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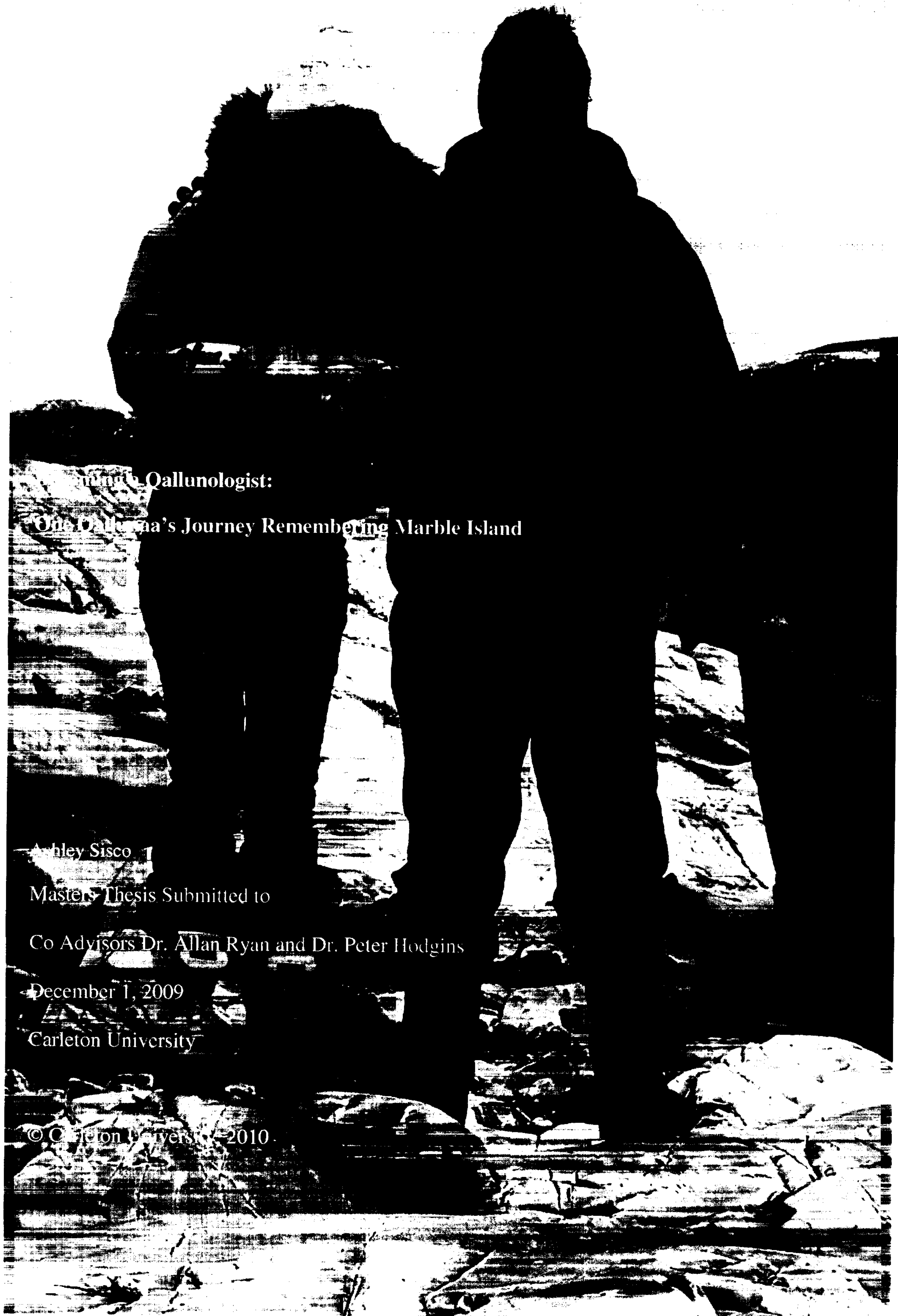

Becoming a Qallunologist:

One Qallunaa's Journey Remembering Marble Island

Ashley Sisco

Masters Thesis Submitted to

Co Advisors Dr. Allan Ryan and Dr. Peter Hodgins

December 1, 2009

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Becoming a Qallunologist:

One Qallunaa's Journey Remembering Marble Island

by

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Abstract

This thesis originally focused on the effect of tourism on Marble Island narrative. However, the information gaps and non-events that emerged inspired a shift of focus to these silences as a phenomenon that is particularly well documented among non-Inuit researchers conducting research about Inuit. The thesis gleans lessons from the author's personal experiences in the North, and draws them together into a methodology for non-Inuit to respectfully conduct research in coordination with Inuit. The methodology requires researchers to become "Qallunologists." This means studying oneself or being self-reflective first and foremost. It also means developing partnerships with Inuit based on research conversations, while understanding the ways in which their path is parallel and in which it is distinct. Qallunologists are humble, at once shedding culturally relative (especially colonial) preconceived notions and embracing the tenets of what it means to be good human beings according to Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit. Last, Qallunologists respect the right for Inuit to refuse information and share findings in an action-oriented as well as interpretive manner.

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Chapter 1: Introduction

Originally this thesis was about Marble Island, an island located off the northwestern coast of Hudson's Bay in the Kivalliq region of Nunavut, 40 kilometers from Rankin Inlet ("Explore Marble Island"). I had hoped to explore how Marble Island narratives (Inuit and non-Inuit, oral and written) have merged and changed in response to the tourism industry. And, to show how these tourism-mediated narratives reflect and perpetuate power dynamics among Inuit and non-Inuit actors and populations. However, I was unable to conduct enough interviews and gather enough information from those I did conduct to adequately explore this topic. These information gaps, sometimes only pauses, have been a common challenge in my research. They represent a larger, well-documented stigma associated with non-Inuit researching Inuit topics and non-Indigenous peoples researching Indigenous topics more broadly. So, instead of focusing this thesis on what speculations I could piece together about Marble Island, I turned my focus to these silences.

This thesis will ask the same questions that I have asked myself over and over: "Why have I encountered these silences and other related problems in my research?" "Is there a space for non-Inuit women, like me, to write about Inuit?" "Is there a space for non-Indigenous peoples to write about Indigenous peoples?" "Should I be doing this?" And, "If so, how should I be doing this?" To answer these questions, I will share stories about my experiences researching the North and draw on scholarly research to illuminate the knowledge I gained from these experiences. Chapter One will selectively recount some of my lived experiences in the North and will share Inuit experiences as well. It will locate, pause and reflect on the silences that emerged. It is with both courage and

humility that I share these personal stories, which include some of my mistakes. In exchange, I ask the reader—whether Indigenous or non-Indigenous, knowledge seeker[1] or knowledge giver[2]—to be self-reflexive and critical of research conducted by non-Indigenous peoples. Chapter Two will develop a critical methodology for non-Inuit researchers to study Inuit issues respectfully; however, it can be applied to non-Indigenous researchers studying Indigenous issues more broadly. It will draw on the lessons learned from my experiences as well as the insights, wisdom and methodologies put forth by Indigenous and non-Indigenous knowledge givers and scholars in this thesis. Chapter Three will remember my journey to Marble Island in light of all of this.

[1] The term "knowledge seeker" refers to a person seeking knowledge. While researchers are the main knowledge seekers referred to in this thesis, the term can also apply to anyone seeking knowledge either by virtue of their occupation (e.g., lawyers, academics, medical workers, etc.) or in a particular situation (e.g., a person inquiring about local history from an Elder).

[2] The term "knowledge givers" refers to people who offer knowledge. In the context of this paper, the term tends to focus on both formal and informal research participants but may be applied to anyone offering knowledge either by virtue of their occupation or role (e.g., teacher, Elder, etc,) or in a particular situation (e.g., a person storytelling). Knowledge givers can include those who answer questions or provide knowledge directly as well as those who incite critical reflection from the knowledge seeker through storytelling or asking questions.

Chapter 2: Silences

From 2004 to 2006 I spent the spring and summer of each year living in Arviat, Nunavut, conducting research for my undergraduate degree. Remembering these years, I situate events based on the rhythm of my visits. Everything occurred either before I left for the North, soon after I arrive, or while I was nostalgically remembering my experiences there from a distance and so forth. When I return to these springs and summers now they blend together and are only distinguishable from one another in a few small ways. I remember my first summer as a series of "firsts" and with a sense of adventure; my second as a series of "seconds and thirds" and with a sense of returning and increased acceptance; and my last as a series of "goodbyes" and with a sense of loss. Although, I would subsequently come to find these were really a series of "see you laters". I don't like to remember that last summer, the overwhelming sense of isolation from hope, purpose, and my friends and family in the South—an indeterminate amount of time and a $2,500 ticket wedged between us. But the distance that has divided me from the North too is important for me to remember, to better define the line between nostalgia and delusion, or, rather, to illuminate the reasons for my long distance relationship with the North.

When I submitted a research paper in the third year of my undergraduate degree and when I submitted my honours thesis in the fourth year, I wondered if my advisor somehow knew about the experiences that mediated my work, or could decipher what I was feeling during these experiences. I guessed she could not. What I ultimately submitted might have been an A paper, but it was also a less interesting half-truth. While I have always written in an interpretive fashion when permitted, I have not always written

about the experiences that have been most important to what I know about Inuit and conducting research with Indigenous peoples. I have remained largely silent about the critical junctures in my journey that most contributed to my growth as a researcher and human being.

This thesis will recover these personal stories from exile and bring them to the forefront where they belong. I will share them because I owe them to sharing—they only exist because others shared their stories with me. And, through sharing these stories, I hope to facilitate more respectful relationships between non-Inuit researchers and Inuit research participants and knowledge givers. I hope whatever wisdom can be derived from these stories will empower Inuit research participants and knowledge givers to ask important questions, to build bridges, and to exercise their right to refuse. I want these stories to benefit them, as I have benefitted from the experiences upon which they are based. I also hope this will empower non-Inuit researchers to conduct research with respect, to listen to and answer the questions Inuit research participants and knowledge givers ask, to build bridges, to respect their right to refuse, and to critically reflect upon what silences mean. While recognizing Inuit have a distinct experience that has informed distinct silences, I also hope this will empower non-Indigenous researchers and Indigenous research participants and knowledge givers more broadly, in these same ways. All the while, I hope to make the point that the barriers these silences pose for researchers are not really the issue; rather it is the reasons why they emerge that deserve attention.

First Encounters

When I first arrived in Arviat, to be honest, it reminded me very much of the analogy of landing on the moon that has been attributed to Farley Mowat.[3] Sure enough, when I stepped off the plane and walked across the runway in the blistery cold, all I could see around me was flat and white except for the small airport, which looked unassuming and lonely to me. Although I was cold, I moved almost in slow motion from the plane, down the rickety steps and across the short runway toward the airport. This was partly because I was captivated by my surroundings—quite different from my home in London Ontario, which is known for its trees and hills—and partly because I was searching for some sign of a town. Inside the airport my then boyfriend Ryan stood.

We had been together for just over one year then. The relationship would come to last seven years. We met at his birthday party, which was also on Valentine's Day, while we were attending the University of Western Ontario for our undergraduate degrees; I was from London and he was from Toronto. Ryan was different from the boys I had met before him. He seemed to possess that perfect balance of ambition and fun-lovingness. He was worldly and intelligent; I was curious about the world and feeling starved of meaningful conversation, at least in a dating context. He made me laugh. I felt like he understood the way I think, that we shared in a less conventional way of knowing and doing things. Neither of us made as many assumptions as our peers. We were perhaps more critical, some would say cynical. I am sure Ryan was also some kind of cooking savant. I think I must have fallen in love with his culinary skills first. It is difficult to

[3] Although this has been attributed to Farley Mowat, I was unable to find a reference for him making this analogy.

know, since we spent those first six months in some kind of rich food, wine, and pheromone induced daze.

Ryan was older than me. When we met, he was in his fourth year and I was in my first. After he graduated and while I was out of school for the summer, we moved to Montreal together. We were prolonging the inevitable; I still had three years left at Western to complete my degree and I knew that London was not his choice city to launch his career. At the summer's end, Ryan's father, who had been working in Nunavut for years, encouraged him to apply for a position managing a development corporation in Arviat. Ryan had spent a few of his summers working short contracts for his father in Arviat's neighboring community, Rankin Inlet. He had enjoyed his time up North and we both knew it would be a good opportunity. I helped Ryan with his resume, although I was sad to think of him moving so far away from me.

When he got the job we both had mixed emotions about it. I assumed we would break up but things happened differently. We spent hours talking to one another on the phone every night and spent all the time I had off school together, usually in Toronto. I found the stories he would tell me about the community—the climate, the lifestyle, etc.—captivating. I spoke with a few anthropology professors at Western about conducting fieldwork in Arviat for a reading course over the summer. It took some convincing but they ultimately agreed. I did not know at the time this would be the beginning of an important time in my life. Things simply unfolded this way in particular because I was in love. It was love specifically and my curiosity or my studies more generally that brought me up North. I am sure that if it were not for Ryan, I would have spent more time in Mexico or elsewhere but this is not the way things happened.

Ryan looked different through the glass window of the small airport in Arviat. He looked much older than he had when we last saw one another four months prior for our Christmas holiday. His face was scruffier and his eyes were different somehow. I must have looked the combination of nervous, confused, and excited that I felt. When I stepped inside he gave me a big hug and I exhaled. We waited a while for my baggage and made small talk about my flight. It had been my first time flying, and I had done it three times over that day to get to Arviat from London, Ontario.

The airport looked like a cozy old building. I guessed it had been built in the 1950s or 1960s. Mostly Inuit stood chatting with one another in what I would call winter gear, although I suppose it would have been spring gear in Arviat. A few of them were sizing me up, looking at me and then Ryan and then me and then carrying on with their conversations. I wondered what they thought of me and whether I was welcome. I could not tell. As I started to imagine what they might be thinking, the scenarios quickly became worst case in my mind. I then heard my dad's voice saying, "Don't worry Bobs, the truth is you're not that important and the world doesn't revolve around you." This always makes me feel better in a strange way; it has become my mantra in such situations. The truth was that Southerners, for better or worse, were not so foreign in these parts.[4]

We loaded my luggage into Ryan's truck and drove to town. Only minutes into our drive the town emerged from behind a white sheet of snow, as if by magic. The snow had made it seem much further away. The matchbox houses that reminded me of

[4] Statistics Canada. 2006 Community profiles "Arviat."
According to the 2006 census community profiles, 7.3 per cent of Arviat's population was non-Aboriginal. I only recall one First Nation person living in the community over the springs and summers I lived there and never encountered or heard of any Métis peoples living in the community during that time.

portables looked jig jagged, immersed in giant snow drifts. I imagined they had been dropped from an old bush plane at random into the snow or pulled from the ground by the Huskies that were tied up out front of them like dog sleds (I later learned these were called Qamutit[5] in Inuktitut). I feel foolish now for having felt sorry for these sled dogs. They had retained a sense of dignity and pride our purse dogs[6] in the South would never know. In my periphery I noticed people whiz past us on their skidoos and kids playing. It was a winter wonderland to me, in the spring—I was infatuated. Ryan gave me a grand tour of town, which lasted about 20 minutes. We drove past the library, health centre, elementary and high schools, co-op, lumber store, hamlet office, recreation centre, 'visitors' centre, and of course Northern store. I noticed there were four churches, although they were not a part of the tour. He drove me to the part of town where the teachers and nurses stayed. This appeared to be the nicer part of town, bigger, brighter houses, segregated from the rest. We made our way back to the other side of town which was parceled into subdivisions for public housing with a few nicer streets where Inuit who had well-paying jobs tended to live.

We arrived at his house on one of these nicer streets. I later realized that although Ryan was a "South hire," managing the community development corporation for one year at the time, he had not been given a house on the predominantly Qallunaat[7] side of town because his position was ultimately intended for a local Inuk. I could only make out the roof of his house because the rest was covered by a snow drift. "And, this is where you'll

[5] The singular term is Qamutik.

[6] Purse dogs are tiny dogs that are toted by owners in purses. Paris Hilton is among many celebrities that contributed to popularizing this trend.

[7] Qallunaat is the Inuktitut term used for non-Inuit collectively, Southerners, and White people especially as a collective; the singular word is Qallunaa. In this paper the term will be used to refer to non-Inuit people and Southerners in general. Although, it will at times make specific reference to White people.

be staying; this is my house," he said. I looked at him, laughed and responded "Where?!" My first thought came from my eight year old self: "I could build the best snow fort ever here!" We never had snow drifts like that in the South when I was a kid. My second thought came from my adult mind, "How will we ever get in with my luggage?" But Ryan did not look worried. We climbed up the side of the house, dragging tubs (this is how I had been told to pack my belongings).When we reached the top of the snow drift, standing opposite the roof, I peered down and saw a tunnel below leading to the door. We managed.

My first few weeks in town were spent getting to know his friends and in particular his friends' wives. I started working as a cashier at the Northern store, the town hub, and began to talk with people in the community about volunteer work. At the Northern, I could not help but notice my line of customers was generally a little longer than the other cashiers those first few weeks. People would ask me where I was from, what I was doing there, and welcomed me when I rang them through. After only a few days on the job, many of the customers knew my name, who my boyfriend was, and that I was conducting research. News travelled fast.

While in the community, I mostly hung out with local people whom I met through my job and because Ryan's friends' wives kindly befriended me. There were far less Southerners anyhow. I knew non-Inuit teachers and nurses but theirs were less often the circles that I socialized in. I suppose if there is a reason why this was the case, it might be that they tended to be insular and the subtle segregation between Inuit and non-Inuit residents meant I had to choose. This is not to suggest that I was in some way a better Southerner. I learned about the bond of familiarity in strange places as an exchange

student in Mexico during the final term of my undergraduate degree. I belonged to a small circle of exchange students bound by the comfort and camaraderie of our shared language, culture, and experience. However, in the North, I was afforded the option of choosing to spend more time with local people than Southern cliques because of the connections I had through my boyfriend, and the fact that there was no research clique to belong to that summer. As well, I knew I would not find refuge from being an outsider amongst the teachers and nurses anyhow. They were from Canada's East Coast, most often Newfoundland; I was not. And worse, as some of them frequently reminded me, I was an Ontarian.

While I took an interest in Inuit culture and tried to participate in the community activities, I had made the decision not to try and fit in too much beforehand. So, I continued to be me. I took up crocheting, enjoyed country food from time to time, and adopted weather appropriate attire. But, I continued to watch the same TV shows before bedtime, eat store bought food and wear my hair and makeup as I always had. I was not deluded enough to believe that if I sported a locally made parka (which I eventually did) and pretended to be less Southern, I would "blend in." I was not interested in "passing." While the vast majority of Southerners living in the community were kind, friendly and indifferent to my non-conformity, it became a point of contention with a few. I know this because of the awkward silence that would fill a room when I entered it and they were there; a stark contrast to how vocal they were behind my back and how forthcoming they were in making underhanded comments about me in the absence of my local friends. This silence sometimes made me feel more alienated by the Southern community in the North than the local Inuit. I can only speculate as to why these few individuals responded so

adversely to my failure to conform. Perhaps, they were afraid that I might "blow their cover," undoing the work they had done to make Southerners seem less different—and, ultimately, to fit in. Or, perhaps they construed my comfort in my own skin—my almost unapologetic "Ontarianess"—as offensive. Or, maybe they simply did not like me as a person. In any case, my impression is that these interpersonal politics among Southerners were amusing but otherwise unimportant to Inuit community members.

After a few months I had formed good relationships with Inuit women in the community, women with whom I still talk[8] and consider good friends now, three years after that last summer. I learned how to crochet and participate in women's circle games at baby showers and birthdays. These friendships were for all intents and purposes the same as the friendships I have here in the South. We bitched about our boyfriends and husbands and shared the latest gossip, except that we most often did this in our sewing circles instead of over cocktails (it was a dry town, at least officially). And, there was a more important difference that divided us—I was a non-Inuk researcher and they were my research participants. My friends often asked about my research on Inuit Elder-youth bonding and helped me to find local people to interview. However, more often than not when I asked them to participate, the response would be preceded by a most uncomfortable silence. It did not matter whether the response that followed was "I don't really think I'd be the best person to answer these questions" or "I'm kind of shy" or "Yes, sure." There was always a silence first. This was a silence I would come to know well.

[8] These conversations have always been in English. All of my Inuit friends spoke both English and Inuktitut but spoke with me in English because they knew I did not speak Inuktitut.

While I was less concerned with this silence when it came from acquaintances, I took it personally when it came from friends. This was not because I expected them to want to participate, but because I expected them to feel comfortable enough with me to say no or to explain why not. Looking back, I guess I wanted to believe that I was somehow different from the other researchers, and certainly from the teachers and nurses. Or that I could somehow transcend the boundaries I had read about and be the exception to the rule. I wanted to believe that we had moved beyond such silences, perhaps because this might have meant more important reconciliations were possible in my mind.

I had committed a critical, although common, mistake in my anthropological fieldwork. I had forgotten that I was still a non-Inuk researcher—worse, an anthropologist. I had forgotten that I was still an outsider; my research participants had not. I now understand that these silences were not about me or my relationships specifically. They were pauses for reflection on things I would never fully know about. They were a remembering and conjuring up of stories that I had not been told and could not have related to entirely if I had been told. And, for some people, this was not a decision strictly about them; rather, it was about the responsibility they felt toward their community, their ancestors and other things that I will never know. These silences spoke volumes.

I had researched this phenomenon before leaving London. My advisors had warned me. I had read about Inuit history, or at least thought I had. How could I think that my experience might be different, that I might be different? Somehow I had forgotten that there were still important differences that divided us. Every time this silence set in, it served to remind me of these important differences I had forgotten. It

jerked me back to reality like a swift smack across the face—one that I needed. I came to respect these silences, although they interfered with my work. I never bothered to ask why because it might have made things even more uncomfortable or because a part of me suspected I should have known. Only when I was asked about the silences that prevented me from writing any conclusive findings about Marble Island narratives—my original thesis topic—was I made to ask "from where do these silences originate?" The answer, or at the very least a good starting point, might be found by revisiting Inuit history, from an Inuit perspective.

Kikkik's Story

In preparation for my first trip North I reviewed what literature I could find on Inuit history and culture. My advisor and others in the Anthropology department had difficulty recommending books specific to Inuit who now live in Arviat. Much of the literature in which these groups were mentioned only epitomized bad anthropology—underpinned with Social Darwinism and entrenched with sensationalist and pathetic portrayals of the "primitive" Inuit. Looking back, this provides at least a partial explanation for why Inuit research participants might not have wanted to speak with me.

I collaborated with a history student for my undergraduate honours thesis, which focused on Inuit Elder-youth bonding. We partnered in the hopes that together we could recount a more complete historical context for our research participants. However, the history we found relied too greatly on the one-sided, paternalistic, and sensationalist accounts of non-Inuit. Inuit actors, perspectives, experiences and contributions emerged as gaps. These were silences that the literature we reviewed could not fill but only comment on. Fortunately, when I think of Inuit history, it is not this literature I remember

well. Rather, it is the fragmented personal experiences I had and the stories that were shared with me that stand out in my mind.

One such experience happened to me my first, perhaps second, summer living in Arviat. I was attending a screening at the town recreation centre of the movie "Kikkik," written by Elisapee Karetak,[9] and set in Arviat and the surrounding area during the 1950's famine (Kikkik E1-472, 2007). I surveyed the room; it was packed. I remember thinking nearly every person in the community— maybe 2,200 at the time—must have been in that room, although it is unlikely that this was actually the case. There were probably only a few hundred of us. The room abounded with chatter that echoed, bouncing off of the high ceilings. The friend I came with was preoccupied, catching up with her friends and family. I stood beside her and eavesdropped on the conversations around me.

The two young teenage girls in front of me were whispering, apparently gossiping, they looked toward a girl across the room and giggled. People were crowding around new babies and singing endearing songs in Inuktitut and English, lifting them from their mothers' amautiit[10] to kunik[11] them, "I love youuu!!!" Men were exchanging strong handshakes and speculating about the weather and about the Caribou herds this year. A few teachers were incessantly reminding students about their homework. I continued to listen, curious, but the idle chit chat offered no indication of what had

[9] Kikkik E1-472, n.d.
The Inuktitut version was produced by the Inuit Broadcasting Corporation and directed by Martin Kreelak. The English version was produced and directed by Ole Gjerstad.

[10] Inuit parka which includes oversized hood and room in the back to carry a baby or small child. The singular term is "Amautiq." These parkas were traditionally worn by women, but men are increasingly wearing them as well.

[11] Inuktitut word meaning to kiss or touch. To Qallunaat, this might resemble touching noses and sniffing.

moved so many people to attend the screening that night; I was not prepared to know the answer. Kikkik's story, I would learn, was a Pandora`s box.

The lights dimmed and the sound of chatter transformed into shuffling feet and squeaking folding chairs. The commotion kicked a cloud of thick dust into the air that settled into an active silence. This silence was one I had never heard before—it was loud. It reminded me of an Elder, commanding our attention and respect with a powerful quietude that spoke to us on a deeply human level—something important was about to take place. We became obedient, wide-eyed children.

The movie began. The film told the true story of an Inuk woman named Kikkik who, along with her husband Hallow, their five children, and Hallow's half-brother Ootek, was relocated to Henik Lake from Ennadai Lake during the 1950's famine (Ricketts, 2008). Ootek was not a proficient hunter and so he often relied on Hallow for food. However, the famine was merciless; caribou were too scarce for even the most talented of hunters to provide for his family. Deluded by starvation and believing Hallow was hoarding food, Ootek murdered Hallow and went after Kikkik. In self-defense, Kikkik killed Ootek and fled with her children in a blizzard to the nearest outpost, which was "5 days away by foot" (Ricketts, 2008).

Figure 1: Kikkik, three of her children and her husband Hallow (Kikkik E1-472, n.d.)

Along the way Kikkik realized she could not carry all five of her children with her and left two behind (Kikkik E1-472, 2007). Later that same day, Kikkik was spotted by police and flown to the nearest Outpost where she was questioned. She told the police the

children left behind had probably died, later explaining that she had been afraid to tell the truth (Ricketts, 2008). The police found the two children the following day; one had survived but the other had died in her sleep (Ricketts, 2008). In 1958, Kikkik was tried in court for "murder and criminal negligence, and subsequently acquitted" (Kikkik E1-472, 2007).

The movie was dizzying, shifting between interviews with local Inuit, especially Elders, about Kikkik's story, reenactments of the tragedy, and events leading up to it, and the trial that followed. There were no books in sight for me to cling to in order to steady myself. Surely the Survivors of this traumatic event would not make room for notes on their "peculiar" customs; they were busy making space for important truths.

Figure 2: Kikkik (Kikkik E1-472, n.d.)

I attempted to ground myself in current reality by averting my eyes momentarily from the screen, but the room only intensified the whirlwind sensation. As I looked around me I recognized many of the people being interviewed in the movie, many I knew from either working with them or serving them daily at the Northern, and others I knew as friends. But, none had shared this story with me. My friends and research participants had remained silent. Kikkik had also remained silent, she "lived for some years following the trial but she never spoke of the events to her children. Her three surviving children didn't learn of it until they read the tale in Farley Mowat's 1959 book, *The Desperate People*" (Ricketts, 2008).

"innocent as a discipline," "constructed around binary categories," and "patriarchal"" (Smith, 1999, p. 19). It was not until more recently that history has made some space, if only on the margins, for everyday people and their day-to-day lives (Smith, 1999, p. 33). At the same time, history represents an opportunity to advance the decolonizing agenda, "to hold alternative theories is to hold alternative knowledges" (Smith, 1999, p. 34).

Organizations like Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, which represents Inuit interests in Canada, are advocating for an approach to history that recognizes the voices, roles, and perspectives of Inuit. They are helping schools to integrate content on early Inuit history (prior to contact) to dispel myths that Arctic history began with European "discovery." And, they are providing content on how European contact (colonialism) was experienced from an Inuit perspective, as a spatial and spiritual exile. Through organizations like Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, information is being made more accessible on the trauma Inuit experience from ongoing colonization.

Silences One: This is not Prehistory

The truth is that the Arctic was not discovered in the 1660's by the Europeans. The ancestors of the peoples who inhabit the Arctic discovered it long before the Royal Navy, The Hudson's Bay Company, The Northwest Company and every other European colonial institution that has allegedly partaken in the "discovery" of the Arctic "Frontier."

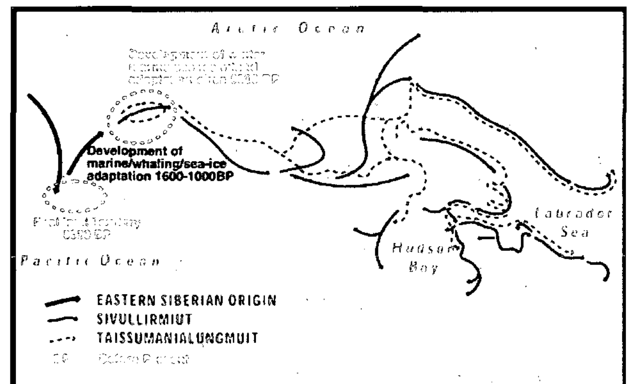

Figure 3: Migration of ancestors of the Inuit across the sub-Arctic

(Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p.5)

Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami (ITK) estimates that approximately 8,500 years ago the ancestors of Inuit lived "in small communities along the coastline of the Bering Land Bridge" and eventually spread to Northern Alaska (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, pp. 4-5). An eastward expansion followed approximately 5,000 years ago by the Inuit's earliest ancestors—the Sivullirmiut, "which means the first people" in Inuktitut (Ibid., p. 5). Although the Sivullirmiut are described as the Inuit's "earliest real ancestors," there are "many stories…about another group of people living on [Inuit] land that [Inuit] call Tunnit" (Ibid). Some Inuit describe the Tunnit as not "real Inuk" and others "describe them as just a different kind of Inuk" (Ibid., p. 7). They are always described as strong, although they were cast as giants in some stories and small people in others (Ibid).

> "Before there were any Inuit, the first people were called Tuniit. They were strong, but the Inuit killed them and took the land away." Louise Uqsuqitaq, Aivilingmiut, Brody 1979: 186
>
> (Anon., Nattilingmiut, Mathiasson 1927: 187(Bennett, J. & Rowley, S., 2004, p. 143)

> "It was the [Tuniit] who made our country inhabitable, who discovered the caribou crossed the water and made hunting grounds there, found the fish in the rivers and built salmon dams, built fences here and there and forced the caribou to follow certain paths. They were strong but timid and were easily put to flight and it was seldom heard that they killed others."
>
> (Anon., Nattilingmiut, Mathiasson 1927: 187(Bennett, J. & Rowley, S., 2004, p. 143)

Inuit and their cultures originate from "both the Sivullirmiut and the Thule" peoples (Ibid., p. 9). While there were similarities between the Sivullirmiut and Thule cultures, the Thule culture better resembles "the Inuit way of life that was practiced throughout the Canadian Arctic until just a generation ago" (Ibid., 7).

Silences Two: Spatial and Spiritual Exile

> In Inuit culture our elders are our source of wisdom. They have a long-term view of things and a deep understanding of the cycles and changes of life….So it was natural for us to respect the newcomers who seemed to know how to survive and how to make their organizations work. Their

> power looked like wisdom. We now know that it [was] a mistake....Our people did not have any institutional immunity, just as we had no immunity to measles or alcohol. When these institutions came into our lives we had no way to deal with their poisonous side effects, their tendency to undermine wisdom, and our spirits slowly began to die. In our weakened condition we attracted even more services and more rescuers, and the cycle got worse (Rasmussen, 2002, p. 85).

Inuit-European encounters began with the period of contact in the late 1500's (Ibid., p. 10);[20] this period is often described in Canadian and other textbooks with overtones of conquest, a new beginning in a "new world." But these sentiments were not shared by the peoples that already inhabited these lands. Instead, this was a period in which their land and culture was taken: "[w]ith each trip, the map of the Arctic became more European and then [Inuit] land itself started to be claimed by outsiders" (Ibid.). Their experiences were marked by a persistent cultural genocide that would take many forms over the centuries that followed.

> For the white population, the attempt consisted of primarily overcoming climate, isolation, and geography, to recreate, as it were, the south in a Northern setting. For the Natives the situation was the reverse; the land was not a foreign environment to be avoided or conquered; it was instead their universe, a constellation of physical and spiritual elements that defined their existence (Coates, 1985, p. 18).

The description of this "new world" as a "terra nulla" upon which European values, worldviews, cultures and colonial institutions could be inscribed, made colonization justifiable to the European mind. European colonists, for the most part, did not view Inuit, their ancestors, and other Indigenous peoples who already inhabited the land, as people. They dehumanized them through what Albert Memmi calls a "system of negations"—"they were not civilized enough to have systems, they were not literate, their languages and modes of thought were inadequate" (Smith, 1999, p. 28).

[20] "Between the arrival of Martin Frobisher in 1576 and the famous disappearance of Franklin in 1848, about 22 explorers entered [Inuit] territory." (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p.5).

The eighteenth century is described as a period in which Europeans "started to enter the Arctic, first as whalers and then fur traders," and in which the Inuit "way of life began to change very quickly" (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p. 11). Inuit were introduced to new materials and goods through trade:

> Materials, tools, weapons all of these were desired by our ancestors but these things were not given out to Inuit for free. This situation was not limited to materials and technology. There were impacts on every aspect of our lives and culture. We were confronted with many new demands and we had to accept new values and meet new expectations. Even the oldest of our elders did not actually experience this stage of our history so we can only speculate on how it affected our culture (Ibid.).

Inuit took the approach of "incorporate[ing] change to create new adaptations and ways of living…to transform rather than abandon [Inuit] traditions" (Ibid.). However, the demands of the "whalers, the fur traders, the missionaries, and then the government" led to some loss of Inuit culture and tradition, and, in turn, loss of "control over the destiny of our culture and our lives" (Ibid.).

The first outsiders to travel to the Arctic were the whalers (Ibid.). Whaling began in the early 1700s but whalers were only in the Arctic when "the ice broke up," with the exception of ship wrecks or vessels trapped in pack ice (Ibid.). After year round whaling began in 1850, and shore stations were established, there was an influx of outsiders who lived in the Arctic permanently (Ibid.). This resulted in "a new level of impact on trade, on the pattern of seasonal land use and perhaps most significantly, on Inuit health," which led to a steep decline in the Inuit population, due to the introduction of disease (Ibid., p. 12).[21] Over-harvesting of whales by Europeans in the late 1800s led to a decline in the

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[21] "During his stay in the Frobisher Bay area in 1861-1862, the explorer Hall wrote about the health conditions that our ancestors had to confront and he even decided that we would not survive as a race: *'The days of the Inuit are numbered. There are very few of them left now. Fifty years may find them all passed away, without leaving one to tell that such a people ever lived'."* (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p. 12).

whale population that endangered an important Inuit food source (Ibid.).[22] The first missionaries also came to the Arctic in the 18th century (Ibid., p. 13),[23] in some places offering medical and educational services and "[f]or the first half of the twentieth century, all of the education provided in the north was carried out in missionary schools" (Ibid.). Christianity changed Inuit worldview and perceptions of life and death (Ibid.).

The 1900s brought RCMP officers to the Arctic, who were concerned with ""law and order" in the north, the protection of northern biological resources, and the question of territorial sovereignty" (Ibid.). For Inuit, the encounters with Europeans increasingly meant a loss of culture and self-determination: "In those days...It simply was up to the trader, missionary and police to look after our lives and always on their terms not ours" (Ibid., p. 14). With the decline of the whale population and the demand for whale products, many whalers began trapping Arctic fox, and so the fur trading period began (Ibid., p. 12). It was not until the 1920s that Inuit and whalers had transitioned to the fur economy. Inuit began to use European weaponry in place of their traditional weaponry and used strategies for fox hunting that "[broke] apart...traditional social groups and ...reduce[d] the potential for cooperation that was so essential for [Inuit] acquisition and sharing of food, skills and social responsibilities" (Ibid.). From 1871 to 1930, trading companies provided Inuit in the sub-Arctic with lines of credit to encourage their participation in the fur trade (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, p.3). Fur traders became the ultimate decision makers in place of Elders, "control[ing] Inuit through

[22] "This problem was made worse by the fact that towards the end of the whaling period the whalers turned [from grey whales] to other smaller marine mammals such as beluga whales, walrus and even the larger seals." (Ibid., p. 12)

[23] "The first missionaries entered the Arctic along the Labrador coast when the Moravians established a mission station at Nain in 1771. The Moravian Church is still active in this region. For most other areas, however, active contact with missionaries did not get underway for another 100 years." (Ibid., p. 13)

[their] power to issue credit and to collect debts " (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p. 12). Inuit often ended up in good trapping areas that were poor for hunting because they needed to trap to repay debt and there was an "apprehension to go against the wishes or economic strategy of the store manager" (Ibid., p. 13).

When the fur trade declined in the late nineteenth century, traders could not sustain the credit system with Inuit and asked the state to help, thus transforming a credit and exchange economy into relief and reliance on the state (Ibid., p.4). The Hudson's Bay Company stopped carrying out relief for Inuit in the 1920s and the Canadian government assumed the responsibility by creating a policy, which was linked with Canada's "control over" Inuit and therefore assertion of Arctic sovereignty (Ibid., p.20-21). From the 1920s to the 1940s the levels of governments, trading companies, RCMP, churches and other colonial institutions argued over who should provide relief to Inuit (Ibid., pp. 24-25). Meanwhile, Inuit were living "traditional lives" and trading fur (Ibid.). They settled around trading posts and missions, their locations were based on access to communication with the South or traditional locations (Ibid., p.7). However, the "military, resource exploration, and missionary activities" resulted in high incidences of tuberculosis and polio among Inuit as well as dependence on relief for survival (Ibid., p.3).

Between 1939 and 1963, the Canadian welfare state reform took place in an attempt to inhibit a recession and high unemployment rates that followed the First World War (Ibid.). After World War Two the North, in particular the Northwest Territories inclusive of today's Nunavut, was seen as a frontier for development, which would bring Canadian prosperity (Ibid., p.43). The relocation of Inuit to settled communities across

the Eastern Arctic between 1950 and 1960 was a part of this project. The objective of these relocations was to provide less dependent Inuit "suburbs" with better living conditions and healthier economies than the "Indian" reserves (Ibid., p. 8). These suburbs were seen as a way to decrease incidences of tuberculosis and other medical problems that were attributed to overcrowding (Ibid., p. 3). However, the relocations to permanent settlements with poor sanitation and "without adequate support for proper housing and health care" only contributed to the tuberculosis epidemic (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, p.3; Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami, p. 28).

By 1965, almost all Inuit in the Eastern Arctic were settled in permanent communities through relocations (Ibid., p. 45) and nomadic family groupings were forced to abandon their traditional social organizations and cultural structures for European ones (Ibid., p. 3). These new settlements were based on accessibility to the South as opposed to places where the traditional economy (hunting and trapping) could thrive, since state officials believed the traditional economy would not provide enough support to make communities sustainable (Ibid., p. 8). This also made it easier for the state to enforce policies (Ibid., p. 9). The relocations were based on "the costs of accessing, servicing and proximity to resources" instead of the kinship bonds upon which Inuit had previously based their social relations (Ibid., p. 7). Once relocated, many Inuit "who had [previously] relied on caribou were expected to survive on fish" (Ibid). In these settlements, Inuit were forced to wear discs around their necks which numbered them so that they could be tracked (Ibid., p. 71). This was posited as a way of better administrating social assistance and enforcing policies (Ibid), but I have been told it was also done in an effort to assert Canadian sovereignty as well.

In the 1950s and 1960s tuberculosis was pandemic amongst Inuit in the Eastern Arctic; while government planned for Inuit residential schools, Inuit per capita rates of tuberculosis became the highest in the world (First Nations/Inuit/Métis Health Human Resource Inventory, p. 26). Inuit with tuberculosis were evacuated and placed in sanitariums; this in turn disrupted families, communities, social systems, and traditional lifestyles and caused both the patients and their families' trauma (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, pp.43-44). Many Inuit never returned, either because they died, were placed in foster care, or ended up living on the streets (Seeking *treatment, losing family*, 1989). However, Inuit family members were for the most part not informed of where their loved ones' graves were located in the South. For the families left behind this has been traumatic because they are left with no closure, since most of these sanatoriums are now closed and the records lost. One such family member of a patient who never returned described the experience of waiting for his father to return, which only ended when he hired a lawyer to help him find his father's grave: "I started crying because all those years we saw him to the plane and every time there was a plane we thought he was coming home" (Seeking treatment, losing family, 1989).

In 1963 in Arviat, with a population of 329, there were 82 new cases of tuberculosis diagnosed over six months (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, p.135). In 1966-1968 there was an average of 259 patients receiving treatment, of which 46 per cent were "in patients" (in sanitariums) (Ibid., p. 136).[24] These sanitariums were seen as a necessary treatment that should be afforded to Inuit for their well-being:

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[24]Between 1963 and 1971, there were an average of 323 Inuit tuberculosis patients in sanitariums (18 per cent were in patents); between 1972 and 1974, there were 164 Inuit tuberculosis patients in sanitariums (14 per cent were in-patients). (Ibid., p. 136)

> Because of the misguided parsimony of the government with respect to the suffering of aboriginal people, aboriginal patients were rarely offered sanatorium treatment in the1930s...However, after protests and investigation, care for aboriginal people improved, and by the end of 1953, 2627 aboriginal people and 348 Inuit were in sanitariums (Grzybowski, & Allen, 1999, p.1026).

Over 70 per cent of Inuit from the Kivalliq region were placed in sanatoriums in 1964. The duration of their stays ranged from "three months to nine years" and children were often adopted into Southern families without informing or acquiring consent from their families in the North (Dickason, 1992, p.397). The federal government considered but ultimately rejected relocating the entire Inuit population to the South because this would conflict with "the need for settlement to support Canada's claims to sovereignty" (Ibid., p.379).

Contrary to common belief, Inuit had also been sent to residential schools, across the sub-Arctic and Arctic like First Nations peoples and Métis across Canada (Residential Schools Settlement Official Court Notice). However, Inuit residential schools began much later than First Nations and Métis schools, in the 1950s compared with the 1860s for "Aboriginal children in the Northwest territories" (what is today Nunavut) and were government regulated as opposed to church regulated (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10).[25] The Inuit residential school experience has also been described as particularly traumatic because Inuit had only "minimal and sporadic contact with Europeans" before 1930 (Ibid.). This contact, which mostly occurred during the exploring and whaling periods (Ibid.), might have made residential schools more of a shock for Inuit children in contrast to the more pervasive contact that took place amongst First

[25] "the first government-regulated school for Inuit was opened in Chesterfield Inlet in 1951." (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, pp.8-9)

Nations peoples, which resulted in the creation of Métis society. And even after contact, Inuit, in general, lived semi-nomadically on the land until the 1950s when they were forcibly relocated and then made to settle in permanent communities in an effort to assert Arctic sovereignty (Ibid.). Indeed, one of the main objectives of the relocations was to place Inuit children in European schools (Ibid.).

The residential schools were almost never mentioned to me by research participants while I lived in Arviat. Some friends have told me that parents often hid their children when the bush planes would come. Many parents were afraid their children would be taken from them or that they would lose their family allowance (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, p.3)[26] if they refused to send their children to residential schools. Others believed that the schools would provide opportunity (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10). Children often hid from their parents the abuse they endured in these schools so that many parents were unaware: [27]

> I was abused in the residential school but I never told my parents about it, even to this day. I pretended to be happy and my parents did not believe what was being said about residential schools during a meeting about them and believed that the students were being well looked after. People need to be brave and talk about their experiences and start the healing process...Former student from Qikiqtaaluk region (Ibid.).

In 1963, there were 3,997 Inuit children attending residential schools and by 1964 enrollment for Inuit children ages six to fifteen reached 75 per cent (Ibid.).

Three generations of Inuit attended residential schools (Ibid.). Many Inuit, although exactly how many is unknown, "died while at school, from infectious diseases,

[26] Section 4 (2) of The Family Allowance Act states that family allowance will be terminated for children over the age of 6 who did not attend school but are physically fit to do so. (Tester, F.J. & Kulchyski, P. K., 1994, p.73)

[27] "Many students were silent about abuses they suffered, either thinking that they wouldn't be believed, being too afraid of their abusers, or being ashamed of the abuse, especially if it was sexual in nature. "(Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10)

malnutrition and neglect" (Ibid.). Over 3,000 of these residential school Survivors are still alive today, representing the grandparents, parents, and aunts and uncles of Inuit children (Ibid.). The legacy of Residential schools affects Survivors who attended the schools, as well as the loved ones from whom the students were separated, and the families and community members who suffer the intergenerational affects of abuse. Almost half (44 per cent) of the 45 to 50 year old Inuit respondents of the Aboriginal Peoples Survey reported that they "had a close family member attend [residential] schools" (Ibid.).

Residential school students were forbidden to speak Inuktitut, which explains the decline in the Inuktitut retention rate from 100 per cent 50 years ago to 76 per cent (Ibid.).[28] They were separated from family members in schools and when they did return to their communities they often felt alienated from other children they had formerly played with, as well as community members who did not attend (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10). This is because they had been trained to reject their culture, language and spiritual beliefs:

> Some students tell us that going away to school for the first time was like going away forever. Even though they came home for the summers, there was a distance from their families and communities that they could not bridge (Ibid.)

Elders were unable to pass traditional knowledge along to youth, which has resulted in some culture loss (Ibid.)[29] and loss of Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit, but also the weakening of a relationship that was quite central to Inuit communities. Survivors often have difficulty

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[28] "In some regions such as Inuvialuit (western Arctic) and Nunatsiavut (Labrador), language loss has been more extreme." (Ibid.)

[29] "Traditional Inuit skills included hunting, meat and pelt preparation, sewing, building igloos and navigating on land and water. Inuit also have a rich tradition of oral storytelling, music, dance and craft." Inuit children who attended residential schools were unable to learn these traditional skills. (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10).

providing a stable family structure for their own children because they did not have full-time access to their own families as children (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.10).

Silences Three—Trauma

Many Survivors of the relocations to settlements, tuberculosis sanatoriums, and residential schools now suffer from trauma—"deep feelings and memories that continue to affect [them] long after the experience is over" (Ibid., p. 12). Specifically, many Inuit residential school Survivors suffer from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, because of the abuses they suffered during the residential school experience, which can cause an array of side effects ranging from sleep problems to constant anxiety and uncontrollable anger (Ibid., p. 12). These effects can be transferred to others through relationships (Ibid., p. 12). However, this trauma cannot be attributed to residential schools alone:

> For Inuit, residential school trauma is mixed with other family or community experiences such as multiple suicides, family murders, the forced relocation of communities, famine, mass killing of sled dogs, missing family remains from those who died in the south, and physical and sexual abuse by teachers, ministers and others in positions of authority (Pauktuutit Inuit Women of Canada, 2007, p.11).[30]

The tuberculosis epidemic has led to current health issues among Inuit, such as a shortage of heath care workers in the North (First Nations/Inuit/Métis Health Human

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[30] The RCMP's response to the allegation that they had led a mass killing of sled dogs is summarized in their *Final Report: RCMP Review of Allegations Concerning Inuit Sled Dogs:* "The review team did not uncover any evidence to support the allegations of an organized mass slaughter of Inuit sled dogs by RCMP members in Nunavik and Nunavut between 1950 and 1970, which is alleged to have been carried out at the direction of the Government, or on the RCMP's own initiative. However, the review team did find evidence that some Inuit sled dogs were destroyed by members of the RCMP. The destruction of Inuit sled dogs, and other dogs, was undertaken by RCMP members for public health and safety reasons, in accordance with the law, to contain canine epidemics, and at times, at the request of the dogs' owners. There was also a startling drop in Inuit sled dog populations, particularly during the 1960s; this decline can be associated with a number of factors, including devastating canine epidemics, the collapse of the fur trade, the introduction of the snowmobile, the migration of the Inuit people into settlements, and the participation in the market economy rather than living on the land."
(Royal Canadian Mounted Police, 2006).

Resource Inventory, p. 28). Inuit Survivors of the tuberculosis sanatoriums were separated from family and culture and those who escaped it are "left with gaps in knowledge about their family members who were sent away for treatment" (Ibid.). It has also resulted in distrust on the part of Inuit toward western medicine and medical workers:

> Much like residential schools, a mistrust and fear of health care practitioners exists for many people with the memory of the forced removal of Inuit with tuberculosis...Trust and fear continued to be degraded as information on survivors and dead Inuit came to the surface. This legacy continues to be passed down to future generations who by proxy of storytelling have absorbed the negative experiences of Inuit people and western medicine (Ibid., p.29).

Deconstructing the Inuit imaginary

The stories I had been told about Inuit were very different from the Inuit history provided above. A video I viewed in a grade nine or ten world issues class comes to mind immediately. I doubt it was the first image I had of Inuit, but it was certainly the one that I remember best of those prior to going up North. The video consisted of images of Inuit in tents and igloos, women drinking seal blood, and an Inuk man licking his partner's eyeball to clean it—a practice that was portrayed as cultural. Curiously, I never once witnessed this behavior in my fieldwork. My best friend, the history student who eventually co-wrote my thesis with me, was also in this class. Her response was more knowing than mine; she had seen her own people (the Habesha) portrayed in a similar sensationalist fashion on television and in movies and magazines.

The video concluded with a sort of "by the way, Inuit now live in houses more like ours and drive skidoos." In retrospect, I suppose this caveat would have benefitted the grade three students in their Arctic unit. The video ended, the credits rolled, and the

lights were turned on. We looked around. No one else looked offended. The class discussion consisted of a question and answer period that equally matched the video in terms of ignorance. I am sure my friend and I would have enlightened the class had we known what to say. We only knew the video reminded us of other sensationalist portrayals of Indigenous peoples. I think we may have commented that this video seemed outdated. However, a deeper intervention was necessary, one we were not equipped to deliver.

And this is how many Southern children, at least many of my generation, learned about Inuit. It is no surprise then that Inuit remain poorly understood (Steckely, 2008, p. 9). What Southerners have generally been taught in school and otherwise, when they are taught anything at all, is that "they eat only raw meat, they give their wives as gifts to strangers, they rub noses instead of kissing, [and] they send their elderly out on ice floes to die" (Ibid.).

The construction of the Inuit imaginary is a project designed to systematically dehumanize Inuit in order to justify colonialism. Not unlike war propaganda that dehumanizes the "opponent," the dehumanizing of Inuit has been necessary to the construction and survival of colonial Canada. However, Inuit are arguably a greater threat to settler society in Canada than our opponents in war; their existence challenges the fundamental legitimacy of Canada as a nation-state. The dehumanizing of Inuit is also not unlike a smear campaign in an election. Settlers, like some politicians, tend to attack the character of the opponent (in this case Inuit and other Indigenous peoples) to detract from their case (that colonialism is a justified means through which to usurp land or that

settlers were here first) because they know it is neither valid nor strong enough unless it represents the lesser of two evils.

The Inuit imaginary, or "lesser of two evils," has been constructed out of and supported by Memmi's aforementioned "system of negations" (Smith, 1999, p. 28). I cannot say for certain when the construction of the Inuit imaginary began, but it seems accounts and images first emerged with the exploration period, when dehumanizing the Inuit became important to justifying colonization, and continued thereafter. I have deconstructed an example from above in a chart I created below based on Smith and Memmi's work, to illustrate how this system of negations works. I will preface this by stating that I do not endorse the statements that reinforce the Inuit imaginary, the colonists' assumptions, and the negations that are combined in this chart to dehumanize Inuit: (colonists are defined as Euro-Canadian settlers)

Inuit imaginary Inuit…	**Colonists' Assumption #1** We are humans and we…	**Colonists' Assumption #2** This means Inuit are…	**Negation** Therefore, Inuit are not…
"eat only raw meat"	…generally cook our food.	…unsophisticated in their technologies and culinary arts.	…creative, intelligent, industrial or "civilized." (See Image below)
"give their wives as gifts to strangers"	…strive to organize ourselves in nuclear, monogamous family units.	…unsophisticated in their social organization.	…disciplined, moral, or "civilized."
"rub noses instead of kissing"	…kiss with our mouths.	…unsophisticated in their displays of affection and social rituals.	…well mannered, appropriate, or "civilized."

"send their elderly out to ice floes to die"	…provide in-home or residence care for our Elderly.	…unsophisticated in their kinship and social rituals.	…humane, moral, sympathetic, kind, or "civilized."

This system of negations is effective not because it is more accurate nor more "sophisticated" or "civilized." Rather, it works because the lies—both upon which it is based and which it perpetuates—are more difficult to detect. These subtle lies have become part of our common sense and this system of negations has become our subconscious mechanism for supporting this common sense. Society supports this system because it requires neither truthfulness, nor empathy, nor effort in general. Perhaps its strongest selling point—the buy-in is generally guilt free. In the absence of the impetus for critical thinking about these "assumptions," it not only does the thinking for us, it does the lying for us as well!

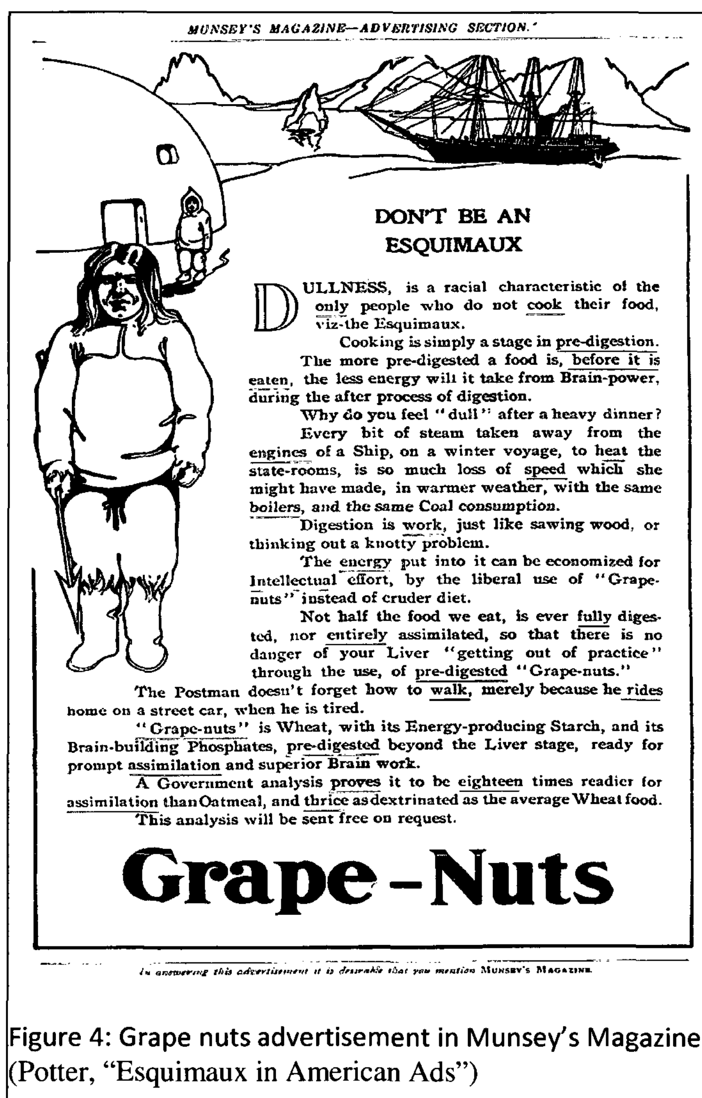

Figure 4: Grape nuts advertisement in Munsey's Magazine (Potter, "Esquimaux in American Ads")

Part of the construction of the Inuit imaginary involved making Inuit a spectacle. They were put on display in "living museum exhibits" throughout the nineteenth and early twentieth century (Steckely, 2008, p. 13). At the same time, early writers who wrote about the Inuit like Franz Boas, Diamond Jenness, and Knud Rasmussen perpetuated imaginary images of Inuit through their writing that were damaging. Most of what I read about Inuit as a student of Anthropology fit with three general paradigms: "the savage Eskimo" who was "primitive," fuelled by primal instincts and even "not human;" the "exotic Eskimo" who was "promiscuous" and "alluring;" and the "child like Eskimo" who was "desperate," "naïve" and in need of European guidance. Even advertisements have been a mode of dehumanizing the Inuit, the advertisement on the right "deploys one of the oldest negative stereotypes about the Inuit -- that they are somehow less civilized because they don't cook their food -- and uses it shamelessly to promote more "civilized" fare such as Grape Nuts."

I borrow from Zebedee Nungak a few examples of how Inuit were portrayed in this problematic fashion below:

> Consider British explorer Sir John Ross' account of meeting Inuit in the Central Arctic's Boothia Peninsula, on January 9th, 1830: *"Going on shore this morning, one of the seamen informed me that strangers were seen...Knowing that the word of salutation between meeting tribes was 'Tima Tima', I hailed them in their own language..."*
>
> The next day, the Qallunaat visited the Inuit encampment: *"The females were certainly not beautiful; but they were at least not inferior to their husbands, and were not less well behaved...Their features were mild, and their cheeks, like those of the men, ruddy; one girl of thirteen was even considered to have a pretty face..."*
>
> In his book, Northward Over the Great Ice, American Polar explorer Robert E. Peary does a take on the Inuit of High Arctic Greenland, from the year 1891:

> *"Without government; without religion; without money or any standard of value; without written language; without property, except clothing and weapons; their food nothing but meat, blood and blubber; their clothing the skins of birds and animals; with habits and conditions of life hardly above the animal, these people seem at first to be very near the bottom scale of civilization; yet closer acquaintance shows them to be quick, intelligent, ingenious, and thoroughly human."* (Nungak, "Introduction to Qallunology")

The problem is that these are the type of voices that have been foregrounded in our history and anthropology books, "The people and groups who 'made' history were the people who developed the underpinnings of the state—the economists, scientists, bureaucrats, and philosophers…all men of a certain class and race" (Smith, 1999, p. 32). Drawing on Maori writer Patricia Grace's analysis of books, Linda Tuhiwai Smith says, "Much of what I have read [academically] has said that we do not exist, that if we do exist it is in terms I cannot recognize, that we are no good, and that what we think is not valid" (Smith, 1999, p. 36).

Inuit have also been sensationalized in images and portrayed as childish and exotic in movies, like the 1901 Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo and in 1932 in Robert Flaherty's Nanook of the North (Steckely, 2008, p. 11). Non-Inuit actors played Inuit roles in these movies (Ibid., pp. 14-15). And the world bought into these images—literally: Nanook of the North grossed $251, 000 worldwide (Ibid., p. 11), and in the spring of 1922 Eskimo pie sales were 1 million a day (Ibid, p.13).

Canada has had a special stake in upholding a specific Inuit imaginary because it has become part of how we imagine ourselves, especially "Combating the climate of the North" (Ibid., p. 141). While we pat ourselves on the back for "our" strong, innovative and resilient character and history of survival in the harshest of conditions, we often fail to defend other aspects of Inuit culture and history that do not cohere with how we would

like to imagine ourselves. However, the world does not allow us to be so selective. On countless occasions during my four months living in Mexico I was asked about "los esquimales" and "las focas." Apparently our construction of the Inuit imaginary had backfired. In association with the sensationalized image of Inuit we invented, we became best known as simply "seal killers."

But this Inuit imaginary has, like a Frankenstein monster, grown too big and powerful for its Canadian creators to renounce or destroy now. It seems that no matter how many Right Honourable Michaëlle Jeans of this world eat seal hearts, the Brigitte Bardots and Pamela Andersons will continue to protest for the rights of animals that are cute, fuzzy, and foreign in terms of their appeal as food within their non-Inuit cultural contexts (Fondation Brigitte Bardot; Huffington Post, 2009). Tourists will continue to be upset when they learn about, let alone witness, a whale hunt. And, the government will remain at odds with local Inuit who would like Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit to be treated with the same respect as Western science when quotas are being determined for hunting (CBC News, 2008). While Inuit are gaining increased control over their image through films like Kikkik (2007) and Atanarjuat (2007), Inuuvunga: I am Inuk: I am Alive (2004), 2008 Passage ("Passage 2008," 1999-2009) and Ce qu'il faut pour vivre (The Necessities of Life) (1999-2009), commercials featuring Inuit rubbing noses in igloos, like the 2005 advertisements for Scope and Chapstick, persist (Steckely, 2008, p. 11). The Inuit imaginary is not invincible, only resilient. Destroying it might require more significant changes than Canada alone can offer, although certainly we have a leadership role to play.

How can we destroy this Frankenstein moster, deconstruct this Inuit imaginary? At the risk of overextending my favorite "Dr. Philism," I would say we can start with the idea that "you cannot change what you do not acknowledge." This chapter, then, is intended to serve as a call to critical reflection about how this Inuit imaginary was constructed (dehumanizing Inuit through a system of negations) and why (to defend colonialism). Non-Inuit researchers in particular can be ever cognizant of these problems when studying Inuit issues. Then, how do we recognize and understand these problems with a colonial mind, let alone address them? Of course, we cannot, not really. And if the Inuit imaginary is only a symptom of the underlying problem, colonization, then would our efforts not be better spent addressing colonization—or decolonizing? I would argue that through the mobilization of individuals and their cumulative efforts to unweave the image of Inuit from its colonial context, we decolonize.

What does this look like at the individual level? I think this process has to be highly personalized. For me, it began with and seems to always revert to Aspergers Syndrome, which my older brother Steve has. The ways in which my relationship with my brother have helped me to understand the relativity of assumptions and debunk certain social norms are threefold. First, I needed to understand social constructs as assumptions in order to relate to him in any way. Second, I adopted elements of his worldview, a sort of mild learned Aspergers that created the ideal circumstances for uncovering these assumptions. Specifically, I became both fixated on and alienated from social norms, which provided me with the distance and interest to deconstruct social constructs with greater ease. Third, I became marginalized by virtue of this different way of relating to people and the world, which only exaggerated these learned tendencies.

Often I find myself drawing on these tendencies, sometimes unconsciously, to break down assumptions or decolonize ideas. When I forget to be critical and others remind me, I return to this space. My brother taught me to question the norm and he was right. Sometimes the norm is not the best thing to strive for. In some instances it is better to be different or "weird" (as I have sometimes been called). Sometimes the norm represents mediocrity—a grade of 90 per cent is better than a 75 per cent even if the latter represents the average. Similarly, sometimes the norm is inaccurate, one-sided, incomplete, offensive, and even dangerous—a grade of 75 per cent might is better than a grade of 90 per cent if the measure is retention of course content that is incorrect (at one time most people believed the world was flat, and that women were not people).

So if we acknowledge the Inuit imaginary, draw on our personal experiences to deconstruct it, and combine our efforts to unweave the image of Inuit from its colonial context, we decolonize. But how might we move others to do so as well? Good leadership might be the short answer. What we require is something that resembles a paradigm shift, but one which is not so entrenched within the conceptual framework of progress. To induce this degree of change would require a crisis. Current ideologies would need to clash with those of the general public as well as thought leaders. This call to action then is for individuals to bring about this critical shift away from marginalizing thought that perpetuates the Inuit imaginary, whenever the possibility exists. In doing so, we extinguish the established language and framework to talk about such things so that we can begin to move beyond it.

Unwrapping the Ulu

> *It was on my twenty first birthday and my first summer in the North that I found myself in my living room in Arviat, with a few friends. I looked out of our bay window at the backyard, the rocky shore of the Hudson Bay. Kids were chasing birds and throwing stones in the water. It looked relatively warm outside, although the weather still warranted a spring parka. The house smelled like Paella, a traditional Spanish rice and seafood dish—my favorite. I wanted to open the window for fresh air but knew this would only invite the big ugly flies or mosquitoes (I am allergic to mosquitoes) in, which we had been battling for the past month; I decided against it. I picked up one of my friend's sons, "soooo cute!" I said. My friend laughed "Ever cute—my son! Don't worry..." she said "You'll have one of your own soon." I laughed and then put the child down. I knew I wouldn't. In a small circle we sat chatting; I opened gifts. One of the nurses had made me a quilt, a local friend had given me a small wall hanging and last I opened a gift from a woman I had helped cut caribou with. It was an ulu—a woman's knife—given to me by a local woman whom I had helped cut caribou meat on one of my first nights in the North.*

As a woman researching Inuit issues, an image I think of often is that of Sedna, Inuk goddess of the sea.

"As the legend goes, Sedna was a beautiful Inuit girl who lived with her father. She was very vain and thought she was too beautiful to marry just anyone. Time and time again she turned down hunters who came to her camp wishing to marry her. Finally one day her father said to her "Sedna, we have no food and we will go hungry soon. You need a husband to take care of you, so the next hunter who comes to ask your hand in marriage, you must marry him." Sedna ignored her father and kept brushing her hair as she looked at her reflection in the water.

Soon her father saw another hunter approaching their camp. The man was dressed elegantly in furs and appeared to be well-to-do even though his face was hidden. Sedna's father spoke to the man. "If you wish to seek a wife I have a beautiful daughter. She can cook and sew and I know she will make a good wife." Under great protest, Sedna was placed aboard of the hunters kayak and journeyed to her new home. Soon they arrived at an island. Sedna looked around. She could see nothing. No sod hut, no tent, just bare rocks and a cliff. The hunter stood before Sedna and as he pulled down his hood, he let out and evil laugh. Sedna's husband was not a man as she had thought but a raven in disguise. She screamed and tried to run, but the bird dragged her to a clearing on the cliff. Sedna's new home was a few tufts of animal hair and feathers strewn about on the hard, cold rock. The only food she had to eat was fish. Her husband, the raven, brought raw fish to her after a day of flying off in search of food.

Sedna was very unhappy and miserable. She cried and cried and called her father's name. Through the howling arctic winds Sedna's father could hear his daughter's cries. He felt guilty for what he had done as he knew she was sad. Sedna's father decided it was time to rescue his daughter. He loaded up his kayak and paddled for days through the frigid arctic waters to his Sedna's home. When he arrived Sedna was standing on the shore. Sedna hugged her father then quickly climbed into his kayak and paddled away. After many hours of travel Sedna turned and saw a black speck far off into the distance. She felt the fear well up inside of her for she knew the speck was her angry husband flying in search of her.

The big black raven swooped down upon the kayak bobbing on the ocean. Sedna's father took his paddle and struck at the raven but missed as the bird continued to harass them. Finally the raven swooped down near the kayak and flapped his wing upon the ocean. A vicious storm began to brew. The calm arctic ocean soon became a raging torrent tossing the tiny kayak to and fro. Sedna's father became very frightened. He grabbed Sedna and threw her over the side of the kayak into the ocean. "Here, he screamed, here is your precious wife, please do not hurt me, take her."

Sedna screamed and struggled as her body began go numb in the icy arctic waters. She swam to the kayak and reached up, her fingers grasping the side of the boat. Her father, terrified by the raging storm, thought only of himself as he grabbed the paddle and began to pound against Sedna's fingers. Sedna screamed for her father to stop but to no avail. Her frozen fingers cracked and fell into the ocean. Affected by her ghastly husbands powers, Sedna's fingers while sinking to the bottom, turned into seals. Sedna attempted again to swim and cling to her father's kayak. Again he grabbed the paddle and began beating at her hands. Again Sedna's hands, frozen by the arctic sea again cracked off. The stumps began to drift to the bottom of the sea, this time turned into the whales and other large mammals. Sedna could fight no more and began to sink herself.

Sedna, tormented and raging with anger for what had happened to her, did not perish. She became, and still is today, the goddess of the sea. Sedna's companions are the seals, and the whales that sit with her at the bottom on the ocean. Her anger and fury against man is what drums up the violent seas and storms. Hunters have a great respect for her. Legend has it that they must treat her with respect. Shamans from the world above must swim down to her to comb her long black tangled hair. This calms Sedna down. Once this is done, she releases her mammals to allow the Inuit to eat from the bounty of the sea. It is for this reason in the north that after a hunter catches a seal he drops water into the mouth of the mammal, a gesture to thank Sedna for her kindness in allowing him to feed his family."

(Sedna is the Inuit Goddess of the Sea, 2000)

I have heard countless versions of the story above. I have also been told that Angakkuit (or shamans) have traditionally visited Sedna in her lair at the bottom of the

sea in times of famine (or illness), sometimes combing the sea debris from her hair to appease her, so that she would release the animals of the sea. In his book, *Arctic Dreams and Nightmares*, Alooktook Ipellie tells the story of a shaman who is made to travel to Sedna's lair to appease her sexually; in this instance her inability to achieve orgasm made her withhold the animals of the sea (Ipellie, 1993, pp. 35-42).

In my perpetual journey to understand myself as a woman I sometimes prefer to relate to Sedna. I tend to regard myself, as most of us do, as the centre of my own world. I too have disobeyed my father, repeatedly (sorry dad) and refused to marry my betrothed. Sometimes I feel like I have ended up at the bottom of the sea as well, banished to a subtle but unforgiving state of alienation because of my unwillingness to conform to certain ideas. But, like Sedna, I have empowered myself in this space. I cannot say that the survival of a people depends on my satisfaction, but I am happy to learn a woman's satisfaction is being taken seriously by someone's people. I draw strength from this image.

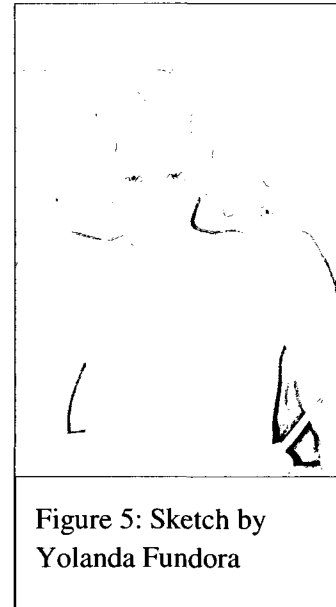

Figure 5: Sketch by Yolanda Fundora

An image that resonates with me and that I think of often when reflecting on my experience as a woman and anthropological writer, is that of Yolanda Fundora's sketch of a bare breasted woman holding a pencil (Behar, 1995, p. 1). Fundora's image draws an important comparison between the female Other and the Indigenous Other, although their experiences differ considerably:

> In anthropology it is always the other woman, the native woman somewhere else, the woman who doesn't write…who has breasts…The

> woman anthropologist, the woman who writes culture, also has breasts, but she is given permission to hide them behind her pencil and pad of paper. Yet it is at her own peril that she deludes herself into thinking that her breasts do not matter (Ibid.).

I can never know the experience of being an Indigenous person Othered by anthropologists. However, I can draw on my experience as a woman Othered by men, in the academy and beyond. I know too well the feeling of being asked to write differently or the look of confusion and disappointment when I do not write like a man. This look is usually followed by an analysis of how my writing is "too confessional" or "too personal" or not "scholarly" enough. And, then a lesson on how I might write better: "No not like that. Like this! You see?" I have tried to write like a man, but ultimately this is the only space from which I know how to express myself.

I did not experience or write about the North in the same way as Jenness, Mowat and other White men, although I have often mistakenly been grouped in with them, been reminded of their mistakes as if they were mine (interestingly more often by non-Indigenous peoples). As a young White woman, my experience has been different. And, my shortcomings were likewise different, not better or worse. I went up North, like many of them, with good intentions. Mine were not about deconstructing, constructing, conquering or providing. They were certainly not about dehumanizing—my people (women) were only declared 'people' less than a century ago after all (Heineck, 2003, p. 7). Instead my intentions, which I learned mostly from female anthropologists after whom I modeled my behaviors, were about nurturing, sharing and supporting in the spirit of compassion. I would come to learn that these things too can be dangerous. They are dangerous when 'nurturing' means 'patronizing,' when 'sharing' means 'imposing,'

when 'supporting' means 'appropriating,' and when 'compassion' means 'misunderstanding.'

While women were excluded from and marginalized within academia, not afforded the opportunity to write "academically" or else forced to compromise their identities when they do so, we developed our own ways of writing, of articulating our thoughts as women in exile. We used the spaces from which we were permitted to write in order to engage in meaningful debate and we transformed these modes of writing—creative writing, poetry, memoirs—into sites for important academic discourse (Ibid., p. 4). If we wrote about other cultural groups with compassion or in an "emotive" fashion it might be because we felt compassion, which we drew from our experience as marginalized people.

In the academy, women carry with them the ongoing burden of worrying about how we will be perceived by those who Other us. I am well acquainted with this anxiety, with this experience of "always being looked at and looked over" (Ibid., p. 2). Of worrying about how my writing will be perceived because I am a woman: "Will it be seen as too derivative of male work? Or too feminine? Too safe? Or too risky? Too serious? Or not serious enough?" (Ibid.).

As a student of anthropology and a creative writer in my undergraduate years, I remember asking myself the same question Mary Louise Pratt posed in *Writing Culture*: "How [is it]...that anthropologists, who are such interesting people doing such interesting things, produce such dull books?" (Ibid., p. 4) I also remember when James Clifford sought to answer this question by developing a new agenda for Anthropology that involved the same "innovative, dialogic, reflexive, and experimental writing" that was

called "confessional" and "popular" when we used it (Ibid.). It promoted the same personal voice that was undermined when used by women throughout the twentieth century (Ibid.). This voice was appropriated from women and "given the seal of approval in men's ethnographic accounts, reclassified in more academically favorable terms as 'reflexive' and 'experimental'" (Ibid.) My reflexive and experimental writings have also been called "confessional." I have even been told the reader will not appreciate my writing style. Perhaps, the assumption being made was that the reader would also be a man?

As a woman writing culture, I am Othered not only because I am a woman but because I am a certain kind of woman; or rather, I am not a certain kind of woman. I fail to uphold the Margaret Mead (Ibid.) prototype that others have come to associate with female anthropologists. I am not a wife, nor mother. And, I made difficult decisions that alienate me from many of the women who belong to the generations before me, some of whom will never understand my decisions because they were not so empowered to choose. So in this regard I am a confusing woman writing culture; writing emotively and living based on matters of reason more than the heart.

Like far too many women, I am also a Survivor of abuse. I struggled with whether to break this silence and ultimately decided it was important. Why? Why not? If we continue to stigmatize victims of abuse we allow it to continue to bully us, to cower and hurt us in hidden places. Because when women remain silent nothing changes. Why is it important to break this silence in this paper? First, it is important because as a researcher studying Indigenous issues, I have had the luxury of asking research participants (primarily Inuit) about very personal things. I have asked questions that beg answers

related to family histories, to trauma. And, I have sat across from participants relatively silent about my own vulnerabilities as they share these very personal things. That is not fair. This human element has been lost somewhere and Inuit have been asking for more for a long time:

> I am telling you about myself. You didn't even bother telling me about yourself, you just wanted me to write stories about myself. I don't think that's fair. I would like to know about your parents and I would like to know about other things. I am a[n] old man now and I am curious—
> Akuliaq Inukjuak, 1967 (Bielawski, Inuit Indigenous Knowledge and Science in the Arctic)

Second, this is a common experience that binds women in particular. While there are men who suffer from abuse as well, and while I am sure they underreport, women are more often the victims. And, this is an experience that I would argue binds women with Inuit and other Indigenous peoples who experience abuse in a multitude of forms due to ongoing colonization.

It is from this place, as a Survivor of abuse, that I can begin to have an honest conversation as opposed to consultation with some shared foundation of understanding. And it is only when I approach conversations with participants as a human being, possessed of vulnerabilities like anyone else, that I can begin to ask for trust or expect to have a meaningful discussion. I do not pretend to understand the abuse another person has endured, but I have drawn upon this experience in order to relate in some way. Yes, I owe this honesty to my research participants. And, abuse is only one example of something personal that could be important to share. There are an infinite number of others that can be far less personal but meaningful nonetheless, such as: where you come from, your background, your interests in the research and intents. This means having

genuine conversations in plain language with research participants, instead of merely handing them a consent form full of technical jargon.

Becoming Qallunaa

One of the most defining experiences for me in finding a place in the North was becoming Qallunaa, the Inuktitut word for white person. I had never felt so much like a minority or been so aware of my "Whiteness," as when I lived up North that first summer. On my way to work children would yell out at me "Qallunaa" and laugh. I understood it to be derogatory although it was not always intended to be. After some time in Arviat, I came to learn about the history and culture that divided me from the local population, or through which we came to understand one another. Many of the connotations associated with being Qallunaa (the literal translation is "big belly, bushy eyebrows) were negative and it proved difficult to see myself in this light. I tried to find another place for myself within the North, another identity I might occupy, but my efforts were futile.

I eventually accepted that this was an important part of who I was to local Inuit. After all, the name they called me was just a different way of doing what I was doing in my research, defining our differences. Some might have thought it was important to remind me of these differences because forgetting can be dangerous. Once I accepted that Inuit too were entitled to attempt to know me through the ways I am different from them, I began to feel more comfortable. Eventually, I also came to understand this to be an important part of who I am—Qallunaa—I began to see myself this way. I began to understand my vantage point, its possibilities and limitations as well as my answerability

within the community. I took this experience with me. I critically reflect upon who I am as Qallunaa in a way that I never would have otherwise.

Now, I have less difficulty reconciling with myself as Qallunaa than I have reconciling with myself as simply a White person. The distinction in my mind has much to do with the relationship I formed with the North and with local Inuit there. I wouldn't want this taken away from me. While I became Qallunaa by virtue of my relations to Inuit, confronting my whiteness through relationships with other White people has sometimes been more challenging.

My frustrations with Whitey run deep. Being white happened to me by chance but it is something I must answer to every day. Certainly, it is considered an important part of my identity. Don't misunderstand me, I am not asking for pity. I understand I have certain, many, privileges by virtue of being white. Still, there are certain negative implications of my whiteness that I must face as well, beyond White guilt, particularly because I am a researcher who focuses primarily on Indigenous and Northern issues. You might ask, in light of all of the issues affecting Inuit and other Indigenous peoples is this really an important issue? And to that I would answer a resounding "yes!" It is an issue that deserves at least a small space within this discussion because it is already interfering with research conducted by White scholars on Indigenous issues (I think this is to a larger degree an issue that emerges amongst White people specifically, as opposed to non-Indigenous peoples in general). So, I have written a letter, (below) that encapsulates a few of my frustrations, and those of others. I hope that it will serve to inspire a better relationship among White researchers studying Indigenous issues.

Dear Whitey:

When you feel like being racist, please don't talk to me. Just because I share your skin tone (relatively speaking), does not mean I share your racist views. This makes me uncomfortable—so stop! Right now! I have to answer for your behavior and sometimes I worry the progress that has been made will be undone. When I hear non-White people complain about White racism, I want to be able to tell them it is not that pervasive. Can we work towards this? By the way, 'subtle' racism counts. When you make statements about how "they are" I don't think you are less racist, only that you might be more hypocritical.

When you feel like being righteous, please humble yourself. Don't assume I lack the insights, experience, wisdom or sensitivity to do good things. I understand that there has been a trend of people who have white skin oppressing those who do not. I understand most of us are working hard to distinguish ourselves from this vulgar mass. And that we cannot all be righteous in the eyes of non-White people; someone has to be accountable for this mess. But there is room for more than a few of us to do good work. Please don't put me down or position yourself as more righteous to reconcile with your own colonial guilt. I cannot help you with this. If you are really concerned with morality then your focus should be on creating positive change. This means helping others who work towards a common goal, not throwing them under the bus to distinguish yourself in the self-serving tradition that has been foundational to advancement in the academy and other colonial institutions.

When you feel like bonding, please remember we are different. Don't assume you understand my experience simply because we are both "White." I am first and foremost a human being. Then perhaps I am a woman, an aunt, a sister, a daughter, a friend. I am a student, a teacher. I am someone who has experienced her own forms of marginalization that, while never in competition with those of Indigenous peoples, are important. I am an advocate of Indigenous rights. I am an artist and activist, a believer in change. Last, I suppose, I am White...Qallunaa.

Sincerely,

One Qallunaa and a growing number of White people

Mr. Neville

Four or five years after I first heard Kikkik's story, I found myself, a Master's student in Aboriginal studies and the North, in a classroom; the topic of the seminar was the Inuit relocations. I shared Kikkik's story with the class and learned few students had known very much about these relocations before reviewing our assigned readings. Our discussion was short because we were expecting a very special guest speaker, Mr. Neville. Mr. Neville was the head "Indian agent" responsible for the Inuit relocations. I had often imagined a moment like this, although my rational self never thought it would happen because I presumed Mr. Neville was a part of the colonizer imaginary. I thought he was an invention, a scapegoat. But here I was moments away from an opportunity to confront the person responsible, to make it about a person and not a phenomenon that was bigger, like colonization, of which I was (and am inevitably) a part. It is with as

much shame as courage, I will admit, and because of my background in psychology I cannot deny, that I perceived meeting Mr. Neville as an opportunity to remove myself from the equation in some way—to detract blame, to alleviate White guilt. I wanted Mr. Neville to tell me why the Inuit relocations happened even though I knew they could not change Kikkik's story. I understand, in retrospect, that I was hopeful the answer would change my story, the way I remember Kikkik's story, the way I figured into it.

I cannot say for certain what my classmates were thinking but I sensed a similar anxiety among them, as well as hopefulness that Mr. Neville might provide answers, or at the very least a proper place for anger. I suspect that although our moods may have seemed similar, they were not the same. Their emotions stemmed from their own realities and experiences, which were distinct from mine and from one another's. I don't think any of my classmates had a personal connection with Inuit relocations, as none were of Inuit ancestry. But, I believe this was an experience many of the First Nations students in the class, who made up the majority, related to by virtue of their experience with similar traumas like the intergenerational affects of residential schools and the sixties scoop, as well as those that continue to occur because of ongoing colonization.

In any case, it was clear to me that we were all anxious to hear from Mr. Neville, although perhaps for different reasons. And then, Mr. Neville entered the room, an 80 something year old man, frail, not unlike our grandparents. The excited buzz that had preceded his entrance faded into an awkward, confused tension. There were a few nervous looks exchanged among us that conveyed "what do we do?!" Mr. Neville spoke slowly when he told the story of his decision to relocate Inuit. He was very matter of fact but seemed to have an unexpected humanistic quality as well. He spoke fondly of his

time in the North and of Inuit, even claiming he had a sort of surrogate Inuit family there. A few of us asked questions but he consistently misunderstood them. It seemed the misunderstandings stemmed from a mixture of our inability to be as straightforward as was required to make our point (a point which often got stuck in the sugar coating), his 80 year old hearing, and the lack of common language through which to frame our questions (he did not understand colonialism, settler society, paternalism, etc.).

The last question I remember was something like, "How do you feel about what happened now?" or "What would you do differently?" In some way, the assumption that he understood that the Inuit relocations are remembered by Inuit and others as a tragedy was couched in the question. Mr. Neville looked perplexed, asking for the question to be reframed several times until he understood. He paused and laughed a little, then responded that the Inuit relocations were not a mistake. His laugh was not nervous or sardonic; Mr. Neville was not offended. He was unaware that this was not a silly misunderstanding on the part of the student who had posed the question. He was unaware that he, with his belief that the Inuit relocations were good, was the odd one out. To our amazement, these relocations were a source of pride for him. He believed they had a positive impact on Inuit, although he did not explain why. I don't think any of us could have expected what happened next—no one said anything. What was the point? If we did say something it would only serve to crush the old man's fond memories and feelings of positive legacy before he dies. It was not as though he would be able to understand or change the past.

I looked over at my friend Howard Adler, a talented artist, who was sketching furiously. He had produced a clever, nuanced sketch for every class. His drawings often said more than we did in class discussions about the reading and lecture themes; I hope he received a generous grade for participation. Today's sketch was a caricature of Mr. Neville as Satan. I giggled loud, he looked up and grinned and then continued to draw the horns. Looking back, I think this was in fact the Mr. Neville we had all been hoping for. How much simpler would that have been? As a child, I never bought into the idea of Satan. It was prominent among many of the things that turned me off Sunday school. My disbelief was not rooted in fear; I just simply could not swallow it. To me, Satan was an excuse for bad behavior, and an unsophisticated one at that. I knew then the world was not that black and white. Yet, here I was in my adult life waiting for him.

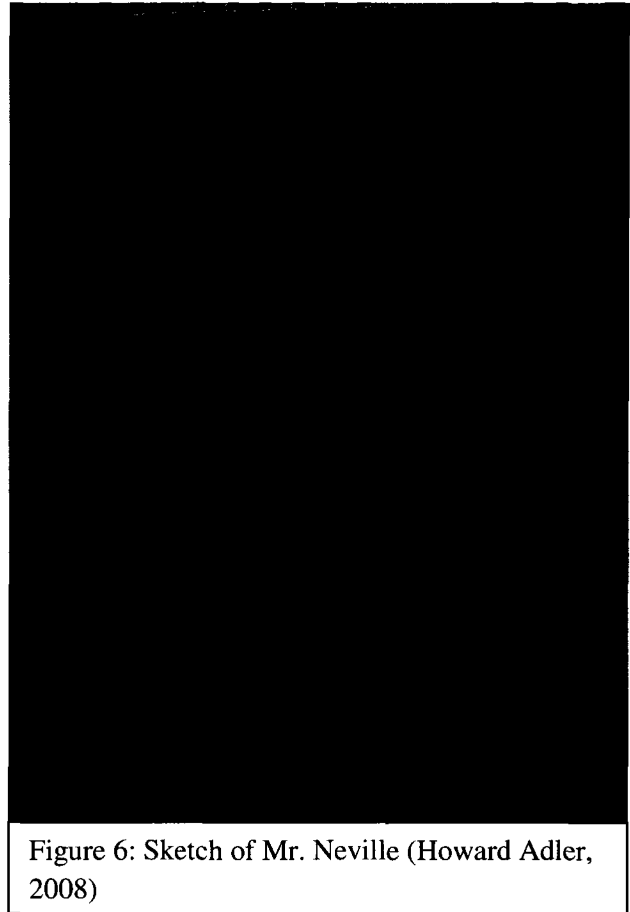

Figure 6: Sketch of Mr. Neville (Howard Adler, 2008)

I often wonder whether the professor, a non-Aboriginal person who worked for Indian and Northern Affairs Canada, knew why meeting Mr. Neville was important. Initially, many of the students in his class were offended by the fact that they would be learning about Aboriginal Issues and the North from a modern day "Indian Agent." Over

time, everyone grew fond of him. He proved himself. He was not the Mr. Neville we had been hoping for either.

Becoming a Word Warrior

Meeting Mr. Neville was one among many defining experiences that I shared with a group of fellow classmates in my Masters program, and which I believe strengthened our bond and shaped our understanding of what we stand for. We met one another in our first year of the program, before meeting Mr. Neville. The group of us, Indigenous and non-Indigenous graduate students, transformed over the course of a matter of months and now years into the Word Warriors. We adopted the term "Word Warriors" from Dale Turner, although we later learned it originated from Gerald Vizenor. In any case, we have developed our own interpretation of what this means. Our "collective goal is [to] use the tools provided by academia in combination with our knowledge as Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples to work towards decolonization" (Aditawazi Nisoditadiwin, 2009). Our original Word Warriors circle includes (left to right in the photo above): Sheila Grantham, Victoria Tenasco, me, Howard Adler, Kim Morf, Briony Taylor, Mallory Whiteduck, and Rodney Nelson. I am happy to learn of others joining in the larger movement.

We, the Word Warriors, organized a conference at Carleton University last year entitled Aditawazi Nisoditadiwin: empowerment through knowledge (Aditawazi

Nisoditadiwin, 2009). The event took place just after the government announced it was looking into cutting funding for Aboriginal post-secondary students. A decision has yet to be reached (Gang, 2009). The proceeds are being used to create a bursary for an Indigenous student. Individually, each of us works toward promoting Indigenous rights and interests in our respective fields.

All of us come from different backgrounds and bring different perspectives, interests, personalities, strengths and weaknesses. But, together we seem to work in harmony towards our common goal. Our group met in a first year class and formed into the Word Warriors over drinks after class. I am not sure that I could pinpoint the exact moment that we became Word Warriors. I believe we were always going to become this group. My friend and fellow Word Warrior Victoria told me that

in Algonquin culture your ancestors are always seven steps ahead of you paving your future and that as long as you don't do something really out of character everything that happens is supposed to happen for a reason. At the risk of sounding "cheesy," I truly believe our group was brought together in this way.

I had only been living in Ottawa for one year at the time and did not know a lot of people; the Word Warriors were some of my first friends here. Many of us, perhaps all of us, have been through some difficult challenges since meeting. We have encountered obstacles that have threatened to distract us from the paths we are meant to follow. From my personal experience, I know that I can count on my fellow Word Warriors to help me through such difficult times. I draw strength from them. They remind me of who I am when I forget, they find ways to let me know when I am not being true to myself, when I veer off course. I hope they know I will be there for them as well. So, while our common interests, passions and goals related to decolonization, Indigenous rights and interests brought us together, we remain Word Warriors because of the friendships we have formed with one another. First and foremost these are my friends. Our connection is more than practical; it is also deeply emotional and I would argue in line with the Algonquin view akin to "fate" that it is spiritual as well.

I try to live my life this way. To live as a whole human being in everything I do. This has been my tendency sometimes to my detriment. But I became more conscious of this and more courageous in taking this approach after one conversation with an Inuk Elder up North about the importance of living as a whole human being. I know now that this is part of the decolonizing project and one I come by naturally by virtue of my organic connection with feminism. Colonial institutions like universities, government and corporations seem to embrace a culture that discourages this behavior. They tend to

marginalize emotional and spiritual relationships, branding such behavior a conflict of interest. I know superficial relationships are simply contrary and sometimes poisonous to my being.

My fellow Word Warriors have taught me the most about my role as a non-Indigenous researcher of Indigenous issues. They encourage, perhaps without even knowing it, critical thought and reflection in everything I do in work and school. I find myself imagining how they might react to everything I research and write. And, I hope that my support, experience and ideas have been useful to them in some way.

The Word Warriors is an example of how Indigenous-non-Indigenous relations are changing. At the very least it represents a microcosm of possibility and, in my view, the best case scenario for Canada in this regard—if only we could all be Word Warriors. Decolonization is no small feat; it requires the efforts of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples. This sentiment represents a growing body of work within the academy, but also a movement among both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples at the community level. The latter especially seems to stem from important prophecies that promote collaboration and cooperation amongst Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples. For example, the Anishinabe Seven Fires Prophecy requires such collaboration in order for reconciliation to occur. The alternative, according to this prophecy, is destruction: "Only when Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples work together to reconcile with their pasts, will the eighth and final fire be lit and they become united as one mighty Nation" (Victoria Lynn Tenasco-Commanda, October 2009).[31]

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[31] Victoria Lynn Tenasco-Commanda is the great-granddaughter of Algonquin Elder grandfather William Commanda of Kitigan Zibi Anishinabeg. He holds the Seven Fires Prophecy Wampum Belt (along with two others).

Likewise, the Federal Government has taken some steps toward reconciliation with Indigenous peoples in Canada over the past few years, including the administration of Common Experience Payments for residential school Survivors beginning in 2007 (Indian and Northern Affairs Canada, 2009), Prime Minister Harper's 2008 Apology for the residential school experience, and the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, which began in 2008, disbanded, and which is now back in full swing (CBC News, 2009). Indeed, "The aim of the TRC is to guide and inspire Aboriginal peoples and Canadians in a process of reconciliation and renewed relationships that are based on mutual understanding and respect" (Indian Residential Schools Truth and Reconciliation Commission).

Yet, if these efforts are to be meaningful, rather than tokenistic, then a more fundamental change must take place. The Canadian Government has largely homogenized First Nations peoples, Métis, and Inuit. Treating these distinct groups as one under the banner of Aboriginal peoples (or Aboriginals, a terms that makes me cringe) has resulted in marginalization of distinct experience and interests. For example, Inuit residential school experience is not well-known in Canada, the Truth and Reconciliation Commission also has no Inuit representation among its commissioners, and the Inuit relocations among other unique events in Inuit history are marginalized. And, this marginalization, sadly, is an improvement from Southern Canada's tendency to forget or ignore Inuit altogether.

However, Inuit are gaining more national and international attention as Canada once again turns its focus to the North and this is changing Inuit-non-Inuit relations. The opening of the Northwest Passage due to climate change has made the assertion of

sovereignty in Canada's North, and the exploitation of Northern resources that will become more accessible with the opening of this passage, a priority at the national level. But this is a Southern agenda. Two major problems exist with it. First, it fails to consider the potential harms of development, misunderstanding it for a series of "additions" or improvements, when history tells us that it has resulted in some considerable subtractions that have been particularly damaging to the Inuit as well:

> Development interventions are typically conceived as some type of "addition," which is based on the premise that underdevelopment is caused by some type of "absence"....The problem with this approach is that it shifts attention away from the international community's own role as resource degrader and focuses instead only on its potential role as "helper." I suggest that the international community needs to ask not just what it can do to help, but also what it must do to stop hurting (Rasmussen, 2002, p. 85).

Consider the climate change predicament we now find ourselves in, or the cultural loss that has manifested itself in a host of socio-economic issues among Inuit. Considering the richness and wisdom contained in Inuit culture, this represents a major loss for non-Inuit as well.

Second, the difficulties Northerners face related to population health and empowerment centred on their profound relationship to the land, are considered secondary to this Southern agenda. Southerners determine what constitutes healthy Northern communities, and therefore what Northern communities should strive for, based on Southern standards and realities. Did it ever occur to Southerners that Northerners may not want to be just like us, that their path might be different?

The South cares about the wellbeing of Northerners insofar as it advances a Southern agenda. This is evidenced by the Canadian government's Northern strategy. Despite the fact that the North is integral to how Southern Canadians imagine themselves,

they have largely ignored the North. Northerners (including Inuit) have for decades (arguably centuries) been asking the South to help close the gaps between South and North in terms of population health and well-being. Only now and in other moments in Canada's history when this serves a secondary interest to the South's agenda, mostly in terms of human capital needs for pending labour shortages, is the South paying attention. Have we learned nothing from our past mistakes? Perhaps the problem, as noted in the Inuit history section of this thesis, has more to do with the fact that our history remains largely silent about such mistakes.

If anything is to change in Inuit-non-Inuit relations, this "use it or lose it" colonial rhetoric must take a backseat. Instead, Inuit interests, voices and perspectives must be fore-grounded:

> circumpolar policy should be framed after careful dialogue with northern residents. Aboriginal peoples are partners in Arctic governance and stewardship, and they must be brought into the priority-setting process more effectively – not just asked to comment on decisions announced by federal politicians…Developing a more central role for northerners in research, environmental monitoring and enforcement is also essential. (Lackenbauer, 2008)

This will require that Southerners work with Northerners, Inuit especially. The arrogant and paternalistic fashion with which Canada has tended to treat Arctic issues is more than outdated. It was never appropriate. If we had taken the time, humbled ourselves, and asked the Inuit we might have learned a thing or two; "The real lesson that we should be learning from northern peoples like the Inuit is the wisdom of adapting to changing circumstances in a spirit of partnership" (Ibid). Harper's current security-focused approach will not be sufficient; we need to not only "make the North more Canadian" but make "Canada more northern" (Ibid).

I bring this criticism to the work I do with the Conference Board of Canada's Centre for the North. It is because of my relationship with Indigenous peoples like the Word Warriors and other friends and acquaintances that I can be so critical. If Inuit have been excluded from Canada's Northern decision making, as they have largely been, then I can at least use my role as a channel for Inuit voice. The knowledge that has been shared with me comes with an ethical responsibility; this is what truly listening means.

Non-Inuit must also be careful about how they relate to Inuit; this can be dangerous for Inuit, even when done with good intent. What I mean by this is that this must be a true partnership in which each group is equally empowered. To say that we have not achieved this would be an understatement. Globalization represents new problems from colonization. "While being on the margins of the world has had dire consequences, being incorporated within the world's marketplace has different implications and in turn requires the mounting of new forms of resistance" (Smith, 1999, p. 24).

From the research I have done on Inuit Elder-Youth bonding I know Inuit youth have found ways of expressing Inuit identity and reinterpreting Inuit culture within sub-cultures that were brought North from the South. For example, many Inuit Elders view Inuktitut rap as contrary to Inuit culture. However, many Inuit youth use Inuktitut rap to interpret, express, and redefine their culture and experience. And today's Elders might sometimes forget that they too were once youth reinterpreting their cultures and experience, developing autonomy from the generations before them through square dancing for example. This is not cultural loss but survival, resiliency. It is not about a

moving away from culture but rather a renegotiation of space within a new context. This is what Qallunaat research with Inuit must allow for, a safe space for Inuit culture.

Chapter 3:Becoming a Qallunologist—
A Methodology for Non-Inuit Researchers Studying Inuit Issues

Having gone through this journey of remembering my experiences in the North, I now return to my overarching research question, "Why have I encountered silences and other related problems in my research?" and respond, "Why wouldn't Inuit participants remain silent?" As Maori academic Linda Tuhiwai Smith points out, research has "told [Indigenous peoples] things already known, suggested things that would not work, and made careers for people who already had jobs" (Smith, 1999, p. 3). Indeed, the Qallunaat research agenda too often resembles a regurgitation of other Qallunaat research conducted within the academy, determined by what scholarly experts know about more than what Inuit want to know. Research findings have often failed to consider Inuit realities, philosophies, and contexts. For this reason, they have tended to work in theory but not practice, often failing to create any positive change and even resulting in negative change. And, it is more often than not the non-Inuit researchers that reap the benefits of their research. They get the good jobs while the Inuit research participants who impart the knowledge typically do not. From this vantage point, these silences beg more important questions than I had initially asked, or rather, the questions were more important than I had initially realized.

This chapter aims to construct a methodology that reflects the scale of change required at a fundamental level, in how non-Inuit conduct research with Inuit. In recognition that Inuit and other Indigenous peoples face separate challenges as researchers that deserve separate discussion, I have geared this chapter toward Qallunaat researchers specifically. I hope that it will be helpful to Inuit and other Indigenous

researchers by virtue of changing the way in which Qallunaat conduct research with them. Although I am writing about Qallunaat researchers and Inuit research participants, I will sometimes speak more broadly to non-Indigenous researchers and Indigenous research participants where appropriate.

In my journey to make sense of the silences I encountered and create a methodology for Qallunaat conducting research on Inuit issues, I first learned we must look inward. I owe this largely to my friends. Specifically, I think of friend and fellow Word Warrior Howard Adler's response to one of my research questions:

> I once went to a Lecture by Patricia Monture, a Mohawk woman educated as a Lawyer-turned Professor, and she was asked a very similar question; she said something like "I can't answer that question, I'm too busy dealing with my own experience with colonial violence and inter-generational colonial trauma, that is something that you have to figure out for yourself." So, perhaps your energy would be better spent by asking yourself these questions (Howard Adler, October 2009).

Howard and Patricia Montour make a good point—we Qallunaat researchers are often so busy asking others (in this case Inuit) questions, we fail to ask ourselves more fundamental questions, to be truly self-reflexive. For me, this realization was a right of passage, a transformation from non-Inuit researcher studying Inuit issues into Qallunologist, or a researcher of White people.

Although Zebedee Nungak, who coined the term Qallunology, and defined it as "the study of White people," wrote in a satirical fashion, his message should be taken seriously. Derek Rasmussen has done this in his adaptation of Nungak's Qallunology. The methodology I propose in this chapter takes Rasmussen's interpretation of Qallunology one step further. It makes Qallunology an approach or overarching methodology for Qallunaat coordinating research with Inuit. To be a Qallunologist then

means to continuously study oneself, to be constantly critical and self-reflexive of oneself as a researcher and to be always aware and respectful of the limitations to which one is bound as a Qallunaa. It also means to be always mindful of Qallunaat history, culture, as well as identity and what all of this means in the context of coordinating research with Inuit (and Indigenous peoples more broadly). Qallunologists, then, must be critical of Qallunaat intentions, institutions, interpretations, and ways of relating to the world and to Inuit specifically. If we do not become Qallunologists in this way, the margin for error is so large that critical mistakes are inevitable, our history tells us so. When Inuit are silent, if we really listen, we can learn about the trauma they have suffered due to Qallunaat research.

If we are to be truly self-reflexive as Qallunologists then we must not assume there is a space for us to research Inuit. When I look within and pose the question, "Is there a space for non-Indigenous peoples to research Indigenous issues?", as a Qallunologist, I can only respond "I think so." I think Qallunaat researchers often go wrong when they fail to properly locate this space. A safe space for Qallunaat to research Inuit topics is located where Inuit and non-Inuit agendas, research and otherwise, overlap. If there is no Inuit interest in a topic, then it may not be a safe space from which to conduct research because participants may not benefit from the research. This does not mean that Inuit interest equates to benefit, only that Inuit interest is a better starting point to conducting research that will ultimately benefit Inuit participants. In the context of creating change, shared interests encompass challenges. Therefore, safe spaces for Qallunologists to conduct research are located where shared challenges exist for

Qallunaat and Inuit. And, to transform this space into a meaningful place we need only to build it upon our shared visions and goals.

What are these shared challenges? According to Howard Adler, and I would agree, an overarching shared challenge under which numerous shared challenges might be housed is "colonization:"

> ...of course there is a space from which non-Indigenous peoples can research and write about Indigenous peoples, there should be a space for everyone... I'd wager that there are many similarities for anyone doing research on Aboriginal peoples. As researchers we are all participating in an institution (academia) with European roots, an institution that historically propped up theories of racial hierarchy and manifest destiny, which provided justification for colonialism, imperialism, and the subjugation and genocide of Indigenous peoples (Howard Adler, October 2009).

Therefore, the common approach required is decolonization. Decolonization, as the safe space from which we Qallunaat can conduct research with Inuit participants, is a necessity to the Qallunologist agenda. And, decolonization requires the efforts of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples; it does not make certain voices or perspectives more important, rather it is a project that requires "working collaboratively on common goals that reflect sensibilities in action" (Denzin, 2008, p. 31). This sentiment represents a growing body of work within the academy, but also a movement among both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples at the community level that is gaining momentum. The latter especially seems to stems from Indigenous prophecies, like the Algonquin Seven Fires Prophecy, mentioned earlier in connection with the Word Warriors that promote collaboration and cooperation amongst Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples.

But how does a Qallunaa researcher determine whether she or he is properly situated within this space? In other words, how does one know if one should be conducting particular research? For a Qallunologist, first and foremost, the determining factor is the nature of one's motivation:

> We should be careful not to assume that our research will benefit a group that we are studying, and must ask ourselves how specifically it will benefit them, if at all...Basically, if you are researching a group of people, you are in many ways taking knowledge from them, the goal should be to make this relationship reciprocal, and to give something back (Howard Adler, October 2009).

In order to answer the question of whether one should be doing this, Qallunologists must first ask themselves "Why am I researching and writing about Inuit and Inuit issues in Canada?" Also, "Who asked me to do this research?" "Who will benefit from my research?" "Will the research participants themselves benefit?" "Who will receive my research?" Ideally, as Qallunologists, we are researching and writing about Inuit and Inuit issues because we genuinely think it is important, the topic of our research is recognized or acknowledged as important by Inuit, and the research findings will both be shared with and benefit Inuit. But we cannot answer these questions because there is an inherent conflict of interest in judging our own motivations. Qallunologists can overcome this conflict by taking on research that is either driven by or otherwise identified as important by Inuit communities or organizations.

While a good motivation or intention is important, it is not enough. Many of the Qallunaat who created the residential school system or relocated the Inuit had good intentions as well. What Qallunaat researchers studying Inuit issues must do next then is "cease to do evil" (Rasmussen, 2002, p. 85). This means we need to stop causing harm, "It is the Euro-American way of life that needs to be put under the microscope, not

intriguing tribes in far-away lands" (Ibid., p. 87). One of the most damaging things Qallunaat do is perpetuate negative speculation about Inuit. This is damaging in a few important ways. First, it damages Inuit self-image directly and by virtue of how they are treated by others. Second, it limits their access to opportunity because of the discrimination these negative speculations create. Third, it violates Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit (IQ); IQ has discouraged gossip "over thousands of years." And, fourth, it can inhibit our ability, Qallunaat and Inuit, to partner together towards common goals like decolonization because gossip can upset group harmony (Ibid, p.3).

Fundamental to "ceasing to do evil" is understanding that we, as Qallunaat, are different. That our "Qallunaaness" matters and, thus, our role in decolonization is different. This might be basic sense but it is not common sense. While non-Inuit researchers have historically tended to overemphasize the differences between Inuit and non-Inuit, the pendulum has swung too far in the opposite direction so that non-Inuit researchers now tend to underplay such differences. This could be a means through which non-Inuit researchers try to reconcile with White or colonial guilt, either their own or that of others. It could be a means to justify inaction, or minimize socio-economic inequities between the two groups. In any case, this attempt to erase differences is equally as detrimental to Inuit as sensationalizing.

Non-Inuit lack the Inuit shared experience, culture, and IQ through which to fully understand or contextualize an Inuit perspective. Non-Inuit may have preconceived notions about Inuit that stem from seeing the world through a colonial lens—or at least an inability to fully adopt an Inuit lens—and may consequently conduct research or write about Inuit, drawing on false or culturally-relative assumptions. Qallunologists can

minimize this by identifying their capacities and limitations and attempting to learn as much as possible about Inuit experience, culture, and IQ. However, it is imperative that we always remember we are non-Inuit outsiders and, therefore, limited in our understanding and our answerability. It is important never to delude yourself, as I did, into believing you are the exception to the rule. This means respecting the right of Inuit research participants to refuse to provide information.

Qallunologists must understand themselves as Qallunaat and what this means in terms of how they relate to Indigenous peoples. While the project of decolonization requires the collaboration of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples, Qallunologists must respect that these paths are both parallel and distinct, like those symbolized on the Haudenosaunee two row wampum (the Guswhenta). That they are parallel means we must work together in true partnership with one another, in this instance Qallunaat and Inuit. This too requires critical thinking and decolonization for Qallunaat researchers, because it is contrary to some of the values upon which Qallunaat society has been built in Canada. If I can permit an Inuk to “Other us” for a moment to illuminate this point:

> Not much is communal and very little of life’s essentials are shared. It is based on competition, going to great lengths to “get ahead”, and amassing what you gain for yourself. People around you may be in want, but that is their problem. (Nungak, “Introduction to Qallunology”).

One of the most important lessons I learned as a Word Warrior is the importance of partnership, especially when the goal is ambitious, like decolonization. Indeed, “When we come together with respect we are able to seek solutions and build consensus amongst people with differences because we all seek the common good” (Karetak, Elders Advisory Meeting, 2009, p. 2). A report by Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami stresses the importance of research partnerships:

> When communities and researchers are partners in planning and conducted research projects, there can be great benefits for everyone involved. Negotiating research relationships is one way to set up such partnerships, and this guide has offered some ideas for how to begin the process. We hope this guide has explained your legal rights and responsibilities and researchers' responsibilities when it comes to research.[32] (Pimatzawin, *Negotiating Research Relationships*, p. 24)

This means we must transform the idea of researching and writing *about* to researching and writing *with* Inuit.

That our paths are distinct is something we too often forget, and seems to evolve out of the same thought process that forgets we are different. It is important that our paths are distinct because we, as Qallunologists, are distinct from Inuit. Colonialism continues to privilege non-Indigenous peoples, including Qallunaat. Logically, if we treat inequality with sameness we get inequality—if one group has two bananas and the other one, and we give each group one more banana, inequality pervades. Then, to equalize power between ourselves and Inuit, we must be treated differently. Specifically, Indigenous peoples must work towards empowerment (taking bananas) and non-Indigenous peoples must work towards empowering (giving bananas). So, while it is important to understand the path Indigenous researchers and peoples more broadly are taking, non-Indigenous researchers must not emulate it. For Indigenous writers, their path is one of "rewriting and rerighting [their] position in history…tell[ing] [their] own stories, writ[ing] [their] own versions, in [their] own ways, for [their] own purposes" (Smith, 1999, p. 28). For non-Indigenous researchers, their task is to understand oneself as non-Indigenous and what that means in relating to Indigenous research participants, in empowering them.

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[32] "For more information on anything mentioned in this guide, please contact the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada at (613)
238-8181 or the Nunavut Research Institute at (867) 979-6734."

Once we understand our role as Qallunaat, or Qallunologists, we can identify our preconceived notions and shed them. For researchers, developing "a more critical understanding of the underlying assumptions, motivations, and values which inform research participants" (Smith, 1999, p. 20) is integral to decolonization. This requires Qallunologists to recognize the Inuit imaginary, as it is constructed through the education system and otherwise. To ensure they are not perpetuating this image, non-Inuit researchers should consider from where it originated and why. Are these images a misunderstanding of Inuit? Are they negative? Who controls these images? What sorts of assumptions do they make? What methodology was used? It also requires us to be aware of how what might appear to be an improvement to a Qallunaa, might be damaging to Inuit:

> As Michael Dove has insightfully pointed out, what First World folks flaunt as "additions" to [I]ndigenous societies, the recipients tend to experience as "subtractions." In the words of one Inuk elder: "Every time the white man comes and offers us something, the Aboriginal people lose something....Now when I see a white man doing something for our good, I worry about what we will lose."[6] Instead of focusing on "halting existing predatory interventions and not initiating any new ones," Qallunaat tend to prefer to focus on rescuing victims.[7] (Ibid., p. 85).

Next, we must do something that will sound obvious and maybe even pedantic—become human beings. A Western interpretation of "become a human being" might be "take a humanistic approach," which is only partly true. Indeed, this engenders an "ethical and moral movement" more than research (Denzin, 2008, p. 14). However, it also requires a more fundamental approach—the necessity of being "whole"—which was alluded to by Inuit friends, research participants and Elders. To me this was akin to concepts of integrating mind, body, and spirit (or heart), the last of which is frequently forgotten.

If I am correct in this basic understanding, then most Qallunaat researchers have some way to go. We are, after all, encouraged by the academy to be less than whole human beings in this regard, to use only our brains. Body and spirit (or heart) are considered distractions from our pursuit of absolute truth. Writing in a sensual fashion, about what one sees, hears, and feels, is deemed overly descriptive. And, writing in a heartfelt or spiritually significant fashion, about what one feels or experiences on an emotional and/or spiritual level is deemed overly emotive or confessional. These are the aspects of the human whole that are largely discouraged within the academy.

However, beyond the Western, or Southern, world's humanism and my understanding of this "mind-body-spirit" conceptual framework, there is inunnguiniq—a lifelong process of learning to be a human being according to Inuit worldview. Inunnguiniq requires "create[ing] a container or bag within ourselves to receive this certain foundational knowledge, before we can carry it with us." (Karetak, Elders Advisory Meeting, 2009, p. 2). Non-Inuit researchers are at an immediate disadvantage in the process of becoming human beings in this way because:

> ...Trying to create this when a person is older is like trying to change the house foundation, long after the house has been built. The attempts are usually too costly, too difficult and potentially damaging to the house structure (Ibid).

Further, the tenets of what it means to be a good human being according to IQ stand in stark contrast to how Qallunaat have generally related to Inuit. The ignorant, arrogant, self-serving nature that characterizes colonialism is oppositional to the type of human beings Inuit strive to create: "Creating naïve and boastful individuals, by boosting their egos, is not recommended for example. Someone who is regarded as able is

expected to be highly competent, humble, willing to serve others and deep thinking" (Ibid). Qallunaat researchers must become this kind of human being before they can truly obtain the wisdom Inuit have to offer:

> Wisdom does not take many words, but is built into an individual with truth, patience and love. If we are sincere in our attempts to become able, we are continually building our understanding of wisdom (Ibid.)

So, our first order of business in becoming a human being then is to humble ourselves because Qallunaat researchers have largely been arrogant, presumptuous, overbearing, and paternalistic. We need to humble ourselves to be good partners with Inuit, to cooperate, to be good students and listeners and thus to gain wisdom that we can share, that will affect positive change. In writing about research among the Maori, Linda Tuhiwai Smith identifies this as integral to researching with respect "Show respect for the Maori by exhibiting a willingness to listen, to be humble, to be cautious, to increase knowledge, to "not trample over the mana people" (L.T. Smith, 2000, p. 242). According to Zebedee Nungak, this requires that we first "deflate our egos:"

> Most of us have run into certain types of human beings who stand out by showing their insecurity in amusing ways. These are the smart-aleck know-it-alls who have to demonstrate their newly acquired expertise in things arctic to any who will humour them. Such personalities are not exclusive to Qallunaat, but this particular one fits in the Qallunology files.
>
> Something will trigger them to highlight their linguistic fluency in the twenty-five or so words in Inuktitut they have learned in their brief time in the Arctic. They may talk endlessly about their one night sleeping in an igloo, or they may ooh and aah over ordinary things which they find extraordinary.
>
> Once a character identifies himself by his antics, I ask my wife to cook a caribou head. To protect the identity of the ego deflated, I will call our subject Kevin B. In a most usual way, I invite Kevin over for dinner at my house. Without alarm, the invitation is accepted easily enough. There is absolutely nothing unusual about having caribou head for a meal in an Inuit home.

> Now Kevin, being English, deserves a description in English of what is being eaten. "The lip flap is delicious! Kevin! Have a bit of lip! Oh! The eyeball socket is exquisite! Kevin! Have some eyeball socket fat! The nasal cartilage, WOW! Scrunchy *qaqqulaaq*!"
>
> The graphic description of the menu starts to take its toll on Kevin's appetite. By the time we get to the nostril membrane, which is mmmm, gooood!!, Kevin might not want to stick around long enough for the brain, the spinal cord stem, or the jawbone marrow.
>
> There's something about eating caribou head that produces enlightenment in a Qallunaaq about how he may not know so much, after all! Without being humiliated, he goes home, more humble, less Ph.d-ish, and ego deflated, but healthier (Nungak, "Introduction to Qallunology").

I have caught myself telling other Qallunaat stories about the North, about my first time eating muktuk (whale blubber) or tuktu (caribou), using an ulu or seeing an arctic hare with a notch too much authority. This is not to suggest we should devalue our experience but that we should ensure we are respectful, thoughtful, critical and humble when we share it. Nungak says this is already changing:

> In the past, Qallunaat seemed to hold a monopoly on being the only ones who knew what to do. This has changed, and their previously-held appearance of invincibility has been cut down a few notches. *Qaujimajualuit*, those of them who "know a great deal", with strings of academic degrees attached to their names, are more often seeking guidance from the reservoir of traditional knowledge possessed by Inuit. (Nungak, "Introduction to Qallunology").

This means not placing Western science above Inuit IQ, or making assumptions on that basis. It means foregrounding Indigenous voices, without appropriating or misinterpreting them. While this proved challenging in my research because of the silences I encountered, I made space in this analysis to foreground Indigenous knowledge givers and academics so that the methodology I create can be more meaningful than an account of what White people think about White research.

Part of becoming a human being and humbling ourselves means transforming interviews into research conversations. A research conversation is different from an interview because it takes place between two human beings instead of interviewer and interviewee. In other words, power relations in a research conversation are equalized to the greatest degree possible. Ideally, the process is guided by the principles of OCAP, so that research participants can have ownership, control, access and possession of the research (National Aboriginal Health Organization, 2007). And, it adheres to the guidelines set out by Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami for conducting research with Inuit participants (Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami and Nunavut Research Institute 2006), which they summarize (below):

> Inuit must be involved in developing the research agenda, the research plan, and the research tools, and in the collection, interpretation, analysis and reporting of the results such as described in participatory action research approaches. This will ensure relevance to the community whether at the local, regional, or national levels and promote the development or enhancement of research capacity within the Inuit population. (Pimatzawin, *Negotiating Research Relationships*, p. 26)

In other words, a research conversation allows research participants to provide input not only in response to the questions asked but related to the overall project including research tools, findings and how the information might be shared or used. It begins when you begin, and continues throughout the research process and beyond. Inuit gain a sense of ownership and control from this level of involvement that is empowering. And, they can help us to make the product more accessible by disseminating it or sharing knowledge about how to disseminate it. At the end of the day the product must be something the participants have possession of. Making "serious efforts to incorporate traditional knowledge, whenever relevant, throughout the project," "avoiding disrupting

family and community life," providing "information on [our] research in the local language and/or dialects" and "training to community members" are additional things Inuit Tapiriit Kanatami have recommended Inuit communities request from researchers (Pimatzawin, *Negotiating Research Relationships*, p. 23).

Because most Qallunaat researchers studying Inuit issues do so through a university or another organization, we often find ourselves fighting with ethics and advisors when they limit the extent to which these principles can be met in practice. When we pick our battles, this is foremost, and one of the best ways to make this process less painful is to choose advisors who are willing to fight for us from the outset. We must simply approach these situations as respectful human beings, honouring these principles to the greatest degree possible.

Another way to transform interviews into conversations, to empower research participants, is by sharing personal information and letting them know that they can ask questions about us as well. I live by this rule, sometimes to my detriment. If someone asks me how I am doing I usually answer honestly, except when I know it's a pleasantry. Of course this leaves us, researchers, vulnerable, but this is the least we can do to try and empower researchers. How can we ask for someone's trust? How can we ask them to share if we do not empower them in this same way? If we cannot do the very thing we are requesting from others, perhaps we should not be researching in coordination with Inuit, or researching at all.

And, even if we do all of these things, we must still respect the research participant's right to refuse. The bottom line is no one owes us information and surely,

we can understand why Inuit would feel uncomfortable sharing it with Qallunaat and the academy, a group and institution that have historically betrayed their trust in this respect:

> The word 'research' itself is inextricably linked to European Imperialism and Colonialism...[it is] "one of the dirtiest words in the Indigenous world's vocabulary, it stirs up silences, it conjures up bad memories, it raises a smile that is knowing and distrustful (Smith, 1999, p. 1).

We must not take this personally, because this is not really about us, or at least should not be about us if done correctly. We must create a safe and comfortable environment in which to say no. Inuit are finding new ways to express their voice through multimedia—websites, video, hip hop and so forth. Indeed, alternative histories and "contested accounts are [often] stored within genealogies, within the landscape, within weavings and carvings, even within the personal names that many people carried" (Smith, 1999, p. 34). If this is something they prefer, then so be it. That is their right.

But, when Inuit research participants do choose to share information with us, we have certain responsibilities. In casual conversations with Inuit and other Indigenous friends, I have been told that inaction is one of the biggest reasons for silence in research. Decolonizing theory has been described as "performative activism" (Smith, 1999, p. 33). Qallunologists, and other researchers that promote decolonization, are currently in what many scholars (including, Norman K. Denzin, Yvonna S. Lincoln, Linda Tuhiwai Smith) describe as the "eighth moment," which bears an uncanny resemblance to the Algonquin Seven Fires prophecy's allusion to the "eighth fire." The eighth moment is characterized by "inquiries done for explicit political, utopian purposes, a politics of liberation, a reflexive discourse constantly in search of an open-ended, subversive, multi-voiced epistemology" and aims to "connect qualitative research to the hopes, needs, goals, and promises of a free democratic society" (Denzin, 2008, pp. 4-5).

Our research must achieve that fine balance of being action-oriented as well as interpretive or humble. It must not make preemptive or culturally-relevant assumptions about which actions might be the best to take. Rather, it must empower readers through information, so that they may affect positive change. And, we need to become more accountable in helping the communities that we involve in our research (Denzin, 2008, p. 15). The community's reception of our work, the degree to which positive action and change occurs, these things should determine the project's success.

So how do we become good, humble human beings within a system that encourages us to be arrogant? How can we become Qallunologists when the academy and other colonial institutions that empower us to do research favor a colonial approach? The academy teaches us to write in an authoritative tone that seeks to answer questions. In contrast, some Indigenous peoples are taught that it is better to ask questions that do not require such answers, that are open to interpretation, and seek only to incite critical reflection (Victoria Lynn Tenasco-Commanda, November 2009). The academy favors scholarly knowledge and marginalizes traditional knowledge or IQ. And, it favors written above oral sources. However, many academics are promoting a more humble approach. Otherwise, I would not be permitted to write this thesis. My advice to the reader is to find a space within these institutions that allows you to become a Qallunologist.

For me, feminist writing was the form that allowed me to revisit and realize some of the tenets of how to be a good human being, such as humbleness.

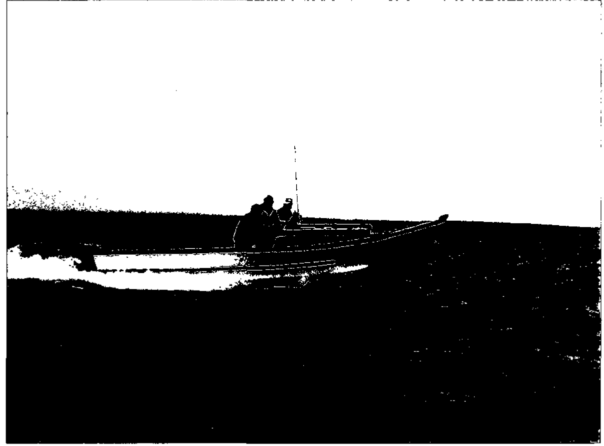
> "A new set of moral and ethical research protocols is required…shaped by the feminist communitarian principles of sharing, reciprocity, relationality, community, and neighborliness (Lincoln, 1995, p. 287)"…they embody a dialogic ethic of love and faith grounded in compassion. (Denzin, 2008, p. 14)

This is the only place from which I can honestly and safely speak or write as a human being. However, even Qallunaat male researchers might benefit from embracing some of the elements of the approach described above. Although I am well acquainted with White privilege, I cannot pretend to know the privileges of being a man. However, this paradoxically has been a benefit as well, in that it is from the margins that I can better relate to other groups that have been oppressed, like Inuit. And, if I have been deliberately, sometimes subversively, "confessional" in my writing it is because I firmly believe good scholarship requires the courage and integrity to do so, in particular to admit to our mistakes and our shortcomings (even personal ones). This is fundamental to being humble. Further, we have, in my opinion, an ethical obligation to share what is learned from such mistakes so that scholarship can evolve.

Interpretive writing is also a tenet of the decolonizing agenda, which is viewed as "emancipatory" to Indigenous peoples, (Denzin, 2008, p. 7) both knowledge givers and receivers. I would add this is "emancipatory" to non-Indigenous researchers as well. To me, interpretive writing has been the intermittent permission to stretch beyond the confines of the tiny box that is the academy, within which I can never properly fit. I reach far, stretching my limbs beyond the walls. I relax momentarily and allow the blood to rush back to my limbs, allow the sensation of pins and needles to pass. I gasp for fresh air, breath it in deep and speak from the most truthful place I know. To me this has been a return to a familiar place, where there is room for my spirituality (my heart, my emotions), where I am permitted to draw on this spirituality, where I can be fully human. It has given way to more important realizations, deeper analysis based on more reflexive and critical thought.

But, this methodology is only a reflection of my journey to becoming a Qallunologist; other non-Inuit who are researching Inuit topics will develop their own interpretations of what it means to them. So, last, Qallunologists must find their own "Marble Island," their own place to return to, their own experience to remember, to contextualize this methodology and make it meaningful, and to remind them when they forget.

Chapter 4: Back to Marble Island



I was about ten or eleven years old when I first came to understand the complexity of places in relation to our colonial history, personally. I remember my mom explaining we could not go to Ipperwash Beach anymore because the First Nations people were protesting. I did not understand this at first, growing up in London Ontario, we had gone to Ipperwash often. In my child like mind this was our place. I could not conceive that it had been something else all along. When she explained the beach had been taken from The Chippewas of Kettle and Stony Point by the Government (I later learned for military training) I remember asking her how they could do that. When I learned about the murder of Dudley George, an innocent bystander in the demonstration at Ipperwash, in that instant Ipperwash Beach changed profoundly for me. It was no longer a place for kids to play, but an icon of the plight of Indigenous peoples in Canada. No place would ever be the same.

Getting to Marble Island

Now that I have taken this journey, remembered these stories and constructed a critical methodology from them, as a Qallunologist, I remember my visit to Marble Island quite differently. It was the summer of 2006, my third summer in the North, and I was visiting Rankin Inlet. I was standing on the shore of Hudson Bay where there were two old pathetic looking speed boats, one of which would not start. I, along with my then partner, his father and brother, waited while it was being fixed by a local man with what appeared to be rather makeshift tools; this made me nervous. I was cold even though it was August and I was wearing my parka. I was slightly groggy from drinking the night before and hoping I would not get motion sickness. The boat ride to Marble Island seemed very long. I learned later it was only about an hour. The captain was the

biological brother of my friend in a neighboring community, who had been adopted by another family. They looked identical and had the same sense of humour. This made the boat ride more comfortable for me. Along the way he told me stories about Marble Island. I remembered only a select few details, until I read and heard Marble Island stories later: an Inuk woman travelling with her family a long time ago held in her pee because it was taboo to pee in the water; she died and her body became the island; I had to crawl up the island or I would have bad luck and maybe even die; many whalers and Inuit wintered on Marble Island; they performed theatrical shows for one another and boxed to stay sane; some whalers died at Dead Man's Island (which was considered to be part of the larger Marble Island); and the island is haunted. I later wondered how important the elements I forgot would be.

The captain's voice drifted into the background and the sound of the boat, the water and wind filled my ears. I found it difficult to concentrate because I was cold and tired from the trip and distracted by my surroundings—Hudson Bay was breathtaking, surreal even. I half listened to his stories, now a faint song, as if under hypnosis. The rhythm of the boat, the droning of his voice, the smell of salt water, the cool air on my face and the apparent vastness of Hudson Bay transported me into a different place. I had the sensation that as we moved through space, we were moving backward through time as well. I felt that as he spoke, his words carried us to the island; they carried us back to the time period in which his stories were set.

If I had been more aware of myself as a tourist I would have known I was experiencing what John Urry calls a 'pseudo-event' (Urry, 2002, p.7)—a breaking from my own reality and a separation from that of the local population. Pseudo-events

encourage tourism industry workers to perform culture for tourists, (Ibid.) so that "Over time, via advertizing and the media, the images generated of different tourist gazes come to constitute a closed self-perpetuating system of illusions" (Urry, 2002, p.7). Listening to these stories on a sketchy boat in Hudson Bay all felt very organic, albeit spectacular, at the time. I know now it was more complex than that.

Aboriginal tourism is about a $4.5 billion dollar industry in Canada (direct, indirect, and induced output) that produces 33,000 paid jobs nation-wide (Webster, 2007, P. 19). During the 1980s and 1990s, the increased global interest in Aboriginal tourism sparked a dialogue in Rankin Inlet with respect to making Marble Island a tourist destination. In April 2003, the Kivalliq Inuit Association released a report that proposed, and in effect created, the following themes for Marble Island tourism: 1) "A history of tragedies and why they happened;" 2) "Changes in Inuit/Euro-American relations;" and 3) "Reasons for and methods of exploitation of the Inuit and the arctic environment by different Euro-Americans (Fort Churchill)." These themes, particularly the first, have been reinforced by archaeologists, (Smith, R., p.12)[33] academics,[34] government workers,[35] Marble Island tourism workers and the community in their efforts to promote

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[33] Archaeologists began digging up the past at Marble Island in the 1970s. In 1970 and 1971 a scuba diving group from Toronto organized by Ralph Smith located the *Albany* and *Discovery* wrecks. Four decades later, archaeological digs were commissioned by the Government of Nunavut in the above mentioned report to transform Marble Island into a tourist destination by developing the sites and collecting data from them. In 1989-1992 John Geiger and Warren Beattie carried out archaeological surveys of Marble Island. (Beattie & Geiger, 1993, p. 100)

[34] John Geiger and Warren Beattie conducted archival research on Marble Island. The academics had a significant influence while in the community (1989-1992) and through the book they published about their work entitled "Dead Silence." (Beattie & Geiger, 1993, p. 100)

[35] All levels of government—federal, territorial, municipal, and local—had a role in mediating the Marble Island narrative. The federal government was the major supporter of the trend toward Indigenous tourism in Canada; the territorial government commissioned reports and provided funding for training programs through the Nunavut Arctic Colleges for local Inuit to work in the Marble Island tourism industry; the Kivalliq Inuit Association produced reports on the Marble Island narrative; and the local Hamlet convened Council meetings to discuss Marble Island tourism.

the industry. Unainuk Tours, owned by Harry Ittinuar and Sally Cormier, is the only licensed Marble Island tourism outfit, and is still in its start up phase (K. LeGresley Avens Associates, 1988, p. 17). However, there have been several unlicensed tours. It is anticipated that the opening of the Northwest Passage and growing interest in the North in general will draw a greater tourist market, especially for licensed outfits (Ibid., p. 13). As it turns out I was one of these tourists. Coming to terms with this has been important to understanding the limitations of my experience in the North. I needed to understand that the stories I was being told were driven by and catered to a non-Inuit population. Inuit experience and stories were marginal. My tour guide was silent about these things.

The Passage

> *The Keewatin is mirage country, and on very still days you can see the island, huge, white, mysterious in the sky, "like caribou fat rising up from the water...Terrible things, wonderful things had happened at Marble Island (Eber, 1989, p.129).*

When we first spotted Marble Island it was as it had been described to me—appearing out of nowhere, an all marble island resembling an ice floe. It seemed magical. And, even now, knowing how contrived my experience was, I remember it this way. In that moment, I felt a sense of union with others who had been there—Inuit and non-Inuit whalers, explorers and tourists alike. While I knew my impression was more akin to that of the non-Inuit who visited the island, I did not know why or how this was important.

We shared something more than that moment—we shared a lens that would inform and limit what we saw.

The first written record of Marble Island appears to be of European explorer Luke Foxe's (accompanied by Thomas James and Henry Hudson) voyage there in 1631 (Explore Marble Island).[36] Foxe describes it as "an island all of white marble" with a "'great store of Fowle, especially water-fowle'" and makes reference to the pod of forty whales that he sailed through along the way as well as the caribou he spotted (Explore Marble Island). Since Foxe's account, Marble Island has been represented in narratives, maps, photographs and paintings by both Inuit and non-Inuit. For non-Inuit, the primary objective of these representations has been to provide a lens through which they and other non-Inuit can view and apprehend the island.[37] This process of viewing and apprehending is interdependent; the island must be viewed (seen by the Europeans in a comprehensible way) in order to be apprehended (absorbed into their lens) and requires European apprehension (absorption into their lens) to be viewed (seen by the Europeans in a comprehensible way).

> The works of the Group of Seven provide the most classic example of this colonial lens and how it has limited representations of the Canadian landscape, including Marble Island. The Group of Seven's paintings represented Canadian landscape as vast and empty, which became the basis for a nationalist discourse (Manning, 2003, p. 2)

Europeans could see the Canadian landscape under the guise of "nation" because it fit within their worldview.[38] The Canadian nation made sense to the European mind;

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[36] Note that Inuit oral histories date back to time immemorial.
[37] Although this refers mainly to the non-Inuit (namely, European and Euro-Canadian peoples) experience, the Inuit did represent the island through narrative and other modes as well.
[38] This (mis)conception of Canadian identity is widely held by both Canadians and non-Canadians. (Manning, 2003, p. 2).

whereas, vast "uncharted" land was perhaps too foreign, and thus, too overwhelming a concept to comprehend. Further, the absence of Aboriginal figures in the Group of Seven's paintings served to advance the colonial project to which the Group was party—the strategic construction of a cultural landscape in Canada that erased Aboriginal peoples in order to make room for colonists, like my ancestors.

The Group's work did more than advance (and attempt to justify) colonialism, it also became the archetype for representations of the Canadian landscape. With our continued exposure to these representations of a vast empty landscape, the colonial lens is internalized and other Canadian landscapes are also seen as vast and empty. The intertextuality of representations of the Canadian landscape means that all must relate to one another to be meaningful.

In my internet search for paintings of Marble Island, only two surfaced—*Vision of Marble Island* by non-Inuk artist Jim Shirley and *Marble Island* by Inuk artist Ruth Annaqtuusi Tulurialik. The difference between these paintings in how Marble Island's landscape is represented demonstrates how pervasive the colonial lens is; the Inuit representation (Tulurialik's) includes animals, humans, and spirits[39] and the non-Inuit representation (Shirley's) is characterized by vastness and emptiness.[40] The way in which the artists have entitled their paintings supports this point. Shirley has named his painting *Vision of Marble Island*, which recognizes the subjective lens (vision) through which he is viewing the island; whereas, Tulurialik has named her painting simply *Marble Island*, which indicates a certain confident and organic objectivity.

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[39] Marble Island is traditionally understood by the local Inuit to be a sacred and magical site because, according to the Marble Island creation narrative, it is inhabited by the spirit of an Inuk Elder. Over time, it became inhabited by the spirits of non-Inuit as well.

[40] In Jim Shirley's painting, any magic or mysticism is absorbed into the landscape and represented by colours, shapes, or the natural elements depicted.

Figure 7: Shirley, J. *Vision of Marble Island* (Drawing). Introducing the Works of Jim Shirley.

Figure 8: Tulurialik, R.A. *Marble Island.* (1980). Cyber Muse.

According to John Urry, one can deduce what is informing the gaze from studying the difference between the image as portrayed through the tourist gaze and without (Urry, 2002, p.2). In other words, interrogating the difference between the two can be seen as an equation that uncovers at least the underlying elements of the formula that is the tourist culture and/or society (Ibid.). Indeed, my image, like Shirley's, envisioned a vast empty landscape and waterscape with no Inuit figures or spirits. Both Shirley's image and mine adopted a mystical or dreamy element. This is likely a consequence of the stories, mediated by the tourism industry that focused on the tragedies and deaths that have occurred there.

When I first viewed these paintings, I felt a sense of disillusionment. Sitting in front of my computer, my lens surfaced and I imagined all of the biases that might limit and inform my research rushing in between myself and my research participants. I felt a sense of loss about the distance between me and my research participants. Of course, I understood beforehand that I could never experience the island in the same way as the

local Inuit; that was a matter of basic anthropological insider/outsider theory. But, that I might be doomed to forever reproduce the images and icons informed by the colonial underpinnings that, apparently, made everything comprehensible to me (and other members of settler society), was disconcerting. Yet, it was undeniable—my vision of Marble Island was only a vision and did in fact have an uncanny resemblance to Jim Shirley's. It was only retrospectively that I learned I had unintentionally manufactured my own experience.

I recall in a conversation with Community Education Development Coordinator, Joe Karetak a few years ago, him telling me that at its core, the socio-economic problems in the community, especially amongst the youth and especially suicide, stemmed from cultural loss (Karetak, personal communication, October 21, 2009). In particular, he said that it was their inability to see their environment in the same way. The youth often see through the colonial lens that has been imposed upon them, an empty, soulless land around them. They do not see the spirits, the stories, the meaning. This creates a sense of alienation and futility, a spiritual exile.

We arrived at Marble Island just after the first boat. One of the men from the other boat lent me his hand to steady myself and the others watched as I climbed out. I opted to crawl up the shore as much out of superstition as respect—I was not taking any chances! I crawled on my hands and knees as I had been told I should. Thankfully, I was wearing two pairs of jeans. Still, I felt the cold hard rock against my knees. The moment was humbling. I could hear some of the local people from the first boat laughing at me, the awkward Qallunaa. I laughed too. I wondered then if the whole custom had been

invented for their amusement. I didn't mind. But, I dared not stop until an Elder came to lend me his hand and help me up—just in case.

I remember the Marble Island curse differently now. In the context of centuries of colonialism—that included forced relocations and residential schools among other culturally genocidal events—placing a curse on Marble Island seems like an expression of Inuit security. It appears to be an assertion of Inuit possession of the island at a time when it is becoming increasingly accessible to outsiders, such as tourists. Visitors can avoid being cursed to endure bad luck, even death, simply by adhering to Inuit custom and demonstrating respect for the Inuk spirit that lives there. As such, visitors acknowledge the Inuit story of Marble Island origin, and thus, their possession of and belonging to it. These messages are apparent in both traditional Marble Island creation stories and those mediated by tourism. (See below, the first traditional and the second mediated by tourism)

Taguniak Kappi's Marble Island Creation Story as told by Bill Gawor	**Creation Myth: The Abandoned Woman on the Marble Island website**
Interview with Bill Gawor Narrative by Taguniak Kappi. Interview conducted by Ashley Sisco (February 14, 2009). Onalik of the first people –camping by Whale Cove and they were content; they had everything in food caches. Two families, father and son-in-law, starting off and wife who was pregnant. It was the middle of February or perhaps closer to March or May. The man heard	Marble Island: Experience the Mystery. "Long ago, Inuit families used to travel from place to place, following the caribou. Uanik's family of four, including an old woman, lived near Rankin Inlet. The hunting was good for a few years, but not for long. The family wanted to move to a new land where there were lots of caribou. The old woman refused to go with them. She said she wanted to live

something
scratching at door, it was Kaluva (female dog) and has sandhill Crane egg in her mouth. It was in middle of February but the egg was fresh (could tell because he cracked it open). Pondering, the man decided it was a warning from a shaman coming into the land and the next morning as he came out of igloo he was attacked by a Ptarmigan. Onalik had shamanistic powers of own, so he looked at the Ptarmigan; pointed his finger at it and it dropped dead to the ground.

He ripped the bird into four pieces and threw a part in each of the 4 directions of
a compass) and blew a snot on the heart. But, during night the wife went into labour and gives birth to an unliving (dead) fetus. He finally realized that the stranger was a more powerful Shaman than he. So he took his and his son's Kamautiks and kayaks to the floe edge and tied them together like a raft because he wanted to go back to his ancestral land in Repulse Bay.

As they were passing through Rankin Inlet, his wife was mourning the miscarriage and started getting stomach pains because her bladder was full. She said "I have to pee, and will pee into the sea." Her husband said no because Sedna will get mad and ruin his powers in hunting. They are paddling and she moaned and said "How I wish the ice pan on the horizon would become an island so I could pee on it." Sedna was listening below and says to herself "I will make you a deal and grant you your wish in exchange for your life."

on the ice that looked like an island. So Uanik's family, with sorrow in their hearts, left her behind. Soon after, on a clear day, the old woman sat on a rock on the shore, looking at the big ice. She said to herself, "I wish, how I wish, that ice could turn into an island so I could live there."

Two years later, Uanik came back to the spot where he had left the old woman, but she wasn't anywhere on the island. He heard her voice say, "Uanik, at last I got my wish; please don't worry anymore." Uanik saw that the ice had turned to marble. Then the old woman told him, "My spirit lives on this marble island."

Now, when the people of Rankin Inlet go to the island, they must crawl a few feet in respect of the old woman's spirit. It is bad luck not to do so! In summer, on a clear day, the island once again looks like an ice island....

There are various Inuit versions of the Marble Island legend. (The one above comes from Leo Sauyalik.) But they all have at least one thing in common: that their great, great ancestors were on location when the strange island of pure white rock first materialized as if by magic.

These legends could be based on fact. The sea floor has been rising out of the sea one inch per year since the melting of the last great ice age. Since the highest point on Marble Island is 2163 inches, the legend may date back to 134 B.C."

When they got to the ice pan there was morning frost and thin ice was forming along the edge of the ice pan. She insisted on being dropped off .By spreading her weight and crawling on her elbows and knees so the newly formed ice could support her weight; she was able to get on to the ice pan. She wanted to disassociate herself from her husband to protect him from Sedna's anger, since the ice would eventually melt and become part of the sea. She was holding her pee in so hard that her heart burst and she died. All her body fluid and bowels let loose and as soon as the fluids made contact with the ice it turned to rock. Her husband came back about a year later and saw a big white island where the ice pan had been and hears her voice saying "don't worry about me, I finally have found peace, "Uksuriak"" (people mistakenly use word "uksuk" oil or fat but it actually means tranquility/state of being) and so that is how Marble Island got its name of Uksuriak. To this day, as long as people from Rankin Inlet continue to crawl up the island in respect of the old woman the island will stay and not turn back to ice and melt."	

Both narratives assert Inuit belonging to and possession of the island, stating it was created by Inuit (an Inuk woman or Elder), of Inuit (the woman's spirit becomes the island or inhabits the island), and through the use of Inuit powers (the woman becomes the island by virtue of her deal with Inuk deity "Sedna" or "wishes" the island into being using her shamanistic powers). This curse takes on a different meaning when applied to

local Inuit; it seems to represent an expression of Inuit affirmative action in the face of cultural loss and colonization. This curse protects the island from colonization at large. For local Inuit, it is a test that determines whether they have retained culture, respect for local customs and belief in the story of Marble Island's creation (and thus Inuit possession). This curse only applies to first time visitors, and it seems many local Inuit have been several times.

"The older people used to say that Marble Island was an iceberg that turned to land," said Captain Tatty, his daughter-in-law Sally interpreting. "That's what they used to believe." Do the Inuit find the island scary?" Oh yes they used to share those feelings myself? They say you must crawl ashore. If a person

In contrast, the Knight's expedition narrative is a story of discovery (I found it). It is a frontier myth that attempts to naturalize a colonial history (Barthes, 1984). According to Furniss, the ubiquity of frontier histories has made them part of our "common-sense understandings of Canada's past" (Furniss, 1999, p. 55). And, the flexibility of the frontier myth in including and representing the interests of various peoples, enables this historical mode to be dominant (Ibid.). Not only is the frontier myth difficult to detect because it has become part of our common sense, it is also somewhat elusive because it constantly repurposes itself to maintain its flexible character (and therefore dominance), and deceptive because it creates the illusion of being inclusive. Aboriginal peoples are marginalized or altogether absent in these myths, as are their contributions to settler survival (Ibid., p. 70).

The Knight's expedition story is imbued with frontier ideology. It is about a crew of Europeans "discovering" and charting Canada's North, who become victims of a "mysterious" tragedy. Inuit and their contributions to keeping the crew alive for some

time go unmentioned in many versions of this narrative. Indeed, the "roles assigned to Aboriginal peoples" reflect a "pervasive historical worldview," (Ibid) as they are often portrayed as naïve or otherwise violent and malicious. It is conceivable, then, that Inuit might have placed an Inuk spirit (particularly a powerful shaman) at Marble Island, and that she continues to be emplaced there—guarding the landscape from explorers who charted, named, staked ownership of, and exploited the land; whalers who exploited resources; and now eco-tourists who exploit the history of the land.

Of course, as I crawled up the shore of Marble Island, these insights did not occur to me. Instead, I experienced this crawling as a sort of rite of passage. As I crawled, I moved through a liminal space in which my fate was unknown to a space in which I could be safe from misfortune. In demonstrating respect for this particular

Inuit custom (which I would not have guessed meant Inuit possession of this island), I could enter this new place and leave safely. I could become part of the story. For me, this experience was enriching and powerful. It was emplacement, me finding a place for myself on Marble Island. In retrospect, I understand that this moving through two realities, mine and that of the local Inuit population, also constituted a 'pseudo-event.' I had only carved out some small space in its landscape that I could temporarily occupy—a liminal space that I might return to from time to time.

I surveyed the Island; it suddenly occurred to me that I had to pee. This might have been a detail better left out of my story if it were insignificant. However, this was indeed the same dilemma the woman who became Marble Island was faced with. I looked around me, the landscape was flat and I was with eight men, only three of whom I knew well. Further, this island was haunted, not only by the Inuk woman's spirit, but by the spirits of whalers, explorers and other Marble Island visitors. I was quite literally tripping over graves. I knew I was not equipped to take on Inuit taboos. At the same time, I faced a taboo that is more widely shared amongst cultures (including mine). On the one hand, I might die in a rather gory manner, suffering the same fate as that of the woman in the story, heart bursting and bowels splattered on the rocks from holding in my pee. On the other hand, I pee in plain view of a bunch of mostly strange men, suffering embarrassment and risking an awkward trip home. And I could possibly pee on someone's grave. Either way, the trip would be uncomfortable. I chose to hold in my pee. This is a true story.

The remainder of my trip was fantastical enough to serve as an intermittent distraction from the discomfort of a very full bladder. I studied anthropology as an undergraduate student and although I ultimately specialized in the socio-cultural stream, I

retained an interest in physical anthropology, including archaeology. As I scoped the island—the remnants of Knights crew, the whalers and the local Inuit—I saw an opportunity to explore the past, to uncover mysteries and reveal silences. Only in retrospect do I see the way in which Marble Island's cultural landscape has been constructed through interactions with and manipulations of its natural and built environment. Just as the colonial lens was necessary to view Canadian landscape, colonial constructs were necessary to make the landscape compatible with a European cultural worldview. In other Canadian landscapes, this might look like the development of infrastructure (e.g. roads, power lines, and dams), and the construction of institutions to house and support European and Euro-Canadian religious, educational, and health beliefs (e.g. churches, schools, and hospitals). I now wonder how many Inuit spirits and stories died in the process.

For Marble Island, these constructs are more subtle, but significant nonetheless. As I walked across the landscape, I noticed bricks, rusted barrel rings, and rusted fragments of iron spotting the hiking trails, all living to tell their stories (Explore Marble Island). We searched for the relics of both Knight's 1719 *Albany* and *Discovery* and other whaling excursions.[41] Although we recovered some relics, the shipwreck (which is allegedly visible at low tide) proved elusive. We took the boat to

[41] "The New England whalers suffered casualties in the early years at Marble Island, as the two dozen graves on Deadman's Island testify. More than half the graves come from the winter of 1873. Fall storms wrecked one of the three whaling ships and cracked another in half, leading to lost provisions,

Deadman's Island, and saw countless graves, both marked and unmarked.[42] I was not sure what I was supposed to feel just then. Looking back now, I think it may have been intended to make tourists, like me, feel proud. I think it was intended to support the meta-narrative of Canada's "discovery." I think I was supposed to feel connected to these men and moved in some way by their death. I think I was supposed to feel grateful, to feel I owe them for this sacrifice. Instead I felt a little bit like I did in Sunday school when I decided to stop going.

All the while, our tour guides played into the intrigue of the Knight's expedition and their "mysterious deaths." The question of *how* or *why* his crewmen died has been subject to debate in the literature.[43] However, having read much of the archival research, it is not so mysterious to me. Knight was reported to be of advanced age (nearly 80), unfamiliar with the region, and overconfident (Beattie & Geiger, 1993, p. 96).

What was more interesting to me was that Inuit were accused of murdering and cannibalizing the crew, just as they were with the Franklin expedition (National Film Board of Canada, 2008; Explore Marble Island). Having reviewed Knight's diary from just a year prior to his voyage to Marble Island, what would be his last voyage, I learned he was afraid of Inuit, and considered them to be an aggressive and violent people (Beattie & Geiger, 1993, p. 62). Since avoiding Inuit for fear or any other reason would have been a poor survival strategy if not a death sentence at that time, it seems it was Knight's prejudice that ultimately killed him and his crewman.

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overcrowding and greater exposure to cold. Scurvy was the specific cause of death for fifteen harpooners. Many condemned themselves by refusing to eat fox meat."
(Explore Marble Island)

[42] fourteen crosses mark the graves from the 1873 New England ships: two graves from 1878-9 Whaling ship *George and Mary* (one of which was Canadian); two graves from whalers (likely from New England) who died there during the winter of 1886-7. (Explore Marble Island)

[43] Marble Island was within proximity of the local Inuit population who were described as generous with other visitors and open to trade relations.

Becoming a Tourist

While I may not have thought so at the time, I experienced Marble Island as a tourist both because of the Inuit cultural context I lacked and the colonial cultural context I could not escape. My vision of Marble Island looked like Jim Shirley's, without Inuit figures, spirits, or Inuit stories. It was a vast, empty, landscape and waterscape that reminded me of the group of seven, because this was the cultural context that I had to draw from, to situate Marble Island within in order to make sense of it. My Marble Island was only a tourist's mirage, informed and limited by my previous experiences and the images I had access to. My gaze had instantaneously transformed Marble Island to cohere with my worldview. Further, my answerability as a Qallunaa researcher made me a tourist to the tour guides who took us to Marble Island. They were selective in which stories they told us, how they would tell us these stories and so forth, based on my Qallunaa identity and outsider status. They wanted us to imagine Marble Island as a part of our history as well. Even by virtue of telling us these stories in English as opposed to Inuktitut, meaning was lost.

In retrospect I realize that I did not want to experience Marble Island in an authentic way, not really. I enjoyed imagining myself in the setting of a pirate movie or story of adventure in our early colonial history. I imagined myself as a part of these stories because these were the stories I had learned about as a child. On some level, I found comfort in this. Ironically, the experience felt more authentic, more significant and real to me as a contrived performance. After all, I could not relate to the women in the Marble island creation stories. I had little in common with the wife of Onalik and the Angakkuq (shaman) woman. And, when it came down I held my pee despite the warning

implicit in these stories—I choose to honour my own cultural taboos over the Inuit taboos.

Ultimately, it is only through remembering that I began to understand myself as a tourist. Much of what prevented me from understanding myself as a tourist was my anxiety that it would diminish my experience, my role as a researcher, and my place up North. What I learned is that it only made that experience more meaningful, helped to define my role as a researcher, and helped to carve out a place for me up North—becoming a tourist was not so diminishing. I went to Marble Island to try to understand myself as a Qallunaa researcher. When I crawled up Marble Island's shore, I hoped to emplace myself there. Marble Island was not the space I had been hoping for. It was not a refuge from the challenges of being a Qallunaa researcher of Inuit; it could not make me less Qallunaa nor provide me with insider status. However, it did help me to create a space for myself and to understand that space.

Through reliving and remembering my Marble Island journey as a tourist, renegotiating "ideas, feelings, and events" by drawing on the new knowledge, perspective and identity gained (David Crouch, 2007, p. 51), I have been forced to confront my identity as a Qallunaa researcher studying Inuit and to change it, to become a Qallunologist, which has lead to an experience akin to "self-actualization" (Cater, 2007, p. 63). I know I will continue to return to that place and continue to derive meaning from future experiences remembering it (Ibid, p. 53).

Chapter 5: Conclusion

This journey led me down a different path than I anticipated but I believe it was the path I was meant to take. I believe the stories and insights I have shared in this thesis stand to make more important contributions than I would have in my initial research. So, I am grateful for the silences that emerged because they led me to this place. Yet, I am grateful too that I took this original journey, despite the challenges it entailed, because it provided cause for critical reflection necessary to arriving here.

I hope the stories and insights I have shared will help other Qallunaat to become Qallunologists, to understand why silences emerge, to look inward, to continuously study oneself, to be constantly critical and self-reflexive of oneself as a researcher and to be always aware and respectful of the limitations to which one is bound as a Qallunaat. I hope it will help other Qallunaat to find a safe space within which to research with Inuit, to locate oneself within that space with good intentions, to allow community and Inuit organizations to identify areas where study is needed. I hope it will move Qallunaat to stop gossiping, to stop perpetuating negative stereotypes about Inuit, to deconstruct the Inuit imaginary. I hope it will help non-Inuit researchers to better understand ourselves as Qallunaat, to learn about the things we lack and the dangers we pose if we are not critical of ourselves, our peers, and the cultural context we have to draw from. I hope it reminds Qallunaat researchers that we can attempt to learn as much as possible about Inuit experience, culture, and IQ from Inuit (and we should!) but that these things will never make us Inuit. I hope it will help Qallunaat to work in partnership with Inuit, on paths that are parallel yet distinct. I hope it will help us to take a more humanistic, holistic approach to research, to try to learn to be good human beings according to the Inuit, to be

humble and helpful, to have research conversations and respect the right to refuse. When information is shared with us, I hope it will help us to achieve that fine balance of being action-oriented as well as interpretive or humble, to find safe places and modes through which to be a Qallunologist (for me this was feminist and interpretive writing). And, I hope it will lead others to find their own Marble Island to contextualize and then remember all of these things.

In affecting these changes in Qallunaat, I also hope it will facilitate more respectful relationships between non-Inuit researchers and Inuit research participants and knowledge givers. I hope whatever wisdom can be derived from these stories will empower Inuit research participants and knowledge givers to ask important questions, to build bridges, and to exercise their right to refuse. I want these stories to benefit them, as I have benefitted from the experiences upon which they are based.

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Appendix A

Grade Three

"Overall Expectations

By the end of Grade 3, students will:
- describe the communities of early settlers and First Nation peoples in Upper Canada
  around 1800;
- use a variety of resources and tools to gather, process, and communicate information about interactions between new settlers and existing communities, including First Nation peoples, and the impact of factors such as heritage, natural resources, and climate on the development of early settler communities;
- compare aspects of life in early settler communities and present-day communities.

Specific Expectations

Knowledge and Understanding
By the end of Grade 3, students will:
- identify the countries of origin of the people who settled in Upper Canada around 1800 (e.g., United States, United Kingdom, France, Germany);
- identify the areas of early settlement in Upper Canada (e.g., English/Niagara; Francophone/Penetanguishene; African-American/Chatham; Mennonite/Kitchener; Mohawk/Brantford);
- identify the First Nation peoples in Upper Canada around 1800 (i.e., Ojibway, Iroquois Confederacy), say where they lived, and describe their lifestyles;
- identify factors that helped shape the development of early settlements (e.g., lakes and rivers for trade and transportation; origins of early settlers; climate; natural resources);
- explain how the early settlers valued, used, and looked after natural resources (e.g., water, forests, land); describe what early settlers learned from
  First Nation peoples that helped them adapt to their new environment (e.g., knowledge about medicine, food, farming, transportation);
- describe the major components of an early settlement (e.g., grist mill, church, school, general store, blacksmith's shop); describe the various roles of male and
  female settlers (e.g., farm worker, minister, teacher, merchant, blacksmith, homemaker).

Inquiry/Research and Communication Skills
By the end of Grade 3, students will:

- ask questions to gain information and explore alternatives (e.g., concerning relationships between community and environment);
- use primary and secondary sources to locate key information about early settler
- communities (e.g., primary sources: diaries or journals, local museums, early settlers'
- houses, forts, villages; secondary sources: maps, illustrations, print materials, videos,
- CD-ROMs);
- collect information and draw conclusions about human and environmental interactions during the early settlement period (e.g., settlers storing food for long winters, using plants for medicinal purposes, using waterways for transportation);
- make and read a wide variety of graphs, charts, diagrams, maps, and models to
  understand and share their findings about early settlements in Upper Canada (e.g., a research organizer showing trades and tools; illustrations of period clothing;
  maps of settlements, including First Nation communities);
- use media works, oral presentations, written notes and descriptions, and drawings
  to communicate research findings (e.g., a model of an early settler home, a diorama
  of a First Nation settlement, a poster encouraging immigration to Upper Canada);
- use appropriate vocabulary (e.g., pioneer, settlers, grist mill, settlement, general store,
  blacksmith, First Nation peoples) to describe their inquiries and observations.

Application

By the end of Grade 3, students will:

- compare and contrast aspects of daily life for early settler and/or First Nation children in Upper Canada and children in present-day Ontario (e.g., food, education, work and play);
- compare and contrast aspects of life in early settler and/or First Nation communities
- in Upper Canada and in their own community today (e.g., services, jobs, schools, stores, use and management of natural resources);
- compare and contrast buildings/dwellings in early settler and/or First Nation communities in Upper Canada with buildings and dwellings in present-day Ontario;
- compare and contrast tools and technologies used by early settlers and/or First Nation peoples with present-day tools and technologies (e.g., quill/word processor;
  sickle/combine harvester; methods of processing lumber, grain, and other products);

- re-create some social activities or celebrations of early settler and/or First Nation
  communities in Upper Canada." (Ontario Ministry of Education, 2009, pp. 27-28).

<u>Grade Six</u>

"Overall Expectations

By the end of Grade 6, students will:
- describe characteristics of pre-contact First Nation cultures across Canada, including their close relationships with the natural environment; the motivations and attitudes of the
- European explorers; and the effects of contact on both the receiving and the incoming
  groups;
- use a variety of resources and tools to investigate different historical points of view about the positive and negative effects of early contact between First Nation peoples and European explorers;
- analyze examples of interaction between First Nation peoples and European explorers to identify and report on the effects of cooperation and the reasons for disagreements between the two groups.

Specific Expectations

Knowledge and Understanding

By the end of Grade 6, students will:
- examine various theories about the origins of First Nation and Inuit peoples in North
  America (e.g., that they crossed the Bering land bridge, had always been indigenous to North America, travelled by water from South America);
- describe the attitude to the environment of various First Nation groups (e.g., Nisga'a,
  Mi'kmaq, James Bay Cree) and show how it affected their practices in daily life
  (e.g., with respect to food, shelter, clothes, transportation);
- compare key social and cultural characteristics of Algonquian and Iroquoian groups
  (e.g., language; agriculture and hunting; governance; matriarchal and patriarchal
  societies; arts; storytelling; trade; recreation; roles of men, women, and children);
- identify the Viking, French, and English explorers who first came to and explored
  Canada, and explain the reasons for their journeys (e.g., the early-fifteenth-century

blockade of overland trade routes and the resulting search for new routes to the Far
East; the fishing industry; the fur trade; the search for gold; population growth in Europe leading to the search for new areas for settlement);

- identify technological developments and cultural factors that assisted and promoted
  the exploration of North America (e.g., caravel ships, improved navigational instruments, the quest for new lands);
- describe the expansion of European influence through the founding of the first trading posts (e.g., Île Ste Croix, Port Royal, Québec, Mont Royal, Fort William) and
  explain how the fur trade served the interests of both the Europeans and the First
  Nation peoples;
- identify the results of contact for both the Europeans and the First Nation peoples
  (e.g., sharing of beliefs, knowledge, and skills; intermarriage; trading alliances and
  conflicts; impact of European diseases on First Nation peoples; impact of fur trade
  on natural resources such as beaver populations).

Inquiry/Research and Communication Skills
By the end of Grade 6, students will:

- formulate questions with a statement of purpose to develop research plans (e.g.,
- Why did Cartier kidnap Donnacona and his sons? What was the role of First Nation women in the fur trade?);
- select relevant resources and identify their point of view (e.g., recognize the historical
  context of Cartier's logbook; recognize bias in Champlain's drawing and descriptions
  of Mohawk villages);
- identify and explain differing opinions about the positive and negative effects of
  early contact between European and First Nation peoples (e.g., growth of First Nation peoples' dependency on trade goods; impact of the fur trade on the economy and environment; effect of attempts to convert the Huron Nation to Christianity);
- use and construct a variety of graphic organizers to clarify and interpret information
  (e.g., cause-and-effect diagrams linking the environment and First Nation
- cultures, mind maps to connect the results of early contact, diagrams and captions to
  illustrate technological advances that allowed exploration);

- read, interpret, and compare historical and modern maps of an area to determine
  accuracy (e.g., Champlain's maps versus present-day maps of North America; a
  map based on Magellan's journey versus modern projections of the world);
- build models or draw and label various forms of maps, using cartographic symbols
  and a legend (e.g., model of a Mohawk village, maps of explorers' routes, maps of
  waterways used for the fur trade);
- observing bibliographic conventions, use media works, oral presentations, written
  notes and reports, drawings, tables, charts, and graphs to communicate the results of
  inquiries about the effects of early contact between First Nation peoples and early
  European explorers (e.g., the causes of the disappearance of the Neutral Nation, the
  influence of French fashion on the expansion of the fur trade);
- use appropriate vocabulary (e.g., Métis, clan, council, Anishinabek, consensus, social,
  Haudenosaunee, political, archaeological, caravel, astrolabe, bias, epidemic, alliance,
  monopoly) to describe their inquiries and observations.

Application
By the end of Grade 6, students will:
- explain how cooperation between First Nation groups and early European explorers
  benefited both groups (e.g., Europeans gained medical knowledge, survival skills,
  and geographic knowledge from First Nation peoples; First Nation peoples acquired products of European technology such as cooking pots, metal tools, blankets, and clothing; military alliances helped both groups against a common enemy);
- explain how differences between First Nation peoples and early European explorers led to conflicts between the two groups (e.g., lack of common language,
  differing world views and spiritual beliefs, introduction of European diseases, differing views about property ownership);
- express their personal viewpoints, based on historical evidence, about the outcomes
- of early contact between First Nation peoples and early European explorers (e.g., report on the origins and challenges of the Métis Nation; use a storyboard to show the events leading to the establishment and destruction of

Ste-Marie- Among-the-Hurons; present the results of an Internet search on a specific Hudson's Bay Company or North West Company trading post);

- identify some present-day issues concerning First Nation peoples that relate to results of early contact (e.g., the effect of new technologies on First Nation cultures;
  land claims);
- identify achievements and contributions of Aboriginal people in present-day Canada
  (e.g., James Bartleman, Jordan Tootoo, Douglas Cardinal, Susan Aglukark)."
  (Ontario Ministry of Education, 2009, pp. 31-33).