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Wind speaker

INSIDE

What's so special about Christmas?

See pages 13-16 to find out what our readers had to say.

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December 7, 1992

North America's Leading Native Newspaper

Volume 10 No. 18



Leah Pagett

A time of myths and magic

For little Natasha LaLonde, who's almost two, Christmas is a magical time full of special sights, music and celebration. Mom Lana shares some of the delights of Christmas with her little one at an Edmonton mall dressed up for the occasion.

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Mercredi calls for co-operation

By Cooper Langford
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

Self-government will have to be achieved by co-operation with the government and people of Canada rather than through declarations of sovereignty, Ovide Mercredi said.

"When I say I believe in Indian sovereignty... I don't say I believe in absolute sovereignty," the grand chief of the Assembly of First Nations said.

"There is no nation state that is absolutely sovereign... We live in a time of inter-dependence. We have to lift ourselves up and reach out to other Canadians and their governments."

In a speech that stepped back from the post-referendum calls for a unilateral exercise of self-government rights, Mercredi said self-government will have to be achieved within Canada.

In the weeks following the defeat of the Charlottetown accord, Mercredi urged first nations governments to exercise a "defacto recognition of the inherent right" based on the failed constitutional agreement. He said the strategy enforcing Native laws over child welfare and economic development projects like gambling parlors would also test Ottawa's tolerance on sovereignty issues.

But in his speech last week to a group of economic development workers, Mercredi said political growth should be based on



Ovide Mercredi

a "dual vision" shared by first nations and non-Natives.

"In order to reach that objective (self-government) we are going to need the co-operation of Canada," he told an audience of

more than 300 at a fund-raising dinner for a new organization for economic development workers.

"The people I represent want to be included in this country in a fundamental way."

Mercredi also appealed to Ottawa to look beyond its fixation on the multi-billion dollar federal debt and develop an economic policy that will guarantee a "standard of life" for all Canadians.

More than 450,000 young first nations citizens will be in the national work force by the year 2000 and they will need economic opportunities, he said. But he tempered his criticism by claiming that the Mulroney government had helped 5,000 Native businesses and now hopes to double that number.

AUTUMN CONTEST • SEE PAGE 25

Siddon sees end of Indian Affairs

OTTAWA

Most of the work now handled by the Indian Affairs department will be administered by first nations governments by the end of the decade, Indian Affairs Minister Tom Siddon said.

And Native communities will be responsible for setting the course of the devolution of powers in a set of complex self-government negotiations that will likely flow from the failed constitutional process.

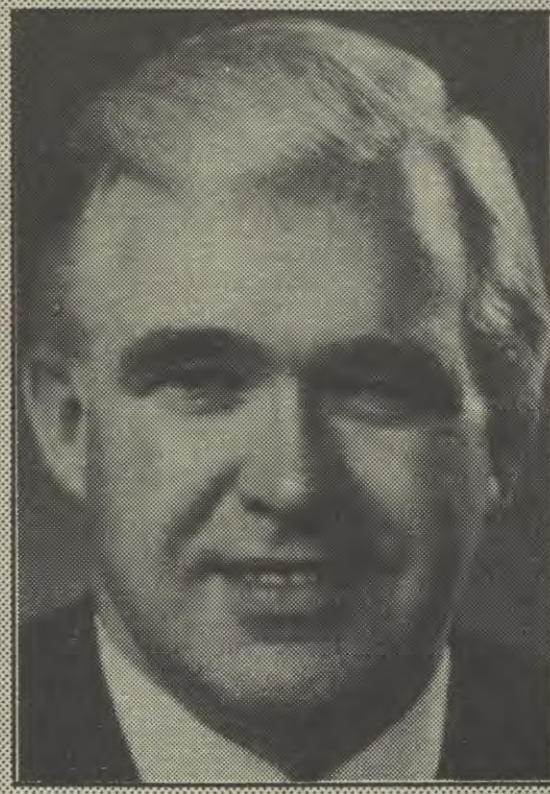
"In terms of what we call machinery of government, I think there is an end in sight to the department as we know it," Siddon said.

There are currently about 20 groups - representing approximately 40 bands across the country - involved in self-government negotiations.

Talks had slowed to a crawl during the constitutional bargaining surrounding the Charlottetown accord. But now

"The principle is to get out from under the Indian Act and have an alternative legislative framework within which they can operate autonomously."

-Tom Siddon



that constitutional issues have been relegated to the back burner, the government is resuming community negotiations, Siddon said.

"Having the provinces willing to be at the table and negotiate and promise constitutional protection was an advantage,

but it does not prevent us from moving forward to concluding self-government agreements," he said.

But the provinces will have a big role to play in the ongoing process, because many of the powers that will eventually devolve are currently under pro-

vvincial administration.

Siddon also said any new power-sharing arrangement will be more susceptible to political winds because they will only be written in laws that can be changed by acts of Parliament.

But Ottawa is working on a framework agreement that will see as many as 25 areas of jurisdiction that first nations are seeking control over in the current talks, he said.

"I guess you could say most (new self-governments) will be a modified form of community government," he said. "The principle is to get out from under the Indian Act and have an alternative legislative framework within which they can operate autonomously."

Siddon also said he would like to see his title - which he said implies paternalism - changed to something like minister of aboriginal relations. The new name would better reflect the relationship between Ottawa and Canada's first nations, he said.

Communities should handle justice system

OTTAWA

Elders councils should preside over criminal trials in first nations communities, a Quebec Algonquin judge told the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples.

"That could be of practical assistance and it could be implemented very quickly in remote communities," Quebec Superior Court Justice Rejean Paul told the committee conducting a three-year investigation into the treatment of Native people.

Paul said the Criminal Code should be amended to allow communities the choice between trying residents by the proposed councils or by the judges.

Paul's comments capped three days of hearings. Judges, lawyers and Native leaders said it's time to overhaul the old system.

James Langston, southern Alberta senior Crown prosecutor, said informal dispute-settling mechanisms often work better than formal trials.

"Reserve to the courts only those matters that cannot be handled by internal mechanisms."

While presenters all agreed the system needed changes, they disagreed on just what those changes were.

Assembly of First Nations chief Ovide Mercredi called for a complete and separate Native justice system, saying reforming the existing courts was a mere diversion. His comments were rebuffed by Manitoba Justice Minister James McCrae.

"The need is immediate," he said. "Aboriginal people desperately need a better deal and they can't wait for Ovide and I to work out the constitutional machinations."

Federal Justice Minister Kim Campbell said it is time to stop talking and start acting.

"Meaningful change is possible but the time has come to get beyond talk," she said.

A paper prepared for the meeting found that more than 30 Native justice studies have been conducted since 1967.

Westerners planning treaty organization

By Cooper Langford
Windspeaker Staff Writer

EDMONTON

In spite of the relative silence over the last few weeks, plans for an organization to represent western treaty nations at the national level are alive and well, say leaders of provincial organizations.

But what form the organization will take and who will be its members is still up in the air.

"It's not clear yet so we are going to see what happens in that discussion," said Phil Fontaine, head of the Assembly of Manitoba Chiefs, referring to a treaty chief's meeting scheduled for January in Calgary.

"The idea that's alive is an (organization) that's more focused on treaty rights."

Talk of forming a new organization for treaty nations picked up steam after Alberta chiefs voted to disassociate themselves from the Charlottetown

constitutional process. Chiefs in that province were concerned the accord's self-government provisions could undermine existing treaty rights and first nation sovereignty.

Strong opposition to the accord started coming out of Manitoba in the fall after a series of chief's meetings. It was strengthened in October when former MLA Elijah Harper said he could not support the deal and urged Native communities to boycott the referendum.

Who will become members of the fledgling organization and the decision of whether to work inside or outside the Assembly of First Nations will be decided at the Calgary meeting, said Regena Crowchild, president of the Indian Association of Alberta.

"It's mostly Alberta and Saskatchewan, but there are some (communities) from Saskatchewan that are interested," Crowchild said, describing who will likely comprise the group's basic membership.

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TRIBUTE TO ARTISTS

Windspeaker is paying tribute to Native artists in both our December issues. Some of those men and women who celebrate their cultural heritage through art, whether it's music, painting or clothing design, are featured here.

See pages 17-25.

BORROWING CULTURE

In Germany, some white people dress in Native attire and perform traditional dances outside tipis. They're part of a growing group of "hobby Indians" who live in the mainstream culture during the week and adopt Native culture for their weekends.

See page 11.

AD DEADLINES

The advertising deadline for the December 21st issue is Thursday, December 9th at 2:00 p.m.

NATION IN BRIEF

Horn gets job back at Indian Affairs

Kahn-Tineta Horn will lose her back pay. But the Mohawk activist is getting back the job she lost at Indian Affairs after being absent to take part in the 1990 Oka crisis. Ian Deans, chairman of the federal Public Service Staff Relations Board, said firing was too stiff a penalty for Horn, who failed to return from a two-year leave of absence. While Deans said Horn violated the department's conflict-of-interest rules during the 78-day stand-off, the circumstances were unusual and should be treated as such. An Indian Affairs spokesman said the department is reviewing the ruling, which can be appealed to the federal court. Horn, a long-time Mohawk rights advocate, has 17 years experience at the department, most recently as a social policy analyst. She was on leave to complete her master's degree when the Oka dispute erupted.

UNN leaders accused of free-spending

Two administrators of the United Native Nations have been accused of using the British Columbia Native group's money for personal loans to its lead-

ers. Documents obtained by a B.C. newspaper show UNN funds were used to help finance the purchase of luxury cars, personal business enterprises and houses - including one \$25,000 loan to a current vice-president Nelson Mayer for a down payment on a house. Ron George, president of the Native Council of Canada and a former UNN president, authorized some of the loans. Immediate past president Ernie Crey said he resigned from the group's executive when it refused to audit the questionable spending. The RCMP's commercial crime division is examining UNN documents to decide if a full investigation is warranted. The UNN is a branch of the Native Council of Canada, which represents off-reserve and non-status Natives at the federal level.

Royal Commission member accused of conflict

Royal Commission on Aboriginal People's member Allan Blakeney accepted a directorship on the board of a large uranium company, raising accusations of conflict of interest. Joan Scottie, an anti-uranium mining activist in Baker Lake, N.W.T., said the former Saskatchewan premier's new position with Cameco is a

conflict because the company is involved in some mining projects opposed by Native groups. When asked about the apparent conflict at a commission hearing in Rankin Inlet, N.W.T., Blakeney said his views on uranium mining and nuclear power have been on the public record long before he was appointed to the royal commission.

Slum lords rip off urban poor, advocate says

Winnipeg slum lords are taking advantage of Native families moving to the city from northern Manitoba, a spokesman for the Aboriginal Council of Winnipeg charged. In some cases welfare recipients are being over-charged for substandard apartments that they were not allowed to see before renting, said Jim Bear, a member of the urban advocacy group. Bear said one family with six children ended up in what he called a disgusting two-room apartment that cost them \$480 per month after moving to Winnipeg from their northern reserve. The city's welfare department said its case load is too heavy to check out every suite its clients consider renting.

News

Leaders demand inquiry into aluminium industry

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Native leaders in northwestern British Columbia are demanding a full-scale investigation into the region's aluminium industry amid fears industrial development is destroying essential salmon runs.

"Everything is at stake here. Hopefully we'll see good results," said T'azt'en chief Morris Joseph of the call by the Carrier and Sekani nations for an inquiry into Alcan's Kemano completion project.

Recently released environmental studies from the project - commonly known as Kemano II - reviews five years ago support aboriginal concerns about potential environmental damage, chiefs say.

In press statements, the bands have accused Ottawa and the provincial and federal governments of hiding information that may have held back the \$1-billion project.

Ottawa signed a deal with Alcan and the province, called

the Kemano Settlement Agreement, in 1987. It cleared the path for the hydroelectric project that will supply power for Alcan's smelter at Kitimat. The federal government also exempted the plan from an environmental review.

"If the documents had been available in 1987, the public would have been astounded by the whitewash presented by the provincial and federal governments," said Cheslatta chief Marvin Charlie.

"Canadians were misled into believing Kemano II would not impact the salmon and freshwater fishery. But the fact is, there has been a major cover-up regarding scientific data."

Chiefs in the region fear the completion of Alcan's Kemano aluminium projects will lead to sharp reductions in the Nechako River's water flow, devastating the chinook and sockeye stocks.

In media statements, they say the federal fisheries department estimates potential salmon production on the Nechako is

more than 30 million fish, about 10 times current production levels. They also claim that flows will be reduced to 13 per cent of the natural level in the river, which is the rearing channel for millions of salmon and other game fish.

British Columbia's NDP government is planning a review. It has appointed a lawyer to go over Alcan's agreements and advise the cabinet on how to proceed.

But Carrier-Sekani chiefs say a provincial investigation will not go far enough. They are demanding a full federal-provincial judicial inquiry where witnesses will give testimony under oath.

"It has become clear from recently released documents that the Kemano Settlement Agreement was made for political, not scientific reasons," Carrier-Sekani tribal chief Justa Monk said in a media release.

The chiefs are also asking for an "interim measure" to prevent environmental damage until an inquiry is conducted.

Tribal council may face charges for calling Nerland informant

By Cooper Langford
Windspeaker Staff Writer

REGINA

The Saskatchewan justice department is looking into whether a Native organization broke the law when it claimed to reveal the identity of an RCMP informant involved in the LaChance shooting investigation.

"The matter has been turned over to us," said Lisa Thompson, a spokesman for the provincial justice department.

The Prince Albert Tribal Council announced Carney Nerland - the racist leader convicted in the shooting death of Cree trapper Leo LaChance - was

also an RCMP mole on organized racist activities in Saskatchewan. Thompson would not say whether the department's investigation might lead to charges against the council or when such a decision might be made.

Tribal council officials said they had been told by their lawyer, Gerald Morin, that Nerland was the informant during a provincially ordered inquiry into the 1991 shooting.

The informant's identity has been a central issue during the inquiry. It is considered possible that if Nerland had a special relationship with the police, it might have influenced the Prince Albert city police investigation of LaChance's death and the handling of the case against the racist leader.

Saskatchewan's appeal court has already overturned an inquiry order forcing the RCMP to identify their informant. And the Supreme Court of Canada last month refused to hear an appeal of that decision.

RCMP lawyer Marty Popescul said the federal police force will neither confirm nor deny the tribal council's allegations. He also asked Saskatchewan Justice Minister Bob Mitchell to investigate the council's actions.

Nerland is serving a four-year manslaughter sentence for shooting LaChance through the door of his Prince Albert gun shop. The head of the Saskatchewan chapter of the Church of Jesus Christ Aryan Nations parole request was denied in August.

Blood band avoids election violence

BLOOD RESERVE, Alta.

Elections of a new chief and council on Canada's largest reserve passed peacefully despite earlier rumors of violence from a splinter group upset with the band's management.

Former chief Roy Fox was soundly defeated at the polls, ending his 10-year career as leader of the southern Alberta reserve, gaining a mere 10 per cent of the popular vote.

Harley Frank, 43, was elected chief of the 7,000-member band and began his tenure reaching out to the Mohk-e-saun breakaway group.

"Mohk-e-saun is a symptom of the trouble we have to deal with. But it's critical that we retain all the members of the tribe. We need everyone to stay in the circle and give us their ideas."

About 600 members of the Blood tribe broke away and formed the Mohk-e-saun band earlier this year. Keith Chief Moon, a spokesman for the



Harley Frank

group, said many reserve residents are fed up with the council's \$3.3 million deficit and lack of public financial accountability.

In the days leading up to last week's election, Chief Moon warned that some Mohk-e-saun wanted to step beyond the group's boycott of the vote and take up an armed protest.

"A lot of our youth think it's

the only route to get attention," he said in a pre-election interview. "Our diplomacy is running out. Some youth have suggested a coup."

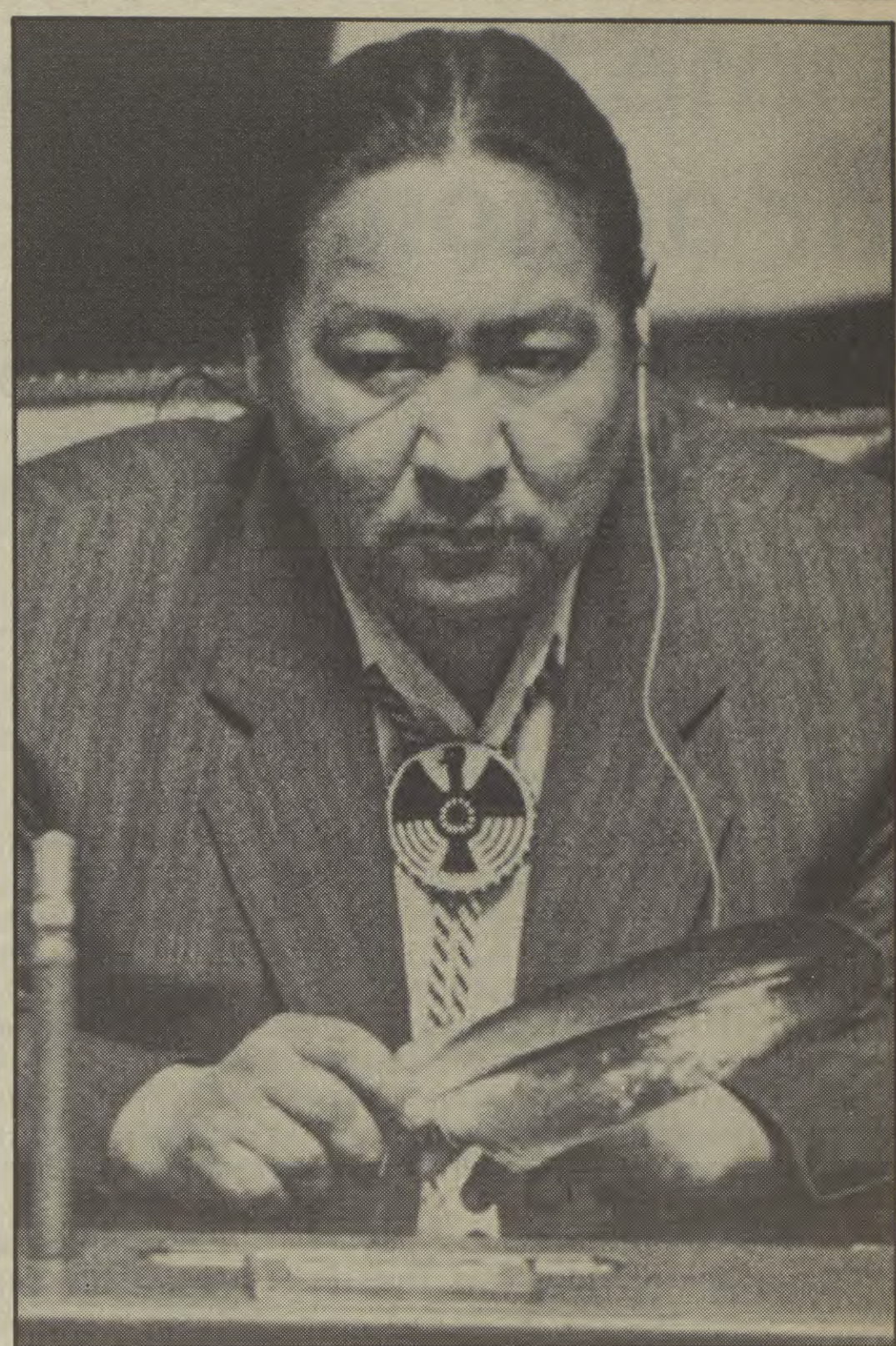
After Fox's defeat, Chief Moon said the group will continue with plans to petition Ottawa for band status, but saw glimmers of hope for change.

"We need to change the whole system," he said. "Traditionally we have had more than one chief for our peoples. . . . Our members want to see different changes than the one Harley is talking about."

Fox, who helped lead the anti-Charlottetown campaign in Alberta by banning the referendum vote on the reserve, has not commented to media about criticisms of his administration.

Frank, who won 27 per cent of the popular vote, wants to develop the band's agricultural resources, including investment in a buffalo herd and the creation of an agri-business plan.

With files from Windspeaker Contributor Barb Grinder.



Elijah Harper, holding an eagle feather, quietly scuttled the Meech Lake accord by using technical rules to block the Manitoba legislature's acceptance of the package.

Harper leaving provincial politics

WINNIPEG

Manitoba MLA Elijah Harper ended his career in provincial politics last week with hints he may move into the federal arena as a national candidate for the New Democratic Party.

"When the time comes, if the Great Spirit is willing for me to run in that forum, I'll do so," Harper told reporters at a press conference ending an illustrious 11-year career in the Manitoba house.

The 42-year-old New Democrat representative for the northern Rupertsland riding said he was leaving active politics to spend more time with his family and mourn his mother's recent death.

Harper's announcement came suddenly and he was praised by political friends and opponents for his contribution to Manitoba's politics.

Gary Doer, the Manitoba NDP leader, praised Harper for the mark he left on Manitoba history as the first treaty Indian to win a seat.

Sharon Carstairs, provincial Liberal leader, said he had a strong record of accomplishments and called him an "eloquent spokesman for his people."

Harper's future with the NDP, especially at the federal level, is an open question at the moment. The former Red Sucker band chief broke openly with the party line twice during the last five years of constitutional debate.

Most recently, he urged first nation voters to boycott the referendum on the Charlottetown accord after

raising concerns about the agreement's ultimate effect on Native sovereignty. The NDP supported the unity package at the national level.

And then there is his famous rejection of the Meech Lake accord, in which he used technical rules to block the Manitoba legislature's acceptance of the NDP-approved package.

Harper has also come under criticism from his constituents, who have complained his national role as a first nations' spokesman took his attention away from local problems.

But Phil Fontaine, head of the Assembly of Manitoba Chiefs, has supportive praise for Harper, who he says made Native Canadians know that they had a real voice in modern politics.

"We have our own hero in Elijah Harper. Someone we can look to as having stood up for our rights," he said.

Harper, an Ojibway-Cree, was first elected to the Manitoba legislature in the early 1980s. In 1986 he was appointed minister of Native and northern affairs in the NDP government of Howard Pawley.

He was forced to resign a year later after he was charged with leaving the scene of an accident and refusing to take a breathalyzer test. Harper was returned to the Pawley cabinet just before the government was defeated in a non-confidence vote.

Harper served on the back benches of the opposition in relative obscurity until thrust into the national spotlight for his role in defeating the Meech Lake accord.

Our Opinion

Time has come for action on justice issues

The Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples unearthed an interesting fact during their round-table discussion on Native justice last week.

A study prepared for the three-day hearing found that roughly 30 studies on first nations and the law have been completed in the last 25 years.

That's more than a study a year for more than two decades. The shelf where these efforts have finally come to rest must be creaking under the weight of the collected dust.

But federal Justice Minister Kim Campbell provided a glimmer of hope for real action on justice issues when she told the commission there has been enough talk and it is time for action.

Let's hope her comments are genuine and contain the proverbial whiff of coffee that will wake up the snoozy, study-happy bureaucrats and government officials.

Judicial reform is a cornerstone of self-government because self-government is about giving first nation communities control over their own lives. And it is impossible to think of responsible control as something excluding the right to determine how a community will protect its lawful elements from unlawful behavior.

The European traditions that permeate Canada's criminal code are foreign to first nations. They also reject the values of mass, industrial societies where individuals are only tenuously connected to the notion of community.

Is it really necessary for first nations to haul every weekend joy-rider or shoplifter before an expensive court where they are threatened with jail time or fines?

Do lectures on morality and the role of the individual in the community coming from officials on the court circuit really sink in? Probably not.

Community values are much stronger forces in bringing individual behavior into line with the rules that help everyone live together. Tight-knit communities are an underrated - at least publicly - benefit of life in first nations. Non-Native society has become too vast and alienating to truly embrace that sense of belonging.

It's long past time to turn to the idea of community to deal with many of the justice problems facing first nations. Responsible behavior can and should be enforced by processes that make individuals understand and respect their commitment to the whole.

This is a tactic that has worked well in the past to deal with issues like drug and alcohol abuse. And it is making inroads with the growing acceptance of elders' councils and informal dispute-resolution mechanism by the court system.

Different arrangements will have to be worked out for more serious crimes or disputes that arise cross-culturally. But Ottawa shouldn't be afraid of relinquishing control over the majority of cases that turn up on routine court dockets.

Indeed, there is evidence suggesting many legal matters affecting the Native community would be handled better by internal mechanisms.

One only needs to look at relations between the police and Mohawks in Quebec to see how modest disputes can escalate into war-like conditions. Even relatively minor issues like police patrolling at Kanesatake have become provocative flash-points because of the high tension and lack of trust between law enforcement agencies and the community.

Kim Campbell uses the rights words when she says it is time for action. We've heard the talk. Now let's see the action.



Investors find aboriginal business both profitable and exciting

The climate for aboriginal business is changing. Last week I attended the Ovide Mercredi dinner in support of the Council for the Advancement of Native Development Officers (CANDO). The theme for the dinner was "doing business in aboriginal communities."

I was mildly surprised. Usually, one attends these dinners to find out what everyone else has been up to since the last time one attended these dinners. This time there were a lot of non-Natives and they were there to find out about "doing business in aboriginal communities."

Out of the 600 tickets sold, at least 500 of these were purchased by non-Natives. There was an Andrew Clarke from Clarke-Bowler Construction in Edmonton and a Gerry Bauer from Canadian Forest Products Ltd. of Grande Prairie, representative of the private business interests.

The corporations that purchased tables included the Nova Corporation, Omega Oil-field Construction Ltd., Royal Trust and the Bank of Montreal. Mayor Frank Dyck of Wetaskiwin was present. His city also purchased a corporate table. Welcoming remarks were given by Keith Bell for the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce.



Pikiskwe by Connie Buffalo

Syncrude was a sponsor of the art show portion of the evening. They boast of being the largest employer of aboriginal Albertans in the province. This is an impressive record. I want to make a suggestion that maybe it is time to hire a Native for the top job as Native liaison officer for the company. Also, the video presentation could do with an up-date.

The comment about "our Natives" was offensive and extremely outdated.

Chief Ovide Mercredi was as eloquent as expected. He came out strong against those radical sovereignists within the Native community. He affirmed Native self-government should be within the Canadian framework. A comforting thought for a business audience.

CANDO is an association formed to assist economic development officers in Native communities. Proceeds for the din-

ner will be used to provide funding for education and training programs for the officers. The national organization is newly founded and is accepting membership. Any economic development officer interested in taking advantage of CANDO services is invited to contact their head office in Edmonton.

Overall, the dinner was a success. Kudos should go to Robin Wortman, Leanne Hunter, Kelly George and Kim Ghostkeeper for their excellent organizational skills in making this evening a hit.

A suggestion may be to find some way to keep the business contacts made at this dinner open. Perhaps a Native business persons' association may be the next step.

The message is out. Aboriginal business is a profitable and exciting venture. Now it is up to us to accept the challenge the business community is offering.

Windspeaker

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Your Opinion

Cultural alteration erases identity

Dear Editor,

I am a 21-year-old Cree woman living on the File Hills Reservation.

I have not always been here. In fact, presently I've only spent 10 months on my reserve out of the 21 years I've been around. I have lived a relatively sheltered life. This insulation to a degree has been self-imposed. Call it stubborn, call it naivete, call it what you will, but I have held onto an image of the world that has been largely created by what my mind secretly desires it to be.

I've come to the conclusion that such an idealistic picture of how things are not is dangerous and that to hold onto the illusion is only going to reinforce my own delusions. Best to face up to reality and realize that a lot in life is immutable.

There is a whole, larger picture than the one I've been seeing. I am talking about my People as a whole.

My own life (so alien to many

white people) is only one example among the countless others of a young Native losing touch with their heritage.

The degree to which our culture, our very essence as a race has been irrevocably altered, for the worst in many cases, is so deep and far-reaching that I don't think we ever will be whole or what we were.

All we can do is try to find our identity (which is separate from any other culture in the world) and place, (which will never be what it once was) and build a solid future for ourselves and our children.

We are, I think, in a way, worse off than the black slaves imported from their Mother lands. You see, they at least have roots, a starting place where they can go back and discover again for themselves who they are, or once were. We Natives, everything we had, everything we believed and gloried in, our culture, traditions, our livelihood, our way of living, has been unrecognizably altered by the

We are an embarrassment to the so-called democratic government that has placed us ever-so-subtly in a vacuum, a place of inferiority and oppression.

white people.

Our Mother Land is here, where there are now towns and cities and industries. We can't go back to our roots to discover who we are, our roots have been ripped out of the earth. So much has been lost to the past and so much is still being lost. And people just don't seem to see the significance of what has been happening.

The white people get angry when they hear Natives "bitching" about things like I am talking about. They get angry and say, "They've got their special treatments; no taxes, free medical care, reservations. What more could they possibly want?" I don't think I'm mistaken when I say that the people didn't want what the whites so generously gave to us.

Where does it balance? When

you measure all that has been lost to us forever with what has been "given", where does it balance? Where is the white man's justice and equality? How does the white man rationalize the rape and destruction of a whole people's culture? How do tax exemptions and reservations pay for the loss of an identity?

We are a proud race, even now when we have so little; spiritually, culturally and as a people, a united people. We have been torn asunder and left by the wayside. Ignored once the government eased its conscience by paying us off with trivialities. It's easy to scorn another when you are confident in the guarantee of your own place. What we are is what the whites have made us. That is the truth, because I sure as hell wouldn't have chosen to be placed where

I am now in society. Bah. Another white word that really means white people. Society. It's a white society in a man's world.

The underlying feeling is that we are incognito, persona non grata, sine quo non, invisible, irrelevant, in periphery of the white eye of society. We are an embarrassment to the so-called democratic government that has placed us ever-so-subtly in a vacuum, a place of inferiority and oppression. We are oppressed, if you have any doubt, just pick up the nearest white man's dictionary and check out his definition of oppressed. It's hard to see another's point of view, especially if one is on the bottom while the other is on the top. I can't change the world, but I sure ain't going to keep silent.

Well, readers, I have voiced my opinion. Whether it is relevant or not is up to yourselves. Thank you for your time.

Roberta Desnomie
File Hills Reserve

Government inaction on Lubicon claim condemned

An open letter concerning the Lubicon Cree struggle to Brian Mulroney from the Canadian Consulate General in Munich, Germany.

Dear Mr. Mulroney:

Again we take the opportunity to send you a statement of protest through Canadian diplomats in Germany concerning the struggle of the Lubicon Lake Indian Nation. Recent developments in the talks between representatives of both levels of Canadian government and the Lubicon Cree Indians are not very encouraging.

When publicly asked about the agreement achieved by Premier Don Getty and the Lubicon Chief Bernard Ominayak in October 1988, you personally stated, the Canadian nation watching you

on TV, that you approved of the so-called Grimshaw-Accord. The Grimshaw-Accord is based on the principle that the Lubicon determine who is a Lubicon Indian, thusly also determining who will become entitled to treaty benefits.

Now your propagandists, including your so-called Minister for Indian Affairs, Tom Siddon, who more appropriately should be called Minister for the Evasion from Constitutional Obligations, again open the discussion about Lubicon membership in a very obvious attempt to declare the Grimshaw-Accord null and void. At the same time your propagandists come out with so-called offers, which as you and your propagandists very well know will be rejected by the Lubicon Cree because they do not care for a welfare existence. When recently

more objective parties became involved, such as the independent Lubicon Settlement Commission of Review or the mutually agreed to independent cost assessors, they were denounced as being biased, a typical reaction of your administration.

At the same time oil companies continue to extract resources from the unceded Lubicon territory and Daishowa Canada plans to move into the Lubicon territory within the next weeks. To counter-act your and your propagandists obvious attempts to further destroy the Lubicon Cree people to enable unlimited access to the resources of their territory, Big Mountain Aktionsgruppe (BMAG) has undertaken several steps. They include public education in Europe and a massive mailing campaign to more than

500 companies of the German paper industry by environmental and human rights organisations, including Greenpeace Germany, Robin Wood and Friends of the Earth Germany. As your forestry department will tell you, environmental and human rights concerns have considerable impact on Canada's strongest export industry. Our efforts will continue and accelerate as your government continues to evade a settlement in the obvious hope they will fall apart as a society.

Given the number of propaganda cohorts your administration is commanding it is not understandable why the provincial and the federal government refuse to discuss their "generous and fair offers" in public. We therefore demand that your representatives appear before the Lubicon Settle-

ment Commission.

Furthermore we demand that the basic accord of Grimshaw and its principles, as negotiated between Premier Don Getty and Chief Bernard Ominayak, are the basis for further consultations.

And lastly we demand that the Federal government carrying the main constitutional responsibility for the success of treaty negotiations finally makes an acceptable offer addressing the needs of the Lubicon Cree and recognizing the fact that the Canadian state owes them not only an alternative for their destroyed way of life but also compensation for resources extracted from their territory without their consent.

Yours sincerely,
Dionys Zink
(BMAG, Member of the Board)

Violence undermines self-government

Tansi, ahnee and hello. November rain. The streets of the city are as slick as a political promise. Walking becomes a test of balance, integrity almost. Falling, a form of surrender. Skating along the polished sheen of the city you could almost swear you'd become weightless, your future at the whim of the wind that propels you. November rain. Mute testament to a season of changes.

I read with dismay the news from our brothers and sisters on the Blood Reserve. According to published accounts, the threat of internal violence ran high prior to their recent elections. Already divided by discontent, the Bloods appeared to be on the brink of mayhem. Change, the chief protagonist in this drama. Thankfully, those threats did not materialize and the Bloods have a new chief and council in place.

Still, the weight of the words linger and wound all of us. As aboriginal people we find ourselves in a season of changes. With the flushing away of the Charlottetown Accord the streets we navigate on our way to control of our own destinies are as slick as

the streets of this city. Walking becomes a test of balance, integrity almost. Falling, a form of surrender.

Because the decision makers are watching the way we move. They line all the avenues to self-government. Watchful, waiting, eager to see the slip of footsteps, hungry for failure, the fall. Our inability to navigate those avenues is proof of our lack of balance, our surrender to change.

Published threats of violence go a long way towards telling the decision makers we're incapable of governing ourselves. They tell mainstream Canada that, perhaps, continued wardship and dependency are good things. That in order to walk these streets of change we still need to lean on the process. That we need someone ahead of us salting the sidewalk. That workable self-government is a distant dream.

There were many in this country who welcomed the news that maybe the Bloods would engage in a shootout. That perhaps they would diminish themselves. Certainly, a published threat diminished them politically in both the eyes of the watchful and in the



**RICHARD
WAGAMEESE**

nation's living rooms. Critical voter support was weakened and may not be regained.

The idea of an internalized Oka on the largest reserve in the country sent many a supporter's mind reeling. As aboriginal people we have gained much credence through demonstrations of our desires to move consensually and peacefully. Despite the summer of 1990 we became recognized as negotiators as opposed to revolutionaries. We became walking, talking epitomes of the self-governing ideal.

The implications of internal discord and possible violence serve only to negate that positive image. Not only on the Blood Reserve but in the Native community in general. We are still, despite making much hard-won

headway, continually painted with the same brush in many crucial circles.

So it's imperative that we learn to govern ourselves within the shelter of our own processes. That feelings of antagonism, anger, frustration, doubt and confusion be recognized as legitimate at our council tables and boardrooms. The mechanics and dynamics of working for the advancement of a people will always generate such feelings somewhere along the line.

Legitimizing those feelings is the first step in healing. Telling ourselves where we are in terms of our own political geography allows everyone a peek at the landscape. Allows the process of change to begin based on acceptance of truth. The truth that disa-

greement is inevitable and that our traditions allow us a process to deal with it.

Within our own decision-making processes we need to implement ancient self-governing principles. The principle that each voice is valid and that the will and needs of the people override the will or agenda of leadership. Disagreement is a fact of life but one that leads ultimately to betterment and security when its voice is allowed to be heard.

When we heal ourselves internally we are truly self-governing. The image we convey to the watchful lends itself to support for the overall principle. Support for our freedom, support for our future.

Anger suppressed is anger expressed, the vitriolic statements coming out of the Blood Reserve prove this beyond a doubt, and the unfortunate image conveyed is that of a people who need assistance to negotiate these slippery streets of change. The watchful are waiting, ready as always to lend a hand, to pick us up when we fall and help us walk their way. It's time we leaned on each other.

Indian Country

Community Events

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO INCLUDE YOUR EVENT IN THIS CALENDAR FOR THE DECEMBER 21ST ISSUE, PLEASE CALL ETHEL BEFORE NOON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH AT 1-800-661-5469, FAX 455-7639 OR WRITE TO: 15001-112 AVENUE, EDM., AB., T5M 2V6.

BINGO

Every Tuesday; doors open 6:30 p.m., calling at 7:15 p.m.;

Slave Lake Native Friendship Centre, AB.

BEING METIS MAKES YOU SPECIAL
every second Wed., 7 p.m.; 7903 - 73 Ave.;
Edmonton, AB.

NATIVE ELDERS SOUP & BANNOCK
noon Wed.; 11821 - 78 St.;
Edmonton, AB.

WEEKLY A.A. MEETINGS

every Thursday,
St. Paul's Treatment Centre, Cardston, AB

NATIVE AWARENESS CLASSES
beginning September 14,
Canadian Native Friendship Centre, Edmonton, AB

METIS CULTURAL DANCE CLASSES
beginning September 20,
St. Peter's Anglican Church, Edmonton, AB

POW-WOW DANCE CLASSES
beginning September 20,
Westmount Jr. High School, Edmonton, AB

KEEWATIN YOUTH PROGRAM PRESENTS NATIVE ART INSTRUCTION FOR YOUTH
every Thursdays,

#202. 10840-124 Street, Edmonton, AB.

FAMILIES OF NATIVE CHILDREN
open every day,
Edmonton, Alberta

A.A. MEETINGS
every day at 12:00 noon

Canadian Native Friendship Centre, Edmonton, AB
PATHWAYS OF TRADITION, NATIVE ART EXHIBIT
Nov. 15, 1992-Jan. 24, 1993,
Manhattan, New York USA

KASHTIN CROSS CANADA TOUR

December 10, 1992, Saskatoon, SK,

December 11 & 12, 1992, Winnipeg, MB

7TH ANNUAL NATIVE SENIORS & VOLUNTEER APPRECIATION AWARDS & DINNER
December 11, 1992,

Sacred Heart Church, Edmonton, Alberta

GRAND OPENING CEREMONIES AND POWWOW
December 12, 1992,

Brocket, AB

PRAIRE SCHOONER SOBER DANCE

December 12, 1992,

Athlone Hall, Edmonton, AB

ADULT CHILDREN OF ALCOHOLIC WOKSHOP

December 11 to 13, 1992,

St. Albert, AB

AIDS NETWORK: CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE

December 18, 1992,

11456 - Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, AB

C.N.F.C. SENIORS CHRISTMAS BANQUET & DANCE

December 18, 1992,

Continental Inn, Edmonton, AB

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 19, 1992,

Prince Charles School, Edmonton, AB

CHRISTMAS SOBER DANCE

December 25, 1992

C.N.F.C., Edmonton, AB

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONAL POWWOW

December 25 & 26, 1992,

Siksika Nation, Gleichen, AB

PRAIRE SCHOONER SOBER DANCE

December 26, 1992,

Athlone Hall, Edmonton, AB

NAPI FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY 3RD ANNUAL CROSS-CULTURAL CONFERENCE & 16TH ANNUAL POWWOW

January 22-24, 1993,

Pincher Creek Arena, Pincher Creek, AB

MEMORIAL FEAST & ROUNDDANCE

February 12 & 13, 1992,

Frog Lake, Alberta

UNDERSTANDING COMMUNITIES; DIALOGUE ON

ABORIGINAL POST-SECONDARY EDUCATION

February 18 - 20, 1993,

University of Winnipeg, Winnipeg, MB

WELLNESS AND WOMEN IV CONFERENCE;

STRENGTHENING THE CIRCLE

February 23-26, 1993,

Phoenix, Arizona USA

Oki! This is me. Before I start, I would like to say hi to my little circle of new and old friends from everywhere. Don't be shy to drop a line and say hi or whatever.



PEOPLE & PLACES

by Ethel Winnipeg

Today we start with introducing a new association down in cowtown. Yeah, you're right... Calgary. It is called The Calgary Aboriginal Professional Association. Believe me, don't get caught up with the name. It's not exclusive and its members aren't all snobs. It's for anyone who would like to meet other aboriginal people. It gives Native people a chance to set up contacts and build up the Native community on a professional level. They have meetings, but you have to call Audra at 299-9730. Hopefully, this will take off in a big way.

Hmmm... let's see. I feel like a backwards goose. Instead of going south I'm going north. Do you know Elmer Cardinal? Well, if you don't then you will pretty quick. He has been nominated as Liberal MLA in Peace River. During the next election, he will be ready to represent the party.

Elmer was born in Peace River, but lived most of his life in Fort Vermilion. He has worked extensively with just about anything. He has owned a boxing club. He was the co-founder and president of the High Level Athletic Club and president of the Grande Prairie Regional College. He is a member of the Fairview College Advisory Board. I know him from the High Level Friendship Centre, when he was the Executive Director. He is a pinnacle of any community in the north. With his leadership and confidence, he will sure make a good politician.

I recently received a letter from a woman from Mission, B.C. She is looking for her real family. She is part Cree, French and Ukrainian from the Duck Lake area in Saskatchewan. She is 22 years old. She was born with Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. Anyways, her name is Theresa Germaine Flett. She seemed so sincere in her letter. If you know about this woman, please give me a shout. (*NOTE I am not Unsolved Mysteries.)

Since the last issue was mainly to focus on people bat-



Sam Sinclair served in the Calgary Highlanders regiment 50 years ago.

ting alcoholism and drug addiction, I have made some room for the Native Veterans of Canada. These men and women fought for this country in the many wars in this century.

Last week, Sam Sinclair came into the office and shared some of his stories. He spent 27 days on the front line in 1945 in northeastern Europe. "I only served limited duty in the front lines - 27 days to be exact. I learned a lot in those 27 days. One thing I can remember best is we were all equals in the war, there was a good feeling of brotherly love."

He was based with the Calgary Highlanders. He was involved with track and field and he won the Canadian Boxing Championship for the 160-pound division.

He told me of the Native

Veterans Association of Canada. The vice-president is Randy Easter-Gage, a Vietnam veteran from Manitoba. The treasurer is Claude Petit from Saskatchewan. The secretary is Ken B. Harris of Prince Rupert, who served as a Lieutenant in the Second World War.

The association is to get together veterans from both world wars, the Korean and Vietnam war. Also, anyone who served with any registered army regiment. This year was the first year that aboriginal veterans were recognized in their efforts from the wars.

I want to apologize for getting the female winner of the Rita Houle Memorial wrong. Her name is Pauline Huppie, and there's a story on her on page 10.



Native Veterans gathered in Ottawa for Remembrance Day on November 11, 1992.

Creator's ultimate goal utopia

Ignoring the high levels of pollution, over-population, and rampant levels of poverty here in Mexico is a demanding task. I wish I could do something. Yet I'm reminded that my purpose here is one of observation. Solely.

My elder, Diane Reid, has invited me for a reason. The Journey of Peace and Dignity runners who left Alaska and Argentina in April finally joined together near Montezuma's temples of the sun and moon in Teoptihuacan.

While simultaneously timed Columbus celebrations only a few miles away honored the seagull and pigeon, 1992 marked the 500 years of resistance and the long-ago prophesied bonding of the eagle and condor.

In a nutshell, here is what it was all about. Native people on both the North and South American continents are fed up with the mental and physical genocide currently practised by society. To clarify, I mean the lie that

says we crossed over by the Bering strait 40,000 years ago, the artificial man-made borders of country, nationality, and politics. The current environmental degradation (you think Canada's bad? Go visit South America and see rivers of pure sewage!) It had to stop. And it will.

The goal of the Peace and Dignity Journey was to eliminate (spiritually at least) all classifications such as race, color and religion and unite as one people again. Beautifully decorated bandanas made for the event say it best with "Un solo pueblo, una sola raza, un solo dios."

If physical manifestations begin with the spirit, the look of things to come appears to be utopia - surely the original intent of the Creator.

Who attended? Thousands of people, of Native and non-Native origin. They swarmed the Teotihuacan pyramids during the gathering, mostly to witness the runners arrive, but also to



First Person by Stephane Wuttunee

attend the enduring ceremonies where spiritual leaders from different tribes took part. Wallace Black Elk was one of the ceremonial chiefs. At six-foot-four, I can certainly attest the man has presence. Meeting him was a great honor.

When I wasn't climbing the temples, my energies were directed towards watching the ceremonies - or people. I happened to run into some brave young Blackfoot men from Cardston, Alta. They had joined in on the run from Fort McLeod on June 6. Four, long, tortuous months of enduring the heat, boredom,

and physical pain was what they went through, not to mention avoiding snakes and tarantulas!

Kudos to you fellows! You are Robert Black Plume, Cory Little Shields and Richard Cole. Your ancestors and loved ones will speak well of you.

Remember what I said about the poverty? It's true, there's lots of it. And you'll see more than your fair share of peddlers selling their goods on the streets and elsewhere. For the tender-hearted, I guarantee you'll feel for them. Just take the time to look at reality, too. Have you ever seen such a handsomely

featured people? What about their kindness? Just ask them something and their faces light up in smiles as they try to help. Most may be exceedingly poor, but for them, happiness does not come from material wealth. They've learned to survive with next to nothing.

That's an important lesson. Montezuma's revenge bypassed me. I ate everything Mexico had to offer and the only ache I had to contend with was an overfilled stomach. Perhaps I was lucky, I don't know. Maybe the only time something bad happens is when you worry.

I was down there for one week, and can't wait until the next opportunity arises. There's something about visiting another part of the world that awakens the adventurer in us. When we begin to think we have seen and done it all, a good dose of humility in the form of another culture can be the best remedy.

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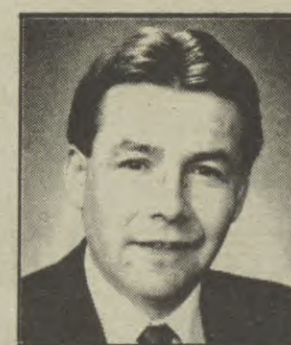
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WINDSPEAKER IS... Native Business



Treatment centre celebrates 15th year

By Barb Grinder
Windspeaker Contributor

STANDOFF, Alta.

For Carola Calf Robe, 1982 was the beginning of a new life. Calf Robe, who's just been elected to the Blood Tribal Council, entered the St. Paul Treatment Centre on the Blood Reserve in May of that year and her long journey to sobriety began.

"The people at St. Paul did so much for me," she says. "I used to think that you had to party to be successful, but they showed me that it was sobriety that would make my dreams become realities."

The St. Paul Treatment Centre has been helping its clients turn dreams into reality for 15 years now and on Friday, Nov. 27, more than 50 adults and dozens of their children and grandchildren gathered to celebrate the occasion.

To help mark the anniversary of St. Paul's, which NNADAP representative Gayle Chase called, "one of the most reputable and dedicated treatment centres" in the province, Calf Robe and other former clients, staff members and directors were invited to return for a reunion buffet and dance.

The treatment centre stated in 1977, but it was a year earlier that the seed for its growth was

first planted in the mind of George Goodstriker, known by many as the grand-daddy of St. Paul's.

Goodstriker was working in alcohol abuse counselling in Calgary and in 1976 returned to his hometown of Standoff to help with the outpatient clinic there.

"In that year alone, there were 27 alcohol-related and unnecessary deaths on the reserve. I knew we needed to do something serious about it, and do it right here."

Working with Richard Mills, Morris Crow and Dorothy Rabbit, Goodstriker put together the concept for the residential treatment facility on the site of the old St. Paul School.

"I knew that alcoholism was a spiritual disease. The program

is aimed at regaining the spirit of life."

The current 35-day program is based on the concept of personal development, helping its clients come to terms with who they are and who they want to be. Clients learn to recognize why they have become alcohol-dependent and how to develop the skills and self-esteem needed to overcome the dependency.

A follow-up out-patient program helps those who complete the program become re-established in the community.

The core of the program is individual counselling with qualified staff, but the centre also provides chiropractic, medical and legal services, and consulta-

tions with community elders.

"Our elders have the wisdom and experience of life to show us how we can turn negative events into positive forces," said Wilton Goodstriker, one of the keynote speakers at the reunion.

"They teach us the value of living each day and the value of our traditions."

Pat Brewer, a former staff member and former drinker, also spoke of the importance of tradition.

"I used to be ashamed of being an Indian," Brewer said. "Now I'm proud of it, I'm proud to be me. I found my identity through looking into myself, not through drinking. I'm still me, but now I'm a better person."

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Red Coat Drummers

(First six drums registered will be paid)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES:
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1 PM GRAND OPENING CEREMONIES

- Store/Gas Bar Expansion

2 PM SANTA CLAUS PARADE AND SLEIGH RIDES

3 PM ELDER'S FEATHER GAMES

- Peigan Community Hall

5 PM COMMUNITY FEAST

- Peigan Community Hall

7 PM POWWOW GRAND ENTRY

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

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for a Merry Christmas and
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Public Works Canada / Travaux publics Canada

CALL FOR EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST FROM ARCHITECTURAL FIRMS RESIDENT IN THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - HOBBEWA, ALBERTA

Public Works Canada intends to retain a firm of architects authorized to practice in Alberta to provide the prime consultant services required for the planning, design and construction of a correctional facility at Hobbema, Alberta. The firm or any firm in a joint venture proposed as prime consultant shall be resident in Alberta.

The selection process will be carried out in two phases. The first phase is a Call for Expression of Interest which will permit the prequalification of a limited number of architectural firms. In the second phase, these firms will be invited to submit a competitive proposal for the selection of the prime consultant to undertake studies, prepare design and tender documents and provide review and inspection services during the construction of this project. Only at the second Proposal Call phase will the architectural firms be called upon to name engineering sub-consultant firms. At that time evidence of eligibility to practice architecture and engineering in Alberta will be required.

The evaluation factors used in the first phase of the selection process will relate to previous achievement and experience and will not involve or require a presentation on the subject project itself. Information provided by the firms will be evaluated by a Screening Board using established criteria, and a short list of firms (those with the highest ratings) will be invited to participate in the Proposal Call. In order to be eligible, firms shall demonstrate that they have successfully completed prime consulting contracts for built works of at least \$3 million in construction cost.

The project consists of the construction of a net area of approximately 3,000 square metres of new permanent facilities, at an estimated cost of \$5.5 million inclusive of site services, for utilization as a Correctional facility primarily for Aboriginal Male Offenders. The facility will be located on 40 acres of gently rolling cleared land located approximately 1.5 kilometres from Hobbema, Alberta. It will be a unique minimum security correctional facility consisting of a number of buildings for accommodating 60 residents, programs workspaces, administrative spaces, recreation spaces and technical services areas. The total complex will complement natural landscapes, will be environmentally friendly and will reflect aboriginal culture, traditions and sensitivities. All elements of the complex will have modern design features which promote natural light, privacy and space efficiency.

The firm should possess good knowledge of Aboriginal culture and spiritual traditions, especially of Plains Indians and will be prepared to enhance this knowledge if necessary. It should have a demonstrable experience in working with Aboriginal people and in developing culturally sensitive Aboriginal structures. It must be creative, on the leading edge of design and willing to explore initiatives or new directions beyond present practices. It should be able to present evidence of experience in introducing or facilitating fundamental change and in having a community presence with an established background in community development. Specific experience on the following types of projects will be necessary:

- low density, small scale development
- group living arrangements such as a specialized housing and university residences
- community development such as community centres, schools and spiritual facilities
- social service agencies
- mixed used/integrated services such as multi-use centres and self-sufficiency communities.

Familiarity or experience in the following types of projects will be considered a definite asset:

- projects which are premised on meeting the needs of the natives
- minimum/medium security, small scale correctional facilities.

The firm should be comprised of, or have access to, multi-disciplinary expertise such as individuals with experience in correctional programming and community planning. It should have a consistently demonstrated and proven record of delivering projects on time and within budget. It must have the capability to provide full service from conceptual design through design development and project implementation, including construction supervision and quality control. The preliminary estimate of the project construction cost is \$5.5 million, and the project completion is scheduled for November, 1994. Firms that consider they are qualified to provide services are invited to request a copy of the Terms of Reference and submit an expression of interest for prequalification to Public Works Canada at the following address:

Contract Policy and Administration
Public Works Canada
Suite 1000, 9700 Jasper Avenue
Edmonton, Alberta
T5J 4E2
(403) 497-3544

In order to be considered, expressions of interest documents must be received at the foregoing address, no later than 16:00 hours on December 9, 1992.

APPEL DE DÉCLARATIONS D'INTÉRÊT AUPRÈS DES FIRMES D'ARCHITECTES DE LA PROVINCE DE L'ALBERTA ÉTABLISSEMENT CORRECTIONNEL - HOBBEWA, ALBERTA

Travaux publics Canada a l'intention de mandater une firme d'architectes autorisés à exercer leur profession en Alberta, pour la prestation, à titre de consultant principal, des services nécessaires à la planification, la conception et la construction d'un établissement correctionnel à Hobbema, Alberta. Toutes les firmes désireuses de poser leur candidature à titre de consultant principal, que ce soit directement ou dans le cadre d'une co-entreprise, doivent résider en Alberta. Le processus de sélection, comportera deux étapes. La première consiste en un appel de déclarations d'intérêt, lequel a pour objet la préqualification d'un nombre restreint de firmes d'architectes. Dans une seconde étape, ces firmes seront invitées à répondre à une demande de propositions en régime de concurrence, en vue de la sélection du consultant principal pour la conduite des études, la préparation des documents conceptuels et du dossier de soumission, et la prestation des services de surveillance et d'inspection pendant les travaux de construction. À l'étape de la demande de proposition, les firmes d'architectes seront appelées à communiquer le nom des firmes d'ingénieurs devant agir comme sous-traitants. C'est alors que seront exigées les permis d'exercer les professions d'architecte et d'ingénieur en Alberta.

Les critères d'évaluation qui seront utilisés pour la première étape du processus de sélection se rapportent aux réalisations et à l'expérience antérieures des candidats. Ceux-ci ne seront pas tenus de présenter un exposé sur le projet visé. Un comité de sélection évaluera les renseignements fournis à la lumière de ces critères, et un nombre restreint de firmes (celles qui auront obtenu les notes les plus élevées) seront invitées à participer à la demande de propositions. Pour être admissibles, les firmes devront démontrer qu'elles ont mené à bonne fin des contrats de consultant principal pour des ouvrages représentant un coût de construction égal ou supérieur à 3 millions de dollars.

Le projet consiste à construire de nouvelles installations permanentes d'une superficie nette de quelque 3,000 mètres carrés, à un coût estimatif de 5,5 millions de dollars, y compris la viabilisation du terrain. Ces installations sont destinées à être utilisées comme établissement correctionnel pour contrevenants autochtones de sexe masculin. Elles seront construites au milieu d'une plaine vallonnée de 40 acres de superficie, à environ 1,5 kilomètre de Hobbema, Alberta. Il s'agira d'un établissement correctionnel unique, à sécurité minimale. Il sera composé de plusieurs pavillons, soit des pavillons d'habitation pour 60 personnes, des locaux de travail, des locaux administratifs, des salles de visiteurs, des installations récréatives et des zones réservées aux services techniques. Le complexe devra s'intégrer aux paysages naturels et respecter l'environnement de même que la culture, les traditions et les susceptibilités des populations autochtones. La conception de tous les éléments du complexe devra faire appel aux principes d'architecture contemporaine et favoriser la lumière naturelle, l'intimité et l'optimisation de l'espace.

La firme doit posséder de bonnes connaissances de la culture et des traditions spirituelles des autochtones, en particulier des Indiens des Plaines, et être disposée à approfondir ces connaissances au besoin. Elle doit posséder une expérience démontrable de collaborations avec des populations autochtones et de l'aménagement de structures adaptées à la réalité culturelle autochtone. Elle doit être créative, à la fine pointe du design et être prête à explorer de nouvelles orientations, à l'écart des sentiers battus. Elle doit également être en mesure de faire la preuve de son expérience de la mise en œuvre ou de la promotion de changements fondamentaux et d'un engagement au sein de la collectivité, notamment d'antécédents confirmés dans l'aménagement de services aux collectivités. Seules seront prises en considération les firmes possédant une expérience des types de projets suivants:

- aménagement résidentiel restreint
- logements communautaires (logements à usages spéciaux, résidences de campus universitaires)
- aménagement de types communautaires (centres communautaires, écoles, lieux de culte)
- organismes de services sociaux
- services polyvalents/intégrés: centre multifonctionnels et collectivités autonomes.

La connaissance ou l'expérience des types de projets ci-après sera considérée comme un atout certain:

- projets visant à répondre aux besoins des autochtones.
- établissement correctionnel de petite taille, à sécurité minimale ou moyenne

La firme doit posséder une expertise multidisciplinaire ou avoir accès à une telle expertise, notamment dans le domaine des programmes correctionnels et de la planification communautaire. Ses antécédents doivent faire foi de sa capacité confirmée de réaliser des projets dans la limite des délais et des budgets impartis. Elle doit être en mesure d'offrir la gamme complète de services, de l'étude conceptuelle à l'avant-projet et à la mise en œuvre du projet, y compris la surveillance de la construction et le contrôle de la qualité. L'estimation préliminaire du coût de construction du projet est de 5,5 millions de dollars et le projet de fait être terminé en novembre 1994. Les firmes qui s'estiment qualifiées pour assurer les services susmentionnés sont invitées à demander un exemplaire de l'énoncé des travaux et à soumettre leur déclaration d'intérêt pour préqualification à Travaux publics Canada, à l'adresse suivante:

Gestionnaire régional
Politique et administration des marchés
Travaux publics Canada
Bureau 1000 - 9700 av. Jasper
T5J 4E2
(403) 497-3544

Pour être prises en considération, les déclarations d'intérêt doivent parvenir à l'adresse susmentionnée au plus tard à 16 h, le 9 décembre 1992.

Indigenous people own traditional lands

Australian high court decision provides new basis for negotiations

The Australian high court recently rejected the notion that indigenous people did not own the land on which they had traditionally lived.

Called the Mabo land decision, it has provided a new basis for relations between indigenous and other Australians, said Prime Minister Paul Keating.

"The High Court's historic decision is a threshold and positive one for the nation. By rejecting the doctrine of Terra Nullius, the court has provided a new basis for relations between indigenous and other Australians and given impetus to the process of reconciliation. It provides an opportunity and a challenge," Keating said.

"The nation now has the opportunity to address the fundamental issue of Aboriginal traditional land ownership and indeed the place of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples in contemporary Australia.

"There is also the challenge to get it right, for the benefit of all Australians, including the generations of the future," Keating said.

Keating announced steps the government is taking in response to the Mabo decision.

He said the government had initiated consultations with state and territory governments, key Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander organizations and mining and pastoral industries, on the

implications of the high court decision.

"The consultations will be directed by a committee of ministers, chaired by me, and will be led at official levels by a senior officer in my department," Keating said.

The first round of discussions will be completed before the end of the year, a progress report considered by the government before March 1993, and a final report by September 1993.

"The government will also encourage negotiations between parties as a way of resolving differences," he said. If it seems the government could help with such negotiations, it will do so.

Keating said that the Mabo

judgment was complex and its implications equally complex.

"We need to consider the implications carefully, but as quickly as possible. Before deciding on the right long-term approach, it is essential that we first consult all the governments of Australia, key Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander representatives, especially through the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission, and industry groups, to discuss policy responses.

"It is important to recognise that existing legal rights in relation to property continue, and it is wrong to see the high court's decision in terms of existing landholders losing their land. However, the decision introduces

a new element into Australian land tenure, in the form of Native title, and thereby creates a need for clarity in the definition and application of Native title rights, especially in relation to other interests in land.

"The Australian government seeks a balance which protects Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander rights and gives benefits to all Australians. Indigenous groups and the pastoral and resource sectors are seeking clarity, certainty and a constructive resolution. Consultation is the first step in that process," Keating said.

(This information provided by Policy Notes, which is produced by the Australian High Commission in Ottawa.)



CHIPPEWAS OF SARNIA

would like to extend the following message:

To the Great Spirit of Christmas, a prayer;

*That we may touch the earth with kind and gentle hands,
That freedom will be found in this and other lands,
and joyous peace shall reign throughout the world!*

From
Chief Phillip Maness, Council,
Staff and Band Members.

978 Tashmoo Avenue
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from
Police Chief Bob Reid,
Sergeant, Constables and
Staff Members



Louis Bull
Tribal Police
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(403) 585-4296

Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship

INTRODUCTION

The Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship Fund is administered under the direction of a special Selection Committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Metis Heritage Association. Five annual scholarships of \$1,000 each will be awarded to deserving Metis and non-status students who are pursuing a post secondary education.

The fund is named after the late Ted Trindell, a widely respected Metis elder from Fort Simpson, N.W.T. Mr. Trindell always emphasized that education is vitally important to Native people if they are to gain control of their lives. Influential Native leaders from Fort Simpson and other communities in the Mackenzie Valley have drawn inspiration from Ted Trindell.

CRITERIA

All applications for the Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship Fund must be submitted in writing to the Chairman of the Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship Fund Selection Committee. The Committee will review the applications, and grant the available scholarships to those who best meet the criteria set out below. All decisions of the Selection Committee will be final.

Any Metis and non-status person from the Northwest Territories who is pursuing a post-secondary education program on a full-time basis is eligible to apply for the Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship. The Selection Committee will evaluate the applications on the basis of both academic merit and need.

ACADEMIC MERIT

The Selection Committee will assess academic merit on the basis of grade transcripts and letters of recommendation from educators. All applicants must provide transcripts of their last year of study. Letters of recommendations are optional.

NEED

The Selection Committee will assess need on the basis of income, number of dependants; cost of tuition, text books and school supplies; location of the institution offering the course of instruction; transportation costs; and any other relevant factor.

ADDRESS

All applicants should write to the following:
Chairman
Selection Committee
Ted Trindell Memorial Scholarship Fund
c/o P.O. Box 1375
Yellowknife, N.W.T.
X1A 2P1



For more information please write to the above address, or telephone Joyce Pittman, Executive Director of Metis Nation N.W.T., at (403) 873-3505.

CLOSING DATE

For applications is January 8, 1993.

Indian
Equity
Foundation



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The Senator James Gladstone Memorial Scholarships were established and administered by the Indian Equity Foundation and the Alberta Indian Investment Corporation to recognize excellence in post-secondary studies in a program of commerce, business, administration, finance and economics.

Eligible students are Treaty or Status Indians resident in Alberta enrolled in a full time course of studies in University, College or Technical School.

Deadline for applications is December 31, 1992, for presentation in the third week of January, 1993.

For further information and application forms, please contact Alma at:

ALBERTA INDIAN INVESTMENT CORPORATION
Box 577
Winterburn, Alberta T0E 2N0

Phone: (403)470-3600
Fax: (403)470-3605

Sports

Awards recognize contributions of youth

By Jeff Morrow
Windspeaker Contributor

EDMONTON

Two of Alberta's top athletes were honored at this year's Rita Houle awards Banquet at the Chateau Louis hotel in Edmonton Nov. 14 for their outstanding contributions toward promoting aboriginal achievement in sport.

The prestigious function was attended by civic and provincial officials, on hand to help recognize Mark McKennitt and Pauline Huppie for their abilities and commitment.

McKennitt, voted Male Athlete of the Year, is a grade 11 student from Bellerose High School in St. Albert. The 16-year-old is noted for his all-around athletic talents ranging from hockey to competitive badminton. He also excels as a downhill skier and golfer.

But there's more. Aside from his interest in sports, McKennitt



Mark McKennitt

is an accomplished traditional dancer and performer. Judges also praised McKennitt for his dancing abilities.

McKennitt represented the White Braid Society as a Native youth ambassador on their tour to the Turkey International Festival in 1988 and a subsequent tour of Austria in 1990. Judges said he is an excellent role model and a symbol of Native pride.

McKennitt was nominated by

the White Braid Society, a cultural dance troupe and organization in Edmonton.

"I wish to thank my family for all their support, and their patience with me as I practice hockey, volleyball, badminton, and especially my dancing," McKennitt said immediately after receiving the award, adding that he appreciated all the encouragement and support from the White Braid Society.

Female athlete of the year Huppie was nominated by the Metis Nation of Alberta zone II regional council. She attends grade 12 at the Bonneyville Centralized High School where she's active in track, volleyball, baseball, basketball and hockey.

Judges naturally found that she excelled in all capacities of sport. Huppie also holds the Metis Role Model title for the province.

During the ceremony, she was recognized for her volunteer efforts because of the contributions she's made to the regional



Pauline Huppie

Metis Council and the Bonneyville Native Friendship Centre.

Huppie has received numerous other awards for athletic and scholastic achievement. But her long-range goals, she said, include making the Canadian Olympic track team.

The 13th annual Rita Houle Memorial Awards Banquet, sponsored by the Canadian Native Friendship Centre in Edmon-

ton, was attended this year by Tom Ghostkeeper, special assistant to Municipal Affairs Minister Dick Fowler, and newly elected Edmonton alderman Michael Phair.

Edmonton police services spokesman Jim Kennedy was also on hand for the ceremony.

The Canadian Native Friendship Centre event was held with the support of the First Nations Resource Council, Native Venture Capital Co., Peace Hills Trust and Native Employment Services.

The awards banquet and presentation is in commemoration of outstanding Native athlete Rita Houle, who died of cancer in 1980.

Houle represented aboriginal people in the 1978 Commonwealth Games in Edmonton.

There were a total of 17 nominations at this year's ceremony. Both winners will receive \$1,000 sponsored by Alberta Municipal Affairs and a trophy contributed by the friendship centre.

May the stars shine brightly on you and yours as we celebrate the wonderous miracle of Christmas.

From Chief Herman Roasting

Councillors

Jonathon Bull
Larry Bull
Solomon Bull
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**For more information contact:
Mike Mercredi - Executive Director
(403)791-6541**

Best Wishes to everyone for a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

*To the Great Spirit at Christmas, a prayer,
That we may touch the earth with kind and gentle hands,
That freedom will be found in this and other lands,
and joyous peace shall reign throughout the world!*



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German "Indians" adopt Plains culture

By John Goetz
The Guardian News Service

POTSDAM, Germany

The chief hands the pipe to a warrior and then folds his arms. He nods his head and the circle of bare-chested braves in moccasins, clanging beads and buckskin pants begin to chant and dance around a campfire. They don't seem to notice the crowd of 150 or so staring at them.

The Indians are extremely serious as they hop on their left foot and then their right — now shrieking up at the sky. A second look reveals blue eyes and blond strands of hair sticking out beneath the black pony tails. The scene is in Germany, not North America.

When the dance ends the onlookers applaud, yet the Indians ignore their cheers and retire to their tipi. Later when they get into the car park, they may let slip names like Helmut or Horst, and the fact that they may be respectable insurance agents or bank clerks but spend their weekend as "hobby Indians."

"Iroquois" fighting land claim

One such tribe, the Iroquois of Eiche, outside Potsdam, is fighting to prevent a west German supermarket chain from taking its land. Essentially they are fighting for their right to be weekend Indians. In East Germany's communist times, the Iroquois built their Long House on what was then no-man's-land and no one seemed to care. Now the developers are moving in.

The Iroquois of Potsdam are part of a growing phenomenon of "hobby Indians" — German men and women who dress in authentic Indian garments, dance, perform rituals and powwow. Some even emphasise that their dress is more "authentic" than that of today's Native Americans.

There are 85,000 Teutonic Indians in Germany, and at least 35,000 in the former German Democratic Republic (East Germany) alone. Related industries are thriving: some 5,000 customers a year spend hundreds of thousands of Deutechmarks in Munich's Hudson Bay Trading Com-

The Iroquois of Potsdam are part of a growing phenomenon of "hobby Indians" — German men and women who dress in authentic Indian garments, dance, perform rituals and powwow. Some even emphasise that their dress is more "authentic" than that of today's Native Americans.

pany; the Verlag fur Amerikanistik has issued the 14th edition of its best seller, Das Handbuch fur Indianer (The Handbook for Indians), and 6,000 white Indians with 700 tipis attended this year's 42nd annual powwow in Hessen.

Most of Germany's Indian Clubs identify with the Plains Indians. The Iroquois of Potsdam prefer to set themselves apart. In their Long House, they avoid using electric light, and dress in hand-made clothing. Some west German Indians buy clothing from catalogues but most easterners make their own.

"Buying from a catalogue is superficial; it's fake. It's against the whole purpose of being an Indian," says Claudia Ruckbarn, an Iroquois maiden.

Another Iroquois says that he does not like the west German Indians. He feels that west Germany ruined the GDR by making the east "based on money and elbows. We want to live here without money. If possible, year-round-forever."

But when the bulldozers arrive to build the supermarket, the Iroquois will be gone. This time they want to venture deeper into the woods and find a place for their Long House that will not be disturbed by developers.

West invading urban Indians

The urban Indians of Prenzlauer Berg in east Berlin are also against developers. Prenzlauer Berg, proud to be known as the area of "alternative culture", is under siege. West Berlin city planners have decided to build a highway through its centre and to replace housing with hotels. Squats have been evicted, others made into city-sponsored projects, and many feel threatened, not just by unemployment but also by rapidly rising rents and transportation costs.

Some people in Prenzlauer Berg call this invasion by the West. And the urban Indians recently called on the "Indig-

enous people" of the East to go on the war path and fight western real estate speculators.

The urban Indians are mostly squatters and anarchists and not affiliated with the Indian Club movement, nonetheless their imagery remains the same. A red, white and black poster of an Indian with a tipi recently called on east Berliners to defend their "Indigenous culture." Nordic young people with tomahawks, war paint and drums danced around a totem pole in a playground in Friedrichshain Park in the hope that the demo would be the signal for an "Indigenous uprising."

East Berliners, a speaker emphasised, are being thrown out of their "villages" and forced into "glass and concrete reservations." Villages to the young squatters are the neighborhoods of east Berlin — slated to become upper-income housing.

Indians express national identity

Using stereotypes of Indians to express Germanness has a long tradition, going back to the writer Karl May and the immense success of his 60 novels about a German named Old Shatterhand and his Indian companion named Winnetou. Karl May, who died in 1912, is claimed to be the most read author in the language.

He embodied and also created a whole branch of populist German romanticism that idealised Native Americans. Indians in his books are pure, rooted, and brave, and most important, untouched by commerce or urban life. What German intellectuals found in the ancient Greeks, Germany's common man found in the Indians of Karl May.

Since the 19th century, many have turned to Indians to express a confused sense of national identity and Karl May has been the most articulate spokesman

of the fight.

Outside Dresden in the town of Radebeul is the Villa Shatterhand where May wrote his novels and which today houses the Karl May Museum. Johannes Huettner, also known as Chief Powder Face, is respected here for helping to found the first Dresden Indian club in 1928.

Walking through the museum, he said it was the values that he learned in the Indian Club as a child that helped him survive eight years of a Soviet POW camp near Stalingrad. Remarking on the human scalps on display in the museum, he says that scalps are to an Indian what an Iron Cross is to a German.

His Dresden tribe earns money by performing tribal dances, rituals and tomahawk fights for audiences. Huettner emphasises the ethnographic value of his work and proudly tells the story of his close friend Adolf Hungry-Wolf who married a Native American woman and now teaches Native Americans about their customs.

Huettner sees it as his life's mission to dispel prejudices about Indians being savage people. Just as, he adds, Germans are not all terrible people. There are good and bad everywhere, he says.

Author's Indian a German prototype

There is no mention in the museum that Karl May was Adolf Hitler's favorite writer or that Karl May's wife was known to be a Nazi supporter. And although some Indian Clubs were banned during the Nazi period, others flourished. The connection of Nazism with May's novels about a German trapper and his Indian friend may seem far-fetched but it was not so for the Nazis.

In 1910 May explained that his Indian character Winnetou was "the prototype of a Germanic-Indian race" that the "world will be saved by," and thus it was not without reason that Klaus Mann called May "Hitler's literary mentor". The Potsdam Iroquois have little in common with storm troopers and beer halls. They seem soft and more inclined to self-exploration than to world domination. They lean politically toward the Greens and want to contribute to saving Germany's environment.

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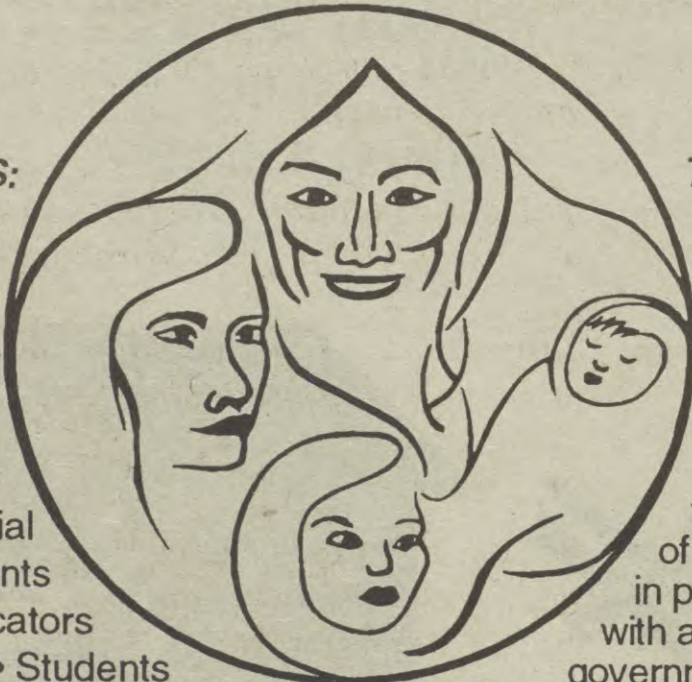
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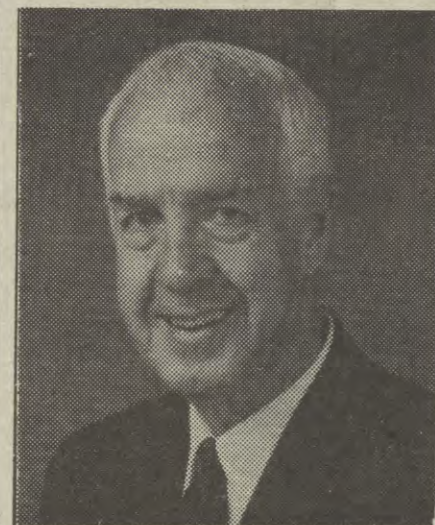
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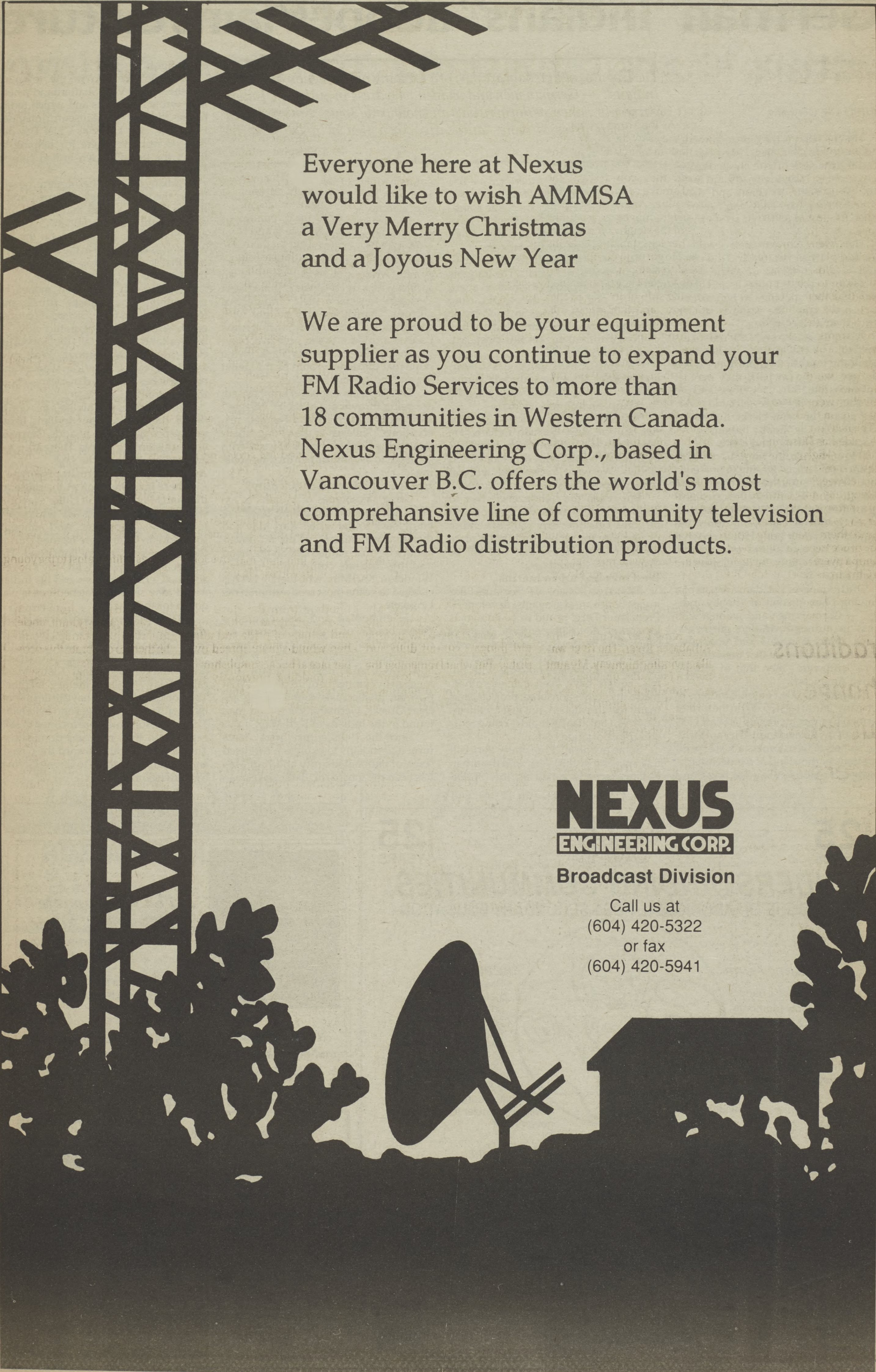
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Christmas Memories

Sisters share Christmas for the first time

Christmas Memory #19

Christmas 1951 was a memorable one for Flo and Angie. That was the year they discovered they were sisters. They had been raised by separate sets of grandparents from birth until Flo was five and Angie was seven. When they reached these respective ages, they were removed from home and placed in the mission school at Olds, Alberta. Upon their return to the reserve, they found that their parents were away on the trapline, so they were left in the care of their grandparents again. Flo and Angie woke up anticipating the feasts they would be going to and they were very curious about each other now that they knew they were sisters. Finally, they were on their way.

The bells on the horses' harness tinkled, as Dusty and Prince pulled the sleigh over the hard-packed snow. Flo and Angie snuggled deeper into the sweet-smelling hay and watched the steam that arose into the air each time they took a breath. All around them were snow-covered spruce trees. Grandma and Grandpa were taking them to the Christmas feast at the Old

Chief's cabin, three miles from home. As they rounded the last bend, they saw the chief's cabin nestled far back among the spruce trees. As they drew nearer, they could smell the wood smoke coming out of the stove pipe. Angie stood up in the sleigh, moved closer to the edge of the sleigh and sat down with her legs dangling over the sides. Flo got up just as the horses pulled to a stop and she fell on top of Angie. They both toppled over the side of the sleigh into the snow, and they began rolling around. Soon, they were laughing and pushing each other. They got up, dusted the snow off and reluctantly followed their grandparents into the cabin.

As they went through the door, the smell of fresh-baked bannock and other wonderful aromas filled the air. The chief's wife welcomed them with a hug and a kiss on the cheek. The chief sat at the home-made birch table and welcomed his visitors with a smile. Grandma and Grandpa settled into the wide birch chairs as the chief's wife placed hot cups of tea before them. There were no other children present, except for Flo and

Angie, who found a warm and toasty spot near the ancient cast-iron stove. Flo and Angie stood and listened to the old ones talk about hunting and trapping. Flo was tired of the adult talk and only found it interesting in the evenings when the old ones would tell stories of long ago. Flo put on her mukluks and decided to go outside and play. She enjoyed the peaceful quiet of the wilderness as she watched the snow sparkle into a myriad of colors in the sun's reflection. Angie joined Flo outside and they decided to play a game of tag among the fragrant pine and spruce trees. They stopped to catch their breath and noticed a squirrel as it leaped from branch to branch high above their heads. Suddenly, they heard sleigh bells as more guests arrived. They were delighted to see the children, so they invited them to join in their tag game as the adults went inside to visit.

Later that afternoon, the children were all called in to come and eat. Flo was the last one in. She noticed that the chief's wife had taken the tablecloth from the table and spread it on the floor. Flo knew instinctively that it was customary at a feast to eat

on the floor because it was closest to Mother Earth. Flo knew that sitting in a circle on the floor created a spirit of togetherness. She also knew that the circle represented life. Her mouth watered at the sight of bannock, lard, salt, sugar, Indian garlic, smoked moose meat, pemmican, dried meat, potatoes and turnips that were set out for them. There was a large kettle of tea alongside the huge pot of traditional moose nose soup. All the guests brought their own dishes which they set before them as they sat down on the floor. The chief took small portions of each type of food and put it all in a small dish. He lit a braid of sweetgrass and smudged himself with the smoke, then passed it on to his guests so they could smudge, too. Flo knew this ritual was intended to purify them for the prayers. After the sweetgrass went around the circle and returned to the chief, he smudged the food offering and prayed. He offered the food to the Great Spirit, to all the Grandfather spirits and finally to all his relations. He prayed for all the people present in his cabin, for all mankind so that they may live long and happy lives. He prayed for

all the animals who gave their lives to make this feast possible. He prayed for strength and courage to serve his people to the best of his abilities. Finally he gave thanks for the food.

Once prayers and offerings were completed, everyone indulged in the traditional feast and stuffed themselves. When everyone had finished eating, the leftover food was portioned out for each family to take home. The children snuggled up to the adults, anticipating the elaborate tales the Old Ones will tell. After the stories and visiting, the guests went to their respective homes, tired but happy. To Flo and Angie, this was Christmas.

Today, Flo and Angie are both Old Ones. They remember this Christmas long ago and think about the contrast between that Christmas and the Christmas of today. Today's Christmas season is a mad, commercialized rush to buy the biggest, most expensive Christmas gifts. Flo and Angie wonder where the simple life has gone. It saddens them to see that prayer and giving thanks for the simple things in life are lost to the young people of today.

**Traditions
change
but memory
lingers on**

Christmas Memory #5

I remember living by the Athabasca River. The river was like a winding highway. My aunt lived a few miles upstream and my grandmother a mile or so further. To a young girl that is an incredible distance. My parents lived an uncomplicated life of trapping, hunting and fishing. In the summer they planted a huge garden. The vegetables from the garden were preserved and stored to last for the winter months. I remember our house

as being warm and cozy. My bed, which I shared with my sister, was cluttered with little girl things - cut-out dolls and dishes. But what I remember the most was the smell of Christmas steamed pudding coming out of the old wood stove. It would fill our house with its sweet aroma. I can still see my mother busily working in the kitchen. I would sit by the big wooden kitchen table which was covered with a new oil cloth specially bought for Christmas. I would watch as my mother gently removed the

pudding from the stove. Her eyes would sparkle with delight and a smile of pride and affection would slowly spread over her face at her accomplishment. The pudding previously prepared would be served on Christmas Day ("Ne'pa uyumeha or Manito Kesikow", as was known to our people). There always was so much excitement in our house during this time. On Christmas Eve the stockings would be hanging in a row. Somehow, Santa always managed to deliver the toys

which had been selected from the catalogue. My aunt, uncle, grandma and grandpa would be there to celebrate this occasion.

Now upon reflection, I can see the way we celebrate today has changed a great deal. Although Christmases today are still filled with joy, we have created new traditions which are meaningful, yet different. Regretfully, I have never learned to make Christmas pudding as my mother had so many years ago.

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Season's greetings and prosperity to everyone in the New Year.

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*May the blessings of Christmas,
The peace, joy and cheer,
Remain with you always,
Each day of the year.*



Calling all critics!

Windspeaker offered a contest for Christmas called *Christmas Memories*. These next two issues are for the critics, that is you. We need you to figure out which of these stories will be our winners.

REMINDER We did not leave our critics out of the winners podium. Those people who have voted will be entered in our draw prize for a Windspeaker jacket and an one-year subscription. The deadline for the entries will be January 11, 1993.

**Wind
speaker**

**CHRISTMAS
MEMORIES
CONTEST**

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Critics for Christmas Memories
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T5M 2V6

Christmas Memories

Christmas away from home still a joy

Christmas memory #17

It was the first Christmas Tanis was away from home. She agreed to the trip only because her reserve was all rooting for her. She had won the all-expense-paid trip to Ottawa for her entry in the MacMillan's Artists & Poetry contest. She submitted her poem *Running Wind* and took first prize, which was the trip to attend a conference promoting young Native youths' artistic and creative talents. She would get the chance to meet Grand Chief of the Assembly of First Nations Ovide Mercredi. He was to present the first, second and third prize winners in each category with a cheque and plaque and each contestant was to deliver a speech. She was excited, sure, but she had never left her family or her reserve for more than a day.

The only reason she was spending Christmas in Ottawa was because friends of the family had invited her and both her kukom and herself agreed that it would be impolite to refuse. The McNallys were her parents' friends and they had often visited the reserve, but this was the first time they issued an invitation to Tanis' family and it was just appropriate that Tanis accept.

She was nervous about the whole thing. She had never been on a passenger jet, she disliked public speeches and she knew the hardest thing yet would be missing her family.

"My girl, what troubles you? Your face is sour-looking," her kukom asked her the morning of her departure as she was eating breakfast. Tanis sighed and let a fat tear roll down her cheek. She was not shy at all when it came to her kukom.

"I'm just sad to leave you for the holiday. I want to go, but I wish I could take you." Kukom laughed, imagining herself in the white man's city. Surely, she would get lost. The farthest she ever went was to St. Paul and even then she didn't like the hustle and bustle. She preferred to stay in her home, where she felt comfortable.

"Ah, my girl, that is too

much to ask. You know an old lady like me would just make your trip miserable. You'll meet lots of people, and the McNallys have a son just about your age, I think. He's a white boy, but he's cute, eh?" Tanis blushed and tried to hole her giggle. Sometimes kukom was impossible. However, that was what made her special.

"C'mon, eat up, we have to be at the airport by five o'clock. We got a long drive still." Reluctantly, Tanis left the table to collect her luggage and gifts for the McNallys and followed kukom out to the truck.

They arrived in Edmonton shortly before five and just barely made it to the airport. Tanis exchanged quick good-byes with kukom, promising to call every night, tears streaming, and ran to make the plane. Once aboard, Tanis took her seat by one of the other contestants, a young Blackfoot girl from the city whose entry was a beautiful painting entitled *The Sun Warrior*. She was very shy and did not attempt to make talk with Tanis, so instead she read her novel to try and take her mind off the flying. It worked because soon she was asleep, dreaming of her speech, and it was night fall before they reached Ottawa.

The McNallys met Tanis in the airport terminal and greeted her with hugs and flowers, for it had been almost two years since they had last seen her. She was 16 now, and quite the pretty young woman as kukom told her often. On the way to the McNallys' home in the suburbs, Tanis realized their son, Brad, was not there to greet her also. Embarrassingly, Tanis thought, "Why should he be?"

The conference started the very next day at two o'clock and went until Thursday, two days later. Christmas day was on Sunday this year. That morning Brad walked into the kitchen shirtless just as Tanis was finishing her waffles, and as they looked up at each other they were equally startled.

"Tanis?" Brad questioned, surprised at the changes, all good of course, at the Native girl he once played hockey with

in his back yard, also the same girl he teased when his buddies thought there was something "going on" between them just to maintain his "cool" reputation. Tanis smiled shyly, remembering it all, too, and remarked silently how handsome he had become. He was a year older and always a little less mature.

"Yes, it's me. How are you?"

"Great. Couldn't be better. Man, have you changed."

Tanis blushed and lowered her eyes, but Brad kept staring. "So you're staying for Christmas, huh? Cool."

"I'm glad to be here. I have to admit though that I'm a little nervous about the conference."

Brad took a seat next to her and leaned close.

"You? Nervous? What for? I know your poetry and it's great. You should feel proud. But it must be exciting to meet Ovide Mercredi, though. Man, that guy is cool."

Tanis nodded excitedly. She was indeed looking forward to it.

"Yeah, it'll be neat. I just hope I don't screw up my speech or trip on stage or something humiliating like that. I want to make my family and my reserve proud. Your parents are still going to tape it, right?"

"Heck, I'll tape it. I'd be honored, and I know you'll do fine. Don't worry. And by the way, I'm sorry about not being there to meet you last night. I had a game" Tanis shook her head.

"I don't mind, really. I understand. It's OK. But just make sure you're there today. I need all the support I can get."

Brad smiled. "It's a date."

The award presentation went well and Tanis delivered a great speech that even Brad was proud of, as well as his parents, and she knew kukom would love it. Meeting Ovide Mercredi was a moment Tanks knew she would treasure always, and when she read her prize-winning poem, she received a standing ovation. It felt good to be the pride of so many and she looked forward to bringing home something nice for kukom and her family and friends with her prize money.

She decided she would even buy something for Brad.

Back at the McNallys, everyone lavished her with praise, which she accepted modestly as they each helped with the preparation of Christmas. The baking was done and Tanis helped make cookies and bread. She made bannock and everyone slathered it in jam and drank egg-nog. They sang carols and laughed when Brad imitated soprano opera versions. Tanis sang beautiful Cree hymns that kukom taught her and also *Silent Night* in Cree, which surprisingly Brad knew. They all strung popcorn and hung whatever Brad didn't eat on the massive tree, all twinkling and sparkling with lights and tinsel. Tanis made sure to call kukom each night and filled her in with every detail, and she laughed to hear it all, happy her granddaughter was enjoying it and proud of her accomplishments. They all together went shopping and Tanis was wary of everything at first but soon fit in, because she was like that. She adapted easily and never complained. She missed everyone back home, but knew there might never be anything like this again, so she tried hard to enjoy it. Her gifts to Bob and his wife were moccasins that kukom hand-made especially for this. And for Brad she had brought mukluks, a replica of the pair he had worn before but lost. She also bought him an Inuit carving at a gift shop in downtown Ottawa. She was excited to give it to him and looked forward to each time they talked or saw each other. It was Christmas Eve when they spent time alone again and Tanis was as giddy as a school girl.

Brad's parents had both gone to bed and the two of them were drinking egg-nog and watching the twinkling tree as they laughed about the past.

"I was just trying to impress my friends when I teased you, y'know. I really liked you but I was afraid of what they would think, you being . . . y'know."

Tanis smiled sympatheti-

cally. "I know, a Native girl. It's OK. I knew it too. I just liked playing hockey with you. I got all the attention 'cause I was a girl playing a boys' sport."

"You really liked me? I didn't even know. Wow. The things you discover after so long. Was it like a crush or what?"

Tanis laughed and played secretive. "That is something you will never know. I won't tell."

"Aw, come on, tell me. I wanna know." He made to tickle Tanis but she only shook her head. "I can't. Why don't you tell me how much did you like me?"

"Oh, that's fair. Well OK, I used to pretend you were my girlfriend and someday we would get married, you in traditional dress and me in a black tux. That would've been cool." They both laughed and Tanis decided to give Brad his gift.

"Wow. This is great. Thanks a lot. I love it." And then he made her close her eyes as he got her gift and placed it in her outstretched hands. When she opened them, she saw her poem engraved in brass and framed. It was beautiful.

"I didn't have time to wrap it and I had to be sneaky to get it copied from yours 'cause you were always around. I hope you like it."

Tanis was speechless. She couldn't find words enough to thank him. She looked up in his eyes, so expectant and patient, and imagined them together, she in buckskin and beads, and he in bow tie and cumberbund, and smiled. Slowly she leaned over and kissed him and did not feel shy or nervous. It felt right.

Later in the evening of the next day, Tanis called kukom and wished her a Merry Christmas, crying and sobbing in joy. She felt no loneliness or sadness and said so. Kukom was pleased.

"It's good to hear my girl. I hope you're behaving yourself as well. I guess the white boy is cuter than I thought, eh?" Tanis laughed as a blush crept up her neck. She was indeed impossible sometimes.

Single mom finds Good Samaritans abound

Christmas Memory #1

The Christmas I remember most was the year 1965, because it taught us all something. That there are people who care and will share, no matter how much or how little.

It was the year after leaving an abusive husband and times were tough. It wasn't easy to get any government help and my Metis pride wouldn't let me ask for it.

And oh, Lord I was tired. I was tired of working two or three jobs, never having enough money to go round and no one to help. I was tired of watch-

ing my kids go without.

It was all I could do to pay the rent and keep food on the table for my five kids, who ranged in age from four to 14.

I was 35 years old and felt like 65. I love to read and always have, but I couldn't afford to buy books or magazines.

I used to bring newspapers home from the farm where I worked part-time. It was the *Free Press* and a couple of pages were devoted to home-loving hearts, where people would write in to the pages and there were recipes and patterns. It was my favorite.

As I read the letters I got angry. Men were writing in

complaining how women were getting lazy, they didn't bake bread or garden anymore and so on.

I didn't know what women they were talking about but it sure wasn't me. So I sat down and took pen in hand and wrote back.

How as a single parent I had to do everything myself - bake bread, garden, work as many jobs as I could handle, repair and replace storm windows, fix the house up for winter and boy, Manitoba winters are cold. How I go out in the dark of night and pick up pieces of coal from the railroad tracks so I could keep my kids warm.

And how I walked a mile

each way four times a day as I worked a split shift. I cleaned houses in the afternoon and in the fall, I drove a grain truck until dark. Anything to earn a few dollars so my kids would have some kind of Christmas.

After posting the letter, I was satisfied that I'd had my say and forgot about it.

A few weeks later I started getting more mail than I'd ever had. Opening the letters I stared in amazement. Every letter wished us well. Most had money in them, anywhere from \$2 to \$30.

The first few days I was in shock. The the happiness took over.

Before Christmas rolled around, I went shopping and

bought new boots and mittens, heavy socks and a few pretty things for my four girls - the first they'd had in a long time. I bought things for my son he'd only dreamed of.

Christmas Eve, I sat alone and looked at the gifts under the tree and I cried - this time tears of joy.

My kids would have a great Christmas and good warm clothes for school.

Then I got down on my knees and thanked God for all the people who cared enough to help, to wish us well, and to make it a Christmas we have never forgotten.

Christmas Memories

Christmas savings land young man in deep trouble

Christmas memory #6

It all started just after Halloween. I started saving up for Christmas every penny, nickel or dime. I was going to give my family the best Christmas they ever had.

I had been saving my money for weeks; even my allowance was going into my secret stash. I remember my family talking about what they had seen in the shop windows in the little town we lived in. They were so excited just talking about the big day and that day was Christmas day, the day Weshakechak our savior was born. I remember my grandfather sitting on a block of wood as we all gathered around that ole' airtight heater. He was telling us about how Weshakechak went all over Mother Earth healing people and doing all kinds of amazing things. Yes, I sure loved to listen to ole' gramps, he was the best. Grandma says he's with Weshakechak now, across the big river. She says that when you finally get across the big river, every day over there is just like Christmas day. She said everybody has fun and there's lots of laughter and happiness. She also said that people don't even need airtight heaters there 'cause it's always warm.

Speaking of grandma, I've already picked out her Christmas gift. I'm gonna buy her a brand new front tire for her wheelchair, 'cause the one on the right side is a little bent and it makes it hard to steer straight. She told me her right arm tires out sooner than her left and she has to rest it more often. I'm sure she'll appreciate it. Well, enough of good 'ole grandma, let's get back to my Christmas story.

Well it was getting close to the big day and my penny-saving was really adding up to quite a bit. So I took it out in the privacy of my bedroom and counted it out in the candlelight. It took me a little while to finish because there was a lot of small change. When I finally finished, it was pretty late, so I jumped in bed and covered my head and went to sleep. The next morning I made plans to go shopping for everybody's gifts. After I finished hauling snow, chopping wood and checking my rabbit snares, I started out. I had put all my money in a small IGA plastic shopping bag. It was pretty cold outside and the wind was blowing snow. There were snow drifts everywhere. I remember my mother told me to dress really warm, 'cause she didn't want me getting sick 'cause going to see the doctor cost lots of money and she needed every cent she could

get for Christmas dinner and gifts. She always made the best turkey dinner I ever had and she also knew just what gifts to buy for everyone. So I dressed real warm. I wore my warmest coat and my black winter boots and these mittens made out of rabbit skins my granny made for me. They were real warm. I pulled my black toque on, the one with a face mask. It had holes for my eyes and one for my mouth. I said 'bye and waved and everybody waved back. We live right on the edge of town, so I had a ways to go. I had to pass by the IGA and the butcher shop and the bank before I could get to the town shopping mall. There weren't too many people walking the streets that day. Everybody was staying indoors that day. I'm telling you it was cold and the wind just made it colder. But I was nice and warm - even my face was warm, 'cause my hat was warm and it covered most of my face.

I was at a crosswalk waiting for a car to pass. The bank was just across the street and then the shopping mall was next to it. I was in a hurry to get there because it was cold. The car passed but another car was speeding down the street. It had been parked out in front of the bank so I waited for the speeding car to pass. As I was waiting I could hear a siren coming from somewhere but I couldn't tell where so I started crossing the street when I saw a police car speeding toward me. So I started to run to hurry up and cross the street to get out of the way. I was running past the bank and my small white IGA plastic bag with my money in it was blowing in the wind as I ran. All of a sudden the police car stopped in front of me and two officers jumped out with their guns out and started yelling "Stop or I'll shoot!" I was scared witless. I stopped right in my tracks and put my hands straight up, still holding my bag of money. They said "That's him!" and they arrested me for armed robbery and took me to jail with no bail. Well it was two weeks past Christmas by the time I got in touch with my family. I never got to buy my granny's new tire and her right arm still tires out before her left. The cops still have my money. They're holding it for evidence. I wrote home last week and my mother said they barely had enough money to buy a turkey. She said it was sad without me there. She also said that she had to cut holes in the boys' pants pockets so they would have something to play with. I don't know if it's true but I have to admit she still has a sense of humor. . . .

Childhood memories sweetest

Christmas memory #14

My family had Christmas on the 23rd. That's because we lived in Houston, B.C., while all our relatives lived in Hagwilget, B.C.

My family consists of my dad, mom, two brothers and a sister. I can't forget my second sister, but she wasn't born yet.

About four in the afternoon we would all load into the car and start our journey to Hagwilget. My brother and I couldn't wait to get to auntie's place so the trip seemed to take forever. In the late seventies and early eighties, the snow was always high, compared to the winter today. The trip in the winter is a little longer so it took about two hours, but it always seemed like 10 during Christmas season. Once on the top of New Hazelton hill, our big treat was seeing the 30-foot Christmas tree, all decorated from top to bottom with Christmas lights, on the other side of town.

Once we arrived, Fred and I couldn't wait to see Lucky. Lucky was a dog dad brought home for us one night on his way back from bingo. We had him for a while, but gave him to auntie. He was always noisy and we were living in a trailer park, so we received lots of complaints and had to give him away.

We finished playing with Lucky for a while, then we went inside to raid the candy tray and the Japanese oranges. We weren't allowed to do this at home, but auntie would let us. I can still picture my mother's angry face. She was mad that we acted like brats only away from home.

After a visit with auntie and the family, we would go to my grandfather's place to visit them for a while. That was my mom's dad, so there we behaved. Then, after a while, we would go tobogganing on Hagwilget hill. It was a blast, freezing in the snow while flying down the hill. Our palms were warm because our mom bought us "hot shots" that we would put in our gloves.

A night on the hill, then my brother and I would go back and spend the next few nights at auntie's. Actually we stayed for the entire Christmas holiday, until after New Year's.

Christmas Eve was exciting. We got to help decorate the tree a few hours before midnight mass, which is held at St. Mary's auditorium. I would find myself laughing at my brother after a while, because he would be falling asleep. I shouldn't have laughed - soon after I would discover my head bobbing up after I dozed off for a second or two. Then I would hear my cousin give a little snicker.

After midnight mass we all would be wide awake over at auntie's, because our uncle would tell us Santa would be going by pretty soon. So, about 2 a.m. we would go to sleep. My brother and I would sleep in the girls' room with our cousins. We would sleep with the girls because my cousin would always tickle us until we cried. He would stop just before we wet our pants, or he would cover his hand over our mouth and wouldn't let us breathe for a couple of seconds.

Eight o'clock would come really fast and we couldn't open our gifts until Santa woke up. Santa Claus would always be my uncle. I always wondered why we had to wait so long for us to open our presents. I

thought he would stay up and look for Santa himself.

If opening presents wasn't the favorite part, getting my picture in any of the photographs was. And I would eat as much candy and oranges before mom and dad came. Back then, my dad didn't have his two front teeth so I always liked to see him get his picture taken when he opened up his presents. My mom wasn't any fun because she was just plain beautiful all the time. Not that my dad wasn't handsome, I just liked seeing his two front teeth missing.

After all the gift-opening we would clean the mountains of wrapping paper off the floor and have some family pictures taken. From there, the long wait until supper was an even longer one than waiting for Christmas day itself. I killed the time by having the odd orange here and there and playing with my brother's toys or my own. "Suppertime, aults first."

I could almost hear my stomach say, "Hey, I'm almost 10 years old."

I waited patiently - what choice did I have, my mom was there! She's not a tyrant or anything. It's just that she raised us in a certain way and we didn't act that way during the Christmas season. I'm sure there are a few people out there who also acted up during Christmas but I feel we deserved the slack, don't you?

Those are my exciting two days that led up to Christmas day. I wish I was a kid again. But now that I think of it, I have the memories and I look forward to new memories that will be created in many Christmases to come.

Charlie Brown tree a thing of beauty

Christmas memory #7

One of our family traditions is the Charlie Brown tree. Imperfect in life but transformed to amazing beauty with love and care and maybe a little touch of past guilt.

Christmas just hours away when only last night it seemed like years and years. Exciting, but one thing struck terror in my heart: That Christmas, we had no tree yet. I was assured it would be there dressed to kill in all the finery our busy hands had created with colored paper, flour, glue and sugar. (On hand-drawn cards and ornaments etc., sprinkle sugar on patterns of damp flour-glue.)

Of all the top priority items needed for Christmas, why was the tree left for last? You must have a tree or Santa could never find you. What good would all-fat mince pies, fruit cakes groaning under almond paste and snowdrifts of icing do for us now? Precious little good, as far as I could see.

Sulking and worried, I avoided everyone and even

prayed some; after all, it was His birthday party. Surely He could come up with a tree.

Fending off excitement was not an easy task for a small girl, but I tried. Worried that my gifts were to be only a suspicion - new shoes (always), coloring books, maybe even a doll, a sled, skates and a toboggan.

"Now try not to be greedy," I told myself. "You could always get that dreaded lump of coal."

Since my version of "being good" differed wildly from Mom's, I was never sure it wouldn't be in the toe of my stocking lurking under that wonderful Christmas orange.

Hold on! What's that sound? Sleigh bells! Oh, what a miracle - the neighbors out for holiday trees had room for Mom to go along. A tree! At last, our tree. I couldn't go - but did I care? Nah! We were getting a tree.

The tree stalkers jingled away into the darkness and by some tremendous quirk of nature I fell asleep on the kitchen

bench.

The joyous clamour of happy people doing happy things awoke me. The clouds of air billowed in carrying wonderful smells through the kitchen anew.

With the amount of commotion outside - wrestling, scuffling, grunting - it must be the tallest tree ever! Jammed in the doorway, stem first, it was massive. My heart skipped all over my chest. Not only a tree - but the biggest tree ever. Santa could not miss this beauty.

With a little more heaving, it was in our house at last. Mom proudly presented the bottom half of what originally must have been The King of the Forest.

Well, Santa found our little log cabin that Christmas in spite of the only ugly Christmas tree I had ever seen. Maybe Santa never really cared that it was half a tree.

I felt bad about sulking and worrying and being so doubtful, but even after all these years, I'm not so sure he didn't laugh.

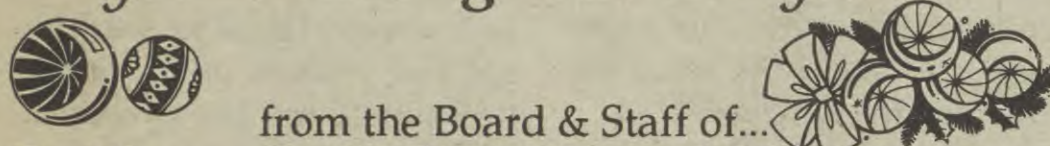
Seasons Greetings and prosperity to everyone in the New Year



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Christmas Memories

Childhood memories haunting

Christmas memory #2

Two red, two green, two clear, two red and so on. The outdoor lights have been re-strung for this year's color combination. It snowed, which was a shame because hanging the lights was on the agenda for today. Four of five Christmas sewing projects linger around the house in various stages of completion, waiting my return during those moments that I indulge in playing with the sewing machine. Christmas has become a wonderful time of great preparation and pleasure. There always seems to be a million things to do and eventually only days to complete them all. Somehow they all seem to get done and each year's celebration is more wonderful and exciting than the last. But it hasn't always been this way. It hasn't come without a great deal of work on healing. Work on myself, my attitudes, and my haunting awful childhood memories.

For many years, even after I left home, a chilling fear would grip my bones as the days drew closer and closer to the Christmas season. While other people excitedly planned for staff parties or bitterly complained about the shopping they had yet to do or the money they were destined to spend, I worried about my increasing anxiety which seemed to grow year by year. I know it was because of all those Christmases of my childhood. Those I could remember and those mercifully buried deep in my subconscious.

My memories of Christmas as a little girl are not of turkey cooking in the oven or of brightly wrapped gifts under the tree. Not to say that these were not part of my Christmas because they were. No, my memories were of drinking which often led to arguing, which often led to fighting, which often led to screaming, hitting, blood, police and crying. And wishing it would all just end. The truth was, my mother and father weren't much different than most parents in my home town. On the surface they did everything all the other parents did. Every year they spent more money than they had, buying all five of us kids exactly what we wanted that year. They bought a nice Christmas tree and decorated it. Most years, Christmas baking was part of the household ritual, just like every other house on the street. It was all so normal, so unassuming and natural. It took the appearance of every other family's ritualistic Christmas preparation and some years, I would even fool myself into thinking that this year would be different. But while I sang at the Christmas concert at school and searched the crowd, hoping to see my parents, I would know that this year was not going to be dif-

ferent and I would stop singing and begin just mouthing the words.

One Christmas, my mother's younger sister came to visit with her newborn baby. The child was beautiful. I carried him around all day, watching him giggle and coo. My aunt and my mother laughed and joked with each other as they caught up on family gossip over a couple of beer. Finally when my father hadn't come home from work and dinner had been delayed for hours, they quickly fed the kids, bathed them and headed for the bar. "A quick one," they said. "We're only going to get your dad and have a few," they said. "Don't worry, we won't be long," they said. And as I watched them leave, I prayed they wouldn't return until the next morning so I could escape to a friend's and not have to be there. But they did return, several drinks later. And along with them, my father, too drunk to remember why he just couldn't come home without stopping at the bar after work. The argument had already begun well before they staggered in the back door. Their voices were loud and heavy. Their words cut at each other and each of them was the victim to each other's anger. Threats began and senselessly they urged each other's violence on. The little kids began to cry and I rushed to the bed they were all sharing to comfort them and to keep them quiet if at least one of the adults should enter the bedroom.

"Put your hands over your ears, hum and rock back and forth," I coached the kids, promising them that it would all be over soon. The voices in the other room got louder and someone, my aunt or my mother, began to cry. Something broke and someone swore, then more pushing and slapping until finally both women were crying loudly and painfully. By now the kids were paralysed with fear but wanted someone to go and protect whoever needed protection, but I wouldn't let them leave the tiny room. The baby screamed as I rocked him harder in my arms. But those in the other room were oblivious to all of this. The phone rang. It was the neighbors phoning to complain, I suspected, but no one answered it. My mother was screaming threats to leave and my father was urging her to go ahead. Finally I heard glass and yelling more agonizing than any other I had heard previously. Then for a moment I heard nothing. And then what sounded like scuffling outside the living room in front of the house. "Call an ambulance, call an ambulance," someone was screaming. But I was frozen on the edge of the bed with a screaming baby in my arms and four little frightened children curled up together in the opposite corner of the bed. The

ambulance did come. So, too, did the police. My mother was taken to the hospital and my aunt was taken away by the police. My father stayed after talking for quite a long time with another cop in the kitchen. I calmed the kids down and put the baby back to sleep. When I left the bedroom I could see the gaping hole in the front room window where my mother had been pushed through. The snow outside was red with her blood. There was glass all over and ashtrays knocked over with cigarette butts littering the wet and dirty floor. The house was silent, though. Silent except for my sobs. I walked across the room and got a cardboard box to patch the window. I swept the glass off the floor and mopped them clean. Tomorrow would be Christmas morning. A Christmas dinner would be prepared and no one would mention the bruises or stitches on my mother's face. We would pretend that it was normal for my aunt to wear sunglasses and my father would repair the window as if it was just another Christmas chore. It's hard to understand how this kind of behavior seemed so natural to them. I began to hate Christmas, the way its onset would make me feel. I never talked with my parents about these incidents. I too kept up the facade even though I didn't know why.

It wasn't until years later after I myself was an adult that I began to think about those days and the things that had happened. It was a secret I kept buried deep inside me. But finally I began to meet other people with the same kind of painful memories. What's more, these people seemed like normal average people, not the twisted ugly image I had created of myself. We all loved our parents and swallowed the shame that our youth had brought us. Through talking, we discovered that this shame was not ours to bear and that we could recover. I've lifted the veil of silence but it hasn't been easy. It hasn't been without its own pain and its own victims. Some of my family can't understand why I have to indulge in these memories which were of so long ago. They ask me why I can't just leave well enough alone. They wanted me to walk away from it and I wanted to, too. But I know that as the snowflakes fall quietly to the ground somewhere out there children lie scared in their beds. Good decent parents begin the nightmare of my youth with their families.

It has taken me a long time to begin to enjoy the Christmas season. I don't tell my story to bring shame to my family or to bring pity to me. I tell it because I've come to realize that I am capable of making my own life with its own sweet memories. The cycle doesn't have to continue.

Artist practises ancient art form

By Angela Simmons
Windspeaker Contributor

PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

The winter of 1980 heralded the beginning of a personal journey for Angelique Levac, one of three remaining birch bark biting artists in Canada.

Birch bark biting is an ancient art form commonly practised by northern woodland women.

Levac's odyssey started when she discovered a magazine article on Angelique Merasty, an elderly woman living in Beaver Lake, Saskatchewan who practiced birch bark biting.

Two things immediately caught Levac's attention. First, the names - her maiden name was once Merasty; and second, the elderly Merasty had no daughter to hand down the traditional art to.

Although Levac had seen her grandmother practice the art as a child, it was not until she read about Merasty that her desire and curiosity were captured.

Making contact with Merasty was easy. Reaching her proved more difficult.

Levac's first journey to Beaver Lake in the middle of winter was hampered by weather con-

ditions. She flew from Uranium City, caught a bus to Flin Flon and rented a car to Beaver Lake. The ice separating her from Merasty, who lived on an island, finally proved too thin for travelling across by foot and too thick to be broken by boat.

Undaunted, Levac returned in 1981, travelling from Uranium City where she lived with her husband and three small children. This time, she slung her enthusiasm on her back and arrived on Merasty's doorstep in the middle of a blizzard.

"I really believe that God wanted me to do this. I had to do it, no one could stop me," she laughs. "Some people thought I was crazy, but I was really stubborn," she adds.

At last at Merasty's house, Levac was so eager to learn, she wanted to start right away.

"I had to be patient for one more whole day! My teacher said, 'It's Winter, we can't get our bark. We'll go out tomorrow.' I walked across to the mainland and returned the next day. I did this for the whole week, back and forth daily."

The week was filled with learning about how to select, peel and preserve bark and of course the rudiments of the art.

"I was trying to see her teeth, but I couldn't! My teacher said it



Angela Simmons

Angelique Levac is one of three remaining birch bark biting artists in Canada.

was something I'd have to develop. You should have seen all the bark I wrecked!"

The paper-thin bark is folded

in half and then folded in quarters and one more time, making a triangle. Very carefully the eye teeth are used to make indenta-

tions. Levac specializes in animals and butterflies surrounded by traditional symbols. Some pieces are as small 4" x 4" and some are approximately 17" x 20". Levac plans to combine her birch bark biting with acrylic painting in the future.

Over the past 11 years, birch bark biting has taken Levac into places she never dreamt she would find herself. Growing up on a trapline with her grandparents, speaking only Cree until she was 14, made her shy with very little confidence.

However, Levac attributes her initial success to the support she was given through the Native Friendship Centre, which sent her to the first International Native Arts Festival held in Regina.

Now, residing in Prince George, the confidence she has developed through her art has culminated in her work with young offenders and street kids where she provides them with a strong message from personal experience along with teaching art and crafts.

"I tell them: If a person really wants to do something with their life, they have to work hard at it. You will never get anywhere if you wait for someone else to do it for you. You have to do it for yourself."

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Multi-talented Bignell's passion is art

By Sean Tracy
Windspeaker Contributor

THE PAS, Man.

A little gray at the temples and a few laugh lines hint that the tall, powerful man might be a little older than first guessed at.

Moses Bignell, 52, also strikes one immediately as a man who earned that touch of gray honestly, through rough, hard work.

Bignell the trapper, collector, actor, designer, mechanic, band councillor and community activist is a busy man indeed, but his real passion is art.

His works have a realist style, most often focusing on wildlife scenes or notable Native people. The earthy tones and expansive open skies he paints draw you into his world, the muskeg lands of the Swampy Cree people.

"I used to spend a lot of time in the bush with my dad, and that scenery, and what those things meant to us, that's what I paint."

Bignell, who lives on the Opaskwayak Cree Nation reserve at The Pas, Manitoba, has sold his work all over the world. Collectors in Canada, Germany,



Moses Bignell with a painting of two moose, as yet untitled.

Sean Tracy

Ireland, the United States, Scotland and Japan own Moses Bignell originals.

This landslide of export started about 15 years ago when tourists from Hamburg, Germany purchased some of

Bignell's work. Word of mouth did the rest.

Europeans represent a valuable market for Native artisans and European collectors will not hesitate to pay a fair price, Bignell says.

"As an example, a lot of Europeans are interested in beadwork, too; to them it's art, really priceless."

Bignell mainly uses two mediums: oil paints on stretched animal hides or acrylics on can-

vas. Regardless of the medium, an always present theme in his work is the "energy of movement." Whether the subject is moose, goose, mouse or man, some sort of movement is depicted. A lot like Bignell himself.

Those themes of motion manifest themselves in another of Bignell's artistic outlets - traditional dancing at powwows. Hand-in-hand with that is his skill as a master drum-maker.

"With 16 years as a dancer, I know what I like to hear in a drum. The hide I use is 100-percent rawhide, no greases on it, no treatments, no chemicals." That makes a tight, deep sound "that stays that way for a long, long time."

Bignell's distinctive octagon-shaped drums can be found throughout Manitoba. One special example resides at the Manitoba Indian Cultural Centre.

But Bignell's endeavours don't stop here.

He has appeared in a National Film Board picture entitled Cold Journey, and he, with his brothers Oliver and Joe, produced a documentary video depicting a moose hunt. His dream, along with his wife, Mabel Elizabeth, is to some day make movies about traditional lifestyle topics from the Native perspective.

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Artist remains true to culture

By Barb Grinder
Windspeaker Contributor

PEIGAN RESERVE, Alta.

Sam Warrior remembers when he began studying photography at college in 1980, many of his teachers wanted him to take all reference to his heritage out of his work.

"Native art wasn't considered art," he says. "I was either kitsch or artifact. If you wanted to be taken seriously, to play with the big boys, you had to take the Native element out altogether. Even the National Gallery in Ottawa didn't really accept Native art as art."

Fortunately, a lot of that attitude has changed, to the point where Warrior has some of his own work in the National Gallery, as well as the National Archives and the Art Gallery of Ontario. But it's still a struggle to make a living as an artist.

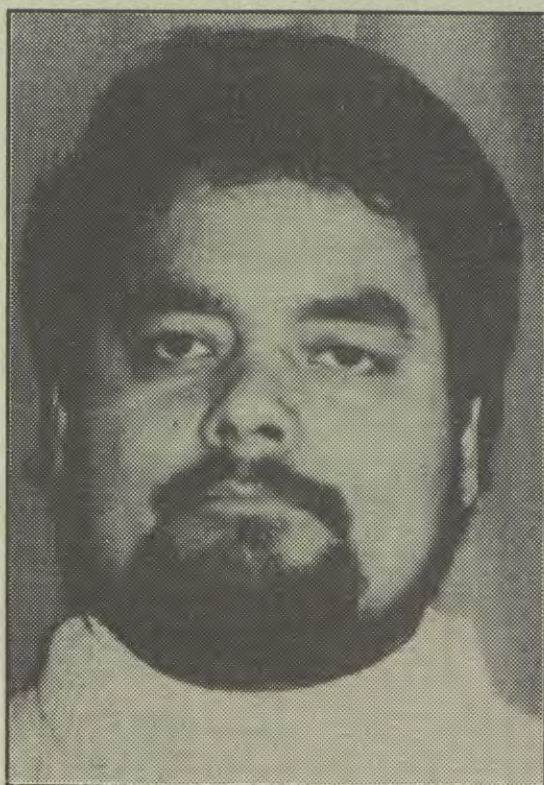
"You really have to work at it, to become credible and get a reputa-

tion. You have to make yourself known just to get into the galleries and the markets, but you can't be too aggressive, because that turns people off."

Warrior is just beginning to earn the kind of reputation that will get him the sales and commissions he needs, but he realizes that being an artist today also means being a salesman and business manager. That's why he and his wife Linda, also an artist, are back in school again, taking business courses at the University of Lethbridge.

"Linda taught school here last year and helped us get through," Warrior says, "but eventually we'd both like to work at our art and be able to get by. That's why we moved back to Bocket - so we could try to become self-sufficient."

The couple and their 10-year-old son now live in a modest home, with some land and out-buildings, on the south side of the Peigan Reserve. Eventually, they hope to get a good-sized garden growing and raise a few animals, so they can be self-sufficient in food and re-



Sam Warrior

duce their costs. A small shed on the property has been turned into a studio, though Warrior says it's not used much in the winter.

Warrior's current work is in printmaking, or serigraphy. The technique uses silk or nylon fabric as a screen through which paint is pushed onto paper. Stencils or

other agents are used to block off the portions of the paper that he doesn't want a particular color on.

On many of his prints, Warrior uses a clay and water mixture on the screen to get the mottled, earthy look he's after. Once the first color pattern is down, he cleans the whole thing off and starts again for subsequent colors. In some areas he uses stencils to get a more exact pattern.

"My work is really political," he says. "I'm mostly trying to produce an image that's pleasing yet reaches people on an emotional level. If I've got a political message, I try to make it very subtle."

Though the artist has spent much of his adult life in the city, going to school and working, he has strong roots on the reserve and in nature.

Of mixed Native ancestry, he grew up on the Peigan Reserve, but his father was a direct descendant of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce.

Through his grandmother, with whom he lived for many years after his father died, he

learned a love of nature. From his mother, a Cree, he gained an appreciation for formal education. Both play an important role in his art.

Warrior showed his talent even as a child, and after graduating from high school, put together a portfolio of his drawings and got into the Alberta College of Art in Calgary. Here, he studied photography for four years, then went on to the University of Calgary, where he majored in printmaking in the Faculty of Fine Arts.

His obvious talent and willingness to learn brought him several scholarships and won him recognition in a number of competitions. In 1987 he was one of the five finalists in the Esso Native Art competition and later had some of his work accepted into the Esso Emerging Artists Collection in Calgary.

His work as both a photographer and printmaker has been shown in more than two dozen exhibitions. He's now working toward a show in Red Cloud, South Dakota, scheduled for July 1993.

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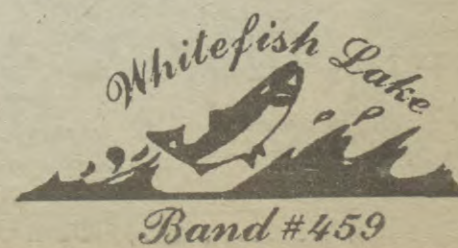
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Artist's work reflects cultural heritage

By Jeff Morrow
Windspeaker Contributor

EDMONTON

It's anger that compels Jane Ash Poitras to do the things she does, and it's natural talent that enables her to do them with such veracity.

Her latest bout with social injustice drove the 40-year-old Native artist to the streets of Edmonton's red light district, where, brush in hand, she wrote down the licence numbers of unsuspecting johns on the pavement. And, using her trademark fluorescent colors, she painted warning signs on nearby trees: "No johns," "Pimps" and "Prostitutes," each phrase with a red line through the middle.

Will her abrupt actions work to keep down the growing crime and prostitution rates affecting

Edmonton's north central neighborhoods, most of which are predominantly Native? Poitras isn't certain. But she is intent on using her high-profile image to draw public concern for a problem she's committed to addressing.

"The secret was making the johns lose their anonymity."

Poitras knows the importance of public exposure, especially when it comes to shaping social opinion through art. She's been doing it for two decades.

A Cree from Ft. McMurray, she studies modern art at the University of Columbia in New York and has been an Edmonton-based artist for 20 years. Her work is collected internationally, and she is highly regarded for her vivid, powerful portrayals of Indian lifestyles in Canada and southwest United States. Many of her more lucrative projects are now on display at Yale Univer-



Jane Ash Poitras arranges her works for display in the Edmonton Art Gallery last summer.

sity in New Haven, Connecticut, the Brooklyn Museum and the Heard Museum in Phoenix.

But for her latest, and perhaps most controversial, work, Poitras has shed her commercial

appeal for a more gripping look at her cultural heritage.

Who Discovered the Americas, a 500-year retrospective of Columbus' landing and the subsequent effects his "discovery"

has had on North America's indigenous peoples, is making its way to mainstream art galleries across Canada, winding down next summer at the Museum of Civilization in Hull, Quebec.

The exhibit, which Poitras refers to as a "de-celebration," is a graphic mixture of photos and paintings illustrating centuries of oppression of North America's indigenous peoples, from their relationships with the settlers to their exposure to Catholicism to present day poverty. It's the Indian response to colonization, Poitras says.

The exhibit (it took three years to complete and included frequent trips to remote southwest U.S. destinations) has not been well received by mainstream art buffs.

"No one wants to see these things and understand how Native people really feel about them."

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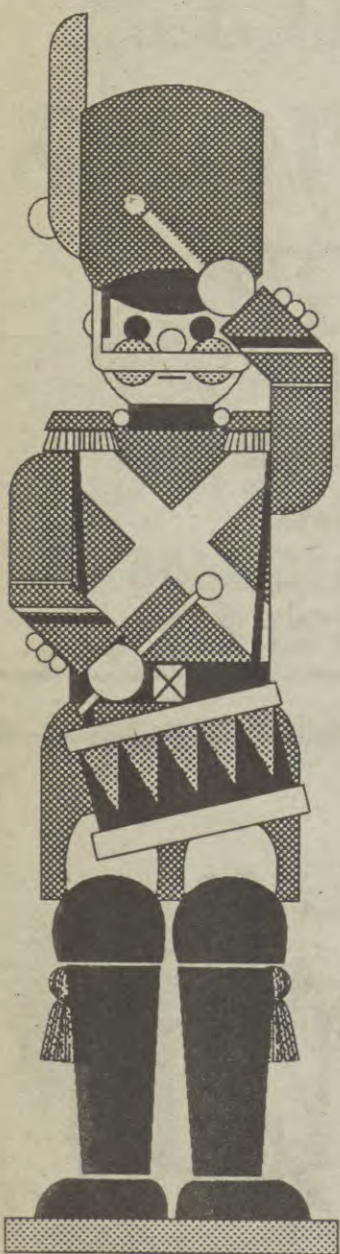
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Culture, nature inspire Sweetpea

By David Hickey
Windspeaker Contributor

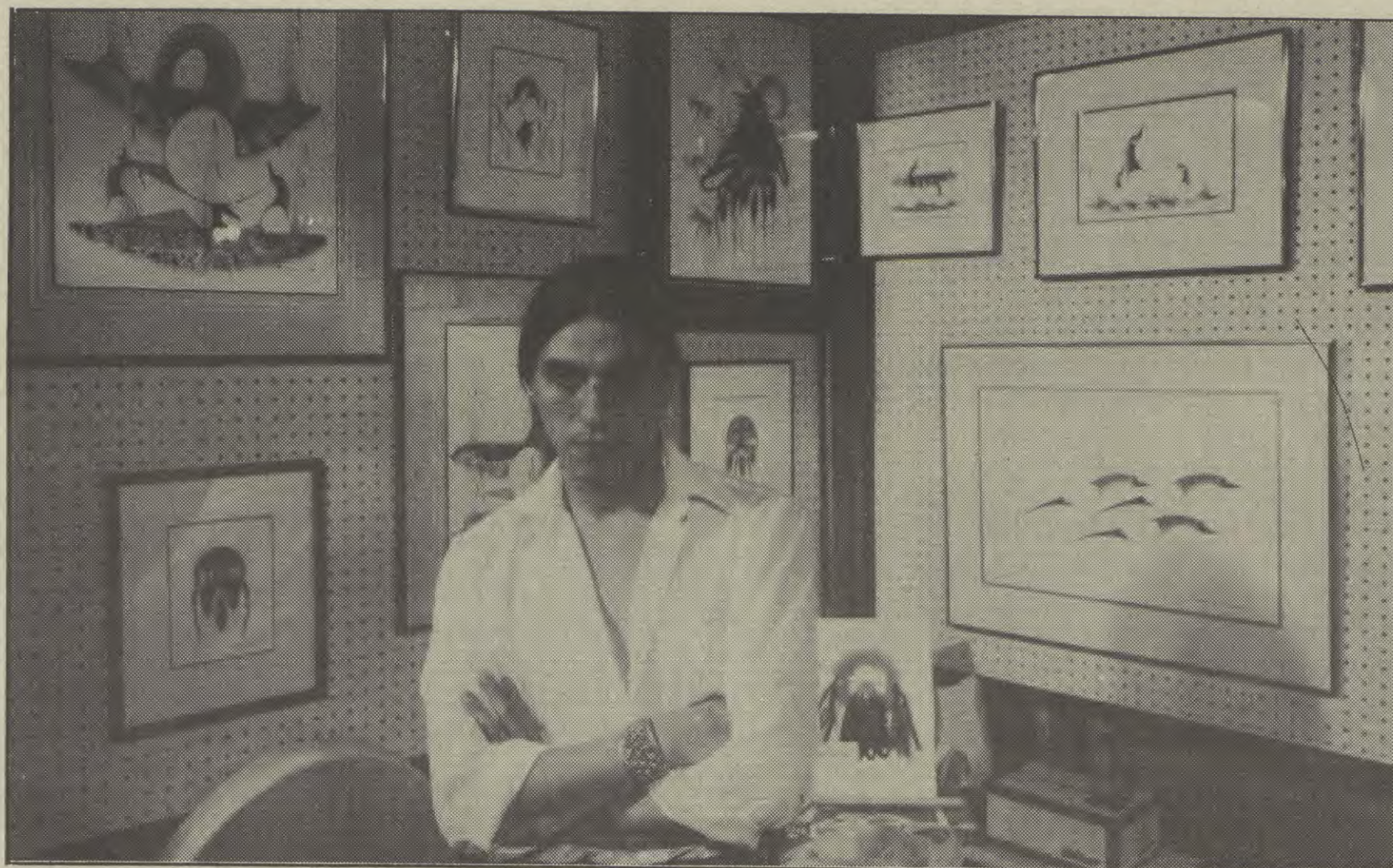
WINNIPEG

Leo Neilson is one of the youngest of a growing group of successful Native artists based in Winnipeg.

The 27-year-old half-Cree painter who signs his work "Sweetpea" didn't pick up a paint brush until he was 16, as no one in his family was artistic. But the work of two artists got him started. One was Benjamin Chee Chee, whom he never met but whose innovative work he greatly admired.

"I really liked his work. Chee Chee invented the style. That's how I got into it, looking at his ideas and how he expressed them. . . . Everyone else was doing a heavy woodland style. I liked his stuff. It was more free."

The other influence was Garry Meeches, a Saulteaux Indian artist who was already successful when Neilson met him.



Leo Neilson, alias Sweetpea, surrounded by his works.

Dave Hickey

Meeches took the young artist under his wing, encouraging and advising his protege. As Neilson's talent and portfolio grew, the two travelled to shows

across the country.

Neilson's work is similar to Chee Chee's - fine flowing lines and bright colors that jump out of the white space, based prima-

rily on nature. He uses acrylic paint, a brush and a sponge. Birds are a common element in many paintings, from fairly detailed loons to sweeping geese, the

beauty and simplicity of their flight captured in a few strokes.

"You can use only three or four lines sometimes if you put them down right."

Nature and his culture are his two main sources for ideas. He travels to powwows and takes part in traditional dances and songs. He spends time in the wilderness, too, hunting and observing.

While his regular artwork is what sells the most, he also paints drums, shields and chest plates.

By 1987, Neilson was enjoying some success and had his first international exposure in an art show in California.

Back in Manitoba, the Great Canadian Print Company took an interest in his work and did prints of several of his paintings. They have done limited edition prints of 10 of his paintings to date, most of which have sold out, and a series of cards of six works as well.

It's tough for a young artist to make a living, he adds, but he hopes to become more independent as time goes on.

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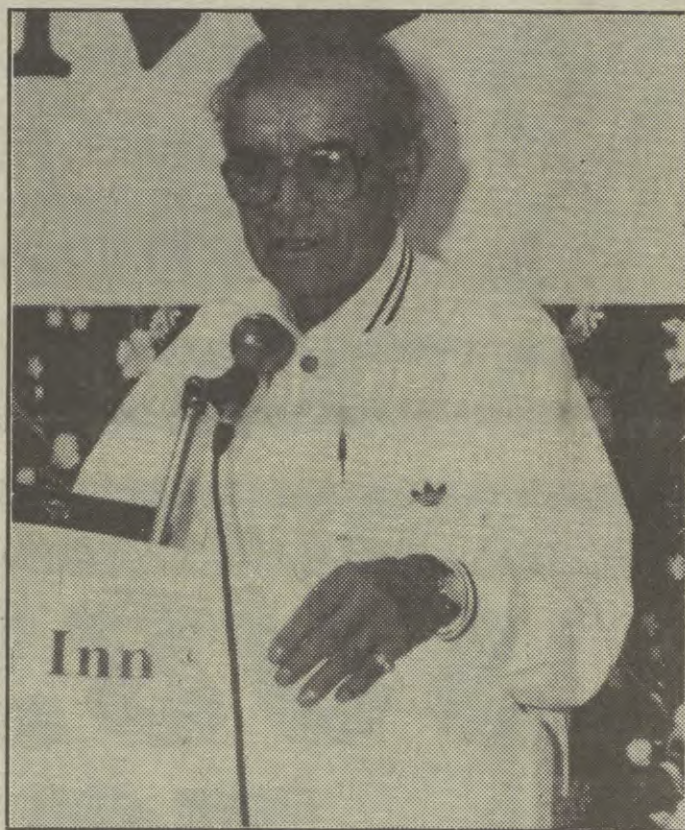
President's Christmas Message

On behalf of the Board of Directors and Staff, it is with pleasure that I extend to you my very best wishes during this special holiday season.

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Fred Gladstone, President



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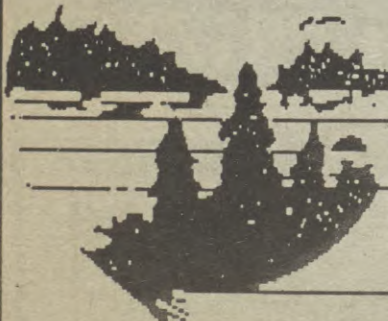
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Musician blends music with culture

By Glenna Hanley
Windspeaker Contributor

EDMONTON

The Oka crisis was a turning point for many people, Native and non-Native. For singer/songwriter Rick Patterson, it marked a new direction in his career.

"I was at home listening to the news about Oka when suddenly the words just started coming to me. First the thunder rumbles, then a flash across the sky. There stands the Great Spirit with a tear in his eye," says Patterson, reciting a phrase from his song, The Message is Clear.

The 33-year-old entertainer from Surrey, B.C. agreed to an interview following one of his performances at the September Dreamspeaker's Festival in Edmonton.

From the Kuyquot/Ditidaht Nations on the west coast of Vancouver Island, Patterson was clearly headed for a mainstream career in country music.

At age 16, with the love for country music instilled by his mother and a talent for drums en-



Glenna Hanley

Rick Patterson's music has gone from raunchy country rock to a style incorporating spiritualism and messages of peace.

couraged by his father, also a drummer, Patterson came to Edmonton. In 1980 he linked up with the Garry Lee and the Showdown band. At the pinnacle of their popularity the band's album, Rowdy, Loose and Loaded, won double platinum.

Patterson went on to perform across Canada and throughout the United States with other headliner entertainers, Midnite Rodeo Band, Glory-Anne, Lucille Starr, Gary Fjellgaard, Blake Emmons.

The messages of peace and

spiritualism Patterson now crafts for his own first album, Spirit of the Wolf, are a marked departure from the raunchy lyrics of the early Garry Lee albums.

"I wanted the women, the drugs, the alcohol and to be fa-

mous. I don't care about any of that now," said Patterson.

His rich mellow voice now offers a mainly soft country rock sound well received by Dreamspeaker's audiences. And his performances blend some Native influences, drums, chants, war cries, and, in one song, the voice of a B.C. chief simulating a voice of the Great Spirit.

Patterson believes the Great Spirit's voice spoke to him and directed his writing for his first album.

But the Oka crisis did not turn him into a political activist.

"I won't use my music for that. There are other ways to do things."

He has gone back to learn more about the traditions of his people and he has formed his own recording company and wants to help other Native artists record their work.

Radio shows and school visits, telling of Native legends and teachings, are also on his agenda.

Through his songs, Natives and all peoples should work together for peace and teach young children to share and give, he says.

"I'm taking a different route and I believe it's going to work."



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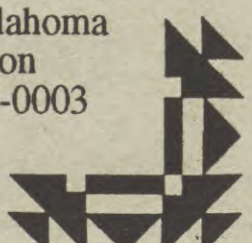
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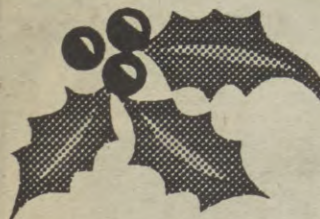

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- * Native Women's Showcase


The cost of the conference is \$140 for those registering by February 9, 1993. A group rate of \$110 for organizations with six or more registering at the same time is available. Early payment/ registration is strongly encouraged to avoid long lines and delays at the conference. All payments for registration fees must be in U.S. funds.



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Designer turns hobby into business

By Barb Grinder
Windspeaker Contributor

CARDSTON, Alta.

Kirby Many Fingers wore a white leather tuxedo when he got married last June. The outfit, like many of the jackets he and his brothers wear, was the product of his mother's creative mind and talented hands.

Fashion designer Gerri Many Fingers has been sewing beautiful clothes since she was nine years old, but it's only since 1984 that she's turned her talents into a profitable and satisfying business career. Prince Charles and Princess Diana have two of her designs, writer Pierre Berton has one and many hundreds of men and women all over the country are now wearing coats and jackets Gerri created.

"My mother, who was an excellent seamstress, taught me to sew. I remember I made my first dress - with lots of frills and ruffles - when I was nine. I wore it to school and got compliments from my teachers and all the ladies in town."

Gerri grew up on the edge of the Blood reserve near the little Mormon village of Hill Spring, where she attended elementary school. Though the school itself didn't teach sewing, most of the women in town made their family's clothes and Many Fingers says she was encouraged to continue with her dressmaking.

Fashion became a keen interest as she grew older, married and moved to Cardston, but it was just a hobby. The clothes she designed were for herself and her family. Gradually, however, she began to develop a reputation for her designs and workmanship. In 1981 she was commissioned by the province of Alberta to make two white deerskin coats, wedding gifts to Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

A year later, she was asked to put together a fashion show at the University of Lethbridge as part of a fund-raising event and to show what Native women were doing. The success she had there, and the requests she got for her clothing, convinced her that she might be able to make a living selling her designs.

"I started by doing different kinds of clothes, but soon found that the best market was for coats and jackets. Now I only do other things on special orders," she adds. "I don't even sew clothes for myself anymore."

Many Fingers' coats and jackets are contemporary Native designs, ethnic yet elegant. She works mostly with natural fabrics and leather, though most of her winter coats can be purchased with a nylon shell that adds warmth and wind resistance without adding weight.

Most often her coats start life as Pendleton blankets, because she likes the weight and suppleness of the fabric. Leather appliques add texture and pattern, and she also puts leather sleeves and insets on many of her designs. Real fur trims the hoods and collars.

"I get most of my furs from the Northwest Territories. They take longer to get here, but the quality and variety is worth waiting for. I'd like to buy them locally, but there's hardly anyone trapping here anymore and I can't get the things I need. You have to hand-pick your fur and your leather, and you have to know the skins you're working with. They all stretch and work up differently."

In 1988 she got another major push to her fashion career, when her work was featured on one of the Olympic highlights programs for the Calgary Games. Orders for coats came from New York, Chicago and California.

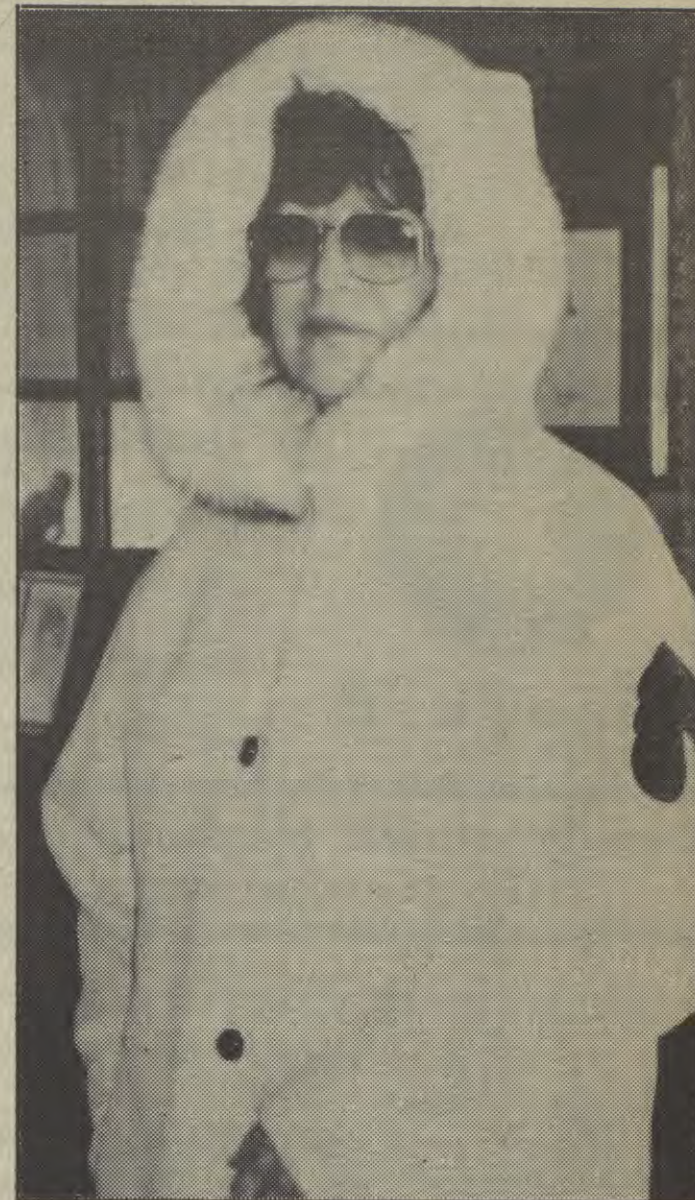
Many Fingers Designs has expanded over the last few years, but it still follows Gerri's own interests. In addition to coats for men and women, she's now doing children's coats, inspired by the designs she's created for her six grandchildren.

Though her design work could probably supply her with enough of an income to get by, she's also spent much of her life working in counselling and social services.

In 1990, her counselling work took her to Calgary, where she maintains a second home.

Yet another project has captured her heart. For the last year, she's been employed by the Calgary Native Women's Shelter Society, helping to establish a refuge for abused Native women and children.

The 24-bed shelter will be opening in January, in temporary quarters.



Barb Grinder
Gerri Many Fingers models one of the coats she designed and made.

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SEASON'S GREETINGS

We at
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wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a prosperous 1993.

The office will be closed for the Holidays beginning December 24, 1992 and will open for business again on December 30, 1992.

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MEMORIAL

Heather Moses
July 30, 1972 — November 29, 1989



She was once here laughing and joking around, she didn't show her bright smile. Until she made a decision that would affect us all. Her friends and family hurt in pain by the decision she had chosen. In her room it was filled with family and friends, the crying was the only sound. The next time we saw her still body, was in the church hall. All we did was talk and cry, it hurts deep inside, she will never be replaced, we will never forget her. Now I have to say goodbye. She memory will be around us. We will never regret to have known her. (By June Strong)

We miss you,
Heather's family & friends.

Let your Christmas be filled with tender memories, warm friends and happy moments.


from the Board, Staff and Students

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PRINCIPALSHIP

Kitaskinaw Elementary/Junior High School

The Kitaskinaw School will come under the control of the Enoch Tribal Administration September 1993. The successful candidate will serve as Acting Assistant Principal for the remainder of this school year. With a projected enrollment of 240 students in grades K-9, the professional staff consists of 14 F.T.E. teachers. Kitaskinaw school is located on the Enoch Reserve on highway 60, immediately adjacent to the City of Edmonton.

The selection committee is seeking an applicant who is an exemplary teacher, shows successful leadership and has strong interpersonal skills. Previous administrative experience and training is desirable. Knowledge of Native Culture and Language would be a definite asset.

This position would commence at a mutually acceptable date after January 11, 1993.

Applications, together with supporting documents, references and the candidate's most recent evaluation will be received until 4:00 pm. December 15, 1992 by:

Dr. J.P. Patterson
Associate Superintendent of Human Resources
County of Parkland No. 31
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Canadian Association of Journalists

Since the beginning *Windspeaker* has set out to become the most effective voice of Native people across Canada. Year after year *Windspeaker's* efforts have been rewarded with critical recognition. 1992 continues this tradition with awards from journalists in Native and non-Native media.

At the 8th Annual convention of the Native American Journalists Association *Windspeaker* was selected as the best bi-weekly newspaper in Indian Country. *Windspeaker* also received third place awards for its photography and editorial writing.

Former *Windspeaker* editor, Dana Wagg, has been named the recipient of the Canadian Association of Journalists award for his stories on the shooting of trapper Leo Lachance by a white supremacist. The awards are presented annually for the best investigative stories in Canadian newspaper and broadcast journalism.

Windspeaker is rapidly changing to maintain its effectiveness and continue in its pursuit of excellence. *Windspeaker* provides coverage of the events and issues of importance to the Aboriginal people of Alberta, Saskatchewan, British Columbia and beyond.

***Windspeaker* would like to thank its loyal friends and supporters who have helped make *Windspeaker* Indian Country's top bi-weekly newspaper.**

To subscribe or if you are considering *Windspeaker* in your advertising mix please contact:

Windspeaker 15001-112 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta T5M 2V6 Phone:455-2700 Fax:455-7639

NOMINATIONS
CHIEF DAVID CROWCHILD
MEMORIAL AWARD

Nominations are requested for the 1992 Chief David Crowchild Memorial Award. City Council and the Calgary Aboriginal Urban Affairs Committee have established the Award to recognize an individual or group of individuals within Calgary who:

- (a) create bridges of understanding, through cross-cultural experiences, between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal cultures;
- (b) create, within Canadian society, an understanding of the uniqueness and value of Aboriginal culture; and
- (c) encourages, or supports Aboriginal people in fields of education, employment and training.

Please forward nominations in writing to:

Office of the Mayor
The City of Calgary
P.O. Box 2100, Station "M"
Calgary, Alberta
T2P 2G5

All nominations should be received by January 29, 1993. Nominations should include a resume of the candidate and a description of the contribution for which recognition is being sought.

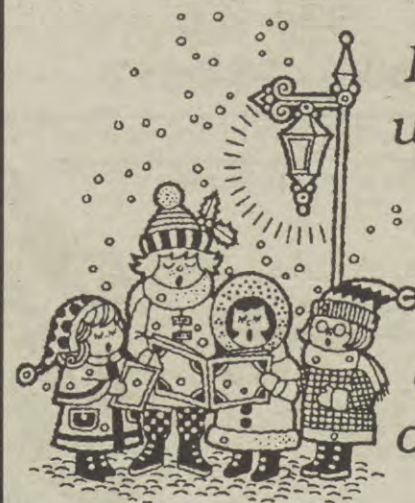
All nominations will be reviewed by the Calgary Aboriginal Urban Affairs Committee. If further information is required, contact G. Manitopies at 268-5111.



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Composer creates unique style

By Angela Simmons
Windspeaker Contributor

CALGARY

R. Carlos Nakai, Native composer and educator, blends both talents during performances as he introduces cultural traditions and instruments to audiences.

Nakai has developed a unique musical style utilizing traditional flute instruments that combines his study of 'Western Asian' theory and practice with his own cultural research. (Some archeologists and anthropologists believe Indians in the Americas migrated over a land bridge between Asia and the far north thousands of years ago, before the two continents were separated by an ocean.)

The haunting sounds emanating from the mellow sound of bone, cedar and ceramic flutes are a composite of his study into traditional music and instruments from older tribes.

One type of flute he plays is a combination of the pipe organ, a European invention prior to the 1500s, and the flageolet, a small end blown flute.

Nakai discovered that the inside workings of Native traditional flutes were equal to the design of European instruments but were used on this continent long before Western Asian settlement.

"I have found that in both south and central America, our whistles and flutes were made out of ceramics with very intricate working with air chambers etc., and so the practice and application of these sound-producing mechanisms, in these cultures, were so highly developed we couldn't possibly be a 'new' arriving culture from Asia."

"The traditional design, it's like a tipi, there's no way to improve on it, other than the fabric," he explains.

His fascination for wind instruments dates to his school years as a cornet player and later on as a symphonic trumpeter. This thirst for experience, knowledge, exploration and history of his own traditions has shaped a personal philosophy drawn from a rich individual history.

Nakai studies American Indian Studies at the University of Arizona and lectures throughout the U.S. on how to survive the cultural transition from reservation to university life.

He has combined years of self-study with the Kiowa, Blood and Cheyenne and his own people, the Dine (Navajo), with the exploration of other cultures establishing an importance between past, present and personal histories.

It is through the understanding of history and the discovery of other cultures that we learn how we fit into things, he explains.

"The primary recognition of a people is to look to the future, not to continually look back to what was and wish they could bring it here."

- Carlos Nakai



learn from old cultures and traditions and from that understanding and knowledge, make the necessary choices for change.

"What I am promoting is learn what it took to get you here, learn from those old philosophies, skills and mechanisms they used to survive."

The first step in survival is to know yourself, who you are and how you got here.

"Self awareness, personal history is how you can obtain that personal knowledge."

"Every person out there has a history, and that's an important history. Go within is important. I call it a personal responsibility."

Connected to that responsibility is the feeling of self-respect.

"You're still here, I always tell people."

"There's a shadow behind them of time, of all the time that human beings have been on the planet."

"That shadow extends backward, a shadow of history, of being a time traveller and now it is time to find that story and shadow and feel good about it."

For Nakai, his music, research and education are ways of bringing the old oral tradition up to date.

"It's time to create a new story... writing your own story and stressing the importance of being a human being."

the recording of personal histories. He sees that through the understanding of personal histories there could be an awareness and that could lead to a change in attitudes.

"In my culture, it's always been said, you can't dwell on the past, or fix it because it has happened already, so why worry about it, why deal with it? The primary recognition of a people is to look to the future, not to continually look back to what was and wish they could bring it here. The survival of the country as a whole depends on everyone working together, rather than fighting."

"People (Western Asians) came with the motivation in mind... social subjugation. It is no longer necessary. What we have to do is go beyond it."

Nakai promotes the need to

plains.

"You must acknowledge your history. It is this knowledge that makes what our ancestors did important and assists in knowing yourself."

Living in Tucson, Arizona on the edge of the Sonoran desert has given Nakai a different perspective on American attitudes. He sees that "people are coming to Native people to see if there's a way to deal with the environmental situation, deal with the political situation, social situation - the problem is, they are coming with the colonial attitude and they are coming with a pretty skewed philosophy on how the world is organized."

According to Nakai, it is unfortunate that the exploration of Native traditions comes from the "generalized federal and governmental history" rather than

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WINNERS OF THE PREVIOUS CONTEST ARE LISTED IN THE "PEOPLE AND PLACES" COLUMN.

ENTER THE CONTEST BY ANSWERING ALL THE QUESTIONS ON THE ENTRY FORM. THE ANSWERS CAN BE FOUND ON THE PAGES OF THIS ISSUE OF WINDSPEAKER. JUST BROWSE THROUGH THE PAPER, FILL IN THE ANSWERS AND MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO WINDSPEAKER BEFORE THE CONTEST CLOSING DATE TO BE ELIGIBLE TO WIN SOME GREAT PRIZES.

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Contest is open to all readers of Windspeaker (except staff and their families of AMMSA and Windspeaker). You may enter as often as you wish, but all entries must be original, no photocopies or facsimiles please. Winners will be selected from completed and correct entries received at Windspeaker's offices by the contest closing date January 11, 1993. Prizes must be accepted as awarded. The decision of the contest committee will be final.

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ENTRY FORM

CONTEST 5 A- CLOSING DATE JANUARY 11, 1993
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1. Name one award that Windspeaker has won in 1992? NAME:

2. What is Windspeaker's toll-free phone number? ADDRESS:

3. Who is the Editor of Windspeaker? CITY:

4. How many Christmas Memory stories are there in this issue? PROVINCE: AGE:

5. What is Bignell's passion? POSTAL/ZIP:

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a prayer:
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That freedom will be found in this and other lands,
and joyous peace shall reign throughout the world!*
**We wish everyone a joyous Christmas Holiday
and the Very Best in 1992.**
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..... WINDSPEAKER IS... Native Artists

Child poverty on the rise

EDMONTON

It's been more than three years since the House of Commons unanimously resolved to eliminate child poverty in Canada by the year 2000.

So far, the effort has failed miserably. In the first year after the resolution, the rate of child poverty in Canada increased by 2.4 per cent and by 1991, the number of children dependent on social assistance rose by almost 200,000.

One possible reason for the increase in Alberta is people coming from Ontario and other eastern provinces. But the number of people receiving social assistance has increased in all provinces in recent years.

Children make up the largest single group of poor people in Canada. Statistics for this year show that some 40 per cent of people dependent on Supports for Independence (provincial welfare) are children.

Too many long-time Alberta residents and their children are poor and there is no evidence that these statistics will improve without a concerted effort by governments and communities to address the real problems. Most people on social assistance are neither lazy nor long-term recipients:

- Approximately 65 per cent of the welfare caseload in Alberta is comprised of people who are single parents, elderly, mentally or physically ill or otherwise unsuited for employment.

- Of those considered employable, the vast majority are on assistance for less than three months.

- Many people who receive welfare are working, but the work available pays at or near minimum wage and may not be full-time. These people receive a supplement to enable their families to survive.

- In 1990, about 40,000 Edmonton children under the age

of 16 were poor. Where their household was headed by a single mother, almost 70 per cent of Alberta children were poor.

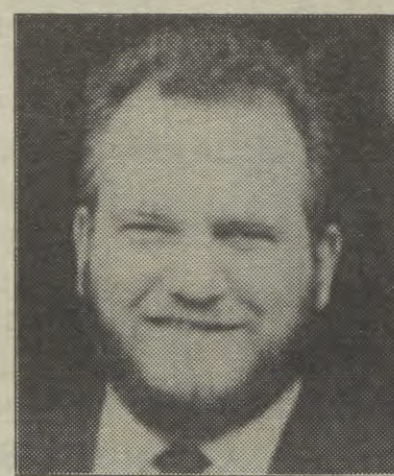
Child poverty is an expensive situation to maintain. Children who grow up in low-income households are likely to be sicker than other children, resulting in higher health care costs.

Persistent juvenile offenders are more likely to come from low-income families and to become adult offenders. This results in higher crime costs and a more expensive criminal justice system.

Poor children are academically disadvantaged and are more likely to drop out of school. It has been estimated that drop-outs due to poverty over the next 20 years will cost Canadians around \$10 billion in social assistance, unemployment insurance and lost taxes.

(This information was provided by the Edmonton Social Planning Council.)

Ross Harvey, M.P.



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Distance education program launched for ESL teachers

SASKATOON, Sask.

The University of Saskatchewan is launching Canada's first distance education program for teachers of English as a second language.

"There has been a great need for such a program. Teachers and volunteers working with aboriginal people and immigrants or heading overseas to teach English can all benefit from it," said Shirley Fredeen of the Centre for Second Languages Institute in the Extension Division.

The certificate program is

made up of five core courses, including a supervised three-week practicum that can be taken in Saskatoon in the summer, and three elective courses.

To receive the certificate, students must complete the five core courses and one elective.

Except for the practicum, the courses are delivered by independent study, a form of distance education that allows students to work at home. The course packages are mainly print-based, but some use audio and video tapes. Students can get personal help from the instructor via the

telephone whenever the need arises and at no cost to the student.

"Because of the independent learning required, students should be motivated and disciplined in their study habits," Fredeen says.

Each course requires about 10 hours of work per week. It normally takes two to three years of part-time study to complete the program.

Different courses cover areas such as theory and skill development and materials selection. One course is devoted to teaching

English as a second language or dialect to Indian and Metis students. In addition, every course includes material relevant to teaching both immigrant and aboriginal students.

Deadline for applications is Dec. 15, 1992 and the first courses begin in January 1993. Students must also provide all necessary documents, such as transcripts, by the Dec. 15 deadline date. For more information, contact Extension Credit Studies at the University of Saskatchewan: (306) 966-5563.

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Applications including Curriculum Vitae and names of three referees should be sent to:

Professor Peter Kulchyski
Chair, Department of Native Studies
Trent University
Peterborough, Ontario K9J 7B8

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Our academic development:
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Our social development:
 • examines education in terms of current social issues;
 • promotes student government and peer counselling;
 • promotes student interaction with school approved social events.

Our personal development:
 • offers students assistance through our Student Assistance Program
 • offers one-on-one personal counselling;
 • instills personal knowledge, pride, respect, and appreciation of a student's tribal culture, history, values, and traditions.

Our vocational development:
 • offers one-on-one career counselling;
 • prepares students for post-secondary education and future employment.

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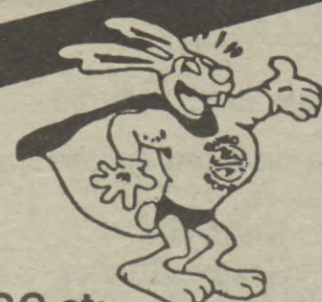


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