LALAKENIS/

ALL DIRECTIONS

A JOURNEY OF TRUTH AND UNITY

We are sincerely grateful to all those who contributed spiritually and financially to the Journey. We thank those who walked with us and those who supported us from home. We thank the communities who opened their doors and sheltered us and bestowed their treasures on us. We thank those who have loaned their sacred objects to us for this exhibition. I send a special thank you to my sister Adiya and to my Auntie Doreen, my pillars of support.

Gila'kasla

/ Wallas Gwy Um (Beau Dick)

LALAKENIS/ ALL DIRECTIONS

A JOURNEY OF TRUTH AND UNITY

On July 2, 2014, renowned Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw artist Chief Beau Dick along with 21 companions set out from the University of British Columbia on a journey to Ottawa which they called *Awalaskenis II: Journey of Truth and Unity*. Intending to raise awareness about the plight of the environment and to challenge elected officials to attend to the relationship between the federal government and First Nations people, the group brought with them many objects including a copper shield known as Taaw made by Giindajin Haawasti Guujaaw, the Haida carver and former president of the Haida Nation. Guujaaw had encouraged Dick to make this journey, having been inspired by the 2013 *Awalaskenis I* journey from Quatsino on the northern tip of Vancouver Island to Victoria.

Along the way, the travellers visited First Nations communities across the country to gather support and to increase the value of the copper through ceremony. Through social media, they drew attention to the journey. Many artists and communities contributed sacred objects collected from up and down the continent — some of them considered to be sentient beings — to be carried to the copper-breaking event. *Lalakenis/All Directions: A Journey of Truth and Unity* brings together these objects in a reconstruction of the site of the ceremony on Parliament Hill, and documents the journey through videos, photographs and narrative.

On July 27, the Taaw copper was broken on Parliament Hill in a traditional copper-breaking ceremony, marking a ruptured relationship in need of repair, and passing the burden of wrongs done to First Nations people from them to the Government of Canada. Once practiced throughout the Pacific Northwest when copper shields were a symbol of justice and central to a complex economic system, this shaming rite had all but disappeared until Dick revived it in a similar ceremony in 2013 on the front steps of the British Columbia Legislature in Victoria. This earlier journey was instigated by Beau Dick's daughters, Geraldine and Linnea Dick, as a way to bring the message of the Idle No More movement to the attention of the British Columbia government.

Lalakenis/All Directions demonstrates how deeply traditional practices can be deployed to address and engage urgent and contemporary politics. The copper-breaking ceremony practiced in Haida and Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw communities for generations is not relegated to a sealed-off past, but has been activated through a political act.

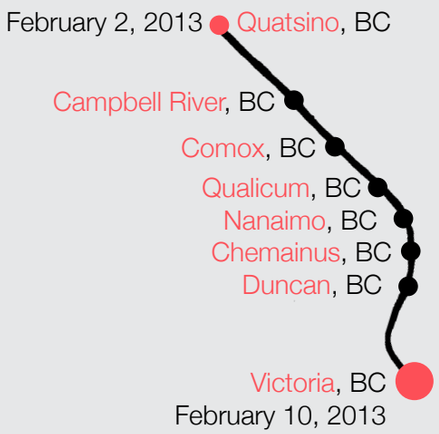
We would like to extend our sincere thanks to Beau Dick, and to the scores of supporters who contributed to the journey and the exhibition.

/ Scott Watson and Lorna Brown

Awalaskenis I

Quatsino to Victoria, BC
February 2013

QUATSINO, BC
Together with his daughters, Linnea and Geraldine, supporters, and Idle No More organizers, Beau Dick begins his journey to Victoria



VICTORIA
The Kwakwaka'wakw copper Nunmgala is broken on the steps of the BC Legislature

Awalaskenis II

Vancouver, BC to Ottawa, ON
July 2014

RAVEN LAKE, BC
Coppers are quenched

KAMLOOPS, BC
Witnesses the Sundance ceremony

CHASE, BC
Hosted by the Neskonlith Band

EDMONTON, AB
Welcomed by University of Alberta School of Native Studies

ONION LAKE, SK
Hosted at the Onion Lake Powwow and honoured with a blanket dance

WINNIPEG, MB
Circles the Legislature in full regalia
Coppers are washed at the Forks, the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers
Welcomed by Grand Chief of Manitoba Derek Nepinak at the Circle of Life Thunderbird House

RED PHEASANT, SK
Hosted in tipis and gifted with medicines for the journey

CALGARY, AB
Visits Glenbow Museum and hosted by the Tsuut'ina First Nation at the Grey Eagle Resort & Casino

SASKATOON, SK
Visits the Mendel Gallery
Receives Grizzly Bear Staff from Elder Paul Laliberte for the journey

PENTICTON, BC
Elders bless the coppers at the 38th Annual BC Elders Gathering hosted by the Penticton Indian Band

THUNDER BAY, ON
Visits the Thunder Bay Indian Friendship Centre

CHILLIWACK, BC
Visits the University of the Fraser Valley

WAWA, ON
Honoured by Powwow drummers

VANCOUVER, BC
First Nations Longhouse, University of British Columbia
Sent off with remarks by Shane Pointe, Linc Kesler, Chief Robert Joseph, David Suzuki among others
Honoured at a dinner at the Vancouver Aboriginal Friendship Centre

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, OTTAWA, ON
The Haida Taaw copper is broken in a ceremony conducted by Beau Dick

THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY / Beau Dick

It starts a long time ago. My Uncle Jimmy Dawson was the mentor who shared so much knowledge and gave me guidance throughout my youth. Many of us learned from his teachings. As his youngest sister's boy, I was like his son. When my grandmother died leaving my mom at five years old, my great-grandfather Tom Hum K'it bestowed upon my mother the name Tla Kwa Skum, which could mean *Red Face*, but it could also mean *The Face of a Copper.* My Uncle Jimmy, the eldest, was the one who set me up and gave me the privilege to hold coppers and understand their history.

Once he asked, "Whatever happened to those Haidas?" I said, "What do you mean?" "Well, you know, what happened to them?" That's a funny question, I thought. He came back later at some point and said, "I'm still thinking about it. What happened to them?" "Who?" I asked. "The Haidas." "I don't know," I said. And he said, "I'll tell you."

And he unraveled a story about how our great-grandmother Anislakaw was connected to the Haida people, through her sister Emily who married Albert Edwards. They had a son named Albert Edwards Edenshaw, and that was the start of another lineal bloodline that is held in high regard amongst the Haida. Because of that connection every female that came out of Emily and Albert's bloodline married into another Haida family and eventually they covered every family, because of the population decline. I realized that they are all our family: there was a strong connection and mutual respect. He pointed out the history of one particular Chilkat blanket that ended up on another relative, Nagye Gee, a history that came from Kiusta, from the House of Simeon. Our oral history records how 360 Haida houses vanished overnight, through blankets that were inflicted on them. It hasn't been recorded in history books from our point of view, but it is still fresh in our memory: it's a well-known story amongst us. The number of survivors varied in different accounts, between 500 and 700. Prior to 1863 they were estimated to be over 14,000. They vanished overnight because of the smallpox that was inflicted on them.

My Uncle Jimmy and his sisters were put in residential school as children. He was slightly embittered by that, by the damage inflicted upon our people and he shared with me other things that bothered him. He said, "One day, we'll carve a canoe and we'll take our coppers down to Victoria. We'll paddle right into the harbour and bring them to the steps and I'll break one there." Thinking about it now, it was like an impossible dream, certainly for him. He felt it deep in his heart and never lived to see it. All the guidance that he put on my lap became so valuable throughout my life, going through all the changes that I did.

He said to me one time, "Don't go try to save the world because there's no hope for that, but there's hope for you." It took a while for me to really understand that there was hope for me on an individual level, that I could find some balance and peace of mind in life, some happiness and a sense of

purpose. It was important to find that first. And he said, “You learn from people along the way. You’ll learn more from people who will teach you how *not* to be, so have some appreciation for them!”

At one point, I gave up on people and said, “OK, it’s all about me, just look after yourself, look after your family, do what you do and enjoy it.” I had a group of friends who I hung around with in Alert Bay for a number of years. We just listened to our music and carved, did our work, looked forward to upcoming events that we could participate in and contribute our work to. That was my life for several years and it was a really fulfilling time for me. It was isolated — there was no TV, no radio, no computer, no telephone — and it was very comfortable without all of that. We even began to venture out more into the back yard of our territories, investigating where a good place might be to relocate and build a cultural centre for medicine, weaving, carving, survival skills and that sort of thing. I was going in different directions. I didn’t bother thinking about the things that irritated me like the politics going on in the world and in our own administrative system.

But one day, I ended up in Victoria, visiting my girls who were then 19 and 20. They are remarkable women: they’re high-spirited, very clear, very intelligent, very beautiful, caring and generous. I’m really proud of my girls. Geraldine and Linnea are really close, and they know me quite well, and know what my convictions and views are. This can’t help but influence them, and I probably shared with them Uncle Jimmy’s idea of going to Victoria a few times in their growing years. So as I woke up on their couch one morning my girls were all excited, I could sense something was in the air. They said, “Dad, come look at this!” And they dragged me off the couch over to the computer to see what was going on in the world. The Idle No More movement was erupting and without saying anything, we looked at each other and they said, “Is it time?” And I said, “Yeah, let’s go.”

So the girls were most instrumental in making that all happen, it was certainly worth going the distance with them and for them. It felt more like I was supporting them in their movement as activists, as young people on the move today. It felt good to be able to be there with them. Of course, being Beau Dick is an advantage sometimes! Being a well-known artist as well as Hereditary Chief meant that people might pay attention and hear our message. So that was the first journey, walking from the north end of Vancouver Island to Victoria. It was an incredible, amazing journey and there were so many things that happened along the way that were so humbling and so empowering.

As a young Indigenous woman, I often felt a piece of my identity was missing. There was a calling I couldn’t answer — an all-knowing voice telling me that life is much bigger than this. All the noise — the constant humming around us — makes it difficult to hear sometimes, but it’s there and in certain moments becomes more clear to us: we are each born with a purpose.

In my childhood, I experienced a lot of anguish, leading me to victimize myself. The trauma made it easier to live in darkness. I allowed what had happened to me to dim my light, causing me to be quite self-destructive, especially in my teenage years. I realize now that much of what haunted me were pain patterns, first experienced by my ancestors and many of my elders during colonization. The abuse, the drug and alcohol use, the feelings of inferiority were all a trickle-effect of suffering carried from generation to generation, until all of a sudden I was in a position where I must overcome the tremendous accumulation of pain.

The *Awalaskenis* journey created an opportunity for me, and many others, to rise and find each other. We became leaders and matriarchs for our families. We became examples to our communities, particularly those on Vancouver Island. In fact, as we moved from town to town our numbers grew. The support we received was prodigious. We were sheltered and fed and gifted. We were creating magic. There was an enlightenment that was hard to fully understand at times, yet many stood behind us, and a lot of people beside us, knowing that the journey we embarked on was of such great importance that it may be hard to grasp its meaning in its entirety.

The final day of the journey, February 10th, 2013, was quite possibly the most promising of all days. Hundreds of people joined us at Goldstream Park for our final walk to the Legislative Buildings. The buzz in the air was unimaginable as we marched down the highways, then the streets of Victoria. The people were in good spirits: laughing, drumming, singing, meeting and sharing. Every so often we could hear the cry of our warrior, my sister Geraldine, guiding us. There were representatives from so many different cultures, I’m sure if I tried to name them all I’d miss a few.

Arriving at the steps of the Legislative Buildings was more astounding still. There were a few thousand people waiting and celebrating our arrival and, more importantly, the stand against the Provincial Government we were about to make. We had to fight our way through the crowds as everyone moved in, enveloping us in gratitude. Some people were moved to tears, including myself. There were cameras everywhere, to record what would be an important moment for so many. A lot of people had a voice that day and each person something special to contribute. Every speech made and gift received propelled us, further uplifting us, leading us to the copper breaking.

When it finally came to the copper-cutting ceremony, there was stillness around us, a peacefulness in hearing the Hamatsa cries and stone hitting metal. Once completed we were all overwhelmed

with many feelings, but the one that stands out to me the most is relief. An incredible weight had been lifted. Life, for me, was changing. There marked a new beginning.

Perhaps the journey had just begun. And so it was proven in the summer of 2014, when a Haida chief, Guujaaw, decided to embark on another journey with his family copper to take a stand against the Federal Government on Parliament Hill in Ottawa. Inspired people inspire people. It's unfortunate that responsibilities in the conventional world prevented me from being there, but the true spirit of my being had been awakened once again. A fire has been started, burning brightly in all its glory, that cannot be put out. It is time that we cleanse ourselves of our dreary pasts so that we may move forward with a unity that had nearly been lost after contact.

It is then we realize the importance of culture and its ability to unite the people and restore our values. Two very important things in the Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw culture are respect and responsibility. There is a strong sense of community amongst our people, knowing that each person has their own abilities to contribute and that we must coexist in togetherness. Four poles connected by four beams hold up our big houses and if just one should be unsturdy the entire framework might collapse. After having much of our culture stripped away from us, leaving us naked and vulnerable, some of these old ways and ideas have been forgotten. It is through our sacred ceremonies that we are reminded of the strength we come from — of the flourishing people we once were.

Therefore, the copper becomes a symbol of dignity, integrity and perseverance. The copper cutting signifies breaking away and elevating, and in this case the meeting of old ideas with new ones. The copper-cutting ceremonies convey a type of indescribable fulfillment that brought power back to the people of many nations, conceivably becoming pivotal moments in our history.

THE COPPERS

Beau Dick

> *A sheet of copper — always in this shape — is central to the economic and social system of potlatching. It is a symbol of wealth and power. The metal itself is associated with the wealth of the world beneath the sea. Each copper has its own name, its own history and a value that increases each time it is bought or given away. It carries with it the status of the chiefs who have owned it and stands as a symbol for all previous exchanges. It is spiritual and material. … "The coppers are real and stay. We are fortunate, where we have come from is wealth." From supernatural beings, from people who dance with supernatural forces, from the sea, from villages like this one.*
>
> Gloria Cranmer Webster[1]

The forms of governance that once worked for us were diminished and gave way to Christianity and to other forms of governance and to the enforcement of other laws. The barrage of change happened very fast here on the Coast. It wasn't very long ago when Alexander Mackenzie first reached the Coast and saw the Pacific Ocean. Our history goes back way longer than that. It is instilled in the oral tradition and entrenched in the deepest meaning of the copper. It becomes a form of identity because of everything that's attached to it, including territorial claims. This becomes very sensitive because, as you know, there were no treaties in British Columbia with this new form of government. Sadly, this governance was enforced on us.

We lived in harmony with nature and developed a sophisticated culture over a long time. We were able to do that because of the abundance that the Creator provided here on the Coast. The Creator gave us the food-gathering times in the spring, summer and autumn so that throughout the winter, we could engage in ceremony, feasting and potlatching.

Prior to contact, how did we keep order? The copper is a symbol of justice. You don't mess with justice: it is the law. We live by doctrines; we have codes of honour and systems of loyalty in our society, and in our secret societies. It is very complex. So all of this is part of the copper system. Even the simple act of putting a name on a child: where does the name come from? Is it valid? Did you just make it up or did you steal it? It has to be validated. And it's the copper that validates it, because there's history attached to the name, and it is protected by that copper.

It's hard to understand that in a sense, the copper is a living being. We're not talking about a sheet of metal, it's much more than that. The sheet of copper is a symbol of something that's much harder to really understand. It's a topic that opens an amazing conversation for those who are interested: the history of coppers and how they've been used in ancient times up until recent times.

I'm lucky that I caught what appeared to be the tail end of this culture that flourished for so long and almost got stomped out in the late 1800s into the 1920s. This oppression continued along, and then finally in the 1960s there came a new vibe in the air. In the meantime, all of the coppers had disappeared, and those old Indian things didn't mean anything anymore. There was the idea

1 From *Potlatch … A strict law bids us dance*, 1975. A production of the U'mista Cultural Society; directed by Dennis Wheeler; written by Brian Shein and Dennis Wheeler; produced by Tom Shandel. Vancouver: Moving Images Distribution, 2005.

that “those days are gone, we have to move on to a modern way of life.” And that way of life didn’t include the hierarchy that was created through potlatching, or the claims validated through potlatching. That stuff didn’t mean so much anymore. Passing on names, rites of passage for young men and young women when they come of age: those things were put aside and almost forgotten. A lot of the routines of daily life vanished with modernism and rock and roll and all this technology. It’s amazing how consuming that all became for all of us.

I used to sit on my great-grandfather’s lap as he pulled up the river in a dugout canoe. Later on he sawed off the end of the canoe and tacked a plywood transom onto it, and rigged up an outboard motor. Eventually, he went up the river on a helicopter. Man was landing on the moon at this time, but my great-grandfather maintained all of those values and understandings and teachings and yet was still excited about what was going on in the world. He lived through the First and Second World Wars, the Vietnam War. He knew what was going on in the world, but he was still really connected to the old ways.

And since his time, we’ve become less and less connected with all of that, even survival skills. If you took the cheques away from the band members who have been suppressed into submission and been so underprivileged, how are they going to survive? In many ways, the so-called promise of a better tomorrow that was supposed to be provided by this new form of governance didn’t happen, in fact quite the opposite. It’s hard not to feel victimized by all of that.

Yet I think First Nations people have a real cheerful and enduring spirit that gets them through, a great sense of humour. That all has to do with a way of living and how we interact with each other, the respect and loyalty we give, the trust that’s created. Those are important values, and in the copper system they are paramount values. The threat of having a copper broken on you in the old days was terrifying to the point where it could kill you — just because you’d be so terrified by the mere threat. That’s how much they believed in its power. It was very much like martyrs in other religions, they believed in it so much. So that’s only scratching the surface, because it just gets deeper and deeper every time you scratch on the copper.

The sad thing is that they’re all in museum collections, and in private collections scattered throughout the world, and that’s not really where they belong. When our group approached the museum in Hull, Quebec, they wouldn’t let us in to visit our coppers that were in there. They boast of how many pieces they have in their collection, a small fraction of which are on display for people to see. I don’t think that’s responsible to steal all that stuff and hide it away. I think it’s criminal. And that’s again the truth, but conveying the truth gently is challenging. As an artist, bringing the broken copper to go visit the old ones was a gesture that I felt strongly about. Our group was shut out and it was embarrassing — but not for us. I don’t know how many coppers they have at that museum. I once saw a photograph of a whole pile of them — so many that you couldn’t count them. It’s an atrocious thing to have committed that under the guise of “sharing a culture,” of “protecting our heritage.” Protecting it for who? Certainly not for us. And we’re busy trying to restore the culture, get that old vehicle running again. That’s challenging too — because we’re still under attack and it’s hard to see, hard to really visualize what I mean by that statement. But we are under attack today: our way of life, our customs, our spirituality and in fact our identity.

T’aaguu is, in practice, the banking system of our people. The potlatch and naming of the copper compounds the manufactured value. You invest in the people who benefit through your sharing of wealth, in turn raising your own standing in society. A copper intentionally broken to provoke, obligate or shame another can realize a decrease or significant increase in value. A copper intentionally destroyed or thrown into the briny deep could trigger an intense outlay of property or even bankrupt another. T’aaguu provides a very certain medium of exchange and secure holdings for investment.

More than a mystical geometric form and challenging work of metallurgy, a copper’s function is central to a complex economic system whereby the measure of wealth can see incorporeal properties more valuable than material holdings, where prestige is the prize gained through distribution rather than the accumulation of wealth. Influence is attained through respect. The value is measured in accordance with that which is given: this is the weight of the copper.

When we arrived at Parliament Hill to break the Taaw copper, we opened with prayers for the people and families suffering in the Middle East.

While on this day we invoke our culture bringing forward a copper ritual, seldom seen outside of our homelands. We bring this copper from the great Pacific where it was washed and touched by people of the ocean and then in a journey across this land touched by elders and children, washed in the rivers and lakes, blessed in Sundance and ceremonies, carried by Powwow dancers, and touched again by the people of the land. It has been cleansed with smoke and brought here to be broken. This is our wealth of place, of culture and everything that is dear to us including life itself and all that the great nature provides. We name the copper Taaw in respect for the great life-giving oolichan oil, in contrast to the poison from the Oilsands. With this in mind we break this copper. We break it at the doorstep of the Government of Canada with a great sense of celebration. We break this copper not as a slight to Canada or an insult to Canadians who have shown us nothing but support and encouragement. In breaking this copper we confront the tyranny and oppression of a government who has forsaken human rights and turned its back on nature in the interests of the almighty dollar, and we act in accordance with our laws.

THE PIPES / Gyauustees

The Sundance that we do lasts four days and four nights. The Sundance is like the mother of the pipe ceremony and all the other purification ceremonies. It's one of the many ways we use the connection of Mother Earth with all of creation.

There are up to 100 pipes laid down, and as Sundancers, we have been taking care of them pretty closely: just like our Hamatsa societies, just like our Painted Face societies take care of and protect entities. As Sundancers, we take care of all these ceremonies, and as men we track the sun all year round. When it comes to that point when it's all lined up again, we go and we break our skin and we make our offering and we have a whole new year again. I'm really grateful to be a Sundancer, because I've learned a lot about myself, about my responsibilities as a custodian of Mother Earth — not as a possession of an unlawful bankrupt corporation called Canada.

So the pipe — to break it down — is the male and the female coming together. The stone is the female and the wood shaft is the male, and when they come together and you put medicine in there (or tobacco if you want to call it that), it is lit with fire and you smoke it. You put that breath out — you don't inhale it unless you need some healing — and that breath connects to everything, all the directions. You have to make sure you know who, what, when, where, why, and then you lift up the pipe, and it is recognized by everything. That's where law is made. Not legalities and policies and procedures, but *law*, where we exercise what we're doing in the here and now, why we're doing it. So the pipe is the life force. There is the rock (the earth), the air, the fire to light it and at the bottom there is moisture from the medicine, like an oil, so the water is represented in the pipe. All together it's the breath of life of all creation — Mother Earth, Father Sky, the Animal Kingdom — the ones that crawl, the ones that walk on four legs, the ones that swim to the bottom of the ocean, and the winged ones that help carry the prayers.

I have the blessing and the privilege of receiving the guidance and direction to carry many responsibilities in ancient rituals and private ceremonies, along with the task of carrying and sharing the traditional songs.

There is so much hurt and pain that we hold on to that blocks us from being who we are meant to be. By taking care of our pipe, doing purification ceremonies, looking after our hollow reed, we maintain our connection with the Creator, who gave us this instrument. It's like a call out from a new vantage point. We're able to express what's happened to us, what we're not letting happen to us anymore, and where we want to go from here as a unified people. Unified with everything: all the life spirits, the animal spirits, the wind, everything. United with the different relatives that carry these ceremonies on around the world, united with them so that we can all be one, to help take care of our problems, to be there as a support network for one another, peacefully.

These instruments are living forces that need to be taken care of while they are on display in the Gallery. They need to comprehend what is going on. The sacred staff came from the tree of life: it is a really powerful instrument that the Creator has given us. The feathers and fans are like my relatives. The whole continent is represented by these medicines and objects. These pipes and the tobacco come from all around the world, given by tribes for us to carry for them, and they were all there on Parliament Hill in bundles. On our journey, we did a pipe ceremony every morning, every noon and every evening. It had to be constant, because chaos was always trying to come in.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Please visit our website belkin.ubc.ca for details and the most current information.

TEA WITH BEAU

UBC Artist in Residence and Kwakwaka'wakw Hereditary Chief Beau Dick, community members, elders and activists will share their knowledge, experiences and discuss the themes of *Lalakenis*.

January 21	1pm	February 4	1pm	March 3	1pm
January 28	1pm	February 25	1pm	March 10	1pm
				March 31	1pm

CONVERSATIONS

Join leading UBC scholars, artists, curators and critics in midday conversations. We invite Johnny Mack and Dory Nason, two prominent, disciplinarily distinct voices into the Gallery to discuss productive intersections of their own work and the current exhibition, followed by a discussion that includes the audience.

February 11 1pm

CONCERT WITH UBC CONTEMPORARY PLAYERS

Join us at the Belkin for a concert with UBC Contemporary Players inspired by the *Lalakenis* exhibition. Led by directors Corey Hamm and Paolo Bortolussi, this graduate and undergraduate student ensemble from the UBC School of Music will animate the Gallery for an afternoon program celebrating themes from the exhibition.

Friday, April 8 2pm

CUTTING COPPER: INDIGENOUS RESURGENT PRACTICE

Curated by Tarah Hogue and Shelly Rosenblum

Admission is free, but space is limited and registration is required.
Please RSVP by February 25 to rsvp.belkin@ubc.ca For more information, visit belkin.ubc.ca

Friday, March 4th

RECOGNITION, REFUSAL AND RESURGENCE

2pm Performance / Dana Claxton

LOCATION: Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery

DISCUSSION following / Panelists:
Linc Kesler, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, Alfred Taiaiake; Moderator: Shelly Rosenblum

LOCATION: Liu Institute for Global Issues, UBC, 6476 NW Marine Drive

This panel will address some of the theoretical interventions at play when considering the ways in which Indigenous people have sought to overcome the contemporary life of settler-colonization and achieve self-determination through cultural production and critique.

Presented in collaboration with grunt gallery, Vancouver, with support from the British Columbia Arts Council.

grunt

BRITISH COLUMBIA ARTS COUNCIL
An agency of the Province of British Columbia

Saturday, March 5th

CREATIONS, INSERTIONS AND REBUFFS: CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS AND PRACTICE

9:30am Performance / Maria Hupfield and Charlene Vickers

LOCATION: Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery

DISCUSSION following / Panelists: Jarrett Martineau, Tannis Nielsen, Wanda Nanibush; Moderator: Lorna Brown

LOCATION: Peter Wall Institute for Advanced Studies, UBC, 6331 Crescent Road

This panel will address the role of performative, educational, curatorial or programming models to investigate how they might challenge or alter institutions' interactions with Indigenous people.

12:30-2pm

Lunch

Land Beneath Our Feet, self-guided walking tour

SOVEREIGNTY ACROSS DISCIPLINES

2pm Performance / Tanya Lukin Linklater

LOCATION: Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery

DISCUSSION following / Panelists: Julie Nagam, Michelle Raheja, Dylan Robinson; Moderator: Tarah Hogue

LOCATION: Peter Wall Institute for Advanced Studies, UBC, 6331 Crescent Road

This panel will explore intersecting fields of literature, film, media and cultural studies, and dance as modalities of resurgent cultural expression.

CONTRIBUTORS

BEAU DICK, acclaimed as one of the Northwest Coast's most versatile and talented carvers, was born in Alert Bay, BC where he lives and works. Reaching out beyond the confines of his own Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw culture, Dick has explored new formats and techniques in his work, including painting and drawing. His work can be found in private collections as well as museums, including the Canadian Museum of History (Gatineau, QC), the Heard Museum (Phoenix, AZ), the Burke Museum (Seattle, WA), the UBC Museum of Anthropology and the Vancouver Art Gallery. Dick's work has been exhibited recently in *Witnesses: Art and Canada's Indian Residential Schools* (2013) at the Belkin Art Gallery, *Sakahan: International Indigenous Art* (2013) at the National Gallery of Canada, *75 Years of Collecting: First Nations: Myths and Realities* (2006) at the Vancouver Art Gallery and *Supernatural* with Neil Campbell (2004) at the Contemporary Art Gallery (Vancouver). In 2012, Dick received the Jack and Doris Shadbolt Foundation's VIVA Award for Visual Arts. Since the fall of 2013, Dick has been the Artist in Residence at the UBC Department of Art History, Visual Art and Theory, with his studio in the Audain Art Centre.

LINNEA DICK was born December 9, 1991 to Pamela Bevan and Beau Dick. She carries the Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw name Malidi, meaning *To always find a purpose and path in life*. She is of Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw, Nisga'a and Tsimshian heritage. She spent her early childhood in Alert Bay, later relocating to Vancouver along with her sister Geraldine. Between 2004 and 2005, Linnea spent time experiencing Haida culture and tradition in Haida Gwaii, where her two older sisters live. Her ambitions in life are to help people and she aims to one day establish a wellness centre for women and children. Her creative abilities include writing and painting.

GIINDAJIN HAAWASTI GUUJAAW, born in Masset, BC as Gary Edenshaw, is a traditional Haida singer, carver, environmentalist, activist and leader from the Raven Clan of Skedans. Guujaaw has worked throughout his life for the protection of Haida land, the establishment of the rights of the Haida people and their economic stability and freedom, taking part in the blockades on Lyell Island in the 1980s to protect it from logging. As President of the Haida Nation from 2000 to 2012, he fought to protect Haida Gwaii from logging and offshore drilling, and was instrumental in establishing Gwaii Hanaas National Park Reserve. Guujaaw oversaw the return of the Haida Gwaii forestry into the hands of his people, helped end the black bear hunt on the Misty Isles and successfully got the BC government to legally recognize the Queen Charlotte Islands as Haida Gwaii, the area's traditional Haida name. Guujaaw means *Drum*, a name given to him at a potlatch at the northern village of Kiusta.

GYAUUSTEES, whose name means *The one who gets things done*, is a member of the tribal people of the Nuu-chah-nulth Snuneymuxw Skokomish Kwakwa̲ka̲'wakw with strong family ties to Secwepemc. His people are alive and well on the Pacific Northwest Coast of what is now called North America. Gyauustees, through his connection to the Spirit of Unity, Peace and Dignity, has been on an incredible journey of acceptance, forgiveness and personal redemption from what he can only describe as the attempted genocide of his people. Only through peace of heart was he able to overcome adversity and be united — one heart, one mind — and then able to lift others up with dignity and reenter the sacred circle of life.

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