

# Translated Lives

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## Abstract

The stories we tell and the ways we tell them have a profound impact on our lives and societies. For example, the story that spokespeople for NATO told about the areas in Labrador where they tested weapons and trained fighter pilots -- that no one lived there -- is the same story that has been told over and over through hundreds of years of history and into the present with devastating consequences to the people who did and do in fact live there. According to Thomas King, stories are all we are (2003: 63). In this article, I reflect on some of the stories I grew up with -- stories about language, history and nationhood --- and how they shaped my research. I also discuss the value of research that does not ask clear questions or find definite answers, but rather takes a narrative approach to understanding the world.

## Where I come from:

It begins like a fairy tale: Two little girls, one fair and one dark, met in a forest. The dark one said to the fair one, "I can speak French and English" (her opening words and this alone tells us much about the location of this particular forest). The fair one answered that she could speak five languages, and proceeded to speak them one after the other. Although this article is a memoir, this is not, in fact, my memory, although I can see this scene vividly in my mind and I know the exact glade where they met, the smell of spruce and fir, the call of bluejays, and the precise way the sun sifted through the branches of the birch trees. My memory is of meeting the same girl again years later at university where she told me about the encounter. Her grandmother lived on what was known as the Back Road, and it could be accessed by walking along a grassy path through the woods behind our house. I walked along that path at least once a day circumnavigating our five acre property, a property that had once been the estate of a wealthy Loyalist family, of whose former grandeur there were still traces. The path included a flight of stone stairs, now tumbled and moss covered, almost buried, leading to what was once a lily pond with swans on it, which we called the Frog Pond, more a marsh in some seasons but good for skating in winter. I had no recollection of the encounter and yet I was certain the little girl who spoke five languages was me. I didn't really, but I longed to desperately and I had memorized phrases of Hindi, German, French and Spanish that I begged from people who spoke them (or in the case of German, read in an old textbook of my mother's). In a sense that was my first research project.

My family home and the forest were in New Brunswick. Nouveau Brunswick. Acadie. X. X because as I write this I realize I don't know the Mi'kmaq name for the place where I grew up, though they were there first, supplanted by French Acadians who dyked the land and farmed it, and who later were deported by the English Loyalists in 1755. There was an old French fort near where we lived, Fort Beauséjour - a windswept hilly place with long views out across the Tantramar marshes (the Tintamarre - an old French word for a lot of

noise, perhaps because of all the birds on the marsh) and Shepody Bay, where the English sailed in and won a decisive battle for control of the territory. As children we loved the old fort and were regularly taken there by our father, released to run wildly up and down the hills and in and out of the batteries and underground magazines. Once I said to him confidently, believing that loving a place makes it one's own somehow, "If we had lived back when it was a fort we would have been on their side, right?" "Well, actually", he responded, "we probably would have been on the other side." How could that be? It was an early realization of the random irrationality of war. I still had not figured out that most of our friends would have been on the opposing side. There is also the thorny issue of the two sides, neither of which were the original owners of the land, the Mi'kmaq - though some of them were among the people huddled desperately inside the fort. But we say it was a war between the French and the English, as if the Mi'kmaq weren't anywhere at all.

Waves of displacement, and yet the descendants of all these people were still there in the village of my childhood, their children in the same classrooms, skating on the same pond, hanging out in the village square or the old hay barns on the marsh, swimming at the same beach. The Acadians made their long and arduous way back from Louisiana where they were deported, and the Mi'kmaq simply moved closer to the forest on the edge of the village and hung on. I could look up the Mi'kmaq name for the place instead of indicating it with an X but I want to make my ignorance visible here. It too is part of how I became a researcher. I know my childhood home so intimately, the cadences of peoples' voices, the patterns of the tides, the best place to buy fried clams or pick blackberries, the sites of my ancestors' graves. But in some ways I don't know it at all, and I don't even know its name. That X is another research project.

### **Language and ideology:**

New Brunswick. Nouveau Brunswick. Acadie. X. Driving there from Toronto via New England, a friend and I discuss the slogans on license plates. New Hampshire's "Live Free or Die" and Quebec's "Je me souviens", whose origins no one seems quite sure of, though it was in use as far back as 1883 when Eugène-Étienne Taché included it in his design for the provincial parliament building (Justice Québec, 2008). As we cross the border into New Brunswick, we are still talking about language and ideology. Looking at license plates reading "New Brunswick" above and "Nouveau Brunswick" below the numbers, I say "no ideology here, just the translation". "Of course it's ideology", says my (Welsh) friend. And I am transported back to a visit to another friend at the University of Wales in the 1970s and the debates about language there. I remember mentioning to someone that it felt just like home. At the Université de Moncton, where I was a student at the time, the arguments about things like the language on road signs were the same, ours having recently been made bilingual. "Ah!" he interrupted, "but which language comes first on the signs?" Even when the language is publicly recognized, the order is ideological. And Mi'kmaq is still invisible in most public spaces where I come from<sup>1</sup>.

Later I came to work at Memorial University and my work included teaching courses in Labrador. The federal government does recognize two Indigenous languages there, Innu-aimun and Inuktitut, to some extent, along with French and English in the signs it posts. But the order is still ideological, and the information conveyed reflects conditions imposed

from outside: a warning not to take more than a limited number of fish because of mercury poisoning; another about low level flying (see Figure 1). For thousands of years people took fish whenever they needed them, and they and the animals were undisturbed by low level flying, until NATO began to test bombs on Innu land and train jet fighter pilots there. The explosive roar of the planes sweeping up the valley of the Mishta-shipu terrified children and disrupted the migratory patterns of the caribou, according to the Innu who lived there. According to NATO, no one lived there.<sup>2</sup>

The research questions I had from childhood were about language but as I got older I realized that language is closely connected to power and this raised many more research questions. It also led, eventually, to learning new theoretical languages, the language of poststructuralism for example, and with the new language, new ways of thinking about the world. How, for example, did binary oppositions such as English/French, Settler/Native, settled land/uninhabited land shape our understanding of history and the present, of who matters and who doesn't, of what is important and what isn't? How do discursive practices such as the wording and placement of signs and license plates affect our ways of thinking and our actions? And how do these things change over time and from place to place?



Figure 1. Sign in Goose Bay, Labrador (Photo credit: Elizabeth Yeoman)

### **Belonging:**

I'm listening to Georges Dor's heart breaking song of love and loss and longing, La Manic, on Espace Musique. It's a song that has become a classic of Québécois folklore, sung more recently to huge acclaim in Montreal by Leonard Cohen, and I'm transported back to my youth: "Si tu savais comme on s'ennuie à la Manic, tu m'écrirais bien plus souvent à la Manicouagan..."<sup>3</sup> Much of the soundtrack of my youth is Québécois or Acadian - Robert Charlebois, 1755, Zachary Richard, Diane Dufresne, iconic on an album cover, naked but for the Québec flag painted on her torso... Memories of a winter carnival - everyone singing at the tops of their voices, "Chu dedans! Chu dedaa-aa-ans", an evening in a student bar listening to the plaintive

refrains of Véronique Sanson, road trips belting out folk songs: *L'arbre est dans ses feuilles*; *O chante l'alouette*; *Dans la prison de Londres*. I remember singing this last one with my friend Johanne Kérouac, a cousin of the more famous Jack, and a group of French musicians around a campfire in Brittany. We all knew the same song or almost the same, but while we, the visitors from Canada, sang "in London prison", they sang "in Nantes prison": a small yet significant difference. In Canada, the prison where the narrator of the ballad is held has morphed into an English one - a dramatic opposition, a French prisoner in an English prison. When I hear those songs now, they take me back to a place and time not shared by most people where I live now. It was a particular time and confluence of people and events. Two years earlier, lonely and far too young (sixteen and fresh from convent boarding school), I had dropped out of university at the more prestigious Mount Allison, spent a few months holed up in the library reading before admitting to my parents that I had in fact dropped out, then worked summer jobs and spent the money on a ticket to Paris. I wanted to learn French.

Novelist and essayist, Nancy Huston (2002), has written about her experience moving to France and learning French:

[T]he French language... was to me less emotion-fraught, and therefore less dangerous than my mother tongue. It was cold, and I approached it coldly. It was a smooth, homogeneous, neutral substance, with no personal associations whatsoever. At least at first, the fact that I was blithely ignorant of the historical, psychological and social backdrop against which I was writing gave me a heady sense of freedom in my work (p. 49).

In her memoir of becoming a researcher, *French Lessons*, American writer Alice Kaplan (2008) tells her story of working indefatigably to turn herself into a "French person", perfecting her accent, mannerisms and cultural knowledge over a period of years, beginning during adolescence when learning a new language and taking on a new culture became a way of escaping from an unhappy home life. Reflecting on the memoir later, she described it as being "about one aspect of myself: the self who wanted to escape into another language, who wanted to leave home" (p. 100). Ironically, I didn't really have to leave home to "escape into another language", as Huston and Kaplan had done. Or I did and I didn't. I could already speak French in a way, having heard it around me all my life. But people tended to switch to English when I stumbled so I decided to go to a place where they couldn't (or wouldn't) do that. When I returned home with a new more confident identity in the language, I went to the nearest francophone university, l'Université de Moncton.

Moncton, a dusty railroad town on a bend in a tidal river bordered by marshes and mud, at the time was in the middle of language wars. The struggles and demonstrations over language are depicted in the NFB film *L'Acadie, l'Acadie* (which can be seen online at [http://www.onf.ca/film/acadie\\_acadie](http://www.onf.ca/film/acadie_acadie) ). I still cringe, all these years later, watching the anglophone mayor humiliate the francophone students as they made a presentation to City Hall advocating for French language rights. The students were radicalized by the experience and my father said, only half jokingly, "Don't go there! They'll turn you into a radical." I think I was already a radical, however, and in some ways so was he (he wrote some of the legislation that made New Brunswick officially bilingual only a year after the student demonstrations) but the

university changed me in other ways. I developed a different set of cultural and emotional referents than I would have if I had stayed at Mount Allison.

I belonged but I didn't. My accent was a bit odd, a mixture of "France French", Acadian and English. I had many friends but "les anglais" came up regularly in casual conversation as a symbolic other, the source of oppression, problems and difficulties. I tried not to take it personally, and it wasn't meant personally but it was a constant reminder that, as I had first realized at Fort Beauséjour, I came from the opposite side of our shared history. And yet I was at home.

It's a strange feeling, this belonging and yet not belonging, but it's very familiar to me. In Newfoundland, where I've lived for over twenty years, people assume I'm a tourist as soon as I open my mouth. It can be annoying when they offer to give me directions or explain things I know perfectly well. Yet, at the same time, that minor discomfort of being taken for an outsider, that liminality, feels like home to me. And when I hear the French of south eastern New Brunswick, of Shediac, Moncton, the Memramcook Valley, the songs of Marjo Tério and Lisa LeBlanc that sounds like home to me too, even though it's not my first language. Like Nancy Huston and Alice Kaplan, I "escaped into another language". But I did it at home.

In *Blood and Belonging: Journeys into the New Nationalism*, Michael Ignatieff (1993) wrote about an encounter with a man in Trois Rivières: "We cannot share a nation -- we cannot share it since I am English and he is French... Because we do not share a nation, we cannot love the same state" (p. 134). Ignatieff went on to suggest that perhaps this is a good thing, perhaps "a fierce shared love of a nation state" is dangerous. And perhaps he is right. But my experience was different. This leaves me with more research questions: who can share a nation, what does it mean to do so, who can belong, and on what grounds?

### **An encounter with Nancy Huston:**

Nancy Huston was one of the special guests known as "Big Thinkers" at the 2010 Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council (SSHRC) Congress at Concordia University. The Congress describes itself as "the premiere destination for Canada's scholarly community". They sponsor an annual conference for researchers in the humanities and social sciences and each year it is in a different city. That year it was in Montreal and Nancy Huston was billed as "a Canadian writer of both fiction and non-fiction, who has moved back and forth between French and English [and whose] writing has had much to do with negotiating both borders and identities" (sshrc.ca). Her session was presented in French.

Slim and graceful, Huston spoke about her life in France and how living as a foreigner makes one humble in a way that she considers healthy. She recognized that she could not equate her cultural difference and disadvantage with that of, say, a Cambodian or a Senegalese in Paris, but nevertheless having constantly to reflect on how to communicate, on whether the nuance is right, the syntax perfect, has a bracing impact and prevents one from becoming complacent. She expressed, articulately and eloquently, so much of my own experience and values. But then, suddenly, her gentle erudite tone changed to anger as she recounted being lost with her children in the mountains of the Basque country, driving frantically on and on through remote countryside as night fell, unable to find her way because the Basques had painted out all the French

directions (or Spanish - it wasn't clear which part of the Basque country they were in) leaving only the Basque. She said that Basque culture is sclérotique - intransigent, hidebound. I was struck by the sudden change in tone and perspective and wondered why she described this experience so differently, as if it stood apart from her general analysis, when the exact same thing, the painting out of road signs, had been so common here in Québec when we were young. The roads of New Brunswick too (or should I say the roads of Acadie?) were dotted with signs on which the English was painted out and French added - often in dripping blood red letters, though this and other symbolic acts were pretty much the extent of the violence in Acadie, unlike Québec where there were kidnappings, bombings, and an assassination.

At the end of the talk, the moderator called for questions, still speaking French but reassuring the audience that we could use either language. I longed to ask about the Basques but I had seen that change in tone suggesting it was a delicate subject to say the least. I hesitated for a long time but finally I went to the end of the queue at the microphone. When the moderator called me forward, she said it would be the last question and please keep it short. (A question about language and politics in Quebec and please keep it short!)

“J’ai beaucoup aimé votre discours. C’était très émouvant...” I began by saying how moving I had found her talk, how insightful and inspiring. I spoke French. If my point, like hers, was about the salutary effect of living in a language not one’s own, I thought I should. “On a vécu la même chose ici...” We had the same experience here (see Figure 2). Our signs were painted out in exactly the same way (I thought I heard a faint gasp from the audience - because I was comparing Québec’s quiet revolution to the militant campaign in which the Basque separatist group ETA claimed responsibility for hundreds of killings<sup>4</sup> - or perhaps I imagined it) and I think you’re right, it was good for us anglophones to learn a little humility, to struggle to express ourselves, to learn what it is like to be dépaysé - homesick and lost - in our own home. Your examples and your stories were fascinating. I laughed and I wept. And I agreed with all of it. Except. What about the Basques? What is so different about them and their language struggles?

“Madame!...Ce n’est même pas une language européenne!” She was indignant, furious though controlled, hautaine. Not even a European language? Of course, technically, Basque - the ancient indigenous language of the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay - is not an Indo-European language but surely it is, at the same time, one of the oldest European languages. And anyway, is that the point? Euskaria, the Basque country, is not a nation state but neither (I would not have dared to say this aloud) is Québec. It was through just such a struggle that Canada became bilingual, although not in an Indigenous language. What about indigenous languages here? A Yupik teacher from Alaska once told me how inspired she was by a visit to Ottawa where bilingualism was the norm. That norm began with a campaign that included, among other things, painted out signs. I wanted to ask Nancy Huston these questions because I truly wanted to hear what she thought. However, between the vehemence of her response and the moderator’s request to keep it short I thanked her and sat down, and she swept off the stage.

Not a European language? What do we say about our indigenous languages here, and the histories and presences they mark, the knowledge they convey? What kinds of research, what activisms, what teaching strategies, what creative acts can begin to address the ramifications of this question? Where do we end up if “not a European language” is where we start?



Figure 2. Basque road sign with Spanish painted over (Photo credit: Vladimir Menkov, Wikimedia Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike license <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Leaving-Arrasate-Mondragon-4623-section.jpg>)

### **“Places where language touches the earth”:**

A binary opposition: two official languages. Both European. I wish we had more, including Indigenous languages, inconvenient and time consuming though it can be in practice. But even two languages can have a symbolic value. For some people it says there can be more than one way of doing things. Coast Salish actor and physician, Evan Adams, commented after the Quebec referendum of 1995, in which 49.42% supported sovereignty, that he felt devastated because he had always believed that if there was room for two peoples and languages that meant that there could be room for others as well, but if French and English Canadians couldn't live together, there seemed to be no hope for Indigenous people (in Annau, 1999)<sup>5</sup>.

Indigenous Canadians in central Canada often say “meegweetch” at the end of a speech or announcement in English, in a gesture towards a lost language. Lost, at least, for up to 80% of Canada's Indigenous peoples according to Statistics Canada's 2006 census (though some groups fare much better than others linguistically and most Innu, for example, speak fluent Innu-aimun). Some theorists argue that just as ecological diversity is essential for the survival of the planet, so is linguistic diversity (for example, Skuttnabb-Kangas, 2008; Homer-Dixon, 2001). Languages carry with them vast bodies of knowledge and tradition: knowledge of potentially life saving medicines; of the cosmos; of history - including ancient history, which can be understood and

analysed through patterns of language, language shifts; poetry, songs, stories. So much is lost when the last speakers of a language die.

Someone has said that language is to Canada what race is to the United States. Though the parallel falls down in all sorts of ways, there is truth to it too. Our languages underscore histories of struggle and conquest, of power, loss and passionate love. As well, the link between language and the land resonates among Indigenous peoples around the globe. There are stories that can only be told in specific places on the land, and much to be learned from stories attached to certain places (see, for example, Basso, 1996; Momaday, 1998). “Where language touches the earth, there is the holy, there is the sacred”, wrote N. Scott Momaday (124).

What kind of research would protect the “places where language touches the earth” or, at the very least, enable people to understand something about the value of such places? During a presentation about the website [www.innuplaces.ca](http://www.innuplaces.ca), a website that allows visitors to explore Innu history and culture through maps, place names and stories, a member of the audience commented that “[t]his is the last thing you should be doing if you want to protect the culture. You’re talking about two completely different knowledge systems.” This provoked almost as strong a reaction as my question to Nancy Huston, yet the speaker had a point. It is by living on the land that we give meaning to place names in the sense Scott Momaday was talking about. A website is a valuable resource - I disagree that it is “the last thing” one should be doing - but intimate knowledge of the land comes only from living on it over time, through cycles and seasons. How do you translate the language of the land? (I have sometimes been accused by reviewers of asking research questions that couldn’t be answered and this paper is not intended as a model for how to become a researcher. That is probably obvious by now.)

### **Stories are all we are:**

I’m working now with Innu elder and environmental activist, Elizabeth Penashue, on transcriptions and translations of the diaries she has been keeping in Innu-aimun since the early days of the Innu protests against NATO low level flying and weapons testing on Innu land in the 1980s and nineties. (For readers interested in knowing more about Elizabeth, her blog can be seen at <http://elizabethpenashue.blogspot.ca/> and there is also a new film about her, Meshkanu: The Long Walk of Elizabeth Penashue by Andrew Mudge, which can be viewed online at <http://vimeo.com/57346500>. There is also an older, but still very relevant, NFB film in which she is featured: Hunters and Bombers by Nigel Markham and Hugh Brody.) Elizabeth is well known both within and far beyond the Innu Nation. The recipient of a National Aboriginal Achievement Award and an honorary doctorate from Memorial University, she has been a subject of documentary films, books and numerous articles.

Every year Elizabeth leads a walk of several weeks on snowshoes in nutshimit, a word which has been variously translated as “the bush”, “the wilderness”, “the country” and “the land”. The word has a broader meaning than any of these and I think for many Innu, it could simply mean “home”. Certainly for Elizabeth it is where she is most at home, and it is what was threatened by NATO, partly destroyed by the Churchill Falls hydro development and threatened with further developments now (though this time the Innu Nation was consulted). The iconic image (see Figure 3) of her figure walking on snowshoes pulling a toboggan is widely recognized and has clearly inspired others such as Michel Andrew who led a walk of young people from Sheshatshui



to Sept-Îles and Stanley Vollant, an Innu surgeon who has invited people to walk with him from Labrador to James Bay, and a group of young Innu from Natuashish who walked from Natuashish to Sheshatshui this year in memory of Burton Winters, a young boy who died on the ice last winter near Makkovik. (Information on these walks and their meanings can be seen at [www.cbc.ca/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/story/2009/02/11/andrew-walker.html](http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/story/2009/02/11/andrew-walker.html) and <http://www.cbc.ca/doczone/8thfire/2012/01/dr-stanley-vollant.html> and <https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10151297556121556.1073741832.634701555&type=1> .)



Figure 3. The iconic image of Elizabeth walking on the land (Photo copyright: Jerry Kobalenko)

I first met Elizabeth about ten years ago when I interviewed her for a CBC Ideas documentary on the theme of walking. I was in St. John's and she was in Goose Bay. It was the first interview she had ever given in English and she had brought her daughter to help her. As she described the walk and its meaning in relation to her quest for environmental justice and cultural survival for the Innu, she wept ... and so did I. Somehow across our vast cultural and linguistic difference and through our tears, we connected. The next year I joined her on the walk, and not long afterwards she asked me to help her produce a book based on her diaries. Her request was soon followed by the arrival of a large and slightly tattered cardboard box on my doorstep, brought down from Labrador by a mutual friend and containing a pile of scribbled papers and a sheaf of papers, all of them covered in scrawly writing in Innu-aimun, the only language Elizabeth reads and writes. Someone from Heritage Canada had actually contacted me earlier to see if I would be

interested in working on the project but I had said no, thinking that it would consume my life. However, now that I knew Elizabeth, I could not refuse. As I anticipated, it has consumed a fair bit of my life these past few years but it has also brought me extraordinary opportunities to experience a way of life utterly different from my own and from that of most Canadians, one that we should know more about, and to work with Elizabeth's moving and eloquent stories so that others can read them too.

Finding ways to tell these stories to the world is exciting and fascinating, but far from simple. Vanessa Andreotti, Cash Ahenakew and Garrick Cooper discuss some potential challenges, arguing that "scholars and educators working with indigenous ways of knowing are called to translate these into the dominant language, logic and technologies in ways that are intelligible and coherent (and, very often, acceptable or palatable) to readers and interpreters in the dominant culture" (2011: 44). I have discussed some of these challenges in a recent article (Yeoman, 2012) available online at <https://pi.library.yorku.ca/ojs/index.php/jcacs/issue/current>. Mi'kmaq scholar Marie Battiste (2004) uses the term "culturalism" to describe attitudes and practices that homogenize indigenous and western cultures and construct indigenous cultures as deficient. It is not an exaggeration to say that culturalism underpins colonization, land theft and genocide. And it is difficult to avoid since such attitudes are so embedded in our language and our narratives. The stories that we tell and the ways that we tell them matter. They matter terribly. For example, the story that spokespeople for NATO told about the land where they tested weapons and trained fighter pilots, that no one lived on the land, is the same story that has been told over and over through hundreds of years of history and into the present with devastating consequences to the people who did and do in fact live there. In *The Truth About Stories: A Native Narrative*, award winning writer and scholar Thomas King shows how the stories we tell shape our societies and the ways we live our lives. According to King, stories are all we are (2003: 63).

In retrospect, my research questions have almost always been impossible to answer, except in a narrative way, or with more questions. I felt for a long time that this was a problem, that research was supposed to provide clear analysis and find answers. A great deal of research does that of course, and some of it is enormously valuable. But there is enormous value too in talking about questions that can't be answered, and in narrative answers. Finding the best ways to tell the stories that matter most has been, and will be, a long struggle. But I have finally realized, after many years of trying to do the sort of research that I thought was expected of me, that this is all I can do.

As Thomas King (2003) would say, "don't say in the years to come that you would have lived your life differently if only you had heard this story. You've heard it now" (p. 151).

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## Footnotes

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<sup>1</sup>However, the first PhD thesis in Mi'kmaq was recently defended at York University. See <http://alumni.news.yorku.ca/2010/11/29/phd-student-defends-thesis-in-migmaw-language-a-york-first/>

<sup>2</sup> A NATO spokesperson in the NFB film *Hunters and Bombers* said the testing was acceptable because there were no permanent settlements there. But the Innu were nomads and, although they now live in “settled” communities, they still continue nomadic practices such as hunting, fishing and gathering on the land of their ancestors. And it is still their land.

<sup>3</sup>“If you knew how lonely I am in La Manic, you’d write me far more often, in La Manicouagan.” At the time the song was written, a huge hydroelectric dam was under construction on the Manicouagan River and the narrator is a construction worker on the project. The song evokes the loneliness of people forced to leave home to find work.

<sup>4</sup> Euskadi Ta Askatasuna, or ETA, declared a ceasefire in 2010 which has been upheld since then.

<sup>5</sup> This is one view of Canada’s bilingualism, and clearly it is shared by some Indigenous people, including Adams and the Yupik teacher I mentioned earlier. However, another perspective is that, on the contrary, our official bilingualism explicitly and implicitly serves to exclude Indigenous and other languages and cultures. Eve Haque, in her recent book, *Multiculturalism Within a Bilingual Framework: Language, Race and Belonging in Canada* (University of Toronto Press, 2012) has made a detailed and compelling case for this second perspective.