

*Making Waves Against the Mainstream:
Divergent Prospects
for Canadian Literature*

MICHAEL THORPE

NOW THAT WHITE Canadians have outgrown the tutelage of what Charles Sangster hymned in the year of Confederation as the "mighty Mother" (12), it is ironic that recent non-white immigrants have taken to telling them that they inhabit a "stolen" land where old colonial attitudes flourish. At the same time, revisionist studies by historians, sociologists, and literary critics have punctured complacent myths of the tolerant reception of successive waves of immigrants. For example, Timothy J. Stanley has shown how in British Columbia between the wars, school textbooks "did not differentiate between Canadian nationalism and British imperialism" (149). This indoctrination helps to explain why few in British Columbia protested the forced internment of 2000 Japanese Canadians in 1942, many of them born in Canada. Dorothy Livesay, who did oppose this act at the time, imagines in her documentary poem of 1949, "Call My People Home," a reconciling unity:

Home is something more than harbour—
Than father, mother, sons;
Home is the white face leaning over your shoulder
As well as the darker ones. (182)

While this Japanese fisherman's imagined vision may seem naively utopian, Livesay's commitment is echoed in Joy Kogawa's insider's novel of 1981, *Obasan*, whose activist Emily Kato exclaims, "For better or worse, *I am Canadian*" (40).

A newer spirit is alienated, confrontational. "We are the new wave," proclaims the black poet Dionne Brand: "We will write about the internal contradictions" (277). What may these be? Black slavery perpetuated in Toronto the Good—

in Krisantha Bhaggiyadatta's words, "Toronto [is] the prime plantation processing immigrants / manufacturing despair and daily insecurity" (6), where, every so often, the police shoot a black man with no or little provocation; where lacking "Canadian experience" is an alibi for racial discrimination; where mainstream publishers and granting agencies practise "systemic racism" (Philip, "Whose Voice" 15). Multiculturalism, the supposed antidote, is widely distrusted, but contradictorily—variously as a device for assimilation, as a homogenizing cultural pluralism, or as cultural apartheid. Some scorn ideas of "universal" as connecting human values, for, in Brand's words: "Universal . . . means white" (273). Indeed, perhaps "Canadian means white," which is how Toni Morrison defines "American" (47). As in the US, non-whites carefully define distinct identities, such as the Tobagonian M. Nourbese Philip's term "African Caribbean Canadian" (17).

Yet these new writers "of colour"—the most widely used term of convenience here, which not all who might qualify approve or accept—are themselves divided by their own "internal contradictions": there are not one but many waves, and they dash against each other. Instructive examples of creative approach and critical reaction may be found in the cases of fiction writers Neil Bissoondath, Rohinton Mistry, and M. G. Vassanji. Outstandingly, Bissoondath has become a lightning rod for vexed controversy, confirmed by his recent polemic *Selling Illusions: The Cult of Multiculturalism in Canada*. He proclaims an unhyphenated Canadian identity and asserts the validity of universal values but, like his uncle V. S. Naipaul, he has been accused of anti-black prejudice and siding with the oppressor (Philip 162).

Bissoondath repudiates his roots in Trinidad, which he long looked forward to leaving, an attitude his fiction endorses. In his first novel, *A Casual Brutality*, the riots on Casaquepada, "the casual brutality of collapse" (378), from which his protagonist flees back to Canada, surely recall the 1970 race riots in Trinidad; Bissoondath was then 15 years old and vividly recalls the "anxieties of riots and army rebellion" ("A Land" 57). Yet his much anthologized story "Dancing" suggests that the bitter aftermath of colonization must also be faced in Toronto. There, an

ugly confrontation occurs between partying West Indians and a complaining white neighbour, whom they humiliate. The narrator, Sheila, a young black woman recently arrived from Trinidad, is so upset that she wants to go back, but her brother rebukes her: "Don't think it! We have every right to be here. They owe us. And we going to collect, you hear me?" (208). The racist behaviour in "Dancing" is West Indian, and Bissoondath cites it as demonstrating that "not only whites are racist" (Interview, *Other Solitudes* 319). Sheila's sister, who has forewarned her that Canadians are "racialist as hell," is now one herself and fits the description.

Reviewing *A Casual Brutality*, Nourbese Philip attacks Bissoondath for creating "Immoral Fiction" that panders to "white supremacists" and for his "social amnesia" which masks the brutal colonial history that made the Caribbean islands what they are (196). Actually, in an explicit passage the narrator links Casaquemada's greed and corruption with the "colonial heritage: life as financial transaction" (345). Despite this recognition, however, Bissoondath's standpoint is that continuing "to blame the colonial powers . . . is not good enough any more. . . . You must start looking inside yourself, at yourself. And until people are prepared to do that nothing will change" (Interview, *Rungh* 13).

Bissoondath's view, of an Indo-Caribbean, hardly will carry more weight in present circumstances than similar reactions voiced more than 20 years ago by such as Derek Walcott, Wilson Harris, and Wole Soyinka. Philip's and others' continued play upon what the black American political scientist James L. Robinson has called "the rhetoric of victimization" (91) implicates white Canadians in the ancestral crimes of their race. The rhetoric is insistently and righteously one-sided: Philip's essays and reviews in *Frontiers* treat racism as if it were peculiarly a "European" or "Caucasian" phenomenon. Thus she attacks *A Casual Brutality* for expressing the "racist sentiments of the colonizer without appearing to implicate the latter" (191). Her critique simplistically equates the protagonist, Raj, and his alienation from Casaquemada with Bissoondath himself; even the crass remarks of Raj's casually racist white wife are attributed to the author. Defining Raj's aim in returning to Casaquemada as

simply "to make money" (192), Philip overlooks his mixed motives and final bleak recognition of his "selfish" illusions. She is equally inaccurate on his "love" for Canada and "obvious need to belong" (193): in fact, Raj resists calling Canada home and seeks there "anonymity," describing himself ironically as "of necessity disguised as choice, a Canadian" (34). One turns *from* places like Casaquemada, not necessarily *to* Canada.

Antagonized by Bissoondath's deviation from her shade of political correctness, Philip selectively distorts his work and the very meaning of racism. To validate indicting him as a racist, by which is properly understood a doctrinal belief in the superiority of a particular race (usually the believer's),¹ one would have to explain away his negative portrayal of fellow East Indians. One such portrayal is the most obnoxious character in "Dancing," a point ignored by Arun Mukherjee, who remarks only that blacks "are shown behaving most abominably" (*Towards* 85), while in other stories and *A Casual Brutality*, Indo-Caribbean "men of substance" are shown as corrupt, an arrogant and insensitive moneyed class, believing themselves "racially superior" (313). Philip, herself identifying with a particular race, sees in Bissoondath and extracts from his work only what offends her.

However, Bissoondath has reacted in kind. Interviewed for *Other Solitudes*, he comments:

I'm fearful of people overreacting: screaming racism simply because the two people involved happen to be of different races or different colours. Whenever there's a problem in Toronto between the police and a black man, it's always claimed to be racism. (315)

This was printed in 1990. In 1988, Rahul Varma and Stephen Orlov's agitprop drama "Isolated Incident," marking the first anniversary of "the 1987 slaying of an unarmed black teenager, Anthony Griffin, by a Montreal police officer" (229), won awards at the Quebec Drama Festival. In 1992, a similar shooting, close upon the acquittal of police officers in the Rodney King trial, touched off the Toronto riots of May 4th. The novelist Austin Clarke analyzes this phenomenon in a pamphlet, *Public Enemies: Police Violence and Black Youth*. He fairly observes: "In a very real sense, when you are on my side in this confrontation, it does not matter whether all police are racist, or whether only 10 per cent

are; the target cannot enjoy the luxury of liberal consideration" (11). Later, Clarke adds, "I do not intend to be guilty of the same stupidity as others, a stupidity as oppressive as racism itself: I will admit that the same policemen we sometimes accuse of violent discrimination, make my life safe and secure in a city that is bordering on the American syndrome of ghettoized crime" (18).

Clarke concludes with a moderate plea for "bridge-building." There is no such sentiment in Claire Harris's poem, "Policeman Cleared in Jay-Walking Case," which, reacting to police abuse of a black girl in Alberta—"pale hands soiling the black flesh"—swells into an impassioned denunciation of the "dreams of power . . . foolish innocence . . . terrible Gods" of the soul-diseased white lords of "this stolen land" (Morrell 278-80). (If it is, is not Harris complicit in the theft?) Including a childhood memory of a stern but compassionate black policeman's role in a jay-walking accident she had suffered in her native Trinidad, Harris polarizes her poem in stereotypical racist terms. Unfortunately, and in part because one would stress that it is not an especially representative Harris poem, this one has become, according to Carol Morrell, the editor of *Grammar of Dissent*, "famous" (16). Yet such poems are dangerously facile: what, for example, might be the effect of writing a similar poem about an incident that occurred in Halifax on 11 September 1994, when black youths beat unconscious a white student, Darren Watts, a Samaritan who went to the aid of a black woman who was their first victim? "Blacks Beat White Samaritan in Halifax, Nova Scotia": there is no place for that subject in righteously racialized discourse.² If "resistance" is "based on the rejection of any notion of cultural purity and authenticity" (Michel 92), then Harris's poem cannot be acquitted of committing the offence it combats.

To revert to Bissoondath: in his latest novel, *The Innocence of Age*, a black man, a major character in an interracial group of friends, is shot dead by a policeman who claims "self-defence." Pasco, the book's white protagonist, hardly knows what to believe, but, whatever the truth, sees his dead friend at once becoming "simplified . . . claimed for a cause by the agendas of others," although ironically he "had not had a racial vision of life. He had not seen the world through the colour of his skin" (285). The

facts remain unresolved, but the dead man's son refuses to join a demonstration against police racism; he tells Pasco:

"I've told 'em to fuck off, I don't plan to be anybody's victim. . . . These people, they won't leave us alone. They see a racist under every bed. One of 'em even told my sister that having a white skin automatically means you're racist. Guilty until proven innocent. Well, just saying that is racist, if you ask me. . . . Well, I want no part of it. I have a life to live." (305-06)

In a swingeing review, Ramabai Espinet calls this character "an unmistakable nerd," and she asks, "What is the young man's analysis of the situation? Does he think that his engineering degree [he's a Ryerson student] will protect him and his children from all the various consequences of having a black skin in a city such as Toronto?" (87) Whatever the character might think, he is Bissoondath's polemical creation, produced to enforce a viewpoint grounded in neither character nor situation. Espinet's critique typifies non-white reactions; by contrast, the paperback edition quotes fulsome praise by white critics, including Timothy Findley (who, as it happens, offers his incidental shooting of a black shopkeeper by trigger-nervous policemen in the Toronto of his latest novel, *Headhunter* [1993]). Bissoondath, in *The Innocence of Age*, is a little subtler than the authors of the crudely didactic "Isolated Incident," included in what is unfortunately a sloppily edited, recent anthology, D. McGifford's *The Geography of Voice*, as one of two mediocre plays representing South Asian Canadian drama. Contrary to Bissoondath's disclaimer in an interview, "Literature is politics," and indeed the shaping of his latest plot seems driven by his desire to contribute to current polemic.

A less controversial, more generally admired figure is Rohinton Mistry—who, it happens, lives in Brantford, Ontario, where one will also find a multiracial housing complex called Harmony. He has stated that an immigrant writer may prefer not to handle "an agenda of cross-culturalism" (Interview, *Other* 259); unlike Bissoondath, he avoids publicity. While his winning of the Governor General's Award for Fiction in 1991 with *Such a Long Journey* might have seemed likely to appease those who complain of discrimination against minority writers, one finds

the critic Arun Mukherjee deploring its “universal” appeal to white reviewers. Their repeated praise for its “moving” quality is ridiculed as “the highest approbation a Euro-American critic can grant to a text” (86); what such critics miss is its superiority to “individual-centred” Western fiction in that it is “about . . . life negotiated in the context of his [Gustad Noble’s] total social environment” (85). Apart from this grossly simplified contrast, Mukherjee’s view conflicts with Mistry’s own stress upon his themes’ “universal” aspects, such as the human tendency to “yearn backward” and “the relationships between parents and children” (Interview, *Other* 258, 260).

Mukherjee also ridicules white critics’ comments on the “repulsive” details of the Parsi way of disposing of the dead, asserting that they show little tolerance for “any kind of deviation from the *Western* norm” (86). Yet in the novel itself we find this “deviation” from the *Hindu* norm arouses acrimonious debate between “vulturists” and “reformists”: the latter argue that the Towers of Silence “ill become a community with a progressive reputation and forward-thinking attitude” (316-17). Mistry is capable of irony, and so should his critics be. He feels free, it seems, to present unflattering aspects of his Indian “reality” because he sees—and as a Parsi has experienced—racism as “not just a North American evil . . . [but] one more similarity shared by my old country and my new” (Interview, *Other* 261). In a later interview, elaborating upon his Indian experience, he comments how he had been more hurt to find “this basic human disease . . . coming from what I, at the time, assumed was one homogeneous community of Indians. But there is no such thing, just as there is no such thing as Canadian” (Interview, *Rungh* 34). While this broadly comparative view is akin to Bissoondath’s, in Mistry’s fiction it is only implicit.

This is similarly the case with M. G. Vassanji, whose *The Gunny Sack* won an African regional Commonwealth Prize. As founder-editor of *The Toronto South Asian Review* (recently re-named *The Toronto Review of Contemporary Writing Abroad*), he kept respected balance among conflicting interests. “I believe,” he commented in a *Books in Canada* symposium on voice appropriation, “one should operate from strength rather than ask for sorrow or pity.

Black, Native, Asian, and other peoples should tell their stories and tell them in abundance" ("Whose Voice" 17). His very purpose, to restore his people's East African history, marginalized by the "white man's romance" (*Gunny Sack* 201), is central to the decolonizing mission. His Indian Shamsi community, ingrown like Bissoondath's, defensively adapting to current power but finally intimidated by Amin's expulsions from Uganda, becomes with final irony "lost children of Britannia" (237). They survive more by accommodation than conviction, but communal values persist, whose renewal Vassanji sketches in *No New Land* (1991), with his people's further migration to high-towered Toronto, "cold Eldorado of the north" (249).

The immigration of such people provided opportunity for concerned Canadian internationalism to express itself at home. While this concern fares poorly in *No New Land*, in episodes reflecting white condescension, discrimination, and violence, Vassanji concentrates upon the inner strains of adjustment, for older immigrants especially. The father's diminished status, the increased scope for women, and the lure of the traditionally forbidden exacerbate the transition; scraping hard-earned dollars to bring out an elderly spiritual mentor from Dar is symptomatic of an anxious looking back. One character's question—"Where have we come, what are we becoming?" (97)—expresses uncertain hope rather than bitter reaction. In his first three fictional works, Vassanji establishes human, not merely racial, dimensions for his characters and situations, though without excluding harsh racial issues. He offers, to apply to him Arun Mukherjee's happy phrase on the similarly engaging poet, Rienzi Cruz, "a beneficial encounter with otherness" (97).

Vassanji's latest novel, *The Book of Secrets* (1994), enacts the politically incorrect view he expressed in the *Books in Canada* symposium ("Whose Voice Is It, Anyway?") that one should not "feel . . . compelled to write only from the perspective of the community or people one comes from" (17). There, while other participants inevitably criticized white writers' appropriative transgressions, Vassanji revealed an interest in portraying white characters from the colonial period, justly criticizing his fellow East African novelist, Ngugi wa Thiong'o, for his "rather one-

dimensional" whites. The inner narrative of Part I of *A Book of Secrets* is the fragmentary diary kept by Alfred Corbin, a District Commissioner who comes to British East Africa in 1913. Corbin is portrayed as an intelligent, dispassionate observer, convinced of the imperial mission but not entirely at ease with its methods—embodied at their worst in the sadistic trouble-shooter, Maynard. Believing with Winston Churchill in giving "heart and soul" to Empire, exercising "dominant yet generous force," his journal reveals also an attraction to the African landscape, the ways of the Shamsi community—and, ambiguously, to one of its beauties, Mariamu; but Vassanji eschews exploiting the romantic cliché of a fateful romance between white bwana and dusky, subject beauty. Asked in a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation interview, with V. Gabereau, during the writing of this novel if he felt bitterly towards the Corbins of Empire, Vassanji replied he did not see them as vicious, "It's how the world was." Would that Vassanji's broad historical vision were infectious. His "beneficial encounter" embraces his "other"; he must have read the Corbinesque diaries of such British officers as Kenneth Bradley, whose *The Diary of a District Officer* (1943), from Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia), expresses an earnest but diffident and self-critical devotion to the grass-roots imperial task. Such modest (but numerous) works lend credence to J. S. Mill's carefully qualified claim, dating from *Considerations on Representative Government* (1861), that "whatever may have been its errors in the past [England] has attained to more of conscience and moral principle in its dealings with foreigners than any other great nation seems either to conceive as possible or recognize as desirable" (254).

Vassanji's work speaks. Some, however, complain of a silencing discrimination. Interviewing Himani Bannerji in *Other Solitudes*, Mukherjee commiserates with her over the rejection of her children's novel, *Coloured Pictures*, by a "mainstream" publisher because it contained "too much discussion," obviously of racial issues (151). That the story is, like Bannerji's "The Other Family" included in *Other Solitudes*, heavily didactic, evidently irrelevant; since subject and attitude are right, the publisher must have been prejudiced. (Of course, much writing for children is didac-

tic, but there would be no point in defending Bannerji's book on such negative grounds).

In 1970, Tom Wolfe described how in the US blacks intimidated white civil servants into establishing special projects and grants. By the 1980s in Britain, white arts administrators were eagerly sponsoring black artists. Everything arrives, eventually, in Canada where sometimes militant pressure has brought mixed results. In the notorious case of the Royal Ontario Museum's controversial exhibition, "Into the Heart of Africa" (1989-90), whatever its shortcomings, there was no justification for the hounding of its organizer, Jeanne Canizzo, by black activists. Disingenuous her academic approach certainly was, as Susan Crean convincingly demonstrated in *This Magazine*, but the racist cry worked all too well and there was no scope, in a heated atmosphere where protesters barricaded an exhibition they had not even seen, for reasoned argument.³ Canizzo was picketed at home and received harassing telephone calls; her classes at the University of Toronto were disrupted. Such tactics worked all too well and will be repeated. According to Vince Chapman, in an editorial in *Fuse*, at the Toronto Arts Council Forum, in June 1993, on equal access to funding, the "sentiment expressed was that unless the artists of these growing communities are allowed to express their talents and voices for their respective cultures, Canada was in for a rocky transition" (5). Marie Mumford, a Native actress and consultant to the Ministry of Culture, was

adamant that if artistic inspiration is continually suppressed, violent reactions would not be out of the question. . . . in some cases the middle men (arts councils) should be bypassed and funds given directly to the respective communities. (5)

Is this a plea for ghettoized art?

In publishing, such complaints would have seemed more justified a decade ago when the black poet Lillian Allen complained of white, male elitist repression and called for a "culture of resistance" (67). In small print, *Fuse* acknowledges support from the Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council, and the Ontario government. *Rungh*, a Vancouver-based magazine focused on South Asian culture, recently editorialized on the failed "notion of multiculturalism" (3): its small print records

the support of no fewer than six state and provincial funding agencies, including the ubiquitous Department of Multiculturalism. Williams-Wallace (publisher of Mukherjee's *Towards an Aesthetic of Opposition* [1988] and other works specifically "expressing" black and Asian writing) although George Elliott Clarke claims it as the only non-white-owned publishing house ("Whose Voice" 13) is supported by the same vilified bodies, as was *The Toronto South Asian Review*, its successor *The Toronto Review of Contemporary Writing Abroad*, and the work of many individual writers, such as Dionne Brand, Nourbese Philip, and Krisantha Sri Bhaggiyadatta, most recently his biting satirical *The 52nd State of Amnesia*. These writers are in demand as lecturers and writers-in-residence. While one may wonder if much of real value is suppressed today by racial prejudice, *perceived* discrimination is easily credited when the issue is power-sharing rather than literary value, which at best defies general agreement (when not dismissed as a white male imposition).

The most significant step towards the polarization of interests on racial lines is the "Writing Thru Race" conference, endorsed by the Writers' Union of Canada, held at Vancouver in June 1994, whose panel sessions were open only to "writers of colour" and First Nations writers. Two viewpoints on this were printed in *The Toronto Review of Contemporary Writing Abroad* (Summer 1994). Upon reading a *Rungh* editorial, Volume 2, Number 3, ridiculing Robert Fulford's criticism in *The Globe and Mail* that the Conference was "reinventing apartheid," I attempted to contribute to the debate by offering *Rungh* a short piece. There I gave prominence to Evelyn Lau's courageous dissident's article, "Why I Didn't Attend the Writing Thru Race Conference," in which she expressed her embarrassment at being bracketed, on ethnic grounds, with inferior writers who "whined about their victimization at the hands of the (white male) establishment" (D3). My attempted contribution, faxed to *Rungh*, was ignored, as were two faxed enquiries. I then offered it to *The Toronto Review of Contemporary Writing Abroad*, which I had previously found receptive to genuine debate, and it was accepted.⁴ That journal has been a rare exception in fostering an interracial dialogue, which may be defined as one where the white writer is not bound

to align himself uncritically with those “of colour”—indeed, a dialogue that resists such categorization.

My concern has not been to reject an “oppositional . . . consciousness” (Edward Said’s phrase); that is indeed always needed—but how far is it symptom and product, how far contributory cause of an increasingly racialized society? (A question that Said also raises.) There is little investment in balance: there is an easy poem in today’s crass case of white racism, not in celebrating interracial connection; in denouncing white slavery, not Africans’ complicity in it, nor in celebrating those whites who devoted their lives to getting the slave trade abolished; overbearing white missionaries are fair game, but white missionaries cannot be wholly dismissed, as even the great Afrocentric novel, Chinua Achebe’s *Things Fall Apart*, acknowledges—nor, *pace* Achebe, can British district officers.

Can “unity [be] achieved,” in A. M. Klein’s words, from a more optimistic era, “through the greatest possible diversity” (qtd. in Pollock 413) or, as happens in Bissoondath’s *Casaquemada*, has the “myth of easy diversity” (*Casual Brutality* 313) been stretched to the limit? With the growth of the language of “resistance”—harder than “opposition” or “dissent”—can one confidently embrace Cyril Dabydeen’s vision of “the varied cultural streams” fusing in “a vital celebration of the oneness of the evolving Canadian consciousness” (10)? By 2001, it has been estimated, “visible minorities,” at 5.7 million, will form 17.7% of the Canadian population: who will be their representative voices? Among the possibilities and portents touched upon here, one must hope they will be those whose concern, in Rajendra Singh’s words, is “not only to curse, but also to create . . . to become a meaningful part of life here” (28).⁵

NOTES

- ¹ Subas Ramcharan states that “Social scientists have in general accepted M. Banton’s definition that ‘racism is the doctrine that a man’s behaviour is determined by static inherited characteristics deriving from separate racial stocks, having distinctive attributes and usually considered to stand to one another in relations of superiority and inferiority’ [18]” (2).
- ² It may not be inappropriate here to quote a student’s reaction to Harris’s poem since it reveals a crucial problem. She wrote:

I do not agree with the attack on my own culture. It may put me in a position to better understand being attacked for events that I personally had no part in, but it still does not make it right. I had never seen a Black person in real life before I went to Florida as a child. I had no prejudice against people with other skin colours but was still curious. I was amazed by this Black teenager with her hair in multiple braids sticking out like Pippy Longstocking, and she shouted at me, "What the fuck are you looking at?" I was stunned, not only at her language, but at the realization that I was being accused of something that I did not understand. When reading this poem by Harris, the memory returned with the shame. This attitude, like Harris's, is what keeps prejudice alive.

This poem is one of only two that represent her in Burnett's *The Penguin Book of Caribbean Verse*. It reappears in Morrell's *Grammar of Dissent*. In *Fables from the Women's Quarters*, where it first appeared, it falls between strong sequences on Rigoberto [*sic*] Menchu and Nigeria under military government in the 1970s.

- 3 Those who take the trouble to consult the catalogue accompanying the exhibition, also entitled *Into the Heart of Africa*, will observe how scrupulously Canizzo places in inverted commas the loaded words "primitive," "barbarous," "savage," and how her commentary draws attention to the missionaries' assumptions of "cultural superiority" (83)—albeit with too cool an academic detachment and irony for her heated critics. Unfortunately there can be no meeting point between Canizzo's position that "Museums . . . cannot be divorced from the historical context in which they developed, and their collections occasionally reflect the violence and disruptive social forces characterizing the European colonization of Africa" (84) and Dionne Brand's strident denunciation of the "Racist Ontario Museum" (Morrell 179). Canizzo clearly understood that her exhibition portrayed white racism: her mistake was failing to proclaim that loudly and correctly. Bissoondath comments, "Canizzo could have won only if her explanatory texts had read something like, 'See the evil white man mistreating the noble natives'" (*Selling Illusions* 158).
- 4 See Thorpe.
- 5 This is an expanded and updated version of a paper delivered, in its original form, at "Visions for the Future," Annual Conference of the British Association for Canadian Studies, University College of Ripon and York, April 1994.

WORKS CITED

- Allen, Lillian. "A Writing of Resistance: Black Women's Writing in Canada." *In the Feminine: Women and Words*. Ed. Ann Dybikowski. Edmonton: Longspoon Press, 1985. 63-67.
- Bhaggiyadatta, Krisantha. *The 52nd State of Amnesia*. Toronto: TSAR, 1993.
- Bissoondath, Neil. *A Casual Brutality*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1988.
- . "A Land Worth Loving." *Canadian Living* Jul. 1992: 54-60.
- . "Dancing." *Digging Up the Mountains*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1985. 187-209.
- . *Digging Up the Mountains*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1985.
- . *The Innocence of Age*. Toronto: Lester Orpen Dennys, 1992.
- . Interview. By Aruna Srivastava. Hutcheon and Richmond 313-20.
- . Interview. By Ali Lakhani. *Rungh* 1.4 (1993): 8-13.
- . *Selling Illusions: The Cult of Multiculturalism in Canada*. Toronto: Penguin, 1994.

- Bradley, Kenneth. *The Diary of a District Officer*. London: Harrap, 1943.
- Brand, Dionne. Interview. By Dagmar Novak. Hutcheon and Richmond 271-77.
- Burnett, P., ed. *The Penguin Book of Caribbean Verse*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986.
- Canizzo, Jeanne. "Into the Heart of Africa." Toronto: Royal Ontario Museum, 1989.
- Chapman, Vance. "Editorial." *Fuse* 17.1 (1993): 2.
- Clarke, Austin. *Public Enemies: Police Violence and Black Youth*. Toronto: Harper Collins, 1992.
- Clarke, George Elliott. "Whose Voice Is It, Anyway?" *Books in Canada* Jan./Feb. 1991: 11-17.
- Crean, Susan. "Taking the Missionary Position." *This Magazine*. 24.6 (Feb. 1991): 23-28.
- Dabydeen, Cyril, ed. *A Shapely Fire*. Oakville: Mosaic Press, 1987.
- Espinete, Ramabai. "The Old and the New." *TSAR* 2.2 (1993): 85-87.
- Findley, Timothy. *Headhunter*. Toronto: HarperCollins, 1993.
- Hutcheon, Linda, and Marion Richmond. *Other Solitudes: Canadian Multicultural Fictions*. Toronto: Oxford UP, 1990.
- Kogawa, Joy. *Obasan*. Penguin, 1981.
- Lau, Evelyn. "Why I Didn't Attend the Writing Thru Race Conference." *The Globe and Mail* 9 Jul. 1994: D3.
- Livesay, Dorothy. *Selected Poems, The Self-Completing Tree*. Victoria: Press Porcépic, 1986.
- McGifford, D., ed. *The Geography of Voice*. Toronto: TSAR, 1993.
- Michel, Martina. "Locating Postcolonial Studies." *ARIEL* 26:1 (1995): 83-99.
- Mill, J. S. *Considerations on Representative Government*. 1861. New York: Forum Books, 1958.
- Mistry, Rohinton. *Such a Long Journey*. London: Faber, 1992.
- . Interview. By Dagmar Novak. Hutcheon and Richmond 255-62.
- . Interview. By Ali Lakhani. *Rungh* 2.1 (1993): 31-34.
- Morrell, Carol, ed. *Grammar of Dissent: Poetry and Prose by Claire Harris, M. Nourbese Philip, Dionne Brand*. Fredericton: Goose Lane, 1994.
- Morrison, Toni. *Playing in the Dark, Whiteness and the Literary Imagination*. New York: Vintage, 1992.
- Mukherjee, Arun. *Towards an Aesthetic of Opposition*. Stratford, ON: Williams Wallace, 1989.
- . "Interview with Himani Banerjee." Hutcheon and Richmond 145-52.
- . "Narrating India." *TSAR* 10.2 (1992): 82-87.
- Philip, M. Nourbese. *Frontiers Selected Essays and Writings on Racism and Culture 1984-1992*. Stratford, ON: The Mercury Press, 1992.
- . "Whose Voice Is It, Anyway?" *Books in Canada* Jan./Feb. 1991: 11-17.
- Pollock, Z. "A. M. Klein." *Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature*. Toronto: Oxford, 1983. 411-13.
- Ramcharan, Subas. *Racism: Non-Whites in Canada*. Toronto: Butterworth, 1982.

- Robinson, James L. "King's Dream Still Unrealized." *The World and I*. May 1993: 86-91.
- Rungh. Editorial. 2.1 (1994): 2.
- Said, Edward. *Culture and Imperialism*. New York: Vintage, 1994.
- Sangster, Charles. "July 1st 1867." *Norland Echoes and Other Strains and Lyrics*. Ed. Frank M. Tierney. Ottawa, 1976. 29.
- Singh, Rajendra. "Remarks on Indo-Anglian Literature." *A Meeting of Streams*. Ed. M. G. Vassanji. Toronto: TSAR, 1985. 21-31.
- Stanley, Timothy J. "White Supremacy and the Rhetoric of Educational Indoctrination: a Canadian Case Study." *Making Imperial Mentalities*. Ed. J. Mangan. Manchester UP, 1989. 144-62.
- Thorpe, Michael. "Writing Thru Race—An Alternative View." *The Toronto Review of Contemporary Writing Abroad* 13.2 (1995): 77-81.
- Varma, Rahul, and Stephen Orlov. "Isolated Incident." *The Geography of Voice*. Ed. D. McGifford. Toronto: TSAR, 1992. 229-60.
- Vassanji, M. G. *The Gunny Sack*. London: Heinemann, 1989.
- . "Whose Voice Is It, Anyway?" *Books in Canada* Jan/Feb. 1991: 11-17.
- . Interview. By V. Gabereau. *Canadian Broadcasting Corporation*. Toronto. 4 March 1992.
- . *No New Land*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1991.
- . *The Book of Secrets*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1994.
- Wolfe, Tom. *Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers*. New York: Farrar, 1970.