

In addition to consumption of land, Carr also pursued corporeal indigenization by identifying her body with the land. Throughout her books, Carr makes references to being an "earthy" person. "I must be very animal and earthy because I love the earth; it's so dependable" (*H&T* 74). In a letter from camp, Carr described her body in topographic terms: "There are mosquitoes and my flesh is as hilly as the rockies [*sic*]" (*DN* 95). Earthy metaphors are a logical language of camping, when Carr was most exposed to the elements and lived and slept closest to the ground. Her comparisons can be playful, like her bug-bite mountain range, or a sombre comment on the passage of time and physical degradation: "Seventy years had maimed me, loggers had maimed the clearing" (*GP* 279). While geophagy makes the landscape a part of her body, Carr's metaphoric body of earth makes her *body* a part of the *land.* Carr explicitly compares herself, the artist in the woods, to a tree—a comparison which encourages proprietary feeling: "[L]et your roots creep forth . . . . Drive them in deep, take firm hold of the beloved Earth Mother . . . . Rejoice in *your own* soil, the place that nurtured you when a helpless seed" (*H&T* 31, my emphasis). Describing indigenization as a vegetative process naturalizes it.

[24] Carr qualifies "eating the sacrament" as not being "the munching of the bread" but "feeding on it in our hearts" (*H&T* 196).

Ethel Wilson expressed similar sentiments about her writing, which she felt could only be set in B.C.: "There are other places in the world that I know and love, but none that I know, and feel, and love in the same way. *But I did not choose it. It chose.* It is very strong" (Pritchard 110, my emphasis). By projecting agency onto the landscape, Wilson and Carr can avoid taking responsibility for their indigenization and absolve themselves of any negative effects it might have on others.

Anthropomorphization is evident in Carr's corporeal descriptions of the earth: on the fringes of the woods where she camped there were "strong naked roots veining the red earth like old knotted hands" (*H&T* 198), and when she walked without shoes in puddles around her campsite "the earth . . . kisse[d her] feet" (*H&T* 124). Within these metaphors she becomes an autochthon, sprung from the West Coast earth she loves. This construction of a body from earth also brings to mind the creation story of Adam (giving Carr a very long history in the Edenic West!). Carr drew parallels between climate and corporeality: "I think we of the West are heavier and duller than the Easterners. The air is denser and moister, the growth more dense and lush, the skies heavy and lowering" (*H&T* 83). Bodies and temperaments that are strongly attuned to their environment seem indigenous—as though the bodies, like trees, have sprouted from the earth, or like Adam, are made from the clay on which they stand.

Camping offered Carr the privacy and freedom to commune with the landscape in satisfying ways not possible in the city. Carr described herself in adolescence as "Early Victorian" and a "prim prude . . . . The modesty of [my family] almost amounted to wearing a bathing suit when you took a bath in a dark room" (*GP* 29). The campsite provided space for an entirely different kind of bath. She writes in her camp diary about the joys of open-air bathing and suggests: "How . . . sensible it would be to roll naked in this soft, sopping grass,

a direct-from-heaven tub. Maybe in a former state I was a Doukhobor. The *liveness* in me just loves to feel the *liveness* in growing things, in grass and rain and leaves and flowers and sun and feathers and fur and sand and moss" (*H&T* 241–42, Carr's emphasis). [25] Carr's long list of tactile pleasures has an almost rapturous tone. Shedding clothing permitted the connection of a common spirit in Carr and her environment. Outdoor bathing was much preferable to the sponge baths conducted inside the caravan, where she was reduced to "dabbing three pores at a time in a small receptacle" (*H&T* 241). Very little bodily connection can be made by three pores alone. The physical contact with the earth that Carr enjoyed so much in the campsite allowed her to feel a corresponding mystical union with it. "I've had a bath out in the open with the velvety dark shrouding my nakedness. I wish it was always like that. It's a pure, lovely feel, the real you touched direct by the real earth and grass, and trees and air, all vibrating and live, not dead and senseless like garments" (*H&T* 130). The vital sensuality of Carr's bathing passages in her journal is unparalleled by anything Carr writes about in her city life. As a space apart from urban conventions of modesty, the dark campsite permits her to experience a corporeal affinity with the landscape which could not even be conceived of at home in Victoria.

The Group of Seven artist and avid camper Fred Varley also shed clothing in the woods in order to commune with wilderness: "After surprising a doe and her fawn as they slept in the forest, Varley 'swiftly . . . tore off his shirt and trousers and lay down in the warm hollow [where they had been], naked as a jay.' Doing this allowed him 'to take into his psyche . . . the "essence" of these shy wild creatures'" (Tippett, *Stormy Weather* 168). The physical closeness to plants and animals in camp reminds humans that they are still part of

[25] These comments are found only in Carr's diary—she did not discuss her own nudity in books published in her lifetime.

nature, though they are often alienated from it in their urban lives. The physical experience is also translated into an emotional or psychic experience. Carr prizes this blurring of identity in the campsite when "[the] sounds of the trees and the birds . . . seem so much a part that you can't quite make out if they are in your own head or in the world" (*H&T* 134). The experience is one that draws Carr, and other campers, to the activity of camping. John Moss describes the desire campers have for physical unity with wilderness in romantic terms: "Like lovers, we yearn towards the condition in which it is impossible to tell where we end and the other begins" (198). This desire to be one with the environment overlaps with the impetus to identify with it. Louise Westling contends that men, as explorers and scientists, businessmen and exploiters of the earth, cannot afford to identify with the earth (51). But some men do associate their bodies with land. Thoreau, for example, said, "Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?" (Oelschlaeger 58). The physical hardships of camping make greater attention to the body inevitable and in the campsite, men have felt no shame in identifying their bodies with the land. "The more [Fred Varley] camped, the more he became 'part of the earth, of day and night and diversified weather'"(A..G.T. 7). The combative relationship that campers often have with the elements contributes to a sensual relationship with the environment. For these male artists and writers, identifying with the earth can be primal and macho rather than feminizing.

The campsite can be a space of freedom from gender conventions. As camping permits men to present their intimacy with nature as masculine, so women have used the campsite to move away from the constraints of domesticity and conventions of appropriate feminine behaviour. Carr's camping excursions permitted her to develop stronger relationships with First Nations people, with animals and with the B.C. landscape than she

would have been able to forge within the confines of Victoria. These relationships, based on identification and emulation, were a fundamental part of the development of Carr's identity as a Canadian and as an artist. Throughout this chapter's examination of the three channels of indigenization, there is an undercurrent of gender. In the next chapter, I will bring it to the surface and look explicitly at the role of gender in camping and indigenization.

CHAPTER TWO Home and Away: Camping and Gender

Camping was not an activity generally recommended to or performed by single White women in Carr's lifetime, and thus her camping cannot be properly discussed without examining the role of gender in the campsite. Camping alone was morally risky because in the campsite women were released from the social surveillance that guaranteed their modesty and their chastity in bourgeois society and because, by definition, it freed them from the confinement of the domestic home. Camping was physically risky because it involved deprivation and physical discomfort, in defiance of the convention that women were fragile and dependent. For Carr, the fact of her femininity made her experience of the campsite contradictory. Her gender both inhibited and enabled her attempts to become indigenous. Being a single woman made it difficult to travel to some Native villages, but it also eased her access to people and places barred to men, who were more obviously associated with the colonizing power of settler society. Her gender also enabled and inhibited her identification with wilderness spaces: enabled by the traditional association of femininity with nature, and inhibited by the social conventions against travel and "roughing it."

Simply by leaving home and entering the wilderness Carr transgressed the boundaries of gender. But, as Richard Phillips argues in his study of Victorian and Edwardian adventure narrative, the gender boundaries in adventure are not so clearly delineated as the reader might first assume:

> Although superficially confined to male-dominated regions far from home, adventure occupies ambivalent space in which boundaries between home and away, women and men may be fuzzy and unstable. When writers,

> protagonists and readers of adventure stories observe or transgress these spatial boundaries, they observe or transgress metaphorical boundaries between masculinity and femininity. (89)

By moving into the unstable adventurous space of camp, Carr was able to both transgress and adhere to gender norms. *Going* camping was a masculine activity but, upon arrival, the construction and maintenance of a "home away from home" fulfilled traditional feminine role expectations. While gender influences activity in the camp (i.e., who does what), and the perception of an activity (i.e., how the activity is gendered), the campsite is nonetheless a space in which women may hope to step outside the usual strictures and definitions of appropriate feminine behaviour. Camp was a space of freedom for Carr, "a space beyond the exclusionist reality of patriarchy" (Rimstead 31). On her own in the campsite she didn't need to have the approval of the men-only naturalists club, or to follow the accepted standards for relationships between Whites and Native people. On the other hand, because she was a woman, being alone in the campsite was not always possible.

When Carr began camping in the 1890s, she was unusual for two reasons: for camping at all, and particularly for camping on her own. Before the late 1800s, camping Canadians were most likely to be men who camped of necessity in their work as soldiers, explorers, traders or hunters. In the usual Canadian masculine camping narrative, camping experiences are of the lone man in the wilderness or of homosocial adventure, exclusively for men because "the adventurer is in flight from woman" (Zweig, quoted in Smyth 32). Any White women camping in B.C. at this time would likely have been accompanying their husbands in search of work or a spot to homestead. Outdoor recreational activities like camping and canoeing were not promoted for women:

> [T]o the extent that the canoe trip was regarded as a contest with nature, women were actively discouraged from participating at all, for to tempt fate in the wilderness—to compete or struggle against elemental forces—was variously perceived as too dangerous and as unfeminine, not to speak of the effect that meeting adventurous women might have on the self-esteem of the "summer boy" pursuing manliness in the company of his peers. (Benidickson 78)

Those "summer boys" were not eager to share the outdoors: the Victoria Naturalist Club still had exclusively male membership in 1905 (Tippett 63), and the Natural History Society did not accept women until 1924 (Moray 207). When camping for children became popular at the turn of the century, the militaristic Scouting movement was developed specifically for the improvement of boys; Robert Baden-Powell's *Scouting for Boys* (1908) is "full of disparaging references to women and their influence on boys" (Tosh 82). Ernest Thompson Seton's pacifist Woodcraft movement also concentrated on boys, but it did include a branch for "Camp Fire Girls," and Seton's Woodcraft ideas were first published in his column in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (Francis 150). By the 1920s (when Carr was in her fifties), girls and boys alike were going off to summer camp in Canada.

When Carr began camping for recreation,[26] she was unusual on the West Coast, although grown women (fictitious ones, at least) were camping for fun in Central Canada as early as the 1880s, as in Susan Frances Harrison's "Idyl of the Island" (1886). In the early 1890s, Pauline Johnson was encouraging women to camp for their holidays, but the campsites she describes were populated by both women and *men*. Single women like Carr

[26] Although Carr certainly considered camping a holiday—her escape from domesticity—it was also work, undertaken for the purpose of her art. It is difficult to separate the two entirely since Carr's sense of

who camped alone were rare; women generally camped with family and friends.[27] Harrison's story, in fact, shows one of the supposed dangers of women camping alone: the woman in question is camping with her husband, but while he is away from the campsite she is tempted to infidelity. Because of the taboo against single White women camping alone, or with only First Nations people, Carr sometimes (begrudgingly) was accompanied by a chaperone for the sake of propriety. (Her chaperones were arranged by the missionaries Carr visited, and she found them irritating.)[28] Carr camped alone around Victoria as a young woman, but in her later camping trips up the coast she often hired guides to transport her, and in old age she was accompanied by friends or hired help to rented cabins. In essence, however, her sketching quests were solitary. By the 1930s and '40s, when Carr had taken to camping close to Victoria in her caravan, women were taking up camping in greater numbers, though still not solo; some, like British adventurers Clara Coltman Rogers and Gwendolen Dorrien Smith, were exploring the Yukon by canoe,[29] while others, like Carr's younger friend Nan Cheney, were sketching in artists' camps in the West Coast mountains.[30] Carr's contemporaries were no longer likely to be scandalized by her camping alone, but still thought it peculiar: "Many people, forgetting I was an artist, thought it morbid, queer that I went off to the woods with the dogs and a monkey and no other companion" (*HP* 227). Though alone, Carr was not isolated—her caravan campsites were close to town, and in summer she had visitors. But the company she had still differed quantitatively and

communion with the woods and the desire to express that union in art were intertwined.

[27] Carr did join some of these family campsites; for example, in 1908 she visited the Burnett family's camp at Buccaneer Bay (Tippett 78).

[28] Some of her criticisms were expurgated from the second edition of *Klee Wyck*. See Appendix for her acerbic comments in "Skedans," "Cumshewa," "Tanoo," and "Cha-atl."

[29] A journey recorded by Rogers and later published under her married name, Vyvyan, as *Arctic Adventure*. Reprinted with additions as *The Ladies, the Gwich'in, and the Rat*, by University of Alberta Press, 1998.

[30] Cheney camped with J.W.G. (Jock) Macdonald, a number of other artists, and some people from the Alpine Club at Garibaldi Park in 1938 (*DN* 98 n.3).

qualitatively from that of a family camping trip or an artists' or mountaineers' communal camp.

Carr perceived the campsite as a site of indigenization, where she lived "like an Indian" and experienced a sense of identification with her natural surroundings. This particular experience of indigenization would be easier for a man because of his greater freedom to travel, to explore wilderness and natural settings, and to affiliate with social groups of his own choosing. An extreme example is that of Archie Belaney/Grey Owl, who, when he left his home in England, was able to choose his place and manner of life, and his associates, with relative freedom from the social ostracism that would have accompanied a friendless woman in similar circumstances. It was more difficult for a woman to become "Native" since she was discouraged from exploring "wilderness," especially on her own. Instead she was often expected to preserve and propagate the colonizing influence of domesticity. If a woman does go into the wilderness, her actions are interpreted differently. However, the indigenization process may seem easier or more "natural" for women because of their association with the land and with the indigene. Victorian racial scientists saw women as a "living archive of the primitive archaic" (McClintock 41); like Indians, they were creatures of the past. Women and Indians were also alike in their common association with nature.

Though the "scientific" view that McClintock refers to would have lumped women and aboriginals generically together as inferiors, it was Carr's rebellion against standard female roles that was the primary agent of her self-construction as Native. As a self-employed single woman, Carr had more freedom to define herself on her own terms than she could ever have had as a late-Victorian house-bound mother and wife. Her freedom from domestic chores as a child may have provided the time and psychological space for

Carr to establish her unorthodox identity. And, as an adult, Carr's camping trips took her outside of the social constraints of Victoria and introduced her to alternative models of feminine strength and solidarity among First Nations women. Carr emphasizes the strong female presence in Indian villages, particularly in stories in *Klee Wyck*.

Carr's story about her visit to the village of Kitwancool provides examples of feminine strength and the occasional benefits of being part of a usually underprivileged class. She comments that her generous welcome in Kitwancool may have been because she was a woman (*KW* 107). (Anti-White sentiment was strong in Kitwancool at the time.) Carr is driven there on a wagon by the chief's son, Aleck. Another passenger is a village hero who has just been released from jail. By virtue of her gender, she is dissociated from the colonialist aggression that incarcerated him. Kitwancool is a village which allows women authority. The head of Aleck's family is his mother, a "chieftainess" (101). It is to her, not Aleck's father, the chief, that Carr must justify painting their totem poles. Mrs. Douse is a tall woman with a commanding presence and stands listening to Carr with her arms crossed. In the story Carr suggests that her justification is more readily accepted by Mrs. Douse because they are both women: "Womanhood was strong in Kitwancool. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Douse might let me stay" (102). Carr is not only permitted to stay in the village and paint; she is invited to stay in Mrs. Douse's home. Several of the totem poles there depict mother and child, contributing to her impression of feminine strength in Kitwancool. The maternal figure bewitches her: "I sat in front of a totem mother and began to draw—so full of her strange, wild beauty that I did not notice the storm that was coming" (*KW* 102). The charisma of the totem mother and Mrs. Douse's authority demonstrate the greater power and independence that maternity and femininity had in Kitwancool than in Victoria.

Many of the Indian women in *Klee Wyck* are strong and capable. In "Friends," Carr describes Mrs. Green, her friend Louisa's mother, as a "remarkable woman" with "strength and determination" (77), characteristics Carr admired and had in abundance herself. In "Sailing to Yan," a woman with a baby "clamped ... between her knees" and her twelve-year-old daughter take a hesitant Carr by canoe from Masset to Yan. Their unexpected skill with the canoe, described in detail, impresses Carr. Throughout *Klee Wyck*, the women are resourceful and have great strength of character, full of fortitude and "womanliness," even those, like Sara and Jenny Two-Bits, who are physically incapacitated.

The figure of D'Sonoqua [Fig. 3], the "wild woman of the woods"[31] (*KW* 35), is a dominating female presence in *Klee Wyck*. Her image mesmerizes Carr: "[H]er stare so over-powered mine, that I could scarcely wrench my eyes away . . ."(36). Carr's fear of her is dissipated by D'Sonoqua's connection to maternal nature. Carr is intimidated and afraid until she notices that birds are nesting within D'Sonoqua's carved mouth. The "horror"(35) of D'Sonoqua's "shouting mouth" (34) is muffled by their maternal preparations for the laying of eggs. D'Sonoqua is decorated with feminine fauna at top and toe: birds at her head and a tabby cat who has taken shelter between her "heavy" feet. She is a grounded presence, at one with the animals and wilderness around her. D'Sonoqua presents a strong, authentic and enduring version of femininity. The third time Carr "meets" a large carving of the "wild woman," she is again surprised and relieved to find D'Sonoqua is not the bogey-woman she had expected: "No violence coarsened her; no power domineered to wither her. She was graciously feminine . . . . She summed up the depth and charm of the whole forest, driving

[31] D'Sonoqua figures in Kwakwaka'wakw, Tsimshian and Haida myth (Udall 36).

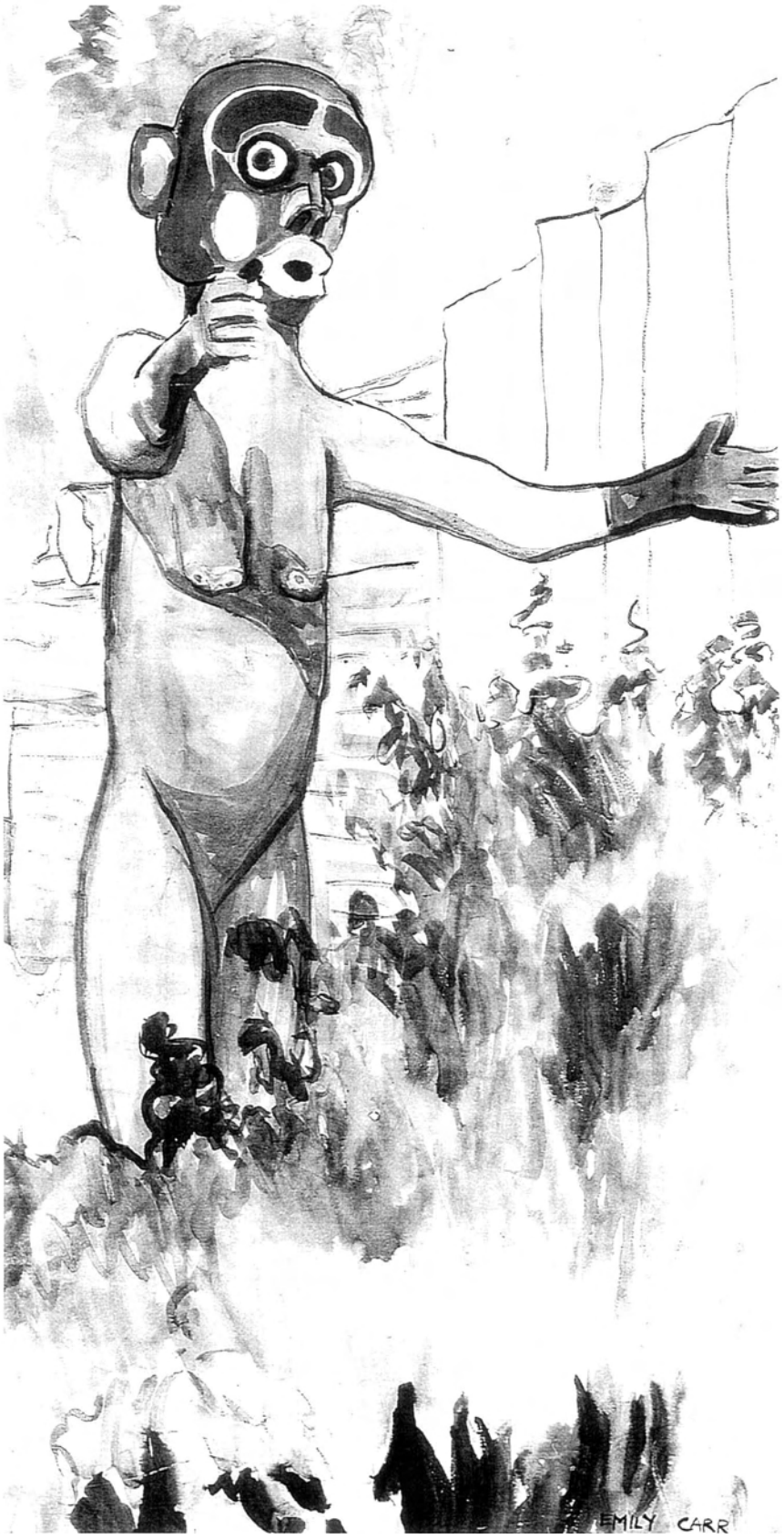

Fig. 3 D'Sonoqua, 1912. Watercolour on card. *B.C. Archives PDP00933*

away its menace" (*KW* 40).[32] The feminine power of D'Sonoqua is strong but not corrupting; she is powerful but not harsh. The feral cats who attend D'Sonoqua at their third "meeting" are also wild, but "very feminine." By the end of the story, D'Sonoqua is a welcoming figure.

In considering the influence of gender on Carr's relationships with First Nations people and with the landscape, D'Sonoqua is a particularly powerful figure because she provides a link between the two. Carr sometimes found the forest around her campsites creepy and intimidating, but identifying (with) the femininity in the woods (and by extension, a kind of humanity) dispelled her fear. Like Carr's pets in the campsite, who helped to fill the "gap between the vegetable and human" (*GP* 239), D'Sonoqua is a bridging presence.

Carr felt a strong feminine presence in the woods on her camping trips, and generally followed the prevailing convention of nature as female in her writing. For centuries, perhaps millennia, women have been associated with the land and nature in many parts of the world and Western tradition endows the land with both maternal and sexual feminine characteristics (Kolodny 22). While women are commonly associated with domesticated, especially agrarian, land, they are less often linked to wilderness. The B.C. Coast, however, with its abundant fertile growth, is precisely the sort of wilderness which invites feminization. Carr's descriptions cover a spectrum of female types: some trees are gynomorphized as "matrons," or "little ladies in crinolines" (*KW* 63), while D'Sonoqua, in contrast to these ultra-civilized metaphors, is an empowered and unconstrained figure. "Female space is as much the reality of the west coast [Carr] depicts as the mountains and the sea" (Rimstead 32). Carr's identification of the forest's femininity fits within the

[32] Carr was mistaken about the identity of this figure, which was not in fact D'Sonoqua, but a male ancestor of the Gusgimaxw family (Macnair 32).

stereotype of women as undisciplined and earthy but works against the convention of women as propagators and mainstays of civilization.

While the forest wilderness may be considered feminine, the femininity of camp is sometimes in question. Marian Fowler suggests that Canadian women, from Susanna Moodie to Emily Carr (and after), have found "an escape from the shackles of gender-stereotyping" (10) in the androgyny of wilderness. Camping gave Carr a space in which to develop her "unfeminine" art, rejecting conventions about what kind of painting women could do, and what its relative importance in a woman's life should be. While stepping out of prescribed gender roles was liberating for some women, for others it could make camping unattractive or worrisome. Wilderness might permit and encourage the development of "masculine" attributes, both physical and psychological. When Pauline Johnson suggested that if you "just try the old heathen etiquetteless life in a canoe for one summer week, you will be a more womanly woman for the quaffing of nature's wines in the wilderness" (quoted in Strong-Boag & Gerson 74), she may have been reassuring Edwardian women that being outdoorsy and athletic did not make them mannish. Johnson's proclamation that "[t]he day is departed when it was considered ungentle and masculine for women to engage in outdoor sports" (175) was optimistic.

The longstanding and prevalent view of women's unsuitability for outdoor activity was slow to change. The campsite was not always presented as a masculine space, however. In Harrison's *Idyl* the tempted young woman is very feminine. She is engaged entirely in domestic activities, none of them strenuous: she sleeps on her handmade mossy bed, makes a fire and cooks breakfast for her guest. "Stronger hands than her own" (Harrison 72) had built the fireplace, and her visitor saves her from even the strain of lifting a heavy kettle. General conventions were of women's unsuitability for "roughing it," and camping was

difficult for Johnson to promote not only because it might seem too strenuous for women, but also because it meant forgoing the comforts of home, and contending with weather, bugs and possibly wild animals. Anna Jameson sympathized with pioneer women who found out "how unsuitable all that is 'essential to feminine grace and refinement' [was] to a life in the woods" (Vargo 60). The campsite provides few amenities to support a life of "feminine grace and refinement." However, this austerity is part of what makes the space of the campsite free—it is not already filled with the material goods that define a space as feminine or domestic.

Outdoor activity for women was not only considered unfeminine behaviour by some; it was also considered a threat to female biology:

> Women, essentially created for childbearing, were presumed to be best suited by nature for a domestic role. They were less capable than men in physical labour outside the home. Participation in strenuous activity—including, of course, "manly" sports—was not only unnatural, but also threatening to vital reproductive machinery. In the early 1900s, research challenging these assumptions began to appear. New findings suggested the beneficial effects of exercise . . . . [b]ut earlier attitudes remained widely influential. (Benidickson 82)

Carr's earliest solo camping trips began when she was of prime marrying and childbearing age, and it is probable that her contemporaries disapproved of these excursions. The conventions for outdoor activity may have been less restrictive in the frontier of Victoria than they were in Ontario but, as I have noted, Victoria naturalists' clubs excluded women well into the twentieth century. For a woman who decided against marriage and children, however, the supposed reproductive damage could be ignored, and the freedom in the

campsite from the confining social conventions could be fully exploited. In her article "Striking Camp," Johnson suggests the reader can compensate for her possibly unfeminine exertions in canoeing, swimming and scrambling over rocks by emphasizing her heterosexual relationship with "Joe," though a tent in camp is later promoted as "infinitely better than the ten by twelve box your fashionable married sister was occupying down on the Jersey Coast" (7). Johnson appeals to the "Bohemian" reader to allow conventionally unfeminine behaviour—a disregard for fashion, automobiles, well-set tables—in her definition of 'womanliness.'

For Carr's male contemporaries, camping was a rejection of the certainties and luxuries of domestic life. The lack of amenities in the campsite was one of its greatest appeals for men. Discomfort is a prerequisite to communion with nature, and adds to the perceived "manliness" and macho aesthetic of camping. Atwood notes that this macho attitude (she calls it "Northern fetishism"[49]) was entrenched enough by 1910 that Stephen Leacock parodied it in his piece "Back to the Bush," in which Billy, the protagonist's friend, has "the Mania of the Open Woods" (102):

> "How do we go, Billy, in a motor-car or by train?"
>
> "No, we paddle."
>
> "And is it upstream all the way?"
>
> "Oh, yes," Billy said enthusiastically. . . .
>
> "Glorious! and are there portages?"
>
> "Lots of them."
>
> "And at each of these do I carry two hundred pounds of stuff up a hill on my back?"
>
> "Yes." (Leacock 120)

Only men are afflicted with "Bush Mania" in Leacock's story (102); Billy is "one of thousands" who have it (104). For these men, the inconveniences of camping are intrinsic to the experience. Discomfort is to be not only borne stoically but relished, as Jock Macdonald credits fellow artist Fred Varley with doing: "It was no hardship for F.H. to hike fifteen miles to Garibaldi Park from the Pacific Great Eastern Railway line, carrying all his sketching materials, his pup tent, sleeping bag and rations. It was no ordeal for him to have his food limited to Swedish bread, cheese, chocolate, nuts and sardines and his drink to Klim, Oxo cubes and coffee. He loved camping" (A.G.T. 7). Camping involves carrying all one's effects, a diet limited to eight items, and considerable physical exertion. Macdonald's repeated denials have the effect of emphasizing the hardships Varley endured: it *is* an ordeal to camp in Garibaldi Park, but Varley enjoys camping in spite of, or even because of, the hardship.

Although the dominant perception of camping in the early twentieth century was of an activity for rugged men, Pauline Johnson reflected twenty years before Leacock on a woman's pleasure in camping and how the hardships of camp were easily forgotten compared to the joys:

> You don't remember on this last day all those miserable dinners without fresh meat; those dry teas when you longed so for fruit and tomatoes; those plaguey flies; that haunting dread of finding a snake in your bed every night. You forget how intensely you suffered from sunburn the first week, or how stuffy the gray blankets smelt after a shower, and how the tent always leaked right over the corner where your stretcher stood. (7)

Though Canadian society may have not always encouraged or acknowledged women in the campsite, clearly women have participated and are also capable of enduring and even enjoying the hardships therein.

Contrary to accepted social gender roles, Carr partook of the masochism and bravado that characterized her male counterparts. Although she sometimes complains in her writing about the heaviness of her pack, or the difficulty of sketching in the pouring rain, Carr appreciated that discomfort was an integral part of camping. She does not glorify it the way the Northern fetishists do, but she does suggest that hardship improves or at least is prerequisite to her art: "How can one express all this? To achieve it you must perch on a desperately uncomfortable log and dip among the roots for your material. Yet in spite of all the awkwardness there is a worthwhileness far exceeding a pretty sketch done at ease" (*H&T* 200). In her article "Modern and Indian Art of the West Coast," Carr elaborated:

> You have got to go out and wrestle with the elements, with all your senses alert, to see and hear, and feel; there is no luxurious travel and accommodation. You have got to hold your nose against the smell of rotten fish, and you've got to have the "creeps." You must learn to feel the pride of the Indian in his ancestors, and the pinch of the cold, raw damp of the west coast, and the smell and flavor of the wood smoke, and the sting of it in your eyes, and the awful torment of the mosquitoes, and the closeness of mother earth and the lonely brooding silence of the vast west. (6)

This catalogue of environmental antagonism Carr says one must not only endure but embrace is overwhelming. The artist does not leave the wilderness unscathed, but it is that discomfort that makes the artist really engage with her environment. Carr considered that

kind of engagement, or unity, with the land essential to her ongoing quest to capture the spirit of the West Coast in her art.

Indeed, such discomfort was considered a necessary evil for forging a truly Canadian art. The Canadian artists most famous for camping are, of course, the Group of Seven (c.1912–1920s). Fred Housser, in his book about the Group, admired their ruggedness:

> If you would appreciate the problem of the painter of Canadian landscape, think of the spirit of the West and of the North, then think of the task of expressing that spirit in paint on a few square yards of canvas.
>
> This task demands a new type of artist; one who divests himself of the velvet coat and flowing tie of his caste, puts on the outfit of the bushwhacker and prospector; closes with his environment; paddles, portages and makes camp; sleeps in the out-of-doors under the stars; climbs mountains with his sketch box on his back. (15)

Though Carr was more likely to be divesting herself of an apron than a velvet coat, she certainly felt that to capture "the spirit of the West" she had to get out of the city and meet it. For most of her life, Carr preferred to get her painting inspiration out-of-doors.

Because women were associated with the domestic space of the home, by definition, Carr transgressed both spatial and gender boundaries when she went into the wilderness to paint. "When Housser or one of the Seven wrote such words it was understood that male was speaking to male; there was a kind of we-rugged-brothers-around-the-campfire tone to them, as if the wilderness were an exclusively male preserve" (Blanchard 203). Housser did not expect women to be lugging sketch boxes in the bush, but that is precisely what Carr did. More conventional artists, like Carr's contemporaries Sophie Pemberton and Josephine Crease, were painting conservative and elegant landscapes and portraits (Moray 91–93) while

Carr embarked on her project to paint all the totem poles on the West Coast in their original settings. When Carr went on her sketching trips up the coast, she was able to step outside the restrictions put on her as a woman in Victoria. Though missionaries and the police tried to circumscribe her actions, she was nonetheless able to carry out her goal of visiting and painting totem poles, which conventionally would have been out of her reach as an unmarried woman artist. Carr's escape from the usual roles delineated for women like her was facilitated by her single status, her financial independence and her adventurous spirit.

Tethered to a Dishpan: Carr's Domesticity at Home

Carr's experiences of domestic life were not conventional. Though in general middle-class "Victorian girls and women were explicitly confined to geographies of domesticity and enclosure, material space in which their life paths were fixed, and metaphorical space in which their gender was fixed" (Phillips 92), Carr was able to move outside some of these strictures. Carr's family facilitated her freedom from convention. Although Victorian gender ideology "stressed women's domesticity as natural and appropriate" (Creese 365), domestic expectations of Carr were modest. Being the youngest girl in the family, with a large age gap between her and her oldest sisters, meant few household duties (Blanchard 35), and her childhood rebellion against the clean, modest and dull behaviour she associated with "ladies" was generally humoured. Carr was permitted to play in the cow yard as a child, wandered alone in the woods and fields around her home in mid-adolescence, and camped alone in her late teens (Blanchard 36, 53, 59, 69). Carr's father favoured her and may have granted her more freedom because she was "sturdy" and "should have been the boy" of the family (*GP* 6). There was little family pressure to marry: Carr's father did not encourage his daughters to leave home, and, in any case, both parents

were dead by the time she was of marrying age. A husband might have seemed appealing to an orphaned young woman, but Carr's vocation took precedence. In her youth and middle age, Carr spent years both studying and teaching art. She taught children's classes in Victoria from 1893–95 and taught both children and adults in Vancouver from 1906–10 (*DN* xli–xlii). A self-employed woman like Carr was unusual: in 1901 (when Carr was twenty-nine), women made up only six percent of the work force in B.C. (Creese 365), and most of them were employed in domestic service.

Though Carr never married, she later lived a highly domestic life. For more than twenty years, she was the owner and landlady of an apartment house she had built at 646 Simcoe Street in Victoria. As documented in her book *The House of All Sorts*, her days on Simcoe Street were crowded with chores: shovelling coal, whitewashing, cooking, laundry. Though Carr exaggerated how little painting she did in the "All Sorts" years, it is clear that she came to resent the amount of time and energy she spent attending to her tenants. Her attempt to provide for herself economically (as a single woman) and still have time for her painting backfired miserably. Doris Shadbolt perceptively highlights Carr's recollection that domestic chores not only left her with little time, but also little inclination. "Art had ceased to be the preoccupying centre of her life. The revealing words in Carr's statement 'I never painted now—had neither time nor wanting . . .' are 'not wanting'" (Shadbolt 38). Without her camping trips, Carr lacked motivation for her art; she needed fresh sketches to inspire new canvases. She had hoped to support her painting on the apartment house income, but the maintenance proved to be far more time-consuming than she had anticipated. She remembered bitterly its effect on her vocation: "Forget you ever wanted to be an artist. Nobody wanted your art. Buckle down to being a landlady" (*HS* 18). Carr was affected not only by the poor reception her art received at the time, but also by the

skepticism of her social circle that an artist could cook and housekeep (*GP* 233). Carr worked extra hard to prove them wrong, at the expense of her painting. Though Carr recognized the tension between being an artist and a homemaker,[33] she was not immune to the high societal valuation of domesticity in the construction of an "authentic" woman. "There's something *honest* about getting into bed with every muscle aching from real straight domestics, honestly acquired. Sort of a brick in your character building" (*H&T* 173). Carr's feelings about the respective values of domesticity and art fluctuated, and she sometimes elevated domestic work as a more genuine labour than artistic work. In trying to keep up her socially inscribed role, Carr follows a tradition of creative women who work hard to prove that creativity and domestic skill are not mutually exclusive. "According to domestic ideology, the woman who prides herself upon her achievements as a writer [or artist] loses the limited authority granted her by her interpellation as feminine and is in danger of being judged unwomanly" (Dean 30). Carr had subordinated her feminine authority in pursuit of authority on West Coast Native art. Gerta Moray suggests that Carr was extremely discouraged by the reception to her documentary project on the coastal totem poles, particularly by the government's lack of interest in purchasing the collection, which meant that she had to personally house over 200 paintings she had hoped would be considered a provincial treasure (376). Carr had risked her femininity in this artistic endeavour, and to have the results rejected as well may have left her feeling as though her identity as an artist was uncertain. It took many years before she was again sure that painting "was the real worth of [her] existence" (*GP* 240), and for a long time she subordinated her art to keeping house. When the American artist Mark Tobey visited Carr, he warned her not to "tether [her]self to a dishpan" (*GP* 240). It was an epiphanic message for her: "Suddenly I realized

[33] See, for example, her critical story about Mrs. Tucket, an artist and inattentive mother (*GP* 55).

brag and stubborness *[sic]* had goaded me into proving to my family that an artist could cook, could housekeep. Silly, rebellious me! Hadn't I for fifteen years bruised body and soul, nearly killed my Art by allowing these to take first place in my life?" (*GP* 240).[34] In fact, in the summer before Tobey's visit, Carr had taken a long sketching trip up the Coast, stopping in a number of places including Alert Bay and the Queen Charlotte Islands (Haida Gwaii). But clearly, in her recollections, that year was the turning point when she began to make time for her art. In 1928 and after, Carr made arrangements to get away, and relished her camping escapes. The freedom of the campsite allowed Carr to rekindle her vocation and to paint without the distractions of home.

At Home in the Wilderness: Domesticity and the Campsite

The campsite has traditionally been viewed as a space free from domesticity. In the early 1900s, for example, Scouting was developed as an escape from the negative effects of women: "Instead of a feminised and demoralising home atmosphere, Baden-Powell hoped to instill 'free open-air shirt-sleeve habits'—an outdoor life modelled on the imperial frontier where an authentic and natural masculinity lay within one's grasp . . ." (Tosh 82). But camping can be viewed both as an escape from domesticity and as a process of domestication, reconstructing the home it ostensibly rejects. Domesticity, a civilizing activity most often attributed to women, can be viewed as a vehicle for civilization in the campsite, but it is also a burden that women try to leave behind when camping. The camper leaves civilization for wilderness, but cannot entirely shed her "civilized" origins. Camping rejects the domestic and yet engages with it. As it is used in this chapter, "domesticity" can be

[34] Carr's experiences with apartment managing did not turn Carr off homemaking for life. Four years after leaving Simcoe Street she wrote to Nan Cheney, "I spose I'm just naturally a domestic woman I love houses &

defined as those symbolic and material functions which construct and maintain "home" in various times and settings. The relationship of "home" and domesticity in the campsite is complicated by home being "fundamentally defined as 'not away'" (Pagh 117). Campers make themselves "at home" in the campsite by setting up tents and tarps, building fires and cooking meals, all of which mimic "home" but do not fully reproduce it. The campsite is a space in which domestic activity is distilled down to its essentials; and, by virtue of its setting, camp domesticity can have a charm which household chores do not. The degree of domesticity in Carr's campsite was determined by a number of variables, including the type of structure in which she was housed, the location of the camp, her age, her mood, her companions, and the weather.

Domesticity is a heavily gendered aspect of the campsite; the gender of a camper determines not just what domestic activities will take place in camp but also the degree to which those activities are considered domestic. The performance of domestic activity is not intrinsically gendered; rather, the perceptions of the observer and of the person engaged in the action construct a gendered view of the action. The importance of context is evident in the use of Robinson Crusoe as a role model for both Boy Scouts (MacDonald 25) and young homemakers. For Scouts, Crusoe set an example of self-reliant masculinity, resourceful and brave, while in young women's conduct books he set a good domestic example because he attempted to recreate order and home. "[Nancy] Armstrong suggests that Crusoe was an essentially domestic figure because he created 'a totally self-enclosed and functional domain where money did not really matter'" (Dean 17). Self-reliant masculinity and home-making femininity are both to be found in Crusoe's camp. From this flexible perspective, Carr's

gardens & home things" (*DN* 284).

engineering of a camp stove from scrap metal and a pile of rocks can be perceived as primarily domestic, but if a man had built it he might instead be considered "handy."

Consider also the "gendrification" of cooking. Cooking is an activity which, when done in the home, is traditionally a woman's preserve. However, "[w]hen a culture develops a tradition of haute cuisine—'real' cooking, as opposed to trivial ordinary domestic cooking—the chefs are almost always men" (Ortner 80). Men's cooking is differentiated from women's in order to emphasize skill, not "natural" ability. In "Sleep," Carr's childhood memory of a First Nations family camping on the beach, she idealizes and naturalizes the woman's part in food preparation. The long descriptions in the story are of appearances—the canoe, the family members—while domestic aspects are generally played down. The father's and son's trip to fetch water is described in detail, but the mother's cooking seems effortless and instantaneous: "her hands moved among the kettles and food" and dinner is served (*KW* 58).[35] While men's professional cooking in "civilization" emphasizes skill, their campfire cooking is considered primal and fundamental. In Marjorie Pickthall's "The Third Generation," cooking in camp is a potent transformative activity for the two male protagonists—"Tinned beef, flapjacks and coffee had power . . . to change the very aspect of the weather" (292)—but is in no way presented as feminine or domestic. Jock Macdonald describes Fred Varley's camp cooking in military terms, as "rations" (A.G.T. 7). This is barbeque psychology: Men can cook outdoors without threatening gender roles, but not in the home. A man at the campfire is simply feeding himself, while a woman preparing a meal in the campsite is fulfilling her domestic, civilizing role. The assumed domestication of women's activity in the wilderness means that men who camp in the wilderness can escape from home, but women who camp in the wilderness are seen to carry home with them.

[35] This is the only story in *Klee Wyck* where Carr is solely an observer.

Fig. 4 Woo and one of Carr's improvised stoves. *B.C. Archives G-00413*

Little is recorded about Carr's earliest camping trips,[36] but from her recollections of Ucluelet it is evident that one of the first appeals of "camp" was its separation from ordinary domestic life. She relished roughing it: "No part of living was normal. We lived on fish and fresh air. We sat on things not meant for sitting on, ate out of vessels not meant to hold food, slept on hardness that bruised us; but the lovely, wild vastness did something to it all. I loved every bit of it— . . ." (*GP* 78). Domestic arrangements were improvised and spartan, but their minimalism coincided with greater access to wilderness. In its rejection of the material domesticity of home, camping is an opportunity for invention and resourcefulness. In camp, Carr "bathe[d] in a teacup" (*DN* 19) and either did without certain household objects or improvised substitutes [Figure 3]: "I've made a range to rival any 'Monarch' or 'Canada's Pride' ever invented. The ingredients are a piece of automobile frame, the leg of a stove, a pile of rocks, scraps of iron, tin and wire, and parts of a gridiron. It's a peach!" (*H&T* 50). Domestic improvisation in the campsite is a Janus-like activity: it both turns away from domesticity by rejecting its standard tools and yet embraces domesticity by mimicking it. By recreating domestic objects, Carr turns away from standard domesticity but doesn't reject it altogether.

Despite gender conventions which prescribe women's activity as domestic, for Carr the campsite provided a space outside those conventions.

> [T]he assumption is that the male adventurer is escaping the stranglehold of women and domesticity when he travels. But when a woman travels, perhaps what she is escaping is also the stranglehold of domesticity, and the gender expectations that deter women from becoming adventurers. Travel has

[36] Paula Blanchard states that Carr began camping alone with her dog upon her return from San Francisco (she would have been twenty-two) but gives no references (69).

> historically offered some women a measure of freedom from gender constraints. (Smyth 38)

Particularly in the "All Sorts" years, domesticity did have a "stranglehold" on Carr, and camping helped her slip out of its grip. Carr enjoyed being "away" long before she experienced the intense domesticity of her apartment house. "Away" meant freedom from her sisters' rules and freedom from urban convention. Getting away and travelling up the coast to Alaska with her sister Alice, though not a camping trip, allowed Carr to stretch beyond the usual expectations of a woman artist and encouraged her to envision an extensive ethnological project of recording B.C. totem poles. In *Undomesticated Ground*, Stacy Alaimo asserts that American women naturalists have "looked outward toward a natural realm precisely because this space was *not* already designated as 'truly and unequivocally theirs' and thus was not replete with the domestic values that many women wished to escape" (16). Because nature/wilderness is not defined as domestic space, it permits the woman camper to step outside the conventions for her gender and define her place in nature for herself. The traditional exclusion of women from the woods paradoxically makes the woods a more freeing space for them because their role there has not yet been defined and therefore they can construct their own relationship. However, Alaimo's assertion is based on an assumed binary of nature/culture. Heather Murray argues that in the Canadian tradition woman is located *between* nature and culture and there is therefore a "correspondence between the intermediacy of woman and the intermediacy of pseudo-wilderness" (82). As pseudo-wilderness, not wilderness, is the true setting for camp, Carr's campsite is therefore an intermediate space. As Murray notes earlier though, pseudo-wilderness has a double allegiance, and thus I would suggest it is a space which may not only mediate, but *alternate*, between domesticity and nature.

The levels of domesticity in Carr's campsites varied. In her earlier years of camping in and around Indian villages, her domestic activity was limited. Often her guides would make fires and cook for her; other times she subsisted on hard tack. There were attempts at homemaking (see for example, "Greenville" in *Klee Wyck*) but, in general, domesticity was less present than it was in her later caravan camping.

In Carr's caravan, domestic practice was minimal compared to her apartment house. Housecleaning in camp was reduced because the "house" was reduced and domestic standards lowered. She had a tiny table and a narrow bed squeezed into her 12 feet by 5½ feet (*H&T* 241), took sponge baths, and had a "leaky iderdown *[sic]*, kept special for camping" (*DN* 19). However, camping is a bit like 'playing house': its domesticity is simplified and yet, because of that simplicity, is 'purer'—a domesticity reduced to its fundamental forms. The tiny dimensions of the Elephant concentrated "home," intensifying domesticity. Carr cherished her escapes from ordinary domesticity, but in the caravan, especially, she embraced the demands that camp domesticity placed upon her.[37] While other women camp with their children,[38] Carr camped with her pets. Though she often bemoaned the distractions they caused, Carr devoted many potential working hours to meeting their needs: "The van is cosy, come rain, come shine, and all is well. Now . . . I hope to try and work . . . . I care much too much for creature comforts and keeping the camp cosy and tidy. It seems necessary, especially with all the creatures" (*H&T* 53). Domesticity is more prevalent in Carr's caravan camping than in her earlier trips further afield, and her ambivalence toward it is made evident in passages like this. Carr felt the need to set up

[37] A reader's perception of the increased domesticity of Carr's caravan and cabin camping is related not only to the shelter but to the records made in that shelter: camp domesticity is described in greater detail in Carr's journals than in her texts prepared for publication— she seems to have done more diary writing in her caravan days; no substantial writing from her travels on the coast survives.

[38] E.g., M. Wylie Blanchet in *The Curve of Time*, Theresa Kishkan in *Red Laredo Boots*, and the mother in "Sleep"

properly in the Elephant as soon as she arrived at a camping spot: "We got here around 9 o'clock and I turned out the last year's stuff and cobwebs. The walls looked bad so Miss Impatient had to get busy and paint them" (*H&T* 119). She permitted herself to get "tethered to the dishpan" even in the campsite, despite her intention that camp would be an escape from that.

Some critics argue that women writers import images of domesticity into their descriptions of wilderness spaces, reinscribing themselves within the ideology of domesticity even as they seem to escape it: "Th[e] ideology of the home shows itself when women traveling the Northwest Coast carefully include images of home in descriptions of 'wilderness' environments" (Norwood 121–22). This is not true of Carr: the dominant descriptors in her writing are not of home but of the vitality of the wilderness. She often anthropomorphizes the forest, but rarely describes it in domestic terms, even though most of the places she went were pseudo-wilderness and had houses (some occupied, some derelict) nearby. But while she may not talk about wilderness in metaphors of home, the "home" of her campsite is highly visible in her caravan journals and letters. Carr does not "carefully include images of home" because she *is* at home (despite also being 'away.') The supposed attendant domesticity of women in the wilderness Norwood describes is a contentious topic.

> [T]o argue that female naturalists extended the domestic realm into nature and built a women's space in the wilderness from "their domestic roles as wives and mothers" forecloses the possibility that women entered the wilderness, literally, or imaginatively, precisely in order to throw off—or complement, subvert, or bracket—their domestic roles. Many women have,

> in fact, invoked nature in order to critique cultural roles, norms, and assumptions and to escape from the confines of the domestic. (Alaimo 15)

Although I would argue that some form of residual domesticity is unavoidable in camp, Stacy Alaimo is right to suggest women may find a measure of freedom from gender stereotypes in the wilderness and that that freedom is one the great appeals of wilderness space for women. Alaimo highlights the importance of choice in women's wilderness space. Women may still be domestic in the wilderness, but they are better able to choose the form and quantity of domesticity. In camping, Carr found a respite from the drudgery of maintaining her apartment house, not because there was no domestic work involved, but because she was maintaining only herself and chosen guests. Her pets, unlike tenants, were valued companions and undemanding. It was *her choice* to do the work. Carr loved and wanted the animals (and, occasionally, friends) with her in the campsite and therefore embraced the domestic work they created for her. As Alaimo also notes, women's domesticity in the campsite can be modified and subordinated to other activities. Carr's impetus for camping was always her art, and the time spent on domestic maintenance in camp was sacrificed to provide mental and physical space for sketching. Camp domesticity was not performed for its own sake. Clearly Carr valued the campsite more as an escape from domesticity than for its distilled domestic practice. Carr increasingly focussed on her camp shelters as she got older, but they were always subordinate to the nature around them. She looked outwards from the campsite to the woods she was trying to capture in words and paint.

If domesticity is defined as those functions which construct home, it is difficult to imagine constructing a home without domesticity. In her introduction to a collection of Canadian women's nature writing, Andrea Lebowitz suggests that "[w]hile the making and

finding of home in nature is a recurring goal, this may not always be connected with the creation of domesticity" (5). Lebowitz and Alaimo argue against the assumption that women bring domesticity to the wilderness because they consider it a space where women are attempting to break the gender norms defining feminine activity as domestic, and domestic activity as feminine. But because, like the "floating home" of pleasure boats, a campsite is "simultaneously home and away" (Pagh 117), the campsite *is*, and *is not*, a domestic space. Carr's campsites were domestic to varying degrees, and in their space the amount and priority of domestic practice were quantitatively and qualitatively different from her home in the city. Insofar as the campsite provided a space outside the ordinary parameters for her housework, it was set apart from her usual domestic practice. But the special context of domestic activity in the campsite does not entirely sever it from its roots in the home. Domesticity persists, even under the canvas.

Gender shaped Carr's experience of the campsite. In her lifetime, the campsite was not a space welcoming to single women: women were initially discouraged from camping and then later encouraged to camp in mixed groups or with their families. However, unmarried women like Carr have been best able to defy convention, because they are not held back by children or husbands. Gender is an inextricable part of the ways in which Carr related to Indians and to the land through the campsite; she was both inhibited and encouraged in her process of indigenization by societal ideas of appropriate conduct for women. In the campsite she identified with Indians and the land, and her identification with them helped her construct her identity as native. Carr preferred her interaction with First Nations people and the environment to be unmediated by other (White) people; travelling as a solitary White woman facilitated a deeper communication (hence her dislike of chaperones and picnickers). Though women and indigenous people have been classed together as

primitive, White women were not encouraged to associate with Native people. Carr sensed a strong female presence in both the woods and the First Nations communities she visited on her camping trips, and their shared femininity enabled her to relate to them more closely. Camping exposed Carr to the elements; while "roughing it" contravened traditional expectations of women's relationships to their environment, it was a crucial part of the developing philosophy of an authentic Canadian art, as embodied also in the work of the Group of Seven. Though Carr sometimes suffered in the campsite, that suffering was a lesser torment than the unpleasantness of domestic chores at home. Camp was both a respite from homemaking and a making of home.

CONCLUSION

The campsite had enduring appeal for Carr, from the time she was a little girl into her old age. In 1936, camping near the gravel pits in Metchosin, she wrote:

> The camp is splendid, complete; everything fits comfortably. I know *how* to camp and this one is extra excellent. Despite the vow I would never make another one—my camp days were over—I shall go on till ninety. (*H&T* 239)

Carr was sixty-four and happily, despite failing health, made another four sketching trips, though this was her last in the Elephant. Over her fifty-odd years of camping, Carr set up camp in a wide range of settings and shelters, but her purpose was consistent. She camped primarily in order to gain material for her art and secondarily for the sheer pleasure of being in the outdoors. Carr spent many years painting totem poles for "posterity"; she wanted to leave behind a record for future generations of White and Native British Columbians. Her vocation was to convey some of the spirit and power of the landscape around her, to defend it as worthy of artistic representation. Being from B.C. and producing an art that reflected her province was very important to Carr, and she tried in various ways to "get into" the landscape and understand it.

Carr used Native art to develop an understanding and a means of expressing her natural surroundings. As she was trying to establish an art that was native to B.C., Carr also tried to establish her own identity as native. Carr took it for granted that she was lowercase-n native. Having been born in Canada and not being enamoured of England, Carr embraced her Canadian identity. But Carr also felt that, with her English background, she was of a generation only just beginning to know and understand the Canadian landscape. For this reason, her bond with Indians was very important to her. She needed them as a source of the heritage she lacked.

Carr's knowledge of First Nations culture in B.C. went beyond that of the average White woman's, but it was not comprehensive.[39] Her attempts to educate herself about Native art and culture, though not fully successful, were undertaken out of a sense of responsibility to represent the totem poles accurately and with understanding. She also felt a responsibility in her artistic representation of the villages she and their surrounding landscape: "[In my art] I wanted to be true to the places as well as to the people" (*H&T* 292).

From the very beginning, when she saw Native families camping on the beach near her home, Carr associated camping with Indians. She felt that Indians, "those superb campers" (*H&T* 122), were comfortable in camp because of their closeness to nature. Her idealized Indians conformed to nature's schedule and caprices of weather, and she tried to imitate them in the campsite. Through her camp experiences with First Nations people, Carr came to feel close to them. In her writing, she emphasizes her immaturity and ignorance in her early contact with them, presenting herself as a pupil or an impressionable child. She also refers to being "adopted" and uses metaphors of puberty to suggest that she could achieve Native status through familial ties or be transformed physically into an Indian.

Because Carr's goal was to express "her" land, and because she linked Indians closely with that land, Carr also uses many indigenizing metaphors that physically connect her to nature. Carr had her roots firmly in B.C. soil when she claimed ". . . I was as indigenous to these woods as a pine tree" (Blanchard 205). When Carr uses corporeal and vegetative imagery in her indigenization metaphors, the process of becoming native is naturalized. The suggested physicality of her indigenization make the process seem real and grounded.

[39] Carr read Charles Hill-Tout and other writings on Native culture, and may have learned about Squamish culture from her friend Sophie Frank (*OC*, Susan Crean's introduction, 8, 169). She records her disdain for

Naturalization is a denial of responsibility, hiding the construction of a Native identity and burying those truths which must be forgotten in order for settlers to sink their long roots in this country.

The attempt to establish her identity as a Canadian and as an artist was often made more difficult for Carr, but sometimes easier, because she was a woman. She struggled with the conflict between the appropriate life of an artist and the appropriate life for a woman. The campsite provided a space for Carr to relax her domestic efforts and organize her days around the demands of her art without having to concern herself with propriety and convention. As a woman Carr was culturally linked to nature and the indigene, but she was not expected to interact with wilderness or First Nations people through activities like camping or painting. The campsite proved to be a tremendously liberating space for Carr, despite later lapses into domestic practice, maintaining her pets and the caravan. Her camping was a reclamation of space not normally set aside for women; her camping can be seen as part of

> [t]he project . . . to return women to those places from which they have been dis- or re-placed or expelled . . . partly in order to show men's invasion and occupancy of the whole of space . . . and partly in order to be able to experiment with and produce the possibility of occupying, dwelling or living in new spaces, which in their turn help generate new perspectives, new bodies, new ways of inhabiting. (Grosz 124)

The campsite was a place which gave Carr new artistic and personal perspective on British Columbian people and landscape, allowed Carr to be more sensual through her physical

people who pretended to 'know' Indians without any contact (*GP* 213). However, her misidentification of a male ancestral figure as D'Sonoqua is one example of the deficiencies in her knowledge.

contact with nature and to develop the illusion of corporeal union with the land and Native bodies, and to find a new way of inhabiting and feeling at home in the B.C. wilderness and Canada at large.

Though the campsite was of such fundamental importance to Carr's art and self-conception, and a popular subject in her writing, it does not appear that she ever sketched or painted her tent and caravan sites. (If she did, the pictures have been lost). Three drawings of cabin "camps" survive in the public record at the Provincial Archives of B.C. Two are of a cabin in the Port Alberni-Clayoquot area, where she presumably stayed. [See Figures 4 and 5.] They likely date from her trip in May 1929 to Nootka and Friendly Cove. The sketches are a tantalizing glimpse of the relative importance of the campsite for Carr to the wilderness around it. The one drawing is an ordinary, almost dull, picture of a medium-sized cabin in a small clearing, with moderately large branchless tree trunks sparsely surrounding it. The other drawing has a complete change of focus: the cabin has shrunk to ant-size proportions, dwarfed by trees that have expanded to fill the whole frame of the picture. Their trunks are barely visible amongst the dynamic foliage that swirls about the tiny cabin nestled in the interior. The cabin is not obliterated: its diminution highlights it as a stable centre in the whirling forest, but its importance dwindles in comparison to the trees. They dominate the picture, declaring their vitality and pre-eminence.

Since the campsite was so integral to Carr's art, it may seem surprising that she made so few visual records of it. But as I have argued earlier, the campsite was a space from which Carr looked *out* towards the wilderness. Camp was freeing and fun, but its prime value was its vantage point. The campsite facilitated her entry into wilderness; to record its presence would be to emphasize the means rather than end, and to diminish the "wildness" of her surroundings. The perspective of the campsite lingers nonetheless, and in her paintings, if

you look carefully, you can see that point of origin—feel the campsite hidden, but still there—under the canvas.

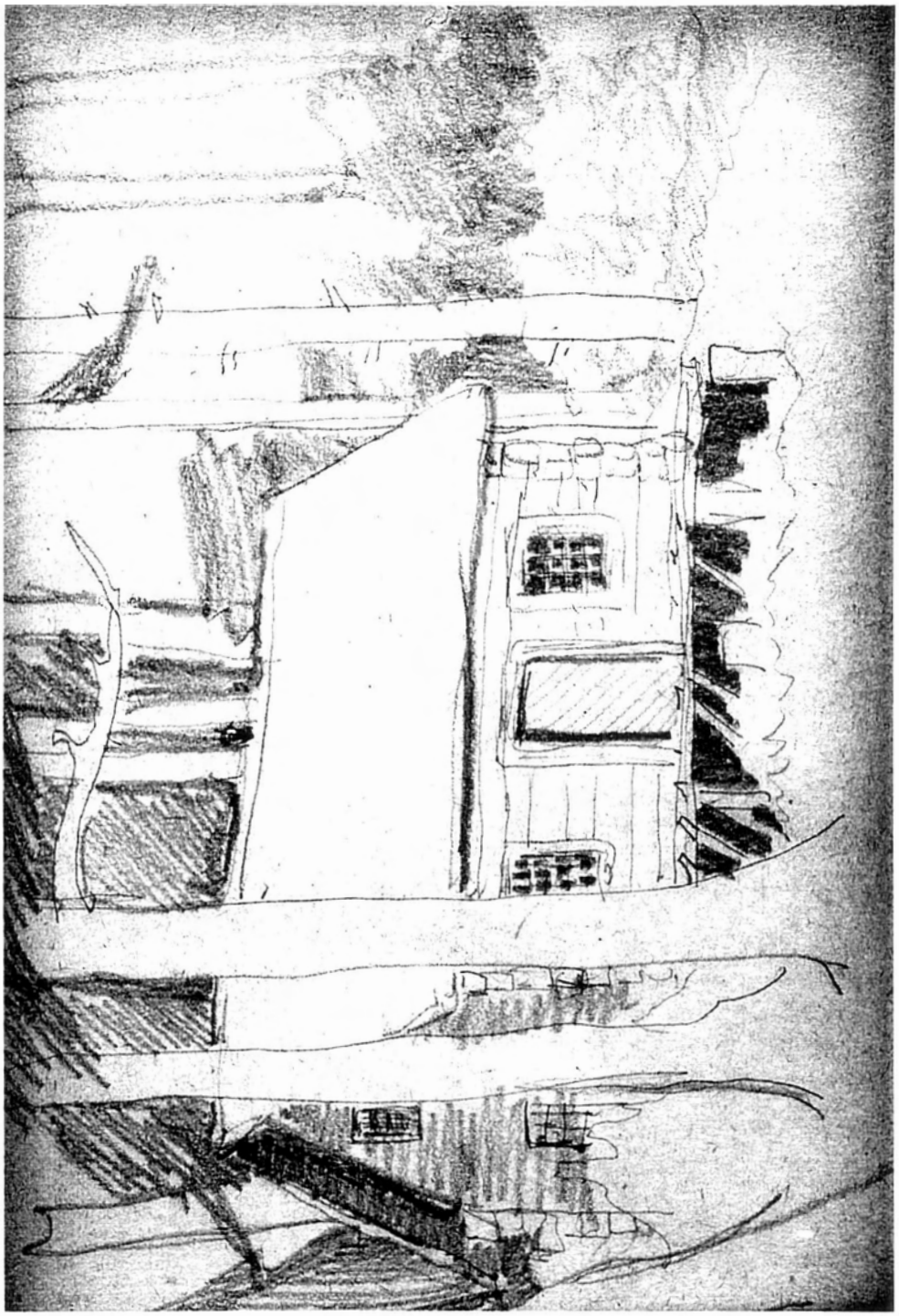

Fig. 5 Forest Cabin, Alberni-Clayoquot, [1929?]. *B.C. Archives PDP05697*

Fig. 6 Cabin in Forest, Alberni-Clayoquot, [1929?]. *B.C. Archives PDP05721*

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APPENDIX

Klee Wyck Variants between 1941 Oxford and 1951 Irwin text

Text in square brackets omitted from 1951 edition unless otherwise noted.
New introduction by Ira Dilworth to the 1951 edition not reproduced here.

A substantial amount of text was silently expurgated in the 1951 edition of *Klee Wyck*. The deleted passages are primarily of Carr's negative impressions of missionaries and their deleterious influence on Native people. The whole story of "Martha's Joey," about the adoption of a White boy by a Native woman, was omitted. Carr's two-page description of Native burial practices was also cut from the end of "Ucluelet." Other omissions seem to have been motivated by excessive prudishness.

Ucluelet

4(1), 3(2) Both the missionaries were dignified, but the Greater Missionary had the most dignity[: the Lesser Missionary was fussy. They had long pale faces. Their hair was licked from their foreheads back to buns on the scruffs of their necks]. They had long noses . . .

4(1), 4(2) After breakfast came a long [Presbyterian] prayer.

4(1), 4(2) The [sizzling of the] Missionaries' "trespasses" . . .

5(1), 4-5(2) . . . on Sundays[, and looked as Presbyterian as it could under the circumstances.¶] It had a sharp roof . . .

6(1), 5(2) The Lesser Missionary [fussed her way jumpily. She] hated . . .

6–7(1), 6(2) They had not yet mastered the use of the pocket handkerchief, so not a second elapsed between sniffs. [The Lesser Missionary twitched as each sniff hit her ear.]

7(1), 6(2) Once outside, their bare little feet never stopped till they had caught me up. [In the empty schoolroom the eyes of the Lesser Missionary waited upon those of the Greater as the shepherd's dog watches for the signal to dash.¶ "That is all for today," the older woman said quietly and they went home. ¶] After that . . .

10(1), 8(2) . . . the old Indians thought . . . it had to stay in the picture.[¶ "They have such silly notions," said the Missionary.] "Tell her . . .

10–11(1), 8(2) I had a cot [at the foot of their wide wooden bed] and scrambled quickly into it.

11(1), 8(2) . . . it was a bleak bedroom even in summer. [¶ The Missionaries folded their clothes, paired their shoes, and put on stout nightgowns. Then, one on each side of the bed, they sank to their knees on the splintery floor and prayed some more, this time silent, private prayers. The buns now dangled in long plaits down their backs and each bowed head was

silhouetted against a sputtering candle that sat on an upturned apple-box, one on either side of the bed, apple-boxes heaped with devotional books.]

11(1), 8(2). . . the pine towered above his fellows, his top tapering to heaven [like the hands of the praying Missionaries.]

11(1), 9(2) At Toxis only the seventh day was the Sabbath. Then the Missionaries [changed their "undies" and put lace jabots across the fronts of their "ovies," took an hour longer in bed in the morning, doubled their doses of coffee and prayers, and] conducted service in the school house . . .

13(1), 9(2) . . . undertoned by a gentle voice from the back of the room which told Tanook in pure Indian words what he was to do. [The Lesser Missionary's eyes popped with indignation. The Greater Missionary's voice went straight on.] ¶

13(1), 10(2) The Greater Missionary patted the pink print shoulder as she passed. ¶
["Disgusting old man!" muttered the Lesser Missionary.¶]
"Brave woman!" said the Greater Missionary, smiling.

15(1), (11)2 . . . with authority to white people. [2nd edition text ends here]

15–17(1) [2 page section on Indian burial practices. See photocopy.]

The sea soaked it often enough to make it unpalatable to the forest. Roots of trees refused to thrive in its saltiness.

In this place belonging neither to sea nor to land I came upon an old man dressed in nothing but a brief shirt. He was sawing the limbs from a fallen tree. The swish of the sea tried to drown the purr of his saw. The purr of the saw tried to sneak back into the forest, but the forest threw it out again into the sea. Sea and forest were always at this game of toss with noises.

The fallen tree lay crosswise in this "nothing's place"; it blocked my way. I sat down beside the sawing Indian and we had dumb talk, pointing to the sun and to the sea, the eagles in the air and the crows on the beach. Nodding and laughing together I sat and he sawed. The old man sawed as if aeons of time were before him, and as if all the years behind him had been leisurely and all the years in front of him would be equally so. There was strength still in his back and limbs but his teeth were all worn to the gums. The shock of hair that fell to his shoulders was grizzled. Life had sweetened the old man. He was luscious with time like the end berries of the strawberry season.

With a final grin, I got up and patted his arm—"Goodbye!" He patted my hand. When he saw me turn to break through the forest so that I could round his great fallen tree, he ran and pulled me back, shaking his head and scolding me.

"Swaawa! Hyiu swaawa!" Swaawa were cougar: the forest was full of these great cats. The Indians forbade their children to go into the forest, not even into its edge. I was to them a child, ignorant about the wild things which they knew so well. In these things the Indian could speak with authority to white people.

No one disturbed the Indian dead. Their place was a small, half-cleared spot, a little off from the village and at the edge of the forest. When an Indian died no time was lost in hurrying the body away. While death was approaching a box was got ready. Sometimes, if they owned one, a trunk was used. The body did not lie straight and stark in the box. It was folded up; often it was placed in the box before it really was a corpse. When life had quite gone, the box was closed, some boards were broken from the side wall of the house, and it was taken away through the hole which was later mended so that the spirit should not remember how it got out and come bothering back.

The people never went to the dead's place except to carry another dead body there and then they would hurry back to make dreadful mourning howls in the village.

One day I went to the place of the dead to sketch. It was creepy. At first I did not know whether I could bear it or not. Bones lay about—human bones—skulls,

staring from their eye hollows, stuck out from under the bracken, ribs and thigh bones lay among the roots of the trees where coffin boxes had split. Many "dead-boxes" were bound to the high branches of the pines. The lower limbs of the trees were chopped away. Sometimes a Hudson's Bay blanket would be bound around the box, and flapped in the wind as the tree rocked the box. Up there in the keen air the body disintegrated quickly. The sun and the rain rotted the ropes that bound the box to the tree. They broke and the bones were flung to earth where greenery soon hid them.

It was beautiful how the sea air and sun hurried to help the corpses through their horror. The poor, frail boxes could not keep the elements out; they were quick to make the bones clean and white.

Sometimes Indians used the hollow boles of ancient cedar trees as grave holes, though life was still racing through the cedar's outer shell.

In one of these hollow trees the Indians had lately buried a young woman. They had put her in a trunk. There was a scarlet blanket over the top. Scattered upon that were some beads and bracelets. There was a brass lamp and her clothes too. The sun streamed in through the split in the side of the tree and sparkled on her dear things. This young dead woman lay in the very heart of the living cedar tree. As I stood looking, suddenly twigs crackled and bracken shivered behind

me. My throat went dry and my forehead wet—but it was only Indian dogs.

Up behind Toxis the forest climbed a steep hill and there in the woods was one lonely grave, that of "our only professed Christian Indian", according to the Missionaries. The Missionaries had coffined him tight and carried him up the new-made trail with great difficulty. They put him into the earth among the roots of the trees, away from all his people, away from the rain and the sun and the wind which he had loved and which would have rushed to help his body to melt quickly into the dust to make earth richer because this man had lived.

Tanoo

19(1), 13(2) It had a story carved on it; Louisa told it to us in a loose sort of way as if she had half-forgotten it. [Perhaps she had forgotten some, but perhaps it was the missionary's daughter being there that made her want to forget the rest. The missionaries laughed at the poles and said they were heathenish.] On the base of this pole . . .

20(1), 13(2) The feelings Jimmie and Louisa had in the old village of their own people must have been quite different from ours. They must have made my curiosity [and the missionary girl's sneer] seem small.

21(1), 14(2) I wanted the tent flaps open; it did not seem quite so bad if I could feel the trees close. [But Miss Missionary wanted them tight shut to keep everything out.]¶

Very early in the morning I got to work [and two hours later Miss Missionary came out of the tent.] The boat lay far out . . .

[2 full paragraphs omitted. See photocopy.]

22(1), 15(2) I met them coming over the sand, Louisa hurrying ahead to get supper[, Miss Missionary limping behind, draggled and weary.] Away back I saw Jimmie . . .

23(1), 15(2) We ate some of the devilfish for supper, fried in pieces like sausage. It was sweet like chicken, but very tough. [Miss Missionary ate bread and jam.¶

"Father would not like me to eat devil," she said. ¶

She told me the hunt was a disgusting performance.] The devilfish were in the puddles . . .

24(1), 16(2) Pictures of all the poles were in my sketch sack. I strapped it up and said, "That's that." [The missionary's daughter revived. "Horrid place!" she said, scratching viciously at her ankle.]

24(1), 16(2) . . . staring out over the sea.¶
[When we boarded the boat the missionary girl put her clumsy foot through my light cedar drawing-board. Nothing about her balanced—her silly little voice and her big foot; her pink and white face and big red hands. I was so mad about my board that I looked across the water for fear I'd hit her. Louisa's voice in my ear said: "Isn't she clumsy and isn't she stupid!"]

Skedans

27(1), 18(2)
Memories came out of this place to meet the Indians, you saw remembering in their brightening eyes and heard it in the quick hushed words they said to each other in Haida. [The chatter of the missionary's daughter in solemn Skedans sounded like a sheep-bell tinkling outside a church.]

The Indians would not do a thing for Miss Missionary. They let her collect rushes for her own bed and carry things. The Mission house in their home village stood on the hill and looked down on the Indians. But here all of us were on the dead level, all of us had the same mosquito-tormented skins and everything in common, and were wholly dependent on the Indians' knowledge and skill.

I often wondered what Louisa and the white girl talked about while I was away from them working. Because of the mosquitoes, they tied their heads up in towels and were frightfully hot. I offered Miss Missionary some of the mosquito stuff a miner had told me of—bacon fat (it must be rancid) and turpentine. She refused—she said I looked so horrible dripping with it. She was bumped all over with bites. If you drew your hand down your face it was red with the blood the brutes had stolen from you.

I met them coming over the sand, Louisa hurrying ahead to get supper, Miss Missionary limping behind, draggled and weary. Away back I saw Jimmie carrying something dreadful with long arms trailing behind in the sand, its great round body speared by the stick on Jimmie's shoulder.

"We've took the Missionary's daughter hunting devilfish," chuckled Louisa, as she passed me.

We ate some of the devilfish for supper, fried in pieces like sausage. It was sweet like chicken, but very tough. Miss Missionary ate bread and jam.

"Father would not like me to eat devil," she said.

She told me the hunt was a disgusting performance. The devilfish were in the puddles around the rocks at low tide. When they saw people come, they threw their tentacles around the rocks and stuck their heads into the rocky creases; the only way to make them let go was to beat their heads in when you got the chance.

It was long past dinnertime. Louisa could not cook because there was no water in camp. That was Jimmie's job. The spring was back in the woods, nobody but Jimmie knew where, and he was far out at sea tinkering on his boat. Louisa called and called; Jimmie heard, because his head popped up, but he would not come. Every time she called the same two Indian words.

"Make it hotter, Louisa; I want to get back to work." She called the same two words again.

"Are those words swears?"

"No, if I swore I would have to use English words."

"Why?"

"There are no swears in Haida."

"What do you say if you are angry or want to insult anybody?"

Cumshewa

30(1), 20(2) We spent a miserable night in this old house. [Louisa's cat and the missionary's daughter always looked and acted alike when it rained.] All our bones were pierced with chill.

31(1), 20(2) Through the hole in the side of the house I could hear the fretful mewings of [the missionary's daughter and] the cat.

32(1), 21(2) She preferred Louisa's hat near the fire to the outside rain. [Even the missionary's daughter showed animation as she rolled up the blankets.] ¶

Sophie

34(1), 23(2) By the time she was in her early fifties every child was dead [and Sophie had cried her eyes dry. Then she took to drink.] (omitted from 1st ed.)

40(1), 27(2) "I dunno. Pliest go Vancouver. He not come two more day. ['Spose I got lots money he come quick. No hully-up, except fo' money."]

41(1), 28(2) Hush lurked in every corner. [The smell of the church/seemed fusty after the fresh sea air outside, the paper flowers artificial.

The rope of the bell dangled dead in the entrance. It was a new rope and smelt of tar. Paper flowers stood stiffly before the Virgin.] Always a few candles burned. Everything but those flickers of flame was stone-still.

D'Sonoqua

49(1), 34(2) "The terrible one, out there on the bluff." [The girl had been to Mission School, and fear of the old, fear of the new, struggled in her eyes.] "I dunno," she lied.

Greenville

73(1), 52(2) Then the missionaries came and [told the Indians this was all foolish and heathenish.¶ They] took the Indians away from the old villages . . .

Cha-atl

92(1), 66(2) Then she rolled over and snored tremendously. [Her heavy hands and feet banged about. The thought of those ankles with no taper from calf to foot made me squirm.] Our lantern brought in mosquitoes

Friends

104(1), 76(2)
"Me like little smoke," said Mrs. Green, looking slyly at Louisa. ¶
["So do I, Mrs. Green." ¶
"The missionary says ladies do not smoke," said Louisa doubtfully. ¶]
That night, old Mother Green sat . . .

105–7(1), 77(2) . . . they could have rocked the Queen Charlotte Islands. (2nd edition text ends here.)

[¶ On Sunday, Louisa opened the chest in my room and dressed her family. Then we all went to church.] (2 pages of text omitted. See photocopy for remainder.)

Martha's Joey

108–10(1) Entire story omitted from 2nd edition. See photocopy.

Canoe

169(1), 108(2) Three red bulls—sluggish, bestial creatures with white faces and morose bloodshot eyes—[and the missionaries,] made me long to get away from the village. But I could not: there was no boat.

The Missionary and his sister shook hands with us and asked us to tea the next day. Louisa could not go, but I went.

The Missionary said, "It is good for the Indians to have a white person stay in their homes; we are at a very difficult stage with them—this passing from old ways into new. I tell you savages were easier to handle than these half-civilized people . . . in fact it is impossible. . . . I have sent my wife and children south. . . ."

"Is the school here not good?"

"I can't have my children mix with the Indians."

A long pause, then, "I want to ask you to try to use your influence with Louisa and her husband to send their boys to the Industrial boarding-school for Indians. Will you do so?" asked the Parson.

"No."

The Missionary's eyes and his sister's glared at me through their spectacles like fish eyes.

"Why will you not?"

"In Louisa's house now there is an adopted child, a lazy, detestable boy, the product of an Indian Industrial School, ashamed of his Indian heritage. All Louisa's large family of children are dead, all but these two boys, and they are not robust. Louisa knows how to look after them—there is a school in the village. She can send them there and own and mother them during their short lives. Why should she give up her boys?"

"But the advantages?"

"And the disadvantages!"

Louisa and I sat by the kitchen stove. Joe, her younger son, had thrown himself across her lap to lull a tooth-ache; his cheeks were thin and too pink. Louisa said, "The Missionary wants us to send our boys away to school."

"Are you going to?"

"—Maybe Jimmy by and by—he is strong and very bright, not this one—."

"I never saw brighter eyes than your Joe has."

Louisa clutched the boy tight. "Don't tell me that. They say shiny eyes and pink cheeks mean— . . . If he was your boy, Em'ly, would you send him away to school?"

"NO."

MARTHA'S JOEY

One day our father and his three little girls were going over James Bay Bridge in Victoria. We met a jolly-faced old Indian woman with a little fair-haired white boy about as old as I was.

Father said, "Hello Joey!", and to the woman he said: "How are you getting on, Martha?"

Father had given each of us a big flat chocolate in silver paper done up like a dollar piece. We were saving them to eat when we got home.

Father said, "Who will give her chocolate to Joey?"

We were all willing. Father took mine because I was the smallest and the greediest of his little girls.

The boy took it from my hand shyly, but Martha beamed so wide all over me that I felt very generous.

After we had passed on I said, "Father, who is Joey?"

"Joey", said my father, "was left when he was a tiny baby at Indian Martha's house. One very dark stormy night a man and woman knocked at her door. They asked if she would take the child in out of the wet, while

they went on an errand. They would soon be back, they said, but they never came again, though Martha went on expecting them and caring for the child. She washed the fine clothes he had been dressed in and took them to the priest; but nobody could find out anything about the couple who had forsaken the baby.

"Martha had no children and she got to love the boy very much. She dressed him in Indian clothes and took him for her own. She called him Joey."

I often thought about what Father had told us about Joey.

One day Mother said I could go with her, and we went to a little hut in a green field where somebody's cows grazed. That was where Martha lived.

We knocked at the door but there was no answer. As we stood there we could hear some one inside the house crying and crying. Mother opened the door and we went in.

Martha was sitting on the floor. Her hair was sticking out wildly, and her face was all swollen with crying. Things were thrown about the floor as if she did not care about anything any more. She could only sit swaying back and forth crying out, "Joey—my Joey—my Joey—".

Mother put some nice things on the floor beside her, but she did not look at them. She just went on crying and moaning.

Mother bent over Martha and stroked her shoulder; but it was no good saying anything, she was sobbing too hard to hear. I don't think she even knew we were there. The cat came and cried and begged for food. The house was cold.

Mother was crying a little when we came away.

"Is Joey dead, Mother?"

"No, the priests have taken him from Martha and sent him away to school."

"Why couldn't he stay with Martha and go to school like other Indian boys?"

"Joey is not an Indian; he is a white boy. Martha is not his mother."

"But Joey's mother did not want him; she gave him away to Martha and that made him her boy. He's hers. It's beastly of the priest to steal him from Martha."

Martha cried till she had no more tears and then she died.

SALT WATER

At five o'clock that July morning the sea, sky, and beach of Skidegate were rosily smoothed into one. There was neither horizon, cloud, nor sound; of that pink, spread silence even I had become part, belonging as much to sky as earth, as much to sleeping as waking as I went stumbling over the Skidegate sands.

At the edge of the shrunken sea some Indians were waiting for me, a man and his young nephew and niece. They stood beside the little go-between canoe which was to carry us to a phantom gas boat floating far out in the Bay.

We were going to three old forsaken villages of the British Columbia Indians, going that I might sketch. We were to be away for five days.

"The morning is good," I said to the Indian.

"Uh huh," he nodded.

The boy and the girl shrank back shyly, grinning, whispering guttural comments upon my Ginger Pop, the little griffon dog who trotted by my side.