

walking a tightrope aboriginal people and their representations

Ute Lischke and David T. McNab, editors



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Goodbye, Wild Indian

Lenore Keeshig-Tobias

1 Goodbye, Wild Indian, Goodbye.

I know it's time
for you to go.
It's a good day too,
to go.

I want you to know I always
rooted for you—
all those times.

All those times when
the cavalry and cowboys
were kicking your ass and
shooting you with their silver bullets.
All those times the history
books were saying
you were doomed
to die, to vanish
from the face of the earth—
that meant
Mom and Dad and me too—
my whole family, eh—
And when you died, each time
you died, up there
on that silver screen
and in the paperbacks
and in the comics
and on the airwaves,
little bits of me
died too.

for you,
that what's best for them is best
for us,
and that you're following,
and that we're all following you.

"It looks we're done for, Tonto."
"What you mean *we*, whiteman?" Aaay.

You know, I think they never
think about how they
could be like us unless
it is for money, some financial
investment down the line
or a much higher level
of communion with
the Great Spirit
than any real "Indian"
could ever achieve.

I know—old Indian trick.
Just let them think
what they want.
They always do anyway.
That's their problem, aaay.

And just between you and me ...
It's been fun.
Hair-raising, in fact.
I'll miss you—sometimes.
But not much, honest.
You must be real
tired by now.
Five hundred years
of whoopin' it up
is one helluva party, eh.

Goodbye,
Wild Indian.
Rest in Peace.

I'll always love you. Nyah.

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For<e>ward

Lenore Keeshig-Tobias

INDIAN HEAD COVE IS AN AWESOME bit of northern shoreline where the Niagara Escarpment rises high out of the water to present its aged limestone and dolomite layers to the blue-green waters of Georgian Bay, summer sunrises, the north wind, and the multitude of summer visitors. Along this wave-cut shoreline, as elsewhere along the escarpment, are incredible promontories: this place bears the name of a perceived resemblance to an "Indian" face. And yes, one can vaguely discern, there on the cliff, the profile of a human face with a big hooked nose. I thought it appropriate that I should sit here and contemplate this for<e>ward.

A number of years ago, I was deeply involved in the issue of cultural appropriation, the taking of stories, "voice," and aspects of other cultures by "white" Canadian writers for their own use. It was also an issue of whose work got published and whose didn't. More often than not, Native writers and writers of colour had their work constantly overlooked, and set and judged against the backdrop of the English-Canadian literary canon. This was in the late 1980s. I wrote an opinion piece for the *Globe and Mail*, which appeared in January 1990. The piece was intended as a challenge to the larger audience for discourse. This was a challenge I was prepared for; however, what ended up being published, when the *Globe and Mail* finished editing it, was declaration of war. My challenge song, *Hiya ho / Make way / In a sacred manner I come / The stories are mine*, which ended the piece and came after my arguments, had been moved to the beginning of the piece before the arguments. The *Globe and Mail* had me declare war on the writing community. I lost the battle and retreated to the reserve.

Now, many years later, having mellowed somewhat, I am still inclined to say, *Oh boy, here we are again re-presenting ourselves. Let × = ×. This is not a Canadian experience, because the treaties were for*

land, not citizenship. Forever means forever. Nawash was never approached to be partners in confederation. Who the heck wants to be part of a dysfunctional relationship anyway? Not me.

Now, I am truly glad to see that there is real and meaningful discourse about Aboriginal images and representations, from both Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal writers. It's a coming together that brings about necessary healing, so that together we can work for the common good. Miigwech to all of you.

As for the wild and noble stereotype, ten years ago, after all the quincentennial celebrations and anti-celebrations, I took it upon myself to respond to Robert Fulford's "Let's bury the noble savage," published in *Rotunda* (Fall 1992). This piece was a complement to the late Deborah Doxstator's "Fluffs 'n Feathers" exhibit. As the curator for this incredibly funny and satirical exhibit of mostly non-Aboriginal symbols of Indianness, Deborah had pulled together posters, city crests, biscuit tins, food labels, and all kind of kitsch and bric-a-brac: horribly funny Indian stuff. It was fun.

Back on the rez, I was listening to CBC radio. Robert Fulford was talking to the interviewer about burying the noble savage. Interesting. Good show. Very informative. I was indignant (not really). I thought, *Well finally... but it's too late. It's too late because we, Aboriginal peoples, have embraced the noble stereotype, adopted him, and he is now one of us, and has been for a very long time. So, back off.* I cast Robert into the role of the great white Indian agent whose whole reason for living was to make decisions for and about the Indians. Sorry, Robert, I'm just having a little bit of fun here (thanks for all the inspiration). Now, if anyone is going to bury the wild Indian ... it is going to be me, I said to my kitchen. Thus I began my "Dear John" letter, waiting for this day, nyah.

Lenore Keeshig-Tobias
Neyasshinigmiing ndoonjibaa

[*Translation: This beautiful point of land that is partially surrounded by water is where my sound is coming from.*]

Chippewas of Nawash Unceded
First Nation (aka Cape Croker)

September 2003

A

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1

Seeing Red: The Stoic Whiteman and Non-Native Humour

Drew Hayden Taylor

A smile is sacred.

—Hopi elder

SOME PEOPLE HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOUR. I am tempted to say “some white people,” but that would be racist, though I’m told that it is politically impossible for a member of an oppressed minority to be racist against a dominant culture because of some socio-political reason. But I digress. In December 1999, a play of mine titled *alterNATIVES* was produced in Vancouver. It was about cultural conflicts between Native and non-Native people, and perceived stereotypes, presented in a somewhat comedic manner. Or so I thought. A few days into its run, one lone reviewer referred to it as “witless white-bashing” (though other critics had responded embarrassingly well to this and its previous production), practically accusing me of having it in for white people (even though I am half white—I am still trying to understand that logic). The day the review came out, the theatre received a bomb threat, accusing the company of producing a play that was racist against white people. Some days it just doesn’t pay to get out of bed and write a play.

I don’t know why I was so surprised. Non-Native reaction to Native humour, specifically that presented in theatre, has always been something of a perception problem, as the art form continues to grow. With the debate over the suitability of political correctness, the dominate culture’s willingness to enjoy, appreciate, and accept the unique Native sense of humour quickly becomes a political minefield. Add to that

the volatile atmosphere in British Columbia at the time surrounding the fallout over the Nishga Treaty and the turmoil involving the Musqueam landowners, and it's no wonder a few people in Vancouver were less than enthusiastic about a Native comedy/drama and were developing theatre appraisal via chemical interaction.

But this particular reaction to Native humour goes beyond Vancouver and December 1999. Several years ago I was fortunate to have an early play of mine produced at the Lighthouse Theatre in Port Dover, Ontario. It was a small, innocuous comedy called *The Bootlegger Blues*, which detailed the adventures of a fifty-eight-year-old, good Christian Ojibway woman named Martha, who, through a series of circumstances, finds herself bootlegging 143 cases of beer to raise money to buy an organ for the church. Not exactly Sam Shepard, but based on an incident that happened on a reserve that I won't get into or my mother will kill me.

In this play there were no searing insights into the Aboriginal existence, or tragic portrayals of a culture done wrong, that we have grown to expect on the stage. In fact, it was the opposite of that. The director-dramaturge with whom I developed the project, my mentor Larry Lewis, came to me one day after having just directed the premiere of a little play you may have heard of, *Drylips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing*. He was somewhat burnt out by the process and said to me. "Drew, I want you to write something for me that has people leaving the theatre holding their sore stomachs from laughing so much, not drying their eyes from crying or scratching their heads from thinking too much." Thus was born *The Bootlegger Blues*.

This play, I was proud to say, had no socially redeeming qualities whatsoever. It was simply a celebration of the Native sense of humour. Not my best work in retrospect, but it was funny enough to beat the theatre's audience projections and subtly (don't tell anybody) raise some awareness. But the thing I especially remember about that particular production was that it was my introduction to the racially divisive line that sometimes exists when a non-Native audience is presented with Native humour, primarily on stage. Basically put, pigment-challenged audiences didn't quite know how to react to a Native comedy. And since Native theatre was still quite young, many of us Aboriginal theatre practitioners weren't too experienced in that field

decade. What was once the exception, has become a widely accepted rule. There is definitely hope.

In my research, I have come across a term used by some Native academics to describe humour, specifically Native humour. They refer to it as “permitted disrespect.” You have the other people’s permission to tease or joke about them without getting into a fight. Maybe that’s what some audiences need to understand. We Native writers are part of a specific community and have to answer to that community. We are allowed a certain amount of “permitted disrespect.” But it was Tom King who also told me in a recent interview that most of the negative letters the show receives come from the non-Native population, most of which say something like “If you guys [the producers/writers/actors] are white, you’re not funny.” When Tom tells them that, in fact, they are Native, they then grudgingly respond, “Oh, that’s OK, then.”

If I’m to understand the meaning of what they say, it’s nice to know finally that you’re funny only if you’re Native. Finally, people are catching on. Except in Vancouver, I guess.

*It may be the one universal thing about Native Americans
from tribe to tribe, is the survival humour.*

—Louise Erdrich¹

Note

- 1 Interview with Louise Erdrich, in Bill Moyers's *World of Ideas*, quoted in Kenneth Lincoln, *Indi'n Humour: Bicultural Play in Native America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1993), 209.

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2

Permission and Possession: The Identity Tightrope

Philip Bellfy

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THIS FORUM. I'm sure that almost everyone who is reading this is well-versed in the concept of "academic freedom," that elusive but necessary adjunct to the teaching profession. But academic freedom is partly myth, and in the case of this essay in particular, barely even alive. Let me explain.

The first "permission" I had to obtain in order for you to have the opportunity to read what you are reading right now was from the organizers of the conference, where Version 1.0 of this essay was presented. Then I had to get permission (and a promise of funding) from my department at Michigan State University.

As this conference was being held in Canada and I reside in Michigan, I had to be allowed to enter your country¹ to attend the conference. After the conclusion of the conference, my essay had to be accepted by the editors of this volume,² which it was. But *their* academic freedom is also more illusory than real; their judgments must be "reviewed" by others, and those judgments reviewed by the Press itself, which I assume is under the control of an editorial board. And then there are changes made to the essay as it moves through the editorial system and as permissions are granted or denied. What you are now reading is perhaps Version 5.2, which may be only tangentially related to the original Temagami Conference presentation.

As this essay is laden with images I have encountered an "extra" requirement: the "owners" of these images had to grant me "permission" to use the images in this wholly academic, non-commercial

essay. So, after all the hoops of permission-seeking listed above were jumped,³ I was faced with this last hurdle, mind-numbing in its absurdity—or at least this is how it appeared to me. I tried to rally everyone to the call of academic freedom by trotting out the well-known American concept of academic “fair-use,” which allows for the limited use of copyrighted material for educational purposes. And this is where the statement that opened this essay arose—it is a funny thing that we (in this case, we refers to the Aboriginal people of what is called North America) don’t own or control our own images, either historical or contemporary. As a consequence, we don’t control our own identity.

Of course, I said *a funny thing happened on the way to this forum*, but it is far from funny, except in a tragicomic kind of way. We lost most of our land, most of our “Aboriginal” rights, many of our languages, most of our traditional cultural ways, our religion, our relationship to the land and the spirits of this land, and, it seems, that we’ve even lost control of much of our identity through the process of “trade-marking” images of us, and elements of our culture, as someone else’s “intellectual property,” owned by some corporate (or individual) entity that claims exclusive use of that image through the concept of “private property.”

The “Washington Redskins” and Other Offensive Acts

During most of the time that this essay was being written (and rewritten), the Washington *Redskins* were operating without the benefit of US trademark protection. They had lost this government “protection” when the Trademark and Patent Office determined that the word “redskins” was demeaning to a specific group of people and was thus outside government protection as a “registered trademark.”

So, just what image does the “Washington Redskins” bring to mind? A football player being brought down by a fierce opponent? An Indian in a feathered headdress, letting out a blood-curdling war-whoop? Or some settler “bounty hunter” holding up a bloody scalp—a “red skin”? What image is evoked by hearing someone say “Atlanta Braves” or the “Cleveland Indians”?

For Indigenous people, walking that tightrope between who we really are and who we are perceived to be by those who create popular



Top left, Washington Redskin; top centre, Atlanta Braves; top right, Chief Wahoo of the Cleveland Indians; lower right, Frito Bandito



culture, the issue of identity is forever in our minds. And for those who know what the meaning of the “redskin” is, these and other images we see of ourselves in the dominant society are profoundly disturbing. As this essay unfolded, it became increasingly clear to me that, as Indigenous people, we could do very little to counter these images—in fact, we are not now, nor have we ever been, in control of how we are perceived by the dominant culture.

A federal court in the United States has now reversed the original Trademark Office determination that the use of the term “redskins” was demeaning. Consequently, the court has reinstated us federal protection to the team based in the capitol of the United States, Washington, DC.⁴

As Indigenous people in North America, we are bombarded by “Indian” images every day of our lives, be it through the use of Indian mascots in sports or the portrayal of “savage Indians” in popular culture. The use of Indian imagery is one of the most persistent and ubiquitous “American” cultural practices, and only recently has the dominant society been asked to take a long, hard look at the prevalence of these stereotypical images and the damage they do.

Of course, “Frito Bandito” and “Little Black Sambo,” iconic hispanic and black cultural commodities, have been quite appropriately relegated to the dustbin of history. But the image of the full-headdress, horse-riding, buffalo-killing, Custer-killing, teepee-dwelling “Indian”

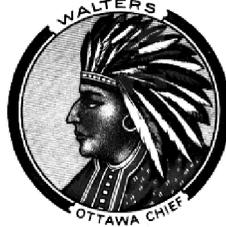


Top left, Black Boy; top centre, Nova Scotia Coat of Arms; lower centre, Savage Arms; right, female cigar-store Indian

sentative of those used in England in the early 1600s. Early carvers used African slave boys as models, and, as a consequence, this image is referred to as a “Black Boy or Virginian.” The North American cigar-store Indian was not popular here until the eighteenth century, and in these early uses, the figure was often female.⁹ As can be seen in this late 1800s female cigar-store Indian, even the women cannot escape the “warrior” image so prevalent in popular images and logotypes depicting American Indians.

“New World” governments also wished to create an identity associated with the Indian image. An early example of this government imagery can be found in the coat of arms of Nova Scotia, adopted in 1625, which makes it the oldest coat of arms in Canada. It might be assumed that the motto, “One defends and the other conquers,” refers to the two figures in the image: the crowned unicorn represents the province’s Scottish settlers (the image is taken from Scotland’s royal coat of arms); the Native on the coat of arms represents perhaps, the “defenders” who are “conquered” by the colonial settlers.¹⁰

These early images are, of course, stereotypical, evolving, as we see in both the “black boy” and the coat of arms, almost exclusively from ignorance and ideology, little reference to what actual Native peo-



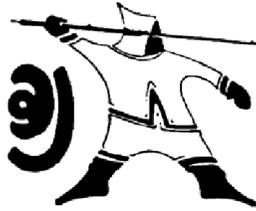
Top left, Laurentian Chief; top centre, Walters Axe Company; top right, Tecumseh Products Company; lower left, Hiawatha Horse Park®; lower centre, Ronson Lighter Company

tainment Centre®, near Sarnia, Ontario, attempts to cash in on the readily recognizable name of Hiawatha, founder of the Iroquois Confederacy. Oddly enough, one of the most well-known confederacy leaders was Joseph Brant, whose Iroquois name, Thayendanegea, means He Places Together Two Bets,¹⁴ creating, perhaps, an obscure but fitting connection among Hiawatha, the Iroquois Confederacy, and racetrack betting.¹⁵

Another important figure from Canadian history is Tecumseh, the military leader of the War of 1812, killed in southern Ontario on October 5, 1813. The contemporary image here is that of the Tecumseh Products Company, based in Tecumseh, Michigan, known for its lawnmower engines.

Women and Children

As mentioned earlier, the majority of cigar store Indians were originally carved female figures, and that tradition of Indian maiden imagery has been carried down to contemporary society. Just as it is difficult for



Top left, "Tommy Tomahawk"; top centre, Valenti Shoe Co.; top right, Igloo brand antifreeze; lower left, Eskimo Pie; lower right, Apache Software Foundation

course, other than the parka that outlines the face, nothing in the logo gives the viewer to gain any insight into who Inuit children really are—the stereotype will have to suffice.²²

Often fragments of a culture stand in for the whole. Indeed, that is the nature of stereotypes, as can be seen in the next few examples.

The "Indian" As Abstraction

This essay introduced a few examples of Indian warriors with full headdress, but what if just one feather is presented—is it sufficient to conjure images of savage warriors? Well, probably not just one feather, unless it can be associated with some other stereotypical image. In this case, what if the feather is paired with the word "Apache"?²³

It is interesting that the Apache Web site provides a link to a Web site devoted to the Apache people, providing "stereotypical proof" that the feather symbol and the foundation name are designed to evoke images of the Apache people. This is all the more interesting in light of the fact that perhaps history's most photographed Indigenous warrior—the Apache Geronimo—was not inclined to adorn himself in this



Top left, Alaska Fish Fertilizer Company; *top centre*, Totem Ginseng Trading; *top right*, Canadian quarter, 22 October 1999; *lower centre*, souvenir pin

Canadian Cultural Identity

This souvenir pin is not really “official” in the sense that it has been issued by the Canadian government, but it integrates the full-head-dress warrior image and the Canadian flag to suggest that Canada is Indian, and the Indian is Canada.²⁶ I suspect that anyone who enters the Canadian Museum of Civilization, in Hull, Quebec, will be struck by the fact that it is an “Indian” village scene from the Northwest that has been chosen to occupy the most prominent public space in this very “national” museum.

In this essay, images used by corporations have been presented, yet Indigenous imagery is also widely used by governments on coins, paper money, stamps, flags, and coats of arms (as we saw, above). The Canadian quarter pictured here, minted in October 1999, was one of a series of quarters issued that year to celebrate the millennium, several of which contained Aboriginal imagery.²⁷ Again, the Canadian government is asking all of us to interpret *Aboriginal* imagery as equal to *Canadian* identity—quite a radical answer to the question of who am I?



Top left, Pemmican; top centre, Argo corn starch; top right, Calumet baking powder; middle left, Red Man tobacco; middle centre, Trail's End popcorn; middle right, Leinenkeugel's beer; lower left, Dos Equis beer

So, even though you can't see all of those Native-based images in this paper, you could continue your grocery market stroll down the beer aisle (or at the government beer distributor) to see the Indigenous figures used by the Leinenkeugel and Dos Equis breweries.

By its nature, the use of Aboriginal stereotypes by sport teams, corporations, and governments leads to the denigration of Aboriginal culture, not only in North America, where the current mascot controversy rages, but throughout the world, as these stereotypical images can literally be found all over the world from China to South Africa, from Fiji to Finland. *Who am I?* is a question asked by everyone in our society, be they American, Canadian, Irish, Ukrainian, Indian, Aboriginal, Indigenous, or multi-ethnic; it is not a trivial issue; it comprises the core of each and every person. I am often asked if we don't have something better to do—fight poverty and unemployment, combat alcoholism and drug abuse—and, of course, the answer is that we, as Indigenous people, fight those fights everyday. But many, if not all, of the problems fac-

ing Aboriginal people can be traced back to a question of identity. We all ask—Native and non-Native alike—who am I? How do I fit into this mosaic? What is my role in society? Until the question of stereotypes—be they in sports mascots, corporate logos, or national identities—is addressed, Indigenous people will continue to be pushed to the fringes of the dominant society, viewed as, and often called, chief, or the squaw, not recognized as, for example, Anishnabe, Lakota, Inuit, Métis, or Dene. We have to be careful as we walk this identity tightrope, careful not to falter as we struggle toward our goal: a desire to be recognized simply for who we are, who we know we are, the flesh-and-blood version, not the corporatized cardboard cut-out.

Notes

- 1 As an Indigenous person, I was all prepared to shake my fist at the border guard, clutching a crumpled copy of Jay's Treaty in her face as I sped across the border. Article III of the treaty gives me the right to "pass and repass" the border without hindrance, although neither the Canadian nor the US governments are willing to recognize that "Aboriginal right" (see *Mitchell v. M.N.R.*; 2001 SCC 33. File No.: 27066; June 16, 2001, for the Canadian Supreme Court ruling on "cross-border" rights under Jay's Treaty).
- 2 I should make it clear that I do not consider the editors of this volume to be in the category of "permission grantors" inasmuch as they too are merely academics doing academic work under the same rules that govern all of us; they are essentially at the same level as I am—that of "permission seekers."
- 3 I have made a "good faith effort" by phone, letter, or e-mail, to obtain the proper permissions for all the images included and in some cases I received no response. Governments, generally, do not "trademark" their images (coins, etc.); they are considered to be in the "public domain."
- 4 For more on this case, see "Washington plaintiffs file notice of appeal in Redskins trademark case." Jerry Reynolds, *Indian Country Today*, 19 November 2003.
- 5 I need to make it clear that when I use the terms "Indian" and "Eskimo" I am doing so with full awareness of the inappropriateness of such terminology. But as this paper deals with the *stereotypical* use of Indigenous imagery by corporations and governments, it seems to me that the images are truly those of "Indians" and "Eskimos," and much less so the images of Indigenous people.
- 6 Philip J. Deloria, *Playing Indian* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1998).
- 7 Ward Churchill, *Indians Are Us!: Culture and Genocide in Native North America* (Monroe, ME: Common Courage Press, 1994).
- 8 For a more thorough discussion see Phil Bellfy, "Savage, Savages, Savagism."

- 28 See the complete list of all "Goods and Services" at the us government trademark site at <[http://www.uspto.gov/web/offices/tac/doc/gsmannual/manual.html](http://www.uspto.gov/web/offices/tac/doc/gsmmanual/manual.html)>. Military and government "services" are classified in the "Miscellaneous services" category (no. 42). It may just be that clothing companies are the largest group of corporate entities, but clothing companies seem overly represented in the use of Indians in company logos.
- 29 The document in question is titled "Legend of Big Chief," and I was told that I would have to include it in my text, "word-for-word as presented." Although I did ask that a copy be sent to me, it never was, so I can't tell you what the "official" position of the Monitor Sugar Company is vis-a-vis the use of Indian imagery, but you can see the logo at <<http://www.unitedway-baycounty.org/images/MonitorSugar.jpg>>.

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4

A Story Untold: A Community-Based Oral Narrative of Mohawk Women's Voices from Point Anne, Ontario

Dawn T. Maracle

My Story: Introduction

THIS STORY STARTS WITH THE DEATH of my father, long before I was born, and encompasses a portion of my paternal history that has shaped my existence, my psyche, and my identity as a Mohawk band member of Tyendinaga. The focus of this story includes an oral narrative of female Mohawk relatives of mine belonging to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte but who grew up in Point Anne, Ontario, which was part of the original Tyendinaga Reserve.

I have found that in my travels Native people ask me where I am from and who my family is. I have had some difficulty in answering their questions. For although I am, indeed, a status Indian under the meaning of the Indian Act, chapter 27, Statutes of Canada, 1985, and do belong to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte (otherwise known as Tyendinaga), and although my father was Mohawk and was born on the reserve, and my grandfather lived on the reserve numerous times including the last twenty years of his life, the story is much more complex than that. My response has often been to say,

My grandfather was the Leonard Maracle who lived next to the other Leonard Maracle on the Slash Road in Shannonville, whose wife was Ethel. My father was Lloyd Maracle. His siblings are Benny, Linda, Brenda, and Helen, but they grew up in Point Anne, between Tyendinaga and Belleville. But my father, grandfather, Ethel, Brenda, and Uncle Benny have all passed away. Do you know them?

I thought it was very brave and courageous of my grandmother to leave my grandfather and seek work on her own; I thought it was very humorous that she didn't waste any time and left exactly when she said she was going to—when the last child left. However, Aunt Linda showed me another way of looking at it. It was *her* wedding day, *her* happy day, and to know that her Mom was leaving her dad on *her* day did not make it so happy or so focused on her and the groom. That is true, and I can mourn that moment with her and understand the timing of it. It does not take away the courage and conviction I think Beulah must have had, though.

Stories

Aunt Betty said she doesn't remember if she was told traditional stories as a child, saying they are "foggy" in her mind. That's understandable, because it was a long time ago that she lived in Point Anne. She instantly answered the question with "but my mom never lived that long on the reserve after she got married, and she didn't go down there a lot, because she didn't get along with her mother-in-law." Again, it's interesting that when I asked about cultural influence, she gave a reason, excuse, saying, "but." Aunt Linda said that Grandpa Hill, Beulah's father, used to love to tell stories about the old Indians on the reserve and how they all believed very much in stories of ghosts and the supernatural. I have a feeling that when they say "supernatural," they may indeed be talking about cultural stories, many of which contained what Western civilization today would consider to be events beyond scientific explanation. Grandmother liked to tell stories of bodies being exhumed and of finding the body turned over in the coffin. I vaguely remember my grandmother telling ghost stories when I was a young child, but I don't remember the actual stories, because I think I was too scared! Linda said that Grandma really believed in ghosts and ghost stories, and she probably learned that from her father. She said, "But we grew up in the village so us kids didn't really spend a lot of time on the reserve." Again, she has prefaced her experience by saying "but," by giving reason for her not having stories. It sounds to me as if there was a fair amount of oral tradition flowing around their family, especially with Grandma and her father around.

Aunt Betty said she was not familiar with the Three Sisters story, so I shared it with her. She said she was not familiar with the planting

technique, but she grew up on squash and still loves it today. She got her beans and corn often in lyed or dry corn soup, which she still makes, and which is a common food found at any powwow or social gathering, along with fried bread. The funniest stories I have heard her tell me in the interview was about Great Grandma Heaney—she sounds like quite a character. “Kiss my Irish ass!” will forever ring in my mind and bring a smile to my lips.

Aunt Linda said she did remember one story after all, that every year the Indians were given a big bag of flour and of corn for the winter. I think this may have been a result of the 999-year Turton Penn Lease, whose payment was an annual bag of flour to each Indian family belonging to the reserve. (This land claim was settled in the 1990s.) The lessees paid the flour for only a few years, then managed to keep the land until a decade ago, when the land claim was finally settled and the western third of (of the reserve) the Turton Penn Lease was supposedly returned to the band. She also talked about stories of family. Linda was the youngest of her siblings in a school that her parents also attended. Likely she heard a lot of stories of what they did when they were her age, or what she did that was the same or different. That is an interesting point for her to make, and made me realize that stories really are everywhere. As the youngest, I received stories about my siblings in Belleville at my schools, although I am sure there was more teacher turnover there than in Point Anne.

Language

Both Betty and Linda experienced only English in their education in Point Anne, although Aunt Betty noted that other languages were spoken at home such as “Indian,” Polish, and Ukrainian. Both her parents could say a lot of things in Mohawk, and she and her siblings would giggle when they heard Mohawk songs or people speaking in Mohawk, but they were taught a number of words in Mohawk that they used with some regularity. Today she remembers how to say “hello” in Mohawk. She was fortunate enough, in my opinion, to be exposed to some language in social settings, such as in the conversations of Mohawks on the reserve, or between her parents and Mohawks who came to visit Point Anne. Clearly, there was more exposure and practical use of the language on the reserve than there was in Point

I was disappointed that they didn't know any of the traditional stories that I know; but in hindsight, that is not important. I learned from the stories, and I also learned that almost all the Iroquois stories found today in print are written by men and are about men and boys. Joseph Bruchac (1985), James Herrick (1995), and the North American Indian Travelling College (1984) all indicated to me that Mohawk women's voices, roles in life, and stories were not being heard. I thought I would start in a very minute way to turn this trend around by beginning with what I know about my family and myself, for our voices and stories to be heard. We have been successful in this endeavour.

The contextual narrative interviews were quite consistent with one another and have urged me to continue communicating with my aunties about new questions and stories. The stories are similar, despite the fact that Aunt Betty lived in Point Anne between the first and second world wars, and Aunt Linda lived there from World War II until the mid-1960s. I feel closer to my aunties, as if we have strengthened our relationship with each other, and gotten to know each other better in the process. It is clear that themes of Point Anne as a community, family, story, schooling/education, economy, language, and relationship to Tyendinaga came out of the narratives and our conversations with each other.

Limitations of This Work

There were a number of limitations to this study. First, I had hoped to interview four of my Mohawk aunties in this study. Unfortunately, my Aunt Brenda had lymphatic cancer for some time and passed away in the summer of 1999. I talked to my other auntie about it, but during the research phase of this work, she declined to take part in the interviews. That left me with two aunts I am close to, from a total of three generations. I decided to include my experiences more throughout the text—not just in the beginning and the end, for in reality I am included *within* the lives of my aunties and our more broad Mohawk family.

I had hoped to come across Mr. Burshaw's manuscript on Point Anne, for which he started research in the late 1980s. To date, the whereabouts and length of the manuscript is unknown. The local historian had agreed to find out more about the manuscript and to share

matic. And what if there are questions about Point Anne? At least now I can direct them to some solid proof of my "Mohawk-ness" and the connection of Tyendinaga Mohawks to Point Anne.

Etho niowennake. Nia:wen.

Definitions

Acculturated Combination of traditional and contemporary Western societal values and practices

Assimilated Living in Canada as a Canadian, denying or ignorant of most or all depth, reality, culture meaning, and connection to Native/racialized minority heritage

Off-reserve band member Someone who is presently on a band list, whose ancestors were around when the original census identified Indians living in the area; the person still qualifies for Indian status, but no longer lives on the reserve

Haudenosaunee The internally accepted term of the Iroquois Confederacy meaning "People of the Longhouse"

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Appendix 1

FIGURE 1 Composite Model
Aboriginal and Western (Non-Aboriginal) Societal Interaction

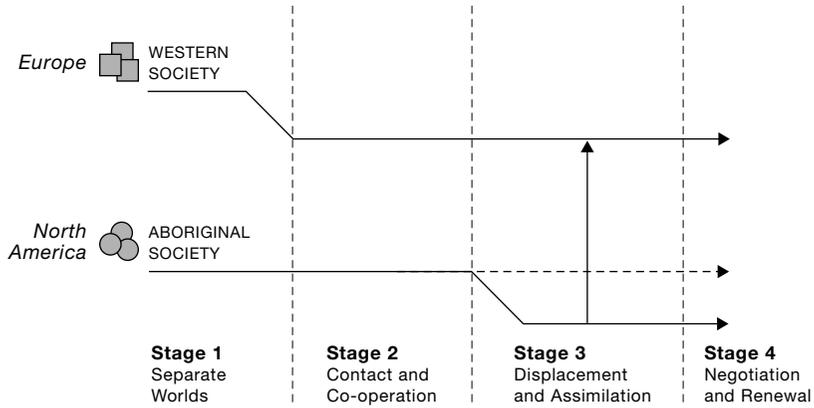


FIGURE 2 Western Perspective Isolated

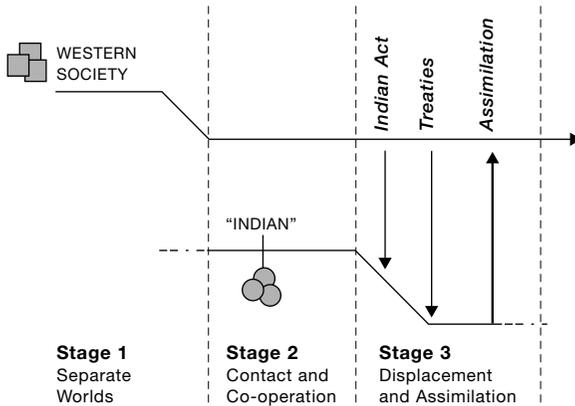


FIGURE 3 Aboriginal Perspective Isolated

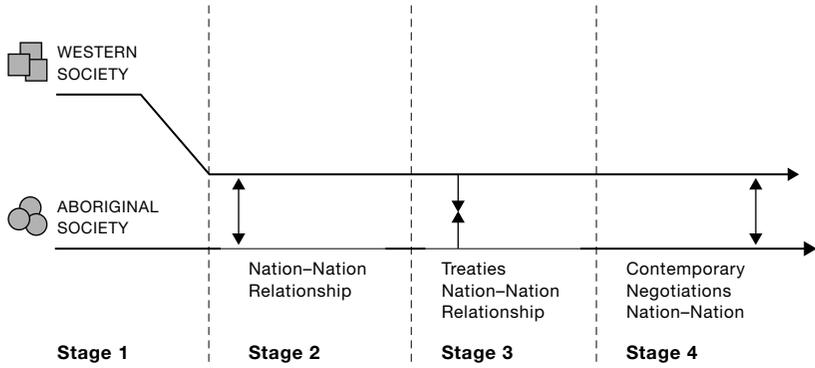
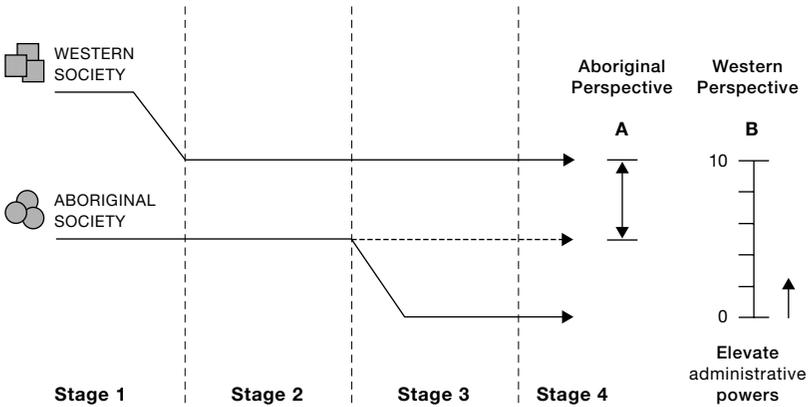


FIGURE 4 Two Different Perspectives of Fundamental Change



B

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7

The Whirlwind of History: Parallel Nineteenth-Century Perspectives on “Are They Savage?”¹

Karl Hele

ABORIGINAL CONCEPTS OF HISTORY maintain that it is a fluid motion, bound by neither time nor space. A basic tool used to teach these conceptualizations is the medicine wheel; its centre remains fixed as the wheel turns, with history flowing around the circle. The teaching circle has allowed for the blending or placing of Western chronological concepts with those of the Aboriginal. Although it can be utilized to examine limited issues or interactions, in other words partial rotations, it fails to fully present the Aboriginal understanding of history of time. From the perspective of the circle, history is moving towards an era when Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples will live in mutual respect and cooperation. While such hopes present us with a pleasant vision for the near future, the far future is troubling, for we must again move through a long period of disrespect and cultural destruction—the metaphor of simple circular motion is an inescapable cycle. Yet, as noted by the late Rodney Bobiwash, former director of the Native Canadian Centre, the true nature of Aboriginal perceptions of history is better explained as a whirlwind. Or, in the words of David McNab, “circles of time are ever-expanding and infinite.”² I would add that such circles are also concentric and interlocking. The more complex understanding of Aboriginal conceptualizations allows not only an escape from circular determinism, but gives us the tools for comprehending the past within a new context. Simply, the past, present, and future reside together, yet they come before and after one another as the whirlwind spins history.

world had yet seen. Hurlburt and Jones never doubted the ability of the Indians to become civilized Christians through the Gospel and education. But they did disagree on the fundamental nature of the Indian, as is evident in 1843.

Upon Hurlburt's return to civilization in the spring of 1843, he attended the annual meeting of the Toronto City Branch of the Missionary Society of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church. Here, Hurlburt commented on the condition of the people among whom he laboured, based upon his fourteen years of service and ability to speak their language fluently. He hoped, through his comments, to enlighten the committee and all present on the true condition of the Indians, especially those he encountered. He stated that

the Indians, unchristianized, were destitute of fellow-feeling, were superstitious [*sic*], immoral, imbecile in mind, and degraded in social habits [and] that the Indians are cannibals, and that the intercourse of the White man does not corrupt the Indian, but that the Indian corrupts the White man, except in the case of ardent spirits.³³

The *Christian Guardian* reported that Rev. Hurlburt certainly believed in the effects of the Gospel to elevate, civilize, and cast the Indian anew, although it admitted that some in attendance were shocked by the comments. In its summation of the meeting, the newspaper did not report whether or not anyone, including several experienced Native and non-Native missionaries present at the Methodist gathering, contested Hurlburt's words.

Rev. George Copway (Kahgegahbowh)³⁴ and Rev. William Herkimer (Minowagiwan),³⁵ both Anishnabai-Mississauga and experienced labourers among the First Nations, failed to contest Hurlburt's statements, or their disagreement remained unreported. Instead, both Copway and Herkimer focused on the work the society had already completed among the Natives of Canada West. Reinforcing the opinion expressed by Hurlburt, and the underlying assumption of the society, Copway concurred that the Indian could indeed be elevated through the Gospel, for

the white people were happy when they came to this country, the Indians were then wanderers from God. Now they can rejoice too,

and farm, and share the benefits of civilized life. Once they roved in wickedness the streets of Toronto; now they could sing and pray.³⁶

Copway's remarks, as reported, even appear to lend credence to the "unchristianized" and "superstitious" nature of the Indian in reference to his "offerings to various objects called gods—even to the Devil."³⁷ Herkimer, building on and confirming Hurlburt's and Copway's speeches, moved the second resolution, which stated that despite the "incalculable religious and civil advantages which have already resulted ... such is the present spiritual destitution of new settlements and Aboriginal tribes, as to require the continued and increased liberality of an enlightened Christian community."³⁸ The meeting concluded by all appearances in confirmation with Hurlburt's typecasting of Natives. Neither Herkimer nor Copway appears to have made reference to the notion of cannibalism among First Nations' people. Instead, the reporter merely noted that some "fitting anecdotes were related."³⁹

Rev. Jones, in reading the *Christian Guardian*, was much "startled and astonished" by the "new and novel doctrine" presented by Rev. Hurlburt and decided to come to the defence of his Native brothers' character.⁴⁰ Throughout the course of the debate, Jones and Hurlburt each contested the qualifications of the other to discuss the matter at hand. They sought to discredit each other by convincing the reading public that their opponent was unqualified and speaking not from knowledge gained by personal experience, but from opinion assembled in the heat of debate and formed through personal prejudice. Hurlburt based his assumptions on his Western Christian education, notions of spirituality, and knowledge of history. Jones's criticisms of Hurlburt's comments, on the other hand, were a blending of Native and Christian interpretations, based upon his later Christian conversion and education, but primarily upon a nativistic understanding of spirituality and history.⁴¹

Jones began the debate by first hinting that Hurlburt's portrayals were imagined and were in fact "night-dreams," hence highly suspect.⁴² Jones implied that Hurlburt had imbibed Native culture more than the people he was working among had imbibed non-Native culture. Jones also insinuated that such dreams were those of the darkest kind, perhaps revealing the malevolent side of Anishnabai culture, but not

and protocols.⁵⁹ Clearly, historians willing to engage in oral history research must take the time to learn how to learn. Learning how to learn from another people's point of view is not a revolutionary concept, but it is hard work. Learning in the oral tradition is not about racing into Indian country with tape recorder in hand and taking data. Neither is it about hiring locals to interview old people and supply transcripts for detached academic reflection in the isolated confines of distant offices. If historians take the time to question their motives and goals in doing historical research on the Indigenous past, great strides will be made.

When I think about the potential in my discipline—Native/Indian studies—for the development of a truly Indigenous oral traditions-based history, the voices of many long-gone old people fill my mind. They had dreams for us. They envisioned an education system where traditional knowledge and the “cunning of the white man” would be taught side-by-side. Neal McLeod accords that the biggest challenge in Indigenous studies today concerns “the transmission and translation of knowledge from traditional tribal environments to academic settings” as well as the “format and modes of articulation.”⁶⁰ Like most scholars in the discipline, we see our tasks and our obligations differently from those in history, anthropology, and other disciplines. McLeod reminds us,

The project of Indigenous Studies is an extension of collective memory which has existed since time immemorial ... if we are to have genuine Indigenous Studies, we really need to use techniques of ways of knowing that stretch back deep within our tribal memories. The failure to utilize such techniques will amount, not to liberation through education, but rather assimilation through education.⁶¹

The challenge is not taken lightly. Luckily for us, our literary elders are in the forefront, guiding and encouraging us, with so much confidence in our abilities to meet the obligations we bear with mainstream tools. As Cree Metis elder Maria Campbell has noted,

Our new storytellers have a big job. They must understand their sacred place and they must also understand the new language and use it to express their stories without losing the thoughts and images that are culturally unique to them. This new storyteller

must also be a translator of the old way, so that it will not be lost to a new generation. And all this must be done on paper, for that is the new way.⁶²

Acknowledgements

Special thanks to Maria Campbell and Tyrone Tootoosis for all the teachings, guidance, and support they continue to give on this learning journey. I thank them also for reading and commenting on earlier drafts and for food and shelter.

Notes

- 1 This paper derives from research conducted for my PhD dissertation, "Decolonizing Tribal Histories" (University of California, Berkeley, 2000), portions of which were published in "The Social Relations of Oral History," *Saskatchewan History* 51, 1 (1999): 29-35, and "The Othering of Indigenous History," *Saskatchewan History* 50, 2 (1999): 24-27.
- 2 Andrew Kay, "An Old Cree Indian Named Old Worm (Amiskosese)," March 18, 1972 (audio tape). Kawakatoose (Poor Man) Oral History Project, Registration No. AH 71.67.1, Provincial Museum of Alberta.
- 3 Morris Berman, *Coming to Our Senses: Body and Spirit in the Hidden History of the West* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1989), 112.
- 4 See, for example, Angela Cavender Wilson, "Power of the Spoken Word: Native Oral Traditions in American Indian History," in *Rethinking American Indian History*, ed. Donald Fixico, 101-16 (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1997); and Angela Cavender Wilson, "American Indian History or Non-Indian Perceptions of American Indian History?" *American Indian Quarterly* 20, 1 (1996): 3-5; Devon A. Mihesuah, "Voices, Interpretations, and the 'New Indian History': Comment on the AIQ Special Issue on Writing about American Indians," *American Indian Quarterly* 20, 1 (1996): 91-105; Calvin Martin, *The American Indian and the Problem of History* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1987); Gordon M. Day, "Roger's Raid in Indian Tradition," *Historical New Hampshire* 17 (June 1962): 3-17; Julie Cruikshank, "Discovery of Gold on the Klondike: Perspectives from Oral Tradition," in *Reading beyond Words: Contexts for Native History*, ed. Jennifer S.H. Brown and Elizabeth Vibert (Peterborough: Broadview Press, 1996), 433-53.
- 5 See for example, Calvin Martin, "The Metaphysics of Writing Indian-White History," in *The American Indian and the Problem of History*, ed. Calvin Martin (New York: Oxford University Press, 1987), 6, 9; Ken S. Coates and Robin Fisher, eds., *Out of the Background: Readings on Canadian Native*

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12

Kwakwaka'wakw on Film

Kathryn Bunn-Marcuse

DRAMA AND PERFORMANCE ARE CENTRAL to Kwakwaka'wakw ceremonies and traditions. Since the early twentieth century, filmmakers have tried to capture this drama in their footage.¹ The films of Edward Curtis, Franz Boas, Robert Gardner, and the U'mista Cultural Society all feature the potlatch and its dramatic dances. Not surprisingly, all of these films reflect the viewpoints of their makers and the times. The films by Curtis and Boas (*In the Land of the Head-Hunters*, rereleased as *In the Land of the War Canoes*, 1914; *A Documentary on the Kwakiutl*, 1930) are firmly rooted in the salvage ethnography of the early twentieth century. Robert Gardner attempted to capture a more complete picture of Kwakwaka'wakw life in the 1950s (*Blunden Harbour and Dances of the Kwakiutl*, 1951) but still omitted any presentation of contemporary cultural struggles. By looking at these films and comparing them to two films produced by the U'mista Cultural Society, one may discover some of the devices used by the white filmmakers and how they have been reappropriated by Kwakwaka'wakw filmmakers to re-present or represent their culture through their own creative lens. This paper concludes that the modern U'mista films (*Potlatch... A Strict Law Bids Us Dance*, 1975, and *Box of Treasures*, 1983) reclaim and reinterpret ceremonial imagery from the earlier films as part of a larger Native-directed effort to document their own history.

These films are connected by more than just their general subject matter; many of them build on thematic and visual precedents set by the earlier films, which include the presentation of certain events as



FIGURE 1: George Hunt with megaphone in hand and Edward Curtis standing behind the camera on the set of *In the Land of the Head-Hunters*. [Photo by Edmund Schwinke. Courtesy of the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture, Seattle, Washington.]

use (since its rerelease) in an educational context. The popular (albeit short-lived) success of the film in its Seattle and New York showings was due in large part to the romantic melodrama that Curtis invented. It had all the essential markers of a native “Other” that were expected at the time: head-hunting, warfare, and ceremony with elaborate ritual costume, combined with a familiar Western narrative of a villain, a hero, and his love. Conversely, today the dramatic storyline is largely ignored by audiences who excuse Curtis’s romantic tendencies by praising the film’s ethnographic value. Its current popularity is due to the accuracy (and drama) of the masks and costumes that appear in the film—a result of Curtis’s desire for “documentary material” and George Hunt’s ability to produce that material for the camera.

The Curtis film was the first film of Aboriginal people on the Northwest Coast. Primarily dramatic rather than anthropological, it contains all the issues that later ethnographic filmmakers would have to deal with: “problems of authenticity, of historical reconstruction, and of the means by which one is to present ethnographic information within a narrative frame.”¹⁸ Although the narrative of the film was popular with audiences in 1915, Curtis’s contemporary renown is

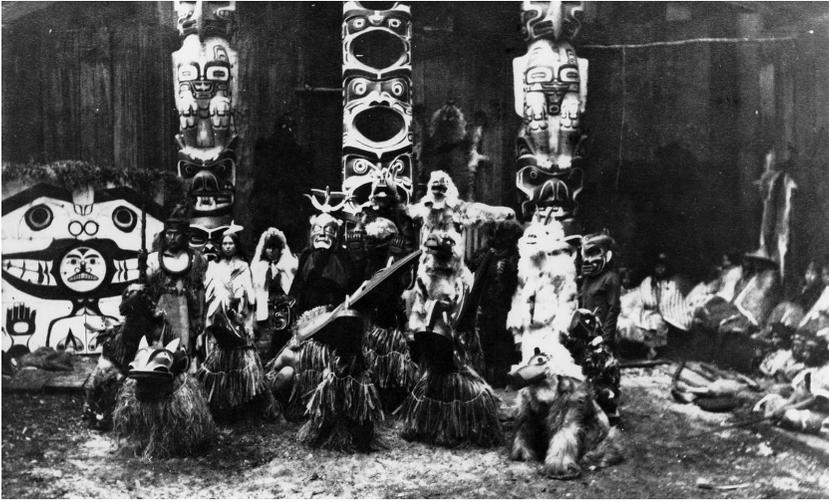


FIGURE 2: The appearance of all the masks in the house before the ceremony was called *gilsgumlihla* or *húkhsumlhla*. [Photo by Edmund Schwinke, taken during the filming of *In the Land of the Head-Hunters*. Courtesy of the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture, Seattle, Washington.]

through those scenes that are constantly shown in museums and classrooms, particularly those depicting dancing and canoes (fig. 2). The inter-title before the dance scene is perhaps the most “ethnographic” moment in the film, and like all the inter-titles in the present version, was written by Bill Holm. It describes the power of the Winter Ceremonials: “The killing of enemies brings on the Winter Ceremonial power of the warriors. The ceremony of First-Appearance-of-Masks-in-the-House is following by the performance of the masked dances.” The following portion of the film is frequently shown in anthropology and art history classes in order to present masks in use, although it is not offered in an ethnographically accurate ceremonial context. The scene of all the masks dancing in a circle was not a traditional activity and was apparently directed by Curtis so as to enhance the spectacle. Holm’s informants called the appearance of all the masks simultaneously before the start of the ceremony *gilsgumlihla*, while both Boas and Curtis described the ritual as *húkhsumlhla* when it occurred at the start of the Winter Ceremonial (fig. 2).¹⁹

One canoe scene is an icon of Curtis’s work on the Northwest Coast (fig. 3). The presentation of the Thunderbird in the prow of one



FIGURE 3: Canoe scene with Thunderbird, Grizzly Bear, and Wasp dancers taken during the filming of *In the Land of the Head-Hunters*. [Photo by Edmund Schwinke. Courtesy of the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture, Seattle, Washington.]

of three war canoes is used as the film's introductory image (in the Holm and Quimby restoration) and is later incorporated into what is certainly the most quoted scene of this film, and perhaps one of the most famous filmic moments of Northwest Coast culture, appearing in numerous museum exhibits in the past few decades (fig. 3).²⁰ Although Curtis was interested in including moments of Kwakwaka'wakw ceremonialism and wanted to be relatively truthful in the images of their material culture (although privileging his own conception of a dramatic moment over the Native one), his main objective was a successful combination of entertainment and ethnography.

Franz Boas's Documentary

In 1886 Franz Boas arrived on the Northwest Coast, where he began his lifelong association with the Kwakwaka'wakw. In 1888, Boas met George Hunt, who was working in Victoria as a court interpreter. When Boas returned to the coast as an assistant ethnologist for the Chicago Field Museum in 1891, he met up again with Hunt.²¹ From Boas's first visit on the coast until his last in 1930, Boas and Hunt worked together to



FIGURE 7: *Nimpkish Producer* coming into the harbour with dancers on top of the wheelhouse during the opening ceremonies of the U'mista Cultural Centre, November 1980. Tony Westman, the cameraman for *Box of Treasures*, can be seen in the foreground filming the dancers on the beach in front of the Cultural Centre. [Photo by Robin Wright.]

going on and this is just part of the story. So that change happened and we were happy with that."⁶⁰

One of the most powerful shots in *Box of Treasures* is not reappropriated old footage, as was used in *Potlatch*, but new footage that quotes the most famous moment of the Curtis film, in which the Bear and Thunderbird each dance in the prow of a war canoe. During the opening ceremonies for the new cultural centre, a fishing boat arrives with similarly costumed dancers performing on top of the wheelhouse (fig. 7). The event was certainly not planned for its cinematic impact, but the sequence of shots as the boat enters the harbour deliberately plays on familiarity with the Curtis scene.⁶¹ Had *Box of Treasures* been shot fifteen years later in the late 1990s, these dancers once again would have arrived by canoe.

Morris quotes John Berger's inquiry into the role of film and photography: "All photographs are of the past, yet in them an instant of the past is arrested so that, unlike a lived past, it can never lead to the present. Every photograph presents us with two messages: a message

concerning the event photographed and another concerning the shock of discontinuity."⁶² Films like *Potlatch* and *Box of Treasures* that quote old images, either by using them directly, or by framing new images in the likeness of the old, can confront this "shock of discontinuity." Although she is not speaking specifically about these instances of visual quotation, Morris asks pertinent questions about Native use of information—visual or textual—compiled by non-Native anthropologists and filmmakers:

We can and must ask of recent films whether and to what extent they make use of old concepts and symbols to tell different stories, and to what extent such filmic intertextuality supports or undermines an attempt to undo the narrative of an earlier era. These are urgent questions, for those earlier narratives were both determined by and complicit with the institutional policies aimed at the elimination of aboriginal cultures.⁶³

Morris argues that the use of old concepts and symbols risks re-inscribing the ideologies of salvage ethnography and assimilationist policy. While she doesn't insist that these old ideologies are reproduced in the U'mista films, neither does she recognize the important, perhaps essential, function of incorporating the Curtis, Boas, and Gardner images. I believe that the use of earlier devices does not necessarily subject the filmmaker to the policies or politics of their non-Native predecessors. Denying Native people the ability to adopt and adapt non-traditional technologies or information confines them within the very limits they are working to destroy. It may be that using the same tropes is the best way to undermine or invert earlier narratives—converting and subverting them. Any other approach might simply create a whole new path that would not intercept and confront old paradigms of paternalism and assimilation.

This concept is exemplified in the U'mista Cultural Centre itself. Within the museum, objects are arranged in a manner reflecting the temporal sequence of the rituals for which they were made. As a viewer travels through the galleries, he or she re-enacts the process of witnessing each object and validating its presence in the sequence. This is a new hybrid concept of "museum," one that has been adapted and "transcultured" to become "a cultural center and a site of storytelling, of indigenous history and of ongoing tribal politics."⁶⁴ The



FIGURE 8: Dan Cranmer dances as Hamatsa with Gloria Cranmer Webster at the opening ceremonies for the U'mista Cultural Centre, November 1980. [Photo by Robin Wright.]

museum and the films are simply tools by which the Kwakwaka'wakw may now exercise their inherent rights to reclaim and recontextualize these objects, texts, and images.⁶⁵ The strength of these claims is emphasized in the closing scene of *Box of Treasures*, which, like all of the films discussed here, features ceremonial dancing: Dan Cranmer and Gloria Cranmer Webster participating in the Hamatsa dance. This image is accompanied by Gloria Webster's moving text: "But most of all we celebrate the fact that we're still alive, we're still here. We've survived and we'll continue to survive and we're always going to be here" (fig. 8).

All six of these films focus on ceremonial dancing as the essential institution of the Kwakwaka'wakw people. Certainly, this was not a coincidence. The Native subjects of the films were high-ranking families whose role within the potlatch complex was key to their experience within their culture.⁶⁶ The Curtis and Boas films, despite the participation of Native actors, insist on a historical reconstruction that denied contemporary realities of Kwa-gulth life. Gardner acknowledges the intrusion of modern-day commodities and subsumes them into a poetic snapshot of Kwakwaka'wakw life. Only the U'mista films insist

on a combination of cultural history—emphasizing continuity of tradition—with the specificity of individual experience and contemporary realities. In their productions, images created by earlier non-Natives filmmakers are reappropriated to serve their own narrative. Images of family members wearing long-lost regalia—taken by others and used for outside purposes—have been returned to the culture. Thus, like the physical objects in the cultural centre, they too are U'mista.

Notes

- 1 In the 1983 film *Box of Treasures*, Gloria Cranmer Webster states that the Kwakwaka'wakw are "probably the most highly anthropologized group of Native people in the world." See *Box of Treasures*, directed by Chuck Olin (U'mista Cultural Society, 1983). Film.
- 2 For an extensive history of the making of the film and the relationship of Curtis and Hunt, see Bill Holm and George Irving Quimby, *Edward S. Curtis in the Land of the War Canoes: A Pioneer Cinematographer in the Pacific Northwest* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1980).
- 3 Bill Holm spoke with over fifty people who had been involved with the film or present at the filming (*Ibid.*, 16–17).
- 4 Brian Winston, "Before Grierson, Before Flaherty ... Was Edward S. Curtis," *Sight and Sound* 57, 4 (1988): 278.
- 5 Holm and Quimby, *Edward S. Curtis*, 113–14. It is interesting to note that Curtis is using the word *documentary* to validate his pursuits more than a decade before Grierson defines the documentary as a category of anthropological filmmaking in his 1926 review of Flaherty's *Moana*. See Eliot Wienberger, "The Camera People," in *Beyond Document: Essays on Non-fiction Film*, ed. Charles Warren (Hanover: Wesleyan University Press, 1996), 139.
- 6 A film made by Pliny Goddard in 1922 no longer survives. *Totemland* was produced by the Associated Screen News of Montreal in 1930. Also in 1930, Franz Boas filmed the research footage considered here. See Ira Jacknis, "George Hunt, Collector of Indian Specimens," in *Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch*, ed. Aldona Jonaitis (New York: American Museum of Natural History, 1991), 205n12.
- 7 Jacknis, "George Hunt," 206.
- 8 A number of artifacts and props from the film are now in the collection of the Burke Museum. These include the Duntsik boards (seen growing and receding during the dance scene), more than a dozen cedar bark head and neck rings, two basketry hats, three whalebone clubs, and Naida's headdress.
- 9 Holm and Quimby, *Edward S. Curtis*, 55.
- 10 *Ibid.*, 57.

- 56 Speck, "Interview with Gloria Cranmer Webster," 18.
- 57 Ibid.
- 58 Ibid.
- 59 Ibid.
- 60 One benefit of this collaborative project was the "Salmonista Video Project," which grew out of Olin's time at Alert Bay. One of his crew, Judy Hoffman, came and taught a video workshop, instructing students in handling of video equipment, lighting, sound dubbing, history of video, maintenance of equipment, and interviewing techniques. See Speck, "Interview with Gloria Cranmer Webster," 18. One of the students in this workshop was Barbara Cranmer, who went on to direct *Mungo Martin: A Slender Thread*, *I'Tusto: To Rise Again*, and *Tlina: The Rendering of Wealth*.
- 61 The arrival of a big canoe for a potlatch was one of the scenes recorded in the now-lost footage that Gardner shot at Fort Rupert in 1950 (Jacknis, *Visualizing Kwakwaka'wakw Tradition*, 109n28).
- 62 Morris, *New Worlds from Fragments*, 39.
- 63 Ibid., 116-17.
- 64 James Clifford, "Four Northwest Coast Museums: Travel Reflections," in *Routes: Travel and Translation in the Late Twentieth Century* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1997), 212.
- 65 For a discussion of the reclamation and reorganization of objects and texts in the U'mista Cultural Center see Clifford, "Four Northwest Coast Museums, 107-45. A number of his observations can be applied to the recontextualized images that appear in the U'mista films.
- 66 See Barbara Saunders, "Contested *Ethnie* in Two Kwakwaka'wakw Museums," in *Contesting Art: Art, Politics and Identity in the Modern World*, ed. Jeremy MacClancy, 85-130 (New York: Oxford, 1997), for a discussion of the self-conscious construction of a Kwakwaka'wakw *ethnie* by the U'mista Centre and the Hunt-Cranmer family, based on the Boas texts and the repatriated Potlatch collection.

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