BAIKI

THE INTERNATIONAL SAMI JOURNAL

ISSUE #34, FALL 2011

watercolor: Hans Ragnar Mathisen/ Elle Hánsa / Keviselie

OUR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!

IN THIS ISSUE

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Báiki: the International Sámi Journal
a project of the non-profit
Center for Environmental Economic Development (CEED)

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Báiki and its projects are supported by a generous grant from the Barbro Osher Pro Suecia Foundation and by contributions from our subscribers and sponsors.

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WHO ARE THE SAMI AND WHAT IS BÁIKI?

MAP OF THE SAMI AREA TODAY

Source: *The Saami: People of the Sun and the Wind,* Ajtte Swedish Mountain and Saami Museum, Jokkmokk.

"Báiki" [bye-h'kee] is the nomadic reindeer-herding society's word for the cultural identity that survives when people move from one place to another. *Báiki: the International Sámi Journal* grew out of the search for Sámi connections world wide by people in North America. After its appearance in 1991 the Sámi presence in the United States and Canada was finally acknowledged. The *Báiki* logo was designed by faith fjeld, *Báiki*'s founding editor and publisher, using pictographs from Sámi Drums. The reindeer symbolizes subsistence, the *lavvus* [Sámi dwellings] symbolize the extended family, the mountain behind symbolizes spirituality, and the *njalla* [storage shed] symbolizes traditional knowledge kept for future generations.

The "Sámi" [sah-mee] — also spelled "Saami" or "Sami" — are the Indigenous People of Norway, Sweden, Finland and the Russian Kola Peninsula. The Sámi area in the North is called "Sápmi" [sahp-mee], and in the South "Åarjel Saemieh" [war-yel sah-mee-eh]. The nine Sámi languages are related to the Samoyedic, Uralic and Altaic language groups. There are about 80,000 Sámi People living in the Nordic countries. It is estimated that there may also be at least 30,000 people living in North America who have Sámi ancestry. Some are the descendants of the reindeer herders who came to Alaska and Canada in the late 1800s and early 1900s, and some are the descendants of Sámi immigrants who settled in the Midwest, the Upper Michigan Peninsula, the Pacific Northwest and parts of Canada during the same period.

The Sámi refer to their spiritual belief system as "the Nature Religion." Sámi society has traditionally been organized into *siidas* or *samebys* — semi-nomadic extended families who hunt, fish, farm and harvest together according to Nature's subsistence cycles. This worldview and way of life is still a part of Sámi society wherever possible.

The history of Sápmi and Åarjel Saemieh parallels that of the world's other Indigenous Peoples. Colonization and genocide began in the Middle Ages after contact with European missionaries. Sami areas were divided by national borders, and Sámi children were removed from their families and placed in boarding schools where they were taught to think and act like the colonizers. Conversion by the church and assimilation by the state set the stage for the abuse of the Sami natural resources.

Today the Sámi are incorporating new technologies in the revival of their languages, the *yoik,* and other traditional arts, and the Sami are in the forefront of the worldwide post-colonial renaissance of Indigenous voice and vision. Moreover, having their own parliaments in Norway, Sweden and Finland, the Sámi relationship with their former colonizers is improving as well.

OUR TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (FALL 2011)

IN PRAISE OF SAMI ARTISTS

"Sámi writers, together with other artists and cultural workers, are our ofelas, our pathfinders. They are also our visionaries who are rooted in oral tradition and who use that knowledge not only to reflect our current reality but also to create visions for the future that are grounded in the past."
— Kirsti Paltto

In Sápmi the return of the Sami Spirit began in 1974 with the reading of a poem about Sami identity at a gathering of artists, poets and writers. Most Sami artists at the time had almost forgotten who they were and where they were from. What followed the reading of the poem was a renaissance of the Sami Spirit in their art.

In North America the return of the Sami Spirit was inspired by the artists who were at that gathering in Sápmi. Their art, poetry and writing graced the pages of *Báiki* from our very first issue in 1991 and soon Sami-related art from the U.S. and Canada joined theirs.

Staalo trying to capture Sami artists.

In Sápmi art has always been a way to enrich everyday life. Sami artists do many things at the same time, according to writer Kirsti Paltto. "They paint, write, yoik, act and make crafts," she says. "It is common to combine several jobs throughout the year in order to earn a living as artists in a harsh environment, a way of receiving a livelihood from the land."

Here Sami artists and musicians live in the harsh environment of a dominant society that is clueless with regard to the sophistication and the symbolism that underlies Indigenous art. They depend on day jobs in order to earn a living and exhibit their work to people who neither appreciate the aesthetic nor understand the humour inherent in what they are expressing.

There is a Sami teaching about this. Stories are told of two archetypes named Staalo and Stuorra-Jouni. Staalo is a threat to anything that is creative. He is a half human giant who is potentially evil. He is strong, unpredictable and comes in various forms. Staalo does not fight fairly and causes many problems before he flees.

Stuorra-Jouni's mission is that of defender against threats that arrive in the form of the dull-witted larger-than-life menace Staalo. Stuorra-Jouni is youthful, clever and agile. He is dedicated to the survival of the Sami People. His stubborn perserverance and belief in what he is doing is the reason why Staalo never wins.

I believe that Stuorra-Jouni symbolizes Sami artists and Staalo is anything that threatens their work. In the twenty-year history of the North American Sami community there have been encounters with Staalo, but fortunately we have formed an extended family that is made up of enthusiastic and creative Stuorra-Jounis who have thumbed their noses at Staalo in his various personifications. Artists here have continued to dedicate their writing, their poetry, their art and their music to the rebirth of the Sami Spirit in North America and for this I am truly grateful.

— faith fjeld

VISIONS FOR THE FUTURE

Two significant projects are currently under way. The Sami Cultural Center is taking shape on the North Shore of Lake Superior that will provide a venue for visiting artists, poets, writers and other culture bearers from Sápmi to participate in exchange programs and exhibits with the Sami in North America. We are also preparing a comprehensive *Báiki* back issues anthology called *The Return of the Sami Spirit* that will showcase the work of Sami artists and other culture bearers who have contributed to *Báiki* over the last twenty years. For more information about both of these projects see page 27 of this issue.

Illustration: "Stallo Chasing After Little Children," Anders N. Valkeapää, 1928.
Source: Das Leben Der Lappen, Gustav Hagemann, Iserlohn: Sauerland Verlag, 1976
Apologies to Anders N. Valkeapää
for taking the liberty of re-captioning his illustration.

OUR VERY FIRST ISSUE (FALL 1991)


BÁIKI

an American Journal of Sami Living

Issue 1 | Fall 1991

Who we are: Sápmi

Faith Fjeld

Part one

Báiki - the home you always bring along

Harald Gaski

Báiki was the first English-language Sami periodical published in North America. Our debut issue in 1991 contained eight pages. On the first page was the beginning of a three-part series summarizing Sami identity and history, and Harald Gaski's definition of the word "báiki."

Báiki – the home you always bring along

by Harald Gaski

There are many ways to check the meaning of a word. You can look up the word "báiki" in a Northern Sami dictionary and find an academic definition. You can ask Sami Elders to define the word and it will be accompanied by a lot of examples clarifying the exact usage of the word. Or you can listen to your heart and feel the meaning.

Referring to the name of this journal, I suppose that a Sami word can create in the minds of Sami Americans the feeling of a long lost language, causing vibrations that come from the depth of one's soul. The underlying culture so important to personality and behavior suddenly becomes the background of which you had not been aware. To feel at home wherever you are is wealth derived from the security of knowing who you are.

Maybe it is typical for the Sami people to understand the meaning of "home" as a place where there is room for more than just a nuclear family. Maybe it is part of the social and cultural heritage belonging to a People where collectiveness and unity are held in high regard. Traditionally the group was dependent on working together to reach common goals. You were related to people and through the relations you became part of the community; you were socialized into the group. You were still an individual but you were not alone anymore."

Harald Gaski, associate professor of Sami language and literature at the University of Tromsø, is the author, editor and translator of numerous books on Sami culture and since our first issue has been a frequent contributor to Báiki.

A map of Sápmi and the Nordic Sami Conference criteria for Sami identity was included in the first issue and in my editorial I spoke about my hopes and dreams for Báiki, which have been fulfilled many times over. I spoke about my personal struggle to "fit in" and the difference between my Indigenous and my national identity. Here are excerpts from the rest of the issue. Down through the years, many of these writers have been our teachers, for which I am very grateful.

Colonization

by Niillas A. Somby

"Many Sami who had the Indigenous religion in their hearts were terrified by the way the strangers treated Nature. If the colonizers had not destroyed our religion in which Nature is sacred and precious, they would never have been able to take our natural resources from us. Religion is the base of each culture. The colonizers knew this and had to destroy our religion in order to occupy our lands and our minds...All Indigenous Peoples have one interest. It is the earth. We all live on it. We cannot destroy it with pollution."

Niillas Somby is a photojournalist from Sirbma, Norway, who has devoted his life to the restoration of Sami spiritual tradition.

What Do We Call Ourselves

by Rudy Johnson

"As citizens of the United States we have American nationality, but this does not define our ethnicity. I think of myself as a Norwegian American of Sami ancestry since I was born in Norway."

The late Rudy Johnson, Duluth, Minnesota, retired director of the University of Minnesota Duluth library, was a pioneer advocate of Sami identity in North America and a prolific writer on the subject including his family history, Lapland Ancestry.

Sami identity — in a word, Magic

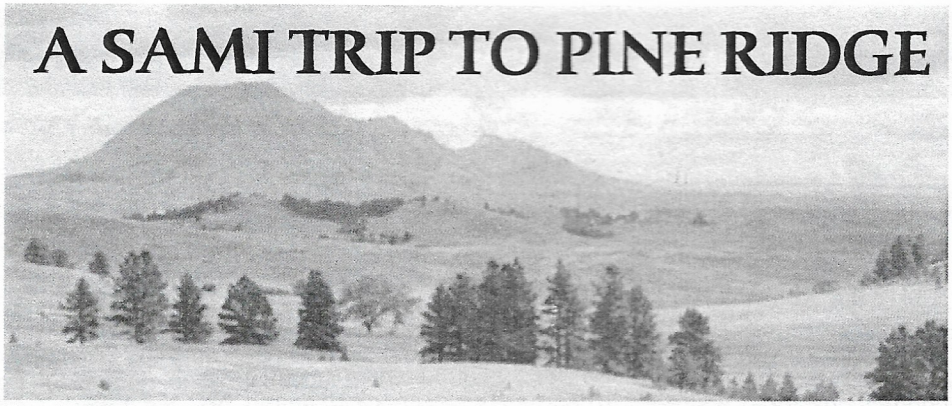
by Maija Oberg Hanf

"Good try, grandpa and grandma! You left Samiland and tried to make a new start in a new world with a new identity and it worked for a generation. But you were different when you left Samiland and you always will be different. And so are we your children and your grandchildren. The pressure to assmilate is off and now we meet as Sami experiencing our Sami Magic. People call it psychic power, and others, intuition. I would call it connection."

Maija Oberg Hanf, Bayport, Minnesota, is a humourist and massage therapist. She said she knew she was Sami becauuse she has lived in places of natural beauty and mosquitos all her life.

(**FIRST ISSUE** *continued on page 21*)

A SAMI TRIP TO PINE RIDGE



Bear Butte. Google Images

by Vicki Lantto and Olav Mathis Eira with faith fjeld

THE MASSACRE AT WOUNDED KNEE

The Oglala Lakota people live on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. The Lakota holy man Black Elk came from here. The sacred Black Hills and Bear Butte, northwest through the Badlands from Pine Ridge, are often the setting for Lakota ceremonies.

The Ghost Dance entered this area in the late 1800s. It was during the time when the Lakota and other Indian Peoples were struggling to survive the U.S. invasion of the West. The purpose of the ceremony was to receive spiritual help from the ancestors in resisting the invadors. The ceremony started from a vision that came to the Paiute spiritual leader Wovoka and it quickly spread throughout the Great Plains. During this time Black Elk became a Ghost Dancer.

On December 29, 1890, a Ghost Dance was about to take place at Wounded Knee Creek in Pine Ridge. In his book *Black Elk Speaks*, Black Elk describes the weather that winter day as being good and that the sun was shining. Then the U.S. 7th Cavalry rode in with rotary-fire cannons and slaughtered 400 of the people who had assembled there.

Black Elk recalls that after the soldiers marched away from their dirty work, a heavy snow began to fall. "The wind came up in the night, there was a big blizzard and it grew very cold. The snow drifted deep and it was one long grave of butchered men, women, children and babies who had never done any harm and were only trying to run away."

PAYING RESPECTS

Vicki Lantto's story: Last May, Olav Mathis Eira of Norway, the president of the Sami Council, and his wife Kristina Eira made a trip to South Dakota to visit four sacred sites of the Lakota people. Also in the group were my husband Chris, his brother Ernie, my daughter Lissa, and myself from the Lantto family of French Lake, Minnesota. Many of us had been reading about the true Native American history and we wanted to go and pay our respects to those who lost their lives defending their homeland. These were Black Elk's lands. Olav Mathis had read about Black Elk and he felt related to him.

We started from French Lake and headed for Pipestone, Minnesota where stone is quarried to make the Sacred Pipes. There we spoke with Lakota artists. Next we drove to the site of the Wounded Knee massacre, then through the Badlands to the yet-to-be finished gigantic statue of Crazy Horse and on to the Black Hills. Finally we stopped at Bear Butte which is visited by Native peoples to pray and have their vision quests. We made the very tough two-hour climb of 7,000 feet to the top where people leave their prayer ties. We left our own offerings of tobacco and prayers at all these places.

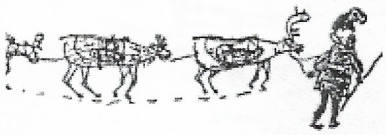
At Bear Butte (l-r): President of the Sami Council Olav Mathis Eira and his wife Kristina, who are reindeer herders from Fossbaken,Norway; Lissa Lantto and her mother Vicki, Vicki's husband Chris and Chris' brother Ernest Stanley Lantto whose family-owned Lantto's Store in Annandale, Minnesota has been in business since 1908.

We started our trip in rain since the weather was very stormy much of this spring. Along the way Olav Mathis told us he had spoken to Black Elk and asked for protection, good weather, and permission to visit these places. We drove in rain but when we stopped at these sites, the rain stopped and the sun came out. This happened at every single place we went! When we headed to Wounded Knee it was really raining hard and I was worried we'd have to skip it. But when we arrived, the sun came out as soon as we got out of the car. Same thing at the Crazy Horse statue and Bear Butte — fog so thick you couldn't see the mountain lifted as we arrived, and lowered as we left. It was magical! Not once did we have to miss anything due to the weather!

Each of us had very personal experiences on this trip. While we were traveling we talked about Lakota history and how it compares to most indigenous peoples' history including Sami. I learned so much. I'm very

(**PINE RIDGE** *continued on page 25)*

SÁMI CONNECTIONS



SAAMILAND / ALASKA CONNECTIONS

The Báiki Office is frequently called on to make Saami connections for visitors. We were able to help Hugh Beach, author of A Year in Lapland: Guest of the Reindeer Herders, and The Saami in Alaska renew reindeer family contacts in Anchorage, Kotzebue and Nome. Here is his letter:

I'm back in Sweden now. I want you to know what an incredible trip I had in Alaska, largely thanks to your contacts. InAnchorage I met with both Tessie Sheldon and Marita Snodgrass and her daughter Elaine Brown. I had no idea about all the trans-Atlantic Saami reunions that have been going on, for example in Marita and Elaine's case ever since 2002. This was one of the main interests for my trip, and I must say I got more material than I thought possible, not only from Anchorage, but also from Kotzebue and especially Nome.

In Kotz I had a blast looking up my old herding comrades from 1982-3. Unfortunately a good number of them had died. Three had gone through the ice and were lost, but it was heart-warming to see those I could meet. I gave a lecture at the National Park Service and showed some of my old movies from the herding days in the 80s. One of Laila Gregg's granddaughters brought reindeer soup! [editor's *note:* Laila was *the daughter of one of the Alaska Sámi herders.*]

Then it was on to Nome, where I met Pearl Johnson. She did everything! She set me up in the Nome Park Service bunkhouse, arranged meals and transport, radio and newspaper interviews and a lecture at Kawerak with Rose Fosdick and the Reindeer Herders' Association. Yep, she also took me to the XYZ Senior Center where I met old timers with herding stories at every table. In both Kotz and Nome, these senior centers are the place to be for an anthropologist interested in life narratives. I cannot imagine many places in the world where the stories of regular life can match those lived by people there.

For many people the Saami connection has come to be very important. The trans-Atlantic connection has grown and flourishes to degrees I never imagined back in the early 80s. There is much more I could say, but it boils down to a strong feeling of gratitude for your generous and timely help, and a continuing desire to be involved in the furthering of Saamiland/Alaskan connections. With many greetings,

HUGH BEACH
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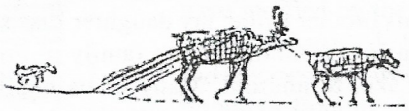
<hugh.beach@antro.uu.se>

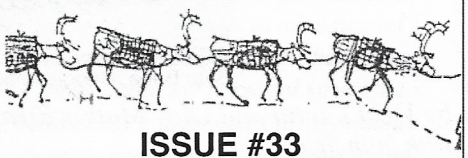


APOLOGY NEEDED

Source: *Helsingin Sanomat*: Monday marked the 150th anniversary of Lars Levi Laestadius's death. Laestadius restored morality to the culture of the Indigenous Sámi people and saved them from alcoholism that was imported by the dominant culture. At the same time Laestadius and his followers wiped out the ancient religion of the Sámi [sic]. There are families in which the yoik tradition, disappeared thanks to the activities of the Lutheran clergy", said Klemetti Näkkäläjärvi, chairman of the Finnish Sámi Parliament, speaking at an international seminar in Tornio, which focused on Laestadius's life as a missionary and researcher.

The Sámi have an ambivalent attitude toward Laestadius not least because his mother was half-Sámi. Näkkäläjärvi said that Laestadian clergy perhaps saw the yoiks as being part of the practice of the ancient shamanistic Sámi religion, and consequently saw them as sinful. "The same kind of proselytising affected the Sámi language," Näkkäläjärvi said.

He said that the Finnish Lutheran Church should apologize for its earlier activities in the homeland of the Sámi in Lapland. Hans Stiglund, the Lutheran Bishop of Luleå, Sweden said that in Sweden such an apology was made in the 1990s. He added that a study is underway in the Oulu Diocese [that] culminates a year from now in a seminar in Inari. It will examine the traditions and memories on both sides." *Thanks to Harry Siitonen.*



ISSUE #33

I totally enjoyed your latest *Báiki* issue. Kurt Seaberg's article on place resounds with me on many levels. My sister sent me one of his Saami Spirit calendars. I think she may have found it at the Seattle Nordic Heritage Museum. The story by Christina Johnson about the *njuorggonas* was moving. Let us know if she makes a CD.

LILLIAN HOIKA
Ukiah, California
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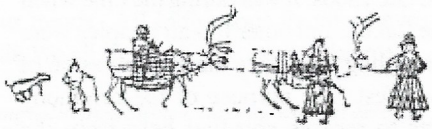


A DELICATE BALANCE

Indigenous people live in a delicate balance. We have lived in two worlds since the Western world came and settled on our lands. Throughout the many years we have assimilated and adopted the Western lifestyle. We have become educated in the Western schools to learn their ways while still attaining close ties to and acquiring the skills and knowledge from our subsistence lifestyle. We strive now to both make a living in the monetary system and gather food from the land and ocean we love. Overall, we still live in our rural hometowns because it is home.

Often our lands and oceans are being sought for their minerals and oil. We have had both foreign and domestic companies exploring on or near our lands. Some came without us recognizing their intentions and some have posted ads wanting to consult with the tribes about their future activities. What questions can we ask them? What do they ask us?

SÁMI CONNECTIONS

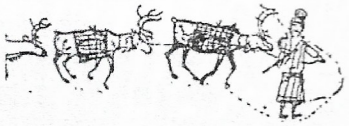
Will they ask us what time of the year we catch beluga, seals, and fresh crab? Will they ask us what fish we cut and dry? And how important it is for us to put wild greens and berries away for the winter months? Will they ask us why we continue to live here? Will they ask us how important is it for us to have clean water? What can we ask them?

I personally would like to ask them in what condition they have left prior lands they have previously mined or drilled. For example, how are the health and well-being of the indigenous people after they have mined uranium or drilled? Are we still able to drink the water and eat the wild greens? Have the indigenous people profited from the mining? Can our children and their children's children up to seven generations still live in a healthy environment if they pursue the mining or drilling?

When they look at us what do they see? Do they know that even without a college education we have elders, hunters, and gatherers who know the country and ocean because they observe and study the natural world around them when they hunt, fish and gather edible greens and berries? The indigenous people hold unwritten Ph.Ds on land management, marine mammals, birds, caribou and fish migration simply because they have lived on their community lands all of their lives. They observe and notice changes in weather and ice patterns. They have the wisdom and knowledge (first-hand accounts) that have been passed down to them.

To conclude, we live in a delicate balance. I would like for the staff of these oil and mining companies to see a people who can live in their communities for many, many more generations to come. Respect us, regard our land and livelihood, talk to us about OUR future, listen to us, look at our children as if they are yours and consider how future planning will impact them.

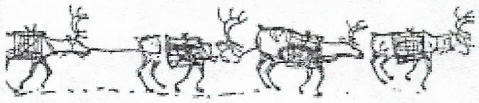
EMILY MURRAY
Elim, Alaska
<murray.emily57@yahoo.com>



SELF-STYLED SHAMANISM

Recently a "Sami Sweat Lodge" run by a "Sami Shaman" has been advertising online on several sites and we have received inquiries about this. There have been a number of similar instances during the past 20 years. Often the "shamans" are New Age practitioners. They are free to do whatever they wish in their own backyard, but when they say they are Sami and charge fees for Sami-style ceremonies it becomes misappropriation.

Here are some questions to ask: 1) Has the person been an active participant in our community events? 2) Do our Elders here or in Sápmi know of the person? 3) Does the person know where their family originates or do they know their family names? 4) Who has taught them? 5) Do they become indignant when their authenticity is questioned? —*Nathan Muus*



MODERN LAPLAND

My heart aches to go home to Lapland. I wonder to myself "What is happening in Lapland"? I love your magazine, but I find the tone too sad. I wish there were more information on what is actually happening in Lapland. It would be so wonderful to connect with the people still living there and listen to their stories of survival against such odds. We whose families emigrated long for Sápmi but the people there are living it! I envy them! What do you think of my idea of updating *Báiki* to include current events in the place we all long for!

LESLIE VAN DE VEN
Colusa, California
<leslievandeven@frontiernet.net>

Editor's note: *Hi, Leslie. I thought we had been doing this all along! In each issue we take a look at what is actually happening in "Lapland" (Sápmi) through the eyes of artists, poets and writers who live there today. Because* Báiki *only publishes twice a year we don't include many current events." There are excellent sources for breaking news and these include websites from Sápmi that are available in English, and the* Árran *website http://home.earthlink.net/arran2/north-american-sami.htm. A wealth of information is being shared on Facebook. Please visit the Saamibaiki Facebook page, the North American Sami Cultural Activities Facebook page and the Saami Genealogy Group on Facebook.*

THE WHITE STONE

I have great news. Davvi Girji is going to publish the English translation of Kirsti Paltto's book *The White Stone* with gorgeous illustrations by Sami artist Ulrika Tapio. This year is my mother's 40th anniversary as the first Sami female writer and Davvi Girji will honour her in November.

RAUNA KUOKKANEN
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<rauna.kuokkanen@gmail.com>

Editor's note: *The translators are Rauna Kuokkanen and her husband Philip Burgess.*

TURI'S BOOK OF LAPPLAND

A new English translation of *Mui'talus sámiid birra* called *An Account of the Sami*, will come out this fall in a deluxe edition from the Norwegian Sámi publisher ČálliidLágádus, and in a more reasonably priced student edition from Nordic Studies Press.

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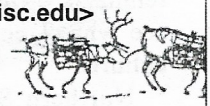


CORRECTION

In Cari Mayo's letter describing her trip to Finnish Lapland, "Veiko Siitonen's Dream" (Issue #33 Sámi Connections), Sattajärvi should read Konttajärvi.

SÁMI *NOAIDE* DRUMS FOUND IN ENGLAND

Drawing: "Noaide," Kurt Seaberg,1998. Source: *Báiki: the International Sámi Journal*

by Francis Joy

In the winter of 2003 as a student of comparative religion at the University of Helsinki, I took my first journey north into Norwegian Lapland to a small town just over the Finnish border called Karasjok. My reasons for visiting this part of the world was an interest in the remnants of the beliefs associated with the Old Ways to see what I could find out about Sámi shamanism and culture.

Northern Scandinavia has abundant forested areas covered with spruce, pine, birch aspen and juniper. The Sámi in earlier times were hunters and fisher people. They were also reindeer breeders who travelled across the tundra and mountains throughout the year, following the reindeer in a similar way to how the Lakota followed the buffalo.

The Sámi, like other Indigenous peoples were once a deeply shamanic culture with an animistic worldview, living in the northern and circumpolar areas of the globe for thousands of years, under the celestial heavens which could be seen in the night sky. During the winter months when the hunting season took place, the people were guided across the snow and ice by using the cosmological map of the animal constellations such as the bear, wolf and reindeer which were visible in the night sky. These animals were some of the totem and clan animals of the Sámi and the cosmos was portrayed on the surfaces of the drums.

The drums were mostly oval in shape, and used primarily by the *noiades* [shamans] for divination with reference to hunting and also for prophecying and healing. The surfaces of the drums were richly decorated with different animals and deities known to the Sámi, and hanging from the rear of the drums were different amulets

It is important for us to understand that some of the drums that are on display in museums or are hidden away in archives still have Spirits in them.

and objects of power. The instrument used for activating the drum was a "hammer" made from reindeer antler or wood. The tripartite worldview which was both holistic and cyclical was seen as three different areas painted on the surface of the drums, the top section understood as an upper or celestial world associated with particular Spirits, the central area as a middle world where everyday events such as hunting and fishing took place, and a lower region or nether world which was associated with the dead. Quite often the land of the dead was portrayed as being upside down in comparison with the physical world.

Like all other Indigenous peoples, the Sámi had come into contact with Christianity as early as the 12th century. However, it was not until four hundred years later that the drive by the Swedish and Norwegian Lutheran church to annihilate the Sámi and their ways of living close to nature really became apparent. The task of the missionaries and clergymen who travelled to the northern districts of Norway, Sweden, Russia and Finland was to confiscate and destroy as many of the drums as possible, as a way to eradicate the practice of shamanism in Lapland and to convert the Sámi to Christianity.

On visiting the Sámi Museum in Karasjok, I felt a sense of fragmentation and sadness connected with the small collection of old "artifacts" that were being exhibited. The one that caught my attention was what I thought was an old *noaide* drum hanging on a rope suspended in mid-air. I asked a member of the staff about the drum's history and was told that it was a plastic replica of one of the older drums, and that both the Norwegian and Finnish Sámi had none of their own *noaide* drums — that the original ones which belonged to their communities were to be seen displayed in various museums throughout Europe.

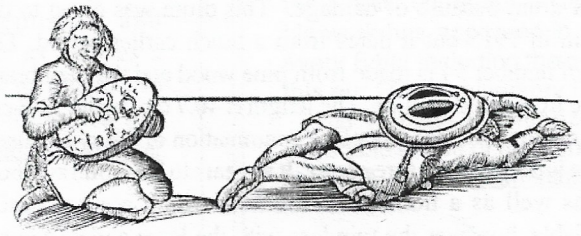
The lady asked me where I lived. When I told her my home country was England she told me that there were two Norwegian Sámi *noiade* drums in Cambridge at the University Museum. I felt quite uncomfortable at what I had just heard and decided that I would try to find out more about those drums. I found out that there are another three Sámi *noiade* drums on exhibit in the British Museum in London. Two are from Swedish Lapland; one is a frame drum, another is a bowl drum and the third is a box drum from Norwegian Lapland. This one is either a replica of an older drum or a toy.

As well as the United Kingdom, the only remaining Sámi drums from the earlier times — which are 77 in total — have been preserved in various museums in Italy, Sweden, France, Germany, Denmark, Norway. These were collected from the northern areas of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia by missionaries and explorers in the 17th and 18th centuries and sold and shipped to private collectors.

It would seem that as interest in the Sámi drums as "religious artifacts" — and their use in ceremonies by the *noiades* — became more widespread from the accounts given by priests, the drums gradually found their way to the museums and thus remain there still.

In 1938, Swedish ethnographer Ernst Manker produced a detailed inventory of the 77 drums which was published as *Die Lappische Zaubertrommel* in the German language. The inventory included photographs of the 77 drums, and some impressions by Swedish priests of *noiades* using them. According to Manker the largest number of drums — thirty in all — can be found in Stockholm at the *Statens Historika Museet* [National Musuem of Antiquities], and seven more at the *Nordiska Museet* [Museum of Cultural History] which is also in Stockholm.

Compare the symbolism and imagery in the drawing of a *noiade* by Minneapolis artist Kurt Seaberg on the facing page with the above portrait drawn in 1671 by Samuel Rheen, a Swedish priest. Before falling to the ground in a trance a Sámi shaman beats his drum with a hammer that looks more like a builder's hammer than one used for divination. The figure with wings reportedly represents the *noiade's* helping spirit but the figure is portrayed as a devil which brings to mind the Christian frame of reference from the time.

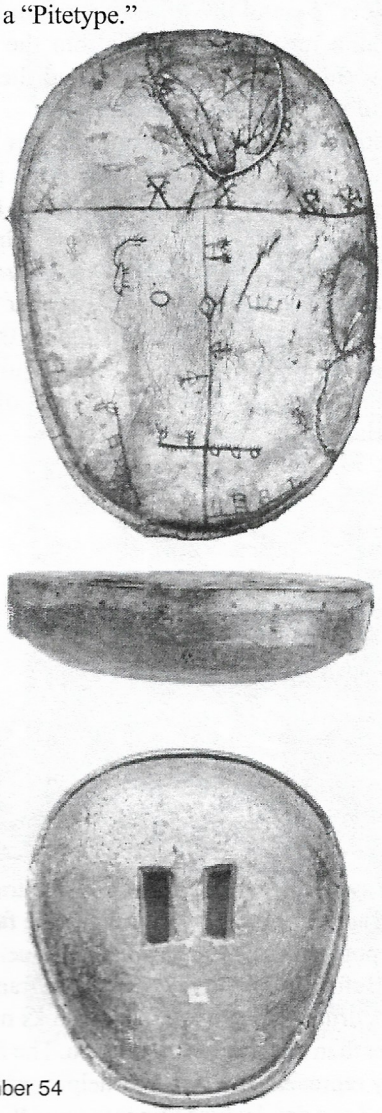


Another image shows a *noiade* using a reindeer bone hammer whilst the second *noiade* is in a trance, spirit travelling with the bowl drum across his back. Note the position of the *noiade's* body whilst he undertakes the journey, lyng face down, which was a common position for the Sámi shamans.

(**JOY** *continued overleaf)*

TO REPATRIATE: To go home again — to return to the country of origin.

This is the first drum of the two that are exhibited at the Trinity College Museum in Cambridge. In Manker's inventory it is number 54 and originates from Pite Lappmark in Norway. It is described as a "Pitetype."



Drum number 54

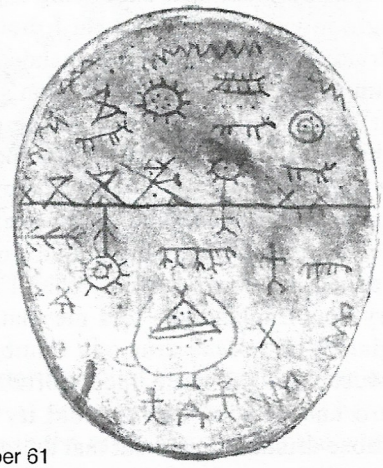
The drum skin has been repaired with reindeer hide from another drum because of damage. This drum was given to the museum in 1915 but it dates from a much earlier period. The frame of number 54 is made from pine wood and the membrane is made from reindeer hide. The length is 40.7 cm, width 31.8 cm with a depth of 9.5 cm. On close examination of the symbolism, the area is divided into three parts. It appears to have Sun symbols on it as well as a number of animals which are not easily identifiable, however the reindeer with the large antlers figures prominently on the left side of the drum, close to the circular symbol representing the Sun. The Sun is believed to be the center of the cosmos and the Sámi way of life and economy is highly dependant on the Sun. In addition the Sun was represented as one of the Sámi Gods. In the middle of this drum is a diamond shape which has four corners. This is a good example of the Sun being portrayed at the center of the universe.

Number 54 is a bowl drum. There are mainly three types of Sámi drums: bowl drums, frame drums and box drums. The construction came from large burls that grow on pine or birch trees. The tree was carefully selected — one that stood alone and was completely exposed to the Sun in a certain area on a mountain or by a stream, which gave the wood a special kind of power. After the burl was cut it was hollowed out and a handle cut into it as seen here. Then the skin was added.

The surface of the drum was painted using red dye from the alder tree, reindeer blood, or black ash from the ash tree. The use of blood, which has life force in it, gave the vibrational frequency of the drum a supernatural quality during use.

Each drum had its specific purpose, for example at the beginning of the hunting season when seeking reindeer as food. The *noiade* had the ability to enter into a state of trance and change form into that of an animal and travel into the universe through holes in the drum skin. In this sense, the drum was used as a kind of cosmological map.

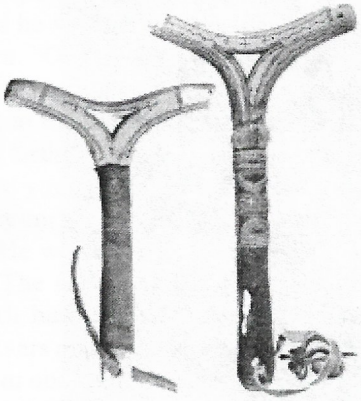
The second drum at Trinity College Museum is richly decorated with symbolism and appears to be divided into two areas. This one is documented as being from Lule Lappmark, the area between Norway and Sweden. It is described as a "Luletype," and was brought to the museum in 1889. The drum is listed in Manker's inventory as number 61.



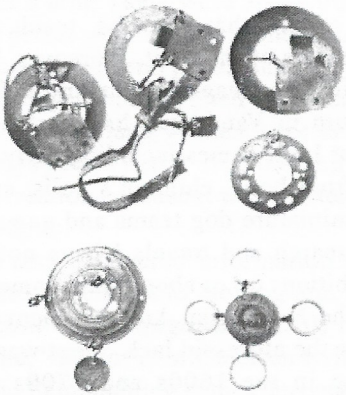
Drum number 61

The frame of number 61 is made from pine wood and the membrane is from reindeer hide. The dimensions of this drum are smaller than the other drum. The symbolism on the surface of this drum again depicts the Sun, and possibly the Moon, as these are common features on Sámi drums. There are drawings of animals in both areas which could be reindeer and elk. In the lower section is a *kota,* or *lavvu* which was a sacred hut where doctoring and ceremonies took place. The pole in the center of the *kota* symbolizes the Tree of Life where the *noiade* journeyed to other dimensions of the universe.

Here are two decorated reindeer bone hammers used with the drum.



Rings such as the following examples made from copper and other metals or bone were used as guides and placed on the Sun symbol in the middle of the drum before it was consulted by the *noaide*.



It is important for us to understand that the Sámi drum is not just merely a cultural artifact. When a *noiade* makes a drum, a Spirit that is known as an ally or helper is called into the drum to assist with the tasks that he or she performs. This Spirit helper may be from the *noiade's* ancestral family and this can include animals and tree Spirits. Furthermore, this is also the case with other tools such as clothing, knives, medicine bundles, ceremonial garments, etc. that are used for doctoring and spiritual work. Bone and blood as well as fur and leather are all items which store life force and they are therefore utilized by *noiades*.

It is important for us to understand that some of the drums, as well as other ritualistic tools which are on display in the museums or hidden away in museum archives, still have Spirits in them. This can cause problems. The Spirits are native only to their countries of origin, and are not native to the foreign countries, and therefore they may become hostile and cause injury and or illness simply because the people who handle the drums have no awareness of these sacred taboos which were only known to the Indigenous communities of origin.

This is why, in my opinion, Sámi *noiade* drums need to be returned to their countries of origin so they can effectively go back home to rest. It is the same with human bones that have been dug up by archaeologists to be exhibited in museums throughout the world.

Members of the Sámi community have been holding conferences and discussions concerned with the repatriation of cultural heritage. "Recalling Ancestral Voices," a project dedicated to recording the cultural heritage of the Sámi, was launched in April 2006 and ended in November 2007. The Siida Sámi Museum in Finland, the Ajtte Museum in Sweden, and the Varanger Sámi Museum in Norway participated.

The largest conference was held in Greenland at The National Museum and Archives in 2007. The aim of the conference was to create mutual understanding and respect among the parties involved in repatriation in order to work out some guidelines and recommendations to be used in the future.

The discussions about the Sámi *noiade* drums can be viewed in a wider scientific context with reference to previous research, seminars and discussions about drums as well as a number of other objects in relation to Sámi cultural history. Information can be found at http://www.siida.fi/heritage/english/index.html.

Francis Joy is currently working as a Ph.D. candidate at The Arctic Centre, Rovaniemi, Finland. His interest is Sámi culture and art.

THE COVER ARTIST

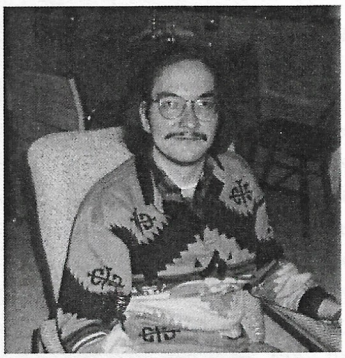


photo: faith fjeld

Hans Ragnar Mathisen / Elle Hánsa / Keviselie photographed at the home of Harald Gaski and Britt Rajala in Tromsø, 1993

TOGETHER WE ARE MANY

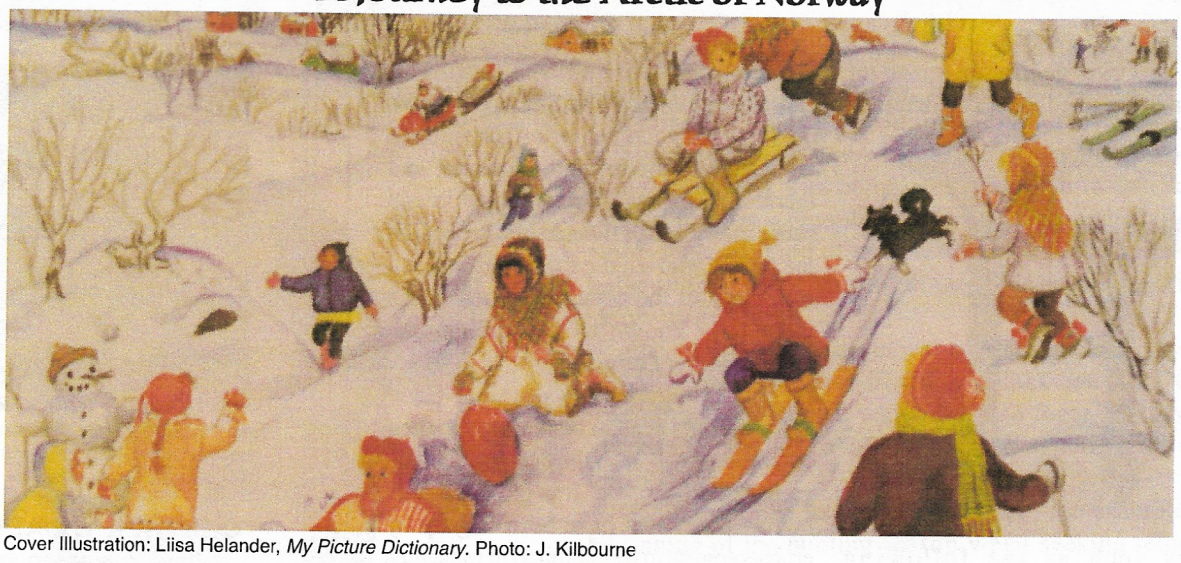
"I have many thoughts about the situation and the task of the Indigenous people of the world family. We can restore respect for the creator, for the creation, and for the creatures in a world blinded by materialism, greed and selfish ignorance. Together we are many." — Keviselie

Hans Ragnar Mathisen is a poet,artist and mapmaker who lives in Tromsø, Norway. You notice that he has three names. Hans Ragnar Mathisen is his Norwegian name and Elle-Hánsa is his Sami name. The name Keviselie was given to him by the Indigenous Asian nation of Nagaland because he is respected and known throughout the Aboriginal world.

In Issue #2 we featured his iconic map "Sápmi: Land of Sami People Without Borders," which is a powerful statement about the re-emergence of the Sami Spirit in the Nordic countries. Since then his work has appeared in almost every *Báiki* including the cover of this our 20th anniversary issue.

His website summarizes the incredible scope of his work.www.keviselie—hansragnarmathisen.net

A Journey to the Arctic of Norway



Cover Illustration: Liisa Helander, *My Picture Dictionary*. Photo: J. Kilbourne

IN SEARCH OF THE MEANING OF SÁMI GAMES

by John Kilbourne, Ph.D.

Throughout history the games we have played have been a testament to who we were and are. From early Inuit bone and hunting games, to the gladiator contests of ancient Rome, to the modern American game of baseball, the games we play have served as a statement of, and a rehearsal for, the life-world of that period and place. By reconnecting with and understanding the games of our past, we can gain a better understanding of the meaning and importance of the modern games we play.

For much of my adult life I have had a passion for trying to understand the deeper meanings of games. This passion has been strengthened with my research and practice of games in the circumpolar world, first with the Inuit of Canada, and most recently with my sabbatical study of the early games of the Sámi in Arctic Norway. I spoke with local Sámi about their traditional games, experienced Sámi Week (reindeer racing, lassoing, Sámi Market, and Sámi National Day - February 6, 2011). I visited Sámi schools and museums in Tromsø, Trysil, and Oslo, met with faculty from the University of Tromsø and Hedmark University College.

Unlike my earlier research of Inuit games, uncovering information about Sámi games was more challenging. When one attempts to review the literature of Sámi games you find few resources. During my extensive review that included reading many principal books on and about the Sámi, I found no mention of Sámi play or game activities. Also, in reviewing articles from *Báiki: The International Sami Journal*, I found only one article that spoke to Sámi games: "The Olympics Sámi Pictograph Sport Logos" (Winter 1992-93). On the other hand, if you Google Inuit games you will come to numerous resources including books, web sites, and videos that describe, teach, and discuss the traditional games of the Inuit. Moreover, both the National Museum in Copenhagen, Denmark and the Northern House Museum in Vancouver have extensive collections on and about Inuit games including early cup and ball games made from bone, children's dolls, small bows and arrows, and miniature dog teams and *qamutiks* (sleds). During my research and travels I have not yet discovered similar exhibitions on or about Sámi games.

During my visit to the Norwegian Arctic I uncovered two possible reasons for the aforesaid lack. First was the Christian missionizing in the 1600s and 1700s that attempted to squeeze out of the Sámi their beliefs and practices. The second was the national policy of Norwegianizing the Sámi. The Sámi culture was to be a thing of the past. Teachers in the Sámi regions of the country were granted wage increases in proportion to the number of Sámi school children they managed to get to stop speaking the Sámi language. Many Sámi thus learned to despise their ethnic identity which had become a social stigma. When I shared my concerns about the limited documentation and research on Sámi games the modern Sámi I spoke with were keenly aware of the impact that Christianity and the policy of Norwegianization had on their culture.

As I proceeded, I did however begin to discover resources that helped me know more about and understand the games of the Sámi. It is nearly impossible to deny folks opportunities for play and games — especially young children.

One important resource I discovered was the book *The History of Lapland*, written by Johannes Scheffer, published

in 1674. In the chapter titled, "Of the Sports and Pastimes of Laplanders" he describes several games that were popular with the Sámi. "They have some sports in the wintertime when they meet at fairs," he writes. Some of the sports were peculiar to the men and others to both sexes and he writes that the Sámi women were as strong as the men. One of the men's sports was to make a line in the snow, behind which they set up an additional mark. They ran to the line and jumped as far as possible. He who leapt the farthest won. Another sport involved jumping in height. Two young men would hold a rope or stick between them, varying the height and the participants would jump over it. He who did it best carries the ball.

The early Sámi also played with leather balls stuffed with hay. Scheffer describes one ball game where the players made two lines in the frozen snow at some distance from one another. They formed themselves into two teams and each defended one of the lines. They would meet in the middle and try to strike the ball over the other team's line with sticks. The side that struck the ball over the other's line won.

The Sámi sometimes proved their strength by taking hold of one another's hands to see who could bend back the other's arm. There were also card games and dice games. The prizes were seldom money, but more commonly skins, especially squirrel pelts. Scheffer wrote that this sport was also played both by men and women and boys and girls, and that the Sámi women were as strong as the men. I was overjoyed when I discovered this early source of information because it was written before the colonization of Sápmi.

I also uncovered information about early Sámi board games in relation to hunting and warfare. In an article in *Variant Chess Magazine* (2010) titled "Dablo — A Sami Game," author P. Michaelsen writes that the earliest notes about Sámi hunting games derive from the 18th century and that they were still being played in the early 20th century. In the 18th century the Sámi in Norwegian Finnmark played a game called *dablo* using a cross-shaped board and pieces representing a fox against thirteen geese while in the early 20th century the Lule Sámi in Sweden used game boards to play what they called *ravablo* or *vargtablo*, with pieces representing a fox or two wolves against people or reindeer.

Michaelsen refers to another early Sámi board game about warfare that involved jumping and capturing. A few men would sit down and play a kind of chess. The pieces were called Russians and Swedes who tried to defeat each other.

There is something very magical about chance and intuition in the Arctic world and another very important resource came my way by chance. On the bus ride from the Tromsø airport I met an Elder who asked me where I was going. I replied that I was looking for the home of my host family. She knew them, directed me towards their home, and told me to send them her greetings. Later that night my host family told me that this woman was the wife of one of the leading Sámi Elders and that this couple had dedicated their lives to educating others about the Sámi. Three days later I was invited to their home to engage in conversation about my interest in Sámi games, and their daughter joined us. My meeting with this family was very helpful. They told me about three important books, *Suga Suga Su* [a line from a Sámi children's game] (1989) by Elisabeth Utsi Gaup; *My Picture Dictionary* (1997) by the Sámi Education Council, illustrated by Liisa Helander; and *Vulgot stoahkat!* [*Let's Play!*] (1998) by Haldis Balto. The many illustrations in *My Picture Dictionary* clearly identify children's play and game activities, including skiing, reindeer racing, handicrafts [*duodji*], summer play, play by the sea, and fishing.

Soon I discovered that, like traditional Inuit games, traditional Sámi games are connected to nature and the environment and they often serve as practice for the social and physical skills needed to survive. These games include making miniature farms, roping and throwing, batting, community building, skiing, reindeer racing, and lassoing. Some Reindeer Sámi children create miniature farm communities consisting of reindeer and other animals using small twigs and sticks and another woman I spoke with said that Sea Sámi children use sea shells to create the different farm animals.

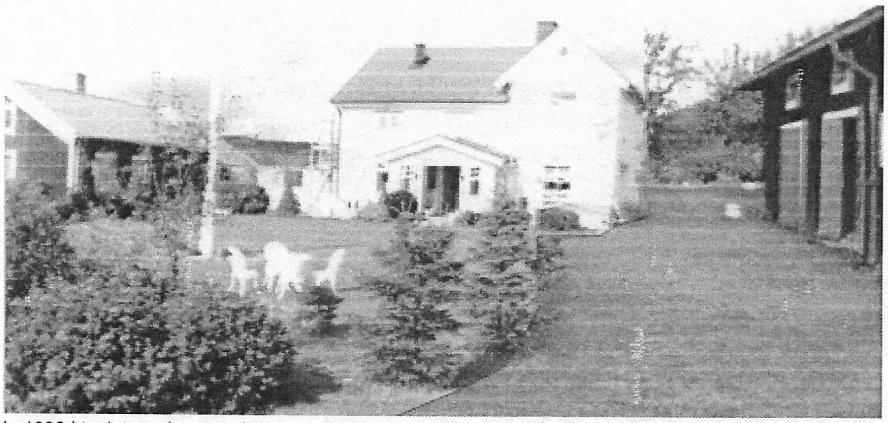
Learning to lasso is especially important as mastery of this skill is critical in the herding and management of reindeer. Children at very young ages play lassoing games and lassoing is highlighted in many Sámi festivals, including Sámi Week in Tromsø. People young and old compete using plastic ropes to lasso mounted reindeer antlers. One man I spoke with said that many of the throwing games he played as a young boy prepared his upper body and arm for the action necessary to lasso live reindeer.

Traditional Sámi games also included snow skiing. Johan Turi wrote in *Turi's Book of Lapland* (1910) that skiing and running come natural to the Sámi. The earliest people to ski may have actually been the ancestors of the modern day Sámi. An early primitive rock carving from Rodoy, Norway (2500 BC) shows an early skier on a hunt. Skiing was a practical means of transportation and learning to ski was an important skill that was necessary for survival on the land. Early evidence of the Sámi skiing for sport comes from Olaus Magnus in his book *Historia* (1555). He refers to Laplanders running races on "crooked stilts or long stakes" that were fastened to the soles of their feet and that they transported themselves on the snow by a winding motion. Today snow mobiles, four-wheelers, and motorcycles have replaced the need to travel on skis but when the Sámi started to herd reindeer, they discovered an even faster way to ski on snow. Wearing their skis, they used reindeer or dogs to pull them. This method is called *skijoring*. In modern times, *skijoring* races are popular throughout Sápmi.

(**KILBOURNE** *continued on page 16)*

TELLING OUR STORIES

TUNA, SWEDEN:
THE CRIME OF REV. KÄLLBERG



In 1992 I took two pictures of this, my great-grandparents' house in Tuna, and put them together to get a panoramic view. Between the house and the old barn on the right, a piece of Tunom Mountain is visible. The building on the left has two rooms and a baking room with an old oven where they used a long-handled "something" for the dough. The silky wood floors were made of two-foot wide planks from huge fur trees.

by Aina Wiklund

"My thoughts take flight to times past
To the murmurs of the brook and river's
roar, to hills so high, to valleys so deep,
Where birds sang their songs to the Lord.
Where our fathers plowed and seeded,
They planted and built their homes,
They did everything in their power
To make their existence bright."

— From my Grandfather's long and loving poem to my Grandmother on her 60th birthday (translated from the Swedish)

Tuna is a beautiful undisturbed farming area on the Ljungan River in the very middle of Sweden 10 km west of the Sea of Bothnia and the coastal town of Sundsvall. My paternal grandparents, (in Swedish *Farmor* and *Farfar)* were born in Tuna. Nature was all around them. They could see each other's homesteads across flower-filled meadows and fields. Around them were valleys, mountains, lakes and forests of old-growth spruce and pine.

Farmor was born in 1856. She told me of an exciting time when she was a child. During a drought Sámi herders came down from Jämtland to find grazing for their reindeer. Her parents (my great-grandparents) opened their farm to them and so did some of the other farmers. There was lichen for the animals in the forest that surrounded their farms and the Ljungan River was rich in fish. *Farmor* and her brothers Erik and Jonas never forgot this visit which even included a Sámi wedding that lasted several days.

When they grew up my grandparents fell in love. *Farfar* wrote postcard poems and was often asked to commemorate special events with his poetry. Later in life he would look back and write as part of that long and loving epic poem to *Farmor*: "Never will I forget the hills and valleys, the place in Tuna where I found you. The year 1879 at Midsummertime we took each other."

After their wedding *Farfar* and *Farmor* moved to Sundsvall. *Farfar* worked for the Swedish Forest Service and he had to travel to different places by train to do evaluations. That is when he wrote loving postcard poems to *Farmor*.

In Sundsvall they joined the Baptist Church where *Farmor's* brother Erik was a member. It must have been in the beginning of 1890 when their pastor, a Rev. Källberg, asked *Farfar, Farmor* and Erik to secure a large bank loan for him. They felt that they could not deny a servant of God this favor, thinking that, after all, who could be more trustworthy than a minister?

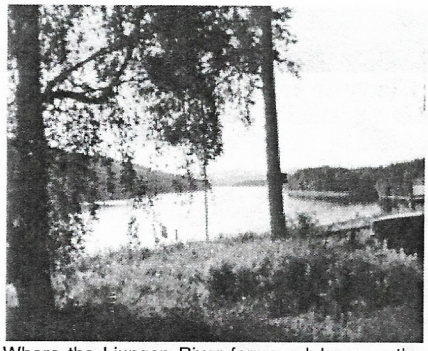
A short time later, the pastor banned a woman from his congregation because she had become pregnant out of wedlock. It soon became known that the pastor had sent the woman to America with part of the money from the bank loan and he followed her there with the rest, leaving his family behind. The pregnant woman was his mistress.

Farfar and *Farmor* owned a house in Sundsvall, so they had not been dependent on farming, but after losing their house to the bank they had to rent.

Farmor's brother Erik, who *was* dependent on farming, lost his farm. His wife was pregnant and they also had three sons to support. Erik's father-in-law gave the family a small cabin to live in and the sons, Esbjörn, Ernst and Engelbert, have told me that in order not to starve they had to catch fish from the Ljungan River.

Soon there was no choice for Erik but to emigrate to America. People from Tuna who had moved to Worcester, Massachusetts gave him a loan for the trip. When he left for the USA in 1892 his wife was 6 months pregnant.

Erik was able to get a factory job in Worcester. Since he had to send money to his family in Sweden, while paying off his loan and meeting living expenses, it took some time before he could send for his oldest son, Esbjörn. The father and son then worked for the same company and after a time could send for the next son, Ernst. The three worked diligently and sent for Engelbert, the youngest son. The



Where the Ljungan River forms a lake near the church.

On this road down to the river where my ancestors fished, we can be sure the reindeer herds walked here.

four of them were soon ready to send for Erik's wife and daughter Kristina.

Although Kristina had been born just three months after Erik's departure, her mother did not want to leave Sweden until she finished school. Kristina was 14 years old when she finally met her father. She curtseyed politely as if to a stranger. It was 1906 —15 years since they lost their farm!

The reunited family joined the Belmont Hill Baptist Church in Worcester. A new pastor was to be welcomed. It turned out to be a welcoming day never to be forgotten. The new pastor was none other than the thief, Rev. Källberg. When the people from Tuna stood up and revealed to the congregation the pastor's crime, he bid a hasty farewell and fled to Chicago. Later I learned that he ended up in a mental institution.

Erik's wife never felt at home in the U.S. and went back to Tuna as often as she could. Her trips to Sweden increased in number and length of stay. In their old age, Erik and his wife both returned to Tuna, where they died.

Their children did very well in the U.S. but Tuna was to all of them the dearest place on earth. Every time they got together they would talk about their beloved home by the Ljungan River. Kristina's husband told me that he knew the location of every rock and every path along the river. "I am from Gävle," he said, "but my siblings and I never sit and talk about Gävle like they talk about Tuna." The difference was that he had left Sweden by his own will — but thanks to Rev. Källberg, Erik's family had had no choice.

There can be life-long grief among families and friends who lose loved ones to emigration. In those days you couldn't come back so easily. When someone emigrated they felt such a loss. As a child I heard so much about the ones who left — but I never knew why they did until I grew up.

In my case I wanted to see the world and considered the USA the easiest place to start, due to having relatives in Massachusetts. I planned to stay one year and needed a job to pay for the trip back to Sweden but in order to work I had to immigrate. My parents bombarded me with letters after one year had passed and I had moved to Minneapolis. When was I coming home? A year and a half went by when Mother gave me an ultimatum. She had to have surgery and would not do it until I came back.

So after three years I went back to Sweden; then American friends began to flood me with letters to return to the USA. After a year in Sweden I returned. Later I wrote: "Had I not had relatives in the U.S., I would not be here." So in one way, my fate also had a connection to the crime of Rev. Källberg.

Aina Wiklund is retired from accounting and office management. She teaches adult education Swedish classes and has preserved her 26 acre Restored Prairie homestead as a Wildlife Refuge outside the Twin Cities.

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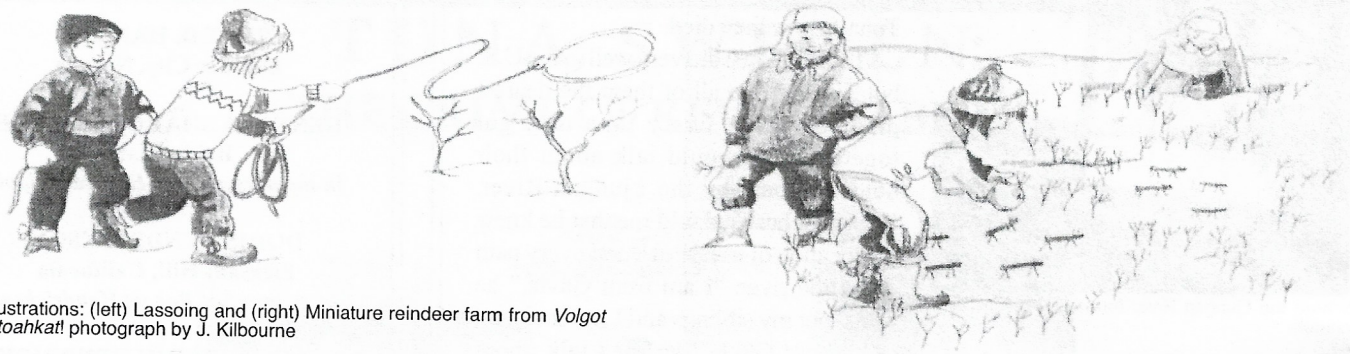
GrassValley, California

JOHN TUOVINEN
Swastika, Ontario

AINA WIKLUND
Rosemount, Minnesota

MARLENE WISURI
Duluth, Minnesota
memorial for Franklin G. Pratt

(**KILBOURNE** *continued from page 13)*



illustrations: (left) Lassoing and (right) Miniature reindeer farm from *Volgot Stoahkat!* photograph by J. Kilbourne

Reindeer racing is another important game of the Sámi. When I asked one reindeer racer why he learned to race he replied that from very early times it was important to have the fastest reindeer.

Fishing is another important skill. A Sea Sámi I met during my travels told me that one of his earliest memories was of fishing. He said that when he was young, fishing was their way of life. The extended-family *siidat* organized the fishing in the large rivers and there was collective fishing with the use of several types of fishing tackle.

As I reflect on the games of the Sámi and the Inuit, several thoughts emerge. Their games are closely linked to the environment and their participation is a rehearsal for survival in the Arctic world in which they both live. Snowshoes have been popular with the Inuit, while snow skis have been popular with the Sámi. The Canadian Arctic is above the tree line and therefore the Inuit don't have access to wood to build snow skis. The gulfstream, which passes through the Norwegian Arctic, creates a more mild climate where trees are abundant and wood for skis is easy to find.

Another environmental difference is the relationship between the Inuit and caribou and the Sámi and reindeer. The differences between caribou and reindeer in terms of hunting, domestication and herding require skills unique to each animal and this is affirmed when you examine the games that the Sámi and Inuit play: lassoing, skiing, and reindeer racing for the Sámi and the caribou jump and bone games for eye and hand coordination for the Inuit.

Still another observation is the matter of the space required for Inuit and Sámi games. Because the Inuit spend much of their winter months inside in close quarters, many of their games such as the mouth-pull game, the kneel-jump game, the leg-wrestle game, and the musk-ox push game are performed in small areas. Because the Sámi spend a significant time out of doors tending to and herding reindeer, many of their games, skiing, reindeer racing, and lassoing, take place in larger areas.

Games can be one of the great equalizing forces of any civilization. Disparate folks can become one as they unite their individual capabilities. In America there seems to be a lack of understanding about the meaning and significance of games. This is evident in every arena where games are played, from youth to professional and it is reaffirmed as we witness the behavior of team owners, athletic directors, coaches, athletes, parents, agents, television announcers, and marketers. We are all too familiar with the pandemonium that surrounds our modern games, from National Football League owners and players fighting over how to divide-up nine billion dollars in annual revenue, to player contracts, to the violations of college and university coaches and players, to the illegal use of performance-enhancing drugs, to the legions of parents who loudly and sometimes violently protest coaching and referee decisions. On too many levels the games we play are simply not aligned with the natural and intrinsic characteristics that have been integral to their practice and evolution. By searching for and uncovering the natural and intrinsic characteristics that are at the root of our games, we may be able to enlighten others to help bring better balance to the games we play. The lessons we can learn from the games of the Sámi can then be an important starting place to begin this enlightenment.

John Kilbourne, Ph.D. is a professor in the Department of Movement Science at Grand Valley State University, Allendale, Michigan. He teaches "History & Philosophy of Games, Sport and Physical Education." HIs experiences have been documented in his book Running With Zoe: A Conversation on the Meaning of Play, Games, and Sport, Including a Journey to the Canadian Arctic (2009).

PAUL SCHULTZ (1944 - 2011)

"Stories are at the heart of American Indian healing. They transcend culture and open the gate of healing to all people." — Paul Schultz, Anishinabe healer and storyteller

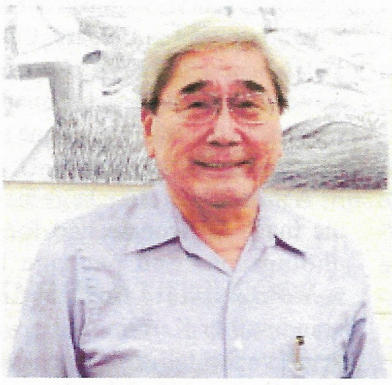
Paul Schultz speaking at the Ways of Knowing Symposium, University of MInnesota Center for Spirituality and Healing. Graphic: Cheryl Kartes.

Ogema Paul Schultz came from Wabun, an Ojibwe community on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. He lived in the San Francisco Bay Area during the years when the North American Sami movement was just getting started. He was on the original *Báiki* Advisory Council and I often went to Paul for advice. He had a wonderful sense of humour and an infectious laugh and was a great story teller and teacher. After I first heard him refer to human beings as "miserable two-leggeds" it became part of my vocabulary.

Much of his teaching centered around physical and spiritual healing. "Health goes beyond being free of illness," he said. "Health means we are involved in life and in the process we recognize our place in all of Creation — it is a gift to us." *Miigwech Ogema!* — faith fjeld

OSCAR KAWAGLEY (1934 - 2011)

"I am thankful to my late grandmother Matilda Kinavin Oscar as well as my family and community who taught me the ways of the Yupiaq People. Their stories and teachings have given me strength as I struggled to live in two worlds." — Oscar Kawagley, Yupiaq educator



Oscar Kawagley photographed at the Alaska Native Knowledge Network, Fairbanks,Alaska. by Sean Topkok.

Agayuqaq Oscar Kawagley, Ph.D. was born and raised in Mamterilleq (now called Bethel), Alaska. He developed and implemented "Native Ways of Knowing," the phrase he coined to describe Indigenous story-telling methods of imparting ecological knowledge which he elucidated in his seminal work *A Yupiaq Worldview: a Pathway to Ecology and Spirit*. "The original Yupiaq based their philosophy and lifeways on maintaining and sustaining a balance among the human, natural and spiritual worlds," he wrote. They made their winter and summer settlements a part of nature, disturbing the environment as little as possible. Their rituals and ceremonies were intended to help maintain this balance and to regain it if messages from nature and the spiritual realm so indicated."

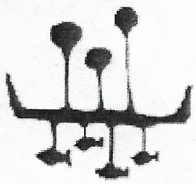
During his lifetime he was the recipient of many prestigious awards for his contributions to cross-cultural understanding based on a shared relationship between Peoples and nature.

Oscar Kawagley had many Sami connections. His aunt, Martha Oscar, was married to Sami reindeer herder Clemet Sara, who, as a little boy, came to Alaska from Sápmi in 1898 with the *Manitoba* Expedition. In March, 2008 he participated in a meeting of Sami scholars at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks prior to a conference of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Studies (SASS). An excerpt from *A Yupiaq Worldview,* was published in *Báiki* Issue # 30, 2008 and he told me that he used *Báiki* articles in his cross-cultural studies classes. *Quyanna, Agayuqaq*! —faith fjeld

TELLING OUR STORIES

FINDING MY SAMI ROOTS IN LOFOTEN

by Marilyn Fowler



SAMI HISTORY IN THE VESTERÅLEN AREA

Like many Indigenous populations, Sámi people have endured numerous attempts by ruling governments to assimilate them into the dominant society. In Norway, assimilation attempts consolidated in the 1850s under an umbrella of government policies termed "Norwegianization."

One of the most successful Norwegianization attempts was enacted in the early 1850s as a land-reform policy. Under the new law, Sámi people were considered "foreigners" unless they signed a formal declaration to become Norwegian citizens.

The new policy was a no-win proposition for Sámi people throughout Norway, but particularly for the Sea Sámi living in resource-rich areas like Vesterålen and Lofoten. The policy was cleverly written. Those who refused to sign were prohibited from legal title to their land, which could then be sold to Norwegian newcomers flooding the islands. Those who chose to sign were prohibited from ever again speaking their own language or following their cultural traditions.

In Vesterålen, assimilation came rapidly after the law's enactment. Choosing in favor of their family's future, many Sámi put aside their traditional ways and called themselves "Norwegians" thereafter. Children were brought up as Norwegians and Sámi heritage became the family secret no one dared divulge.

However, in the last few years, something has shifted in Vesterålen. People everywhere in the area are rediscovering their Sámi roots. Families are finally telling the long-kept secrets and Sámi ancestry has become a point of pride for many locals.

THE ANCESTORS

It all started for me with a dream. The date was October 10, 1996, the beginning of a master's degree in Consciousness and Transformative Studies at John F. Kennedy University near San Francisco. My first class, Indigenous Ways of Knowing, was just starting. The instructor, Kimmy Johnson, stepped to the front of the room holding a beautiful hand-painted drum. Without further introduction, she announced that we would begin the class with a journey to welcome the ancestors. While she drummed we were to send a prayer to ask our ancestors to be present with us. It seemed simple, but as my prayer ended, linear time suddenly slipped away and a group of seven ancestors appeared to me, seated in a circle around a fire. A few of them had Caucasian features and light hair; the others had dark hair with Asian features. They spoke as one. "You don't know who you are." Their expressions were intent as they repeated the message: "You must find out who you are." Then they vanished and the instructor asked us to open our eyes.

I blinked myself back to awareness, trembling violently. Who were these people? What did they want from me? Their message was haunting. They were quite right. I had no idea who I was — not in terms of my ancestry.

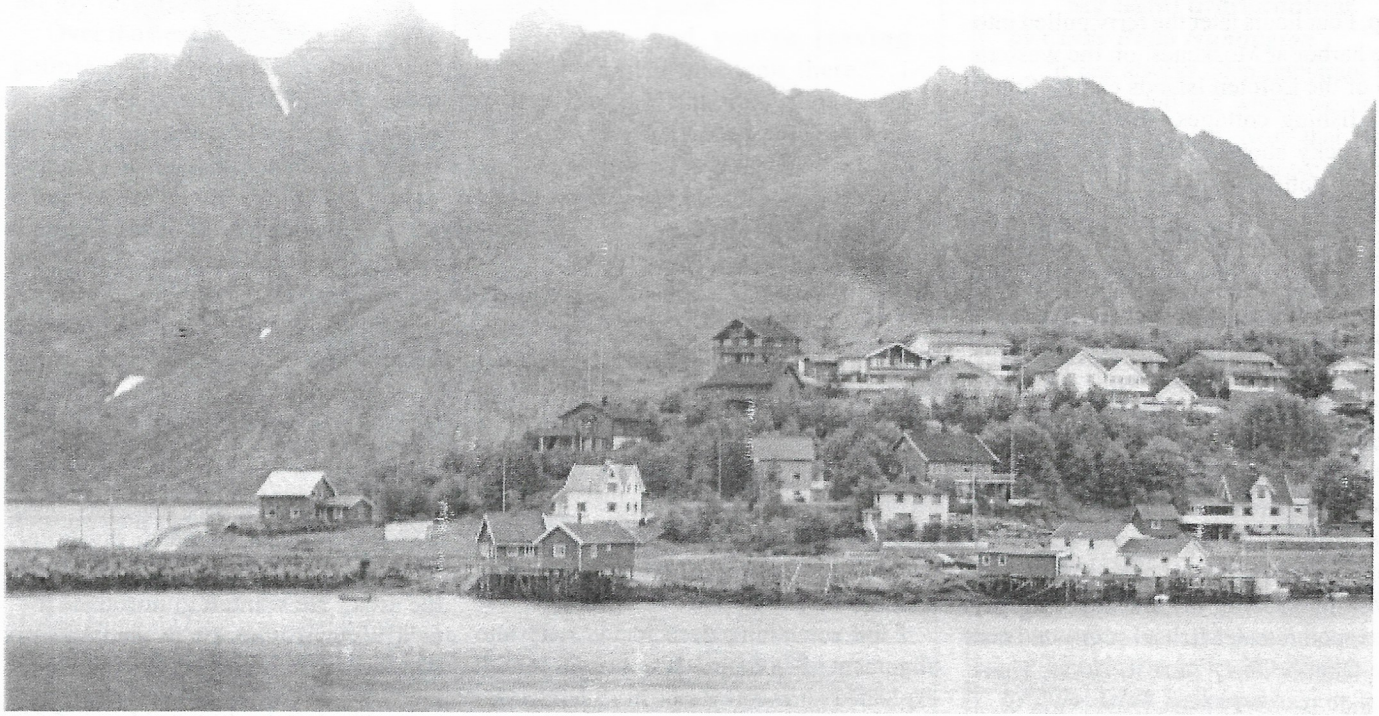
Three nights later, the ancestors returned in a dream. They sat in a circle, just as before and the message was the same. "You must find out who you are." But how? Questions swirled through my head for the rest of the night.

At the next class a student walked up with a thin booklet in her hand. "You seemed interested in northern Indigenous peoples last week so I brought you some information about the Sámi people in Arctic Scandinavia. Wasn't your grandmother from Norway?" One glance at the booklet cover sent a jolt through my system. The photo on the cover showed the same group of ancestors who had been visiting me. The same mix of pale and dark faces stared up at me with the same intent expressions. There was no need to search for them. They had found me. What I didn't know at the time was that this would be the beginning of a fifteen-year odyssey.

THE SEARCH

While family correspondence pointed to a possible connection with the Sámi, my Western mind wanted proof. A Norwegian atlas turned up the town where my grandmother had lived, but the town was in the South, not the North. I decided to convene a family reunion of my mother's side of the family. All we knew was that my grandmother Martina was eleven when her mother Karoline brought the family from Skien, Norway to join her husband, Anders Magnus Johanson, at their homestead in Calgary, Canada in 1902. No one had any earlier ancestral names. My cousin mentioned some pictures in the attic but no one seemed to know where they were.

A month later a package arrived in the mail. My cousin had found the photographs and package held a wedding photo of my great grandmother Karoline. She was less than five feet tall with a stocky frame. Dark hair pulled back, her face showed a determined expression, high cheekbones and intense dark, slanting eyes, and a roundish face. She could have been any Sámi woman pictured in my Scandinavian history books. It was enough for now.



THE ANCESTORS RETURN

In 2007 the ancestors came knocking again. By then I was teaching at the university. One April day, a student approached me after class with an unusual message. Wilhelm was known in the school as a seer with a special gift of connecting with those who have passed. "I hate to bother you, but during class I was seeing something that I believe is important for you," he said. "A group of people were standing behind you. They seem to be part of an Indigenous culture. They wanted to tell you to go to Norway as soon as you can. Do you know who they are?" Yes, I smiled. Unfortunately, Norway was out of the question right then and the trip would have to wait.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Two years later, in 2009, a rare moment of quiet at my office afforded me some time to reconsider my dissertation topic "Conscious Leadership." It seemed so uninspired. My mind wandered again to Norway. What about international leadership as a topic? Just then a knock at the door interrupted my thoughts.

An old friend and colleague I hadn't seen in years stood in the doorway. "Jonathan, what brings you here?" He gave me a hug. "I've just come for a visit, actually. I'm living in Norway now, running a Leadership Institute in Trondheim. We've just remodeled the guest room. Why don't you and Michael come for Summer Solstice?" I felt the ancestors at work again. Yes. It was time.

My husband and I had five months to prepare for the trip. Friends offered assistance of every kind, from genealogical research to recommended books and local contacts. We ordered brochures from the Norwegian Tourist Bureau. Wilhelm suggested another reading. While all the help was appreciated, I should have realized that other kinds of aid would show up as well.

Wilhelm's reading was more cryptic this time. "I am being shown a huge golden spider web superimposed over a mountain peak on an island. A man is pointing to the peak. The name of the peak starts with an "S." I feel this is an important key to your family. Do you know what it means?" It made no sense to me.

The next evening a passage in a Sámi history book caught my eye. It was an early account of one of the Sámi tribes the so-called Spider People. Wilhelm's vision flashed up. A spider web. Spiders made webs, the same shape as fishing nets. And fishing nets were used by people who lived near water, like an island. Perhaps my ancestors were fishers living on some island. The next night a phrase in a Norwegian tourist brochure caught my eye: "Norway's famous Svolvær Peak." A peak that began with the letter "S."

A Google search for Svolvær Peak brought up a map of the Lofoten Islands above the Arctic Circle — a hub for cod fishing. A spider web superimposed over a peak on an island. Could this be the place Wilhelm had seen? It was worth a detour to find out.

THE JOURNEY TO LOFOTEN

On June 21, 2009, we boarded the plane for Norway, beginning a two-week whirlwind. While the south of Norway was great fun—seeing Skien, my grandmother's town, and visiting our friends in Trondheim—I was impatient to get to Lofoten.

We took the ferry. The sky was leaden and waves slapped roughly over

(**MARILYN FOWLER** *continued overleaf)*

(**MARILYN FOWLER** *continued from page 13)*

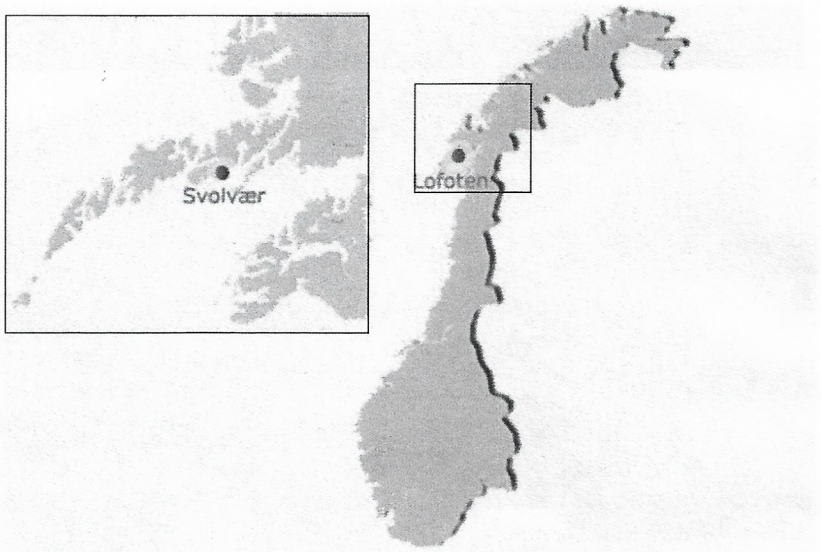
the ferry's prow as we settled in for the trip. Four hours later the ferry pulled into the harbor at Moskenes, on the western tip of the Lofoten Islands chain. Small red fishing cottages—*rorbuer*—lined the rocky shore, contrasting with the bright yellow fishing trawlers at the docks that were unloading cargos of glistening silver cod. Above the emerald water immense snowcapped peaks towered like giant green trolls with white hats. Tears slid down my cheeks. My heart knew this place.

We set out for Svolvær the next morning in our rented Nissan Pathfinder. It was a busy modern industrial seaport and nothing resonated as being special. My balloon of confidence suddenly deflated. Perhaps my ancestors hadn't lived in Svolvær after all. Seeing my disappointment, Michael suggested that we take the ferry back to Bodø. There was no reason to stay.

SOME NEW INFORMATION

The trip was drawing to a close and I had learned nothing to substantiate any Northern ancestry. The last leg of our journey took us to Utsjoki, Finland, to meet with Elina Helander-Renvall, a colleague who works at the University of Lapland. We met her at the only hotel in Utsjoki. Over cups of black coffee, we meandered through a rich conversation, eventually turning to subject of our travels in Sápmi. "How has your trip been?" My pent up feelings broke through, spilling out the story of all the synchronicities that had led up to this trip, my sense of being "home" in Lofoten and then my complete lack of connection with Svolvær.

She listened in silence. Finally she sat back and said, "I think you may be Sea Sámi." I didn't understand. "In principle, there are two groups in many of those areas: Mountain Sámi, who are reindeer herders and Sea Sámi, who live near the water and are fishers. I think you must be from around those islands. Sea Sámi lived there long ago. Not so much now." She went on. "Svolvær is a modern city. I am not surprised you didn't feel anything there," she said. But I think your mother's people must have come from there. Yes, I think you must be Sea Sámi."



I felt something deep inside snap into alignment. Sea Sámi! It felt right. And it explained so much about my feelings for Lofoten.

LOFOTEN REVISITED

After our return to San Francisco, it took me just one day to decide that I needed to go back to Norway. I had to return to those islands! This next trip would focus on interviewing Sámi leaders as my new dissertation research topic. Departure was set for July 14, 2010.

What this trip needed was a local contact, but none of my email inquiries had yielded any names. It was already June. Finally an email arrived from Johan Borgos, a professional historian living in Lofoten. He was inviting me to come to Vesterålen, a group of five large islands connected to the Lofoten chain at the northeastern end. Many Sámi people lived in the area, he assured me. Even more important, he kept an historical database of Sea Sámi people in the Lofoten and Vesterålen islands dating back to the 1600s.

Stepping off the plane brought up again the giddy sense of "coming home." The towering green peaks and emerald water seemed like old friends. I stared at the view for the entire half-hour trip from the airport to my hotel.

Johan Borgos came to my hotel later that afternoon to take me around the area. He wanted to introduce me to a woman who knew many Sámi people in the vicinity. She would help me with my research. "And you brought your genealogy?" Oh yes.

Ten kilometers down the road Johan pulled into a gas station, stopping beside a blue Saab parked to the side. With a grin, he opened my door and motioned me into the Saab, introducing the driver, Helle Storvik, with a wave of his hand. "I think you two will have a lot to talk about." Johan drove off in a cloud of dust.

After an awkward pause, Helle asked if I was searching for my ancestors in Lofoten. I nodded. She listened to my story without comment and then she smiled. "You know," she said, " that is very similar to my story. The sense of recognition and the longing, and the relief when you understand the heritage you carry with you." She turned serious. "People never talked about it in these parts. It was always a secret. I had to pry it out of my aunt. It was shameful to be Sámi." Then she told me about her just-completed research project, interviewing dozens of people in the area who finally come "out of the closet" to talk about their Sámi heritage. She pulled out a large notebook and handed me the names

of twelve people with whom to talk for my research.

Over the next two weeks, all of the people on Helle's list graciously agreed to talk with me. Many shared similar stories about their intuition of being Sámi and their inability to prove it because relatives would not divulge the family secrets. A number of locals described powerful dreams of Sámi places and ancestors which finally led them to the truth. Hearing my own story, they just nodded. "Welcome home."

FINAL CONFIRMATION

My last week in Vesterålen was coming to a close and Johan Borgos was first on my list of goodbyes. He invited me to dinner with his family that evening. "I have a present for you," he said. After dinner we retired to his research office. Five computer monitors glowed on his oversized desk. "I want to show you something."

He pulled up an old map of the area on one of the screens. "You said your family came from around Svolvær?" I nodded, holding my breath. "I've been researching Sámi settlements around there. Look at this. Turns out there was a large Sámi settlement in the 1700s about twelve kilometers from Svolvær. It was a pretty inland valley with a river that opens into a fjord. A perfect Sámi landscape. They could hunt and fish there, and have access to the sea. There would not have been many written Sámi records from that time. That explains why I couldn't find your ancestors' names. But I think we found where they lived."

I remembered the bus trip through that area the previous weekend. Small cabins dotted lush green fields that rolled down to the river. Craggy snow-capped peaks towered sharply over the emerald water. A wispy waterfall cascaded down a sheer green cliff a thousand feet into the fjord. My camera had been blazing from one bus window to the next trying to capture the special feeling of this valley. Something deep inside had recognized this place.

"It's too bad you're leaving tomorrow or I'd take you there." I hugged him. "Thank you, Johan, but that won't be necessary. I was just there on Sunday."

The search was finally over. Johan had found my ancestors' home. We didn't find my ancestors' names in the official records, but I am certain they lived there. "How can you be so sure?" my Western friends sometimes ask. I just smile. "Because my heart knows."

Marilyn Fowler is a professor at John F. Kennedy University in the San Francisco Bay Area where she serves as Chair of the Department of Consciousness and Transformative Studies, and the Director of the Dream Studies Program. To contact her, please email: <marilynEfowler@comcast.net>.

Editors note: The Sea Sami, inhabiting the North Norwegian coast, are the largest group of Sami. They have an interesting history of fishing, small farming, raising cattle and sheep, trapping, weaving wool, and trading. They also are related to Inland Sami through the verdevuohta *exchange of fishing products for reindeer products and the hosting of visiting herders.*

Upon the arrival of the Black Death in 1349, Norwegians who lived on the outer islands and fjord farms were affected far more than the Sami who lived away from the European trade routes. Many plague deaths were due to being infected by fleas transported in barrels of rye and wheat. Sixty to seventy percent of the Norwegian farms were abandoned and the Sami moved into these areas.

The Norwegian fishing industry in the Lofoten and Vesterdalen Islands were severely affected, and the Sami then became a much bigger part of the economy. The Nordland boat fishing culture, stretching from Trondheim to Tromsø and beyond, was in great part a mixed Sami and Norwegian culture. Some suggest that the Sami lapstrake *wooden boat construction of layer upon layer was part of the Viking ship boatbuilding history. The Sami originally stitched the layers together with reindeer sinew. —Nathan Muus*

(FIRST ISSUE *continued from page 4)*

My Sami grandmother

by Cindy Balto Huntington

"It has always been important for grandma to tell me where we came from, since I listen. Now that I am beginning to meet other people who are Sami they look like her and remind me of her and it seems as though my family has grown incredibly large."

Cindy Huntington, a student from Oakland, California, learned Sami traditions from her grandmother May Balto Huntington who was a descendant of the Alaska Sami reindeer herders.

In the Sami language the word for "home" and "heart" is the same. Here is an excerpt from the epic poem that expresses the yearnings of a colonized People. It was included in full as the centerfold of the first issue and we have published it several times since.

My Home is in My Heart

by Nils-Aslak Valkeapää

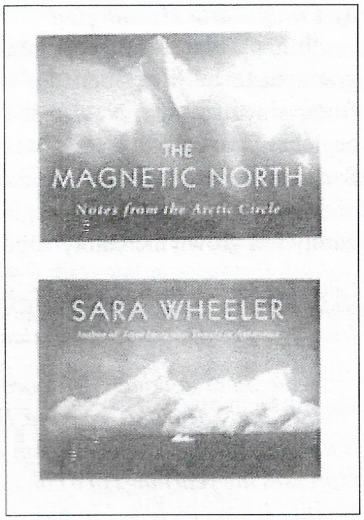
"Somewhere deep within me
I can hear a voice calling,
and the blood's yoik I hear
in the depths from the dawn of life
to the dusk of life."

Nils-Aslak Valkeapää, Karesuvanto, Finland, was a poet, artist, yoiker and spiritual leader.

The articles and the Nils-Aslak Valkeapää poem will appear in full in our forthcoming back issues anthology The Return of the Sami Spirit.

Kiitos Finlandia Foundation National for your generous grant to aid in the publishing of *The Return of the Sami Spirit.*

Barbara Sjoholm: BOOK CRITIQUE



The Magnetic North: Notes from the Arctic Circle. Sara Wheeler. Farrar, Straus and Giroux: 2011, 336 pages.

British travel writer Sara Wheeler is best known for *Terra Incognita,* her narrative about Antarctica, one of the planet's most mysterious zones. In her newest book, *The Magnetic North*, she takes the reader on her circumpolar travels in the Arctic to explore the far North and its Peoples.

The Magnetic North isn't a history of the circumpolar regions nor an academic anthropological text, but something in between, an idiosyncratic travel book based on relatively brief visits to Canada, Greenland, Scandinavia, and Russia and on selected reading. At its best, Wheeler's book is a close view of a region undergoing dramatic climate change at a greater pace than elsewhere by a writer gifted at explaining the effects of global warming. The book's less appealing side reflects her ambivalence and ignorance about the very people she has come to write about—the first Peoples of the North.

Wheeler is fine when it comes to describing scientists who hunker into labs and barracks for months out of the year. She creates vivid portraits of the men and women of the Arctic programs sponsored by the U.S., Canada, and the U.K. She clearly feels at home in often cramped quarters and trying conditions.

She's less adept at describing the lives of people who live full-time above the Arctic Circle, some of them Indigenous, others not. Her time with them is brief, accidental, or purchased (some are hired guides). She tends to rely on writings about indigenous people rather than investigating their own writing about themselves. Consequently her attitude often comes across as condescending and pitying. Arriving in Iqaluit, her first experience of the Canadian Arctic, she writes: "They should have called it Fattytown, not Iqaluit. Obesity was a sad symbol of cultural collision. Cut off from a traditional diet of marine foodstuffs and berries, people had ballooned into grotesque parodies of the white man. Canadians had tried hard to put things right, but they couldn't turn the clock back."

Leaving aside the obvious point that the Inuit are also Canadians, this is an offensive way to characterize an entire populace. Obesity is on the rise in every Western country as well. In fact, England has the highest obesity rates in Europe and the West Midlands is judged to be the most obese place in the EU, according to a study reported in December, 2010 in the *Independent.* Are the overweight people of the West Midlands "grotesque parodies of the white man?" Would Wheeler not take some flack in her native England for characterizing Birmingham as Fattytown?

Elsewhere in *The Magnetic North*, the Native Peoples are remarkable for their absence. In the same chapter on the Canadian Arctic, we hear about the film *Nanook of the North* and Farley Mowat's books, but little about the still-continuing culture, art-making, and spirituality of the Inuit and the strength and resilience of many communities. Noah, a "bear monitor," employed with the Canada-Nunavut Geoscience Office, is one of the few Natives with a voice. To him is given a few pages that hint at what Wheeler missed. He says, "I feel we at least have a voice now, and some political power, so we can express our position." Noah is a blogger on the site "Igloo Talk." This is a rare and welcome mention on the part of Indigenous peoples in the Arctic,

A great weakness in Wheeler's book is her puzzling lack of attention to the scientific and cultural work that Indigenous people of all the circumpolar countries are doing in response to climate change which obviously affects the entire globe. The developed world is responsible for this climate crisis after all. But Wheeler shows little or no interest in recording what Native Peoples are doing as scientists, researchers, and politicians. She doesn't mention the coalitions and sharing of knowledge across state boundaries.

One such group is Snowchange based in Finland, an "independent cooperative" made up of communities of the Arctic Indigenous Nations. They focus on "topics of ecological, especially climatic and weather changes from the scientific and traditional knowledge point of view. In addition to the community documentation Snowchange as well works to advance local Indigenous knowledge in the global context and to advance the decolonization of the North in the face of rapid changes."

(www.snowchange.org).

Most of Wheeler's hands-on knowledge of Sápmi seems to come from a couple of days she spent in 2002 in the company of Lennart Pittja, who runs a company called Pathfinder from his home district near Gällivare, Sweden. Pittja, whose father is Sámi, believes strongly in providing tourists with correct information. He is certainly one of the best guides you could have. I, too, spent some time with Lennart Pittja and his colleague Anders, in 2004, when I was writing a long article for *Slate* about traveling in Sápmi, and Lennart appears in my book, *The Palace of the Snow Queen*. The problem I see is that Wheeler doesn't seem to have talked to anyone else in Sápmi, but instead cobbles together a chapter about the Norwegian resistance, Johan Turi, and assorted statistics about the Sámi people from written material. Much of the chapter lacks context and the multi-voiced resonance that good journalism can provide. Wheeler writes, "A Sámi parliament of sorts does exist in Sweden, based in Kiruna, but it has no constitutional status and, according to Pittja, is little more than an advisory service."

First, of all, it is not a parliament "of sorts." It is a parliament with elected representatives and a budget. It's true that the parliament has no particular power to change Swedish government

policy, but to disregard the Sámetingit as a symbol of autonomy seems disrespectful. Several generations of Sámi activists worked hard to establish its structure and demand its recognition. At the very least Wheeler could have interviewed Sámi who have a different view of the Sámi parliament in Sweden.

If you want to look more closely at institutions that the Sámi have created in the last forty years, you would look not only at the Sámi parliaments in Norway, Sweden and Finland, however, but at the Sámi libraries in Karasjok and Jokkmokk, the folk high school in Jokkmokk, the Sami Studies programs at the Swedish University of Umeå and the University of Tromsø, at the natural history and ethnographic museums in Karasjok, Tromsø, Jokkmokk, and — perhaps most interesting of them all — the Siida Museum in Inari, Finland, where film festivals, musical events, art exhibits, and conferences all take place.

One of the things that the Swedish Sámi movement does very well, I think, is to have created material in print and online about modern Sámi lives. It's something she should have looked at. Besides the online presence created in Sweden, the Tromsø Museum in Norway also has a wealth of information in English. The Sámi have an uphill job explaining to the rest of the world that they are not all reindeer herders, do not live in tents, and do not get about in sledges drawn by reindeer. They are designers for Ikea, college professors, office managers, artists, teachers, journalists, and cab drivers.

Only ten percent or fewer of the Sámi now own reindeer. Therefore, Sámi identity rests on many different aspects of life, from certain dishes, to religion, to family memories, to music and culture—not just from the past but from a culture that is constantly being created. To write about Sámi mainly as disenfranchised herders and to cast them as only victims of land grabs and pollution is simplistic and robs the reader of a truer picture of life in the North.

The Sámi have been persecuted and defamed for centuries, but they are far from dying out. Their culture has made a strong resurgence in the last decades and their resilience should be applauded. A number of Sámi use their relative privilege to connect with other Indigenous peoples around the world and find common cause.

A significant part of Wheeler's chapter on the Sámi deals with Johan Turi and his book, *Muittalus sámid birra* [*Turi's Book of Lapland*]. I was glad at first to see that Sara Wheeler had included material on this great writer and artist. After all, Johan Turi plays a significant role, both literary and visual, in Sámi culture. But in continuing to read I found myself confused by Wheeler's choice to introduce us to Turi through the eyes of the writer Axel Munthe. Munthe was a Swedish psychiatrist who lived an exciting life and traveled frequently, particularly in Italy. He eventually married a British aristocrat and settled in England.

As soon as I read about Munthe sitting down with Turi and his wife I was suspicious. Johan Turi was a bachelor (although he apparently had at least one child out of wedlock). I was further confused in continuing to read the section in Wheeler's book by the mention of Turi's "granddaughter, Ristin." Johan Turi's brother, Aslak Turi, had a daughter named Ristin—she's mentioned in Emilie Demant Hatt's book, *Med lapperne i højfeldet* (*With the Lapps in the High Mountains*). I decided to see what he'd said, and found that Munthe had indeed visited the Turi family. However the Turi he describes seems to be Johan Turi's father, Olaf. I knew when I read that "Old Turi" had five sons, a thousand reindeer, and spoke Swedish very well it couldn't be Johan Turi. Olaf was wealthy and his son Johan was known not to be all that interested in reindeer herding and he subsisted as a wolf hunter and guide. Johan and his father have been conflated here in Wheeler's recounting.

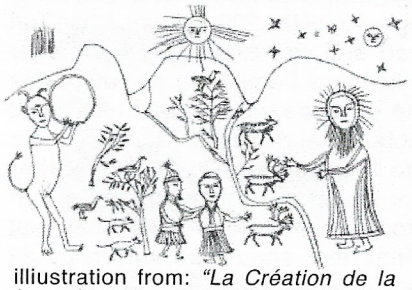
I think the original source of Wheeler's mistake might have come from the website of an expedition that took place in 2007 in Finnmark, one that was organized by Adam Munthe, the grandson of Axel Munthe. This expedition, by dogsled, was meant to bring awareness to issues of global warming and the Sámi reindeer herders. But the account on the site of the relationship between Axel Munthe and Johan Turi contains a few errors. While it's quite possible Johan Turi guided Axel Munthe on his travels in Lapland Turi wouldn't have invited Munthe to his tent and introduced him to his wife and numerous children. He didn't have them. Adam Munthe's account of his 2007 expedition also includes a diary entry of finding his way to Turi's house near Torneträsk: "April 4th 2007. Today we travelled from beneath Cokcu (the Holy Mountain) to Lahtteluokta, where, at the beginning of the 20th century Johan Turi lived and wrote the first book ever written by a Sámi. My grandfather was one of those who helped him get it published, and about one hundred years ago they made a journey together through parts of Sápmi where Turi showed the famous physician, 'real things that should be known by all people'."

Not quite right. First of all, after years of talking about wanting to write a book about the Sámi, Johan Turi sat down for six weeks in the fall of 1908 in a mining shack near the railway station at Tornetråsk with the Danish artist and ethnographer, Emilie Demant Hatt, who spurred him on to write his memories and impressions in a number of small notebooks. Demant Hatt then took the notebooks back to Denmark where she spent two years transcribing them with the help of scholars in Finno-Urgric and translating them into Danish. Although Turi's book wasn't the first book to come out in Sámi—there had been bibles and other religious texts—it was the first literary text. It made both Turi and Demant Hatt well-known. The English-language edition finally appeared in 1931 as *Turi's Book of Lapland*.

I know as a travel writer myself that it's easy to get something half right. However, there's quite a bit of research on Johan Turi in English, given his fame, and some things might have been better to check. Adam Munthe's errors are not Wheeler's. Still, I question the use of Axel Munthe as a reliable source on the Sámi. While I applaud Wheeler's intent in writing about Johan Turi, I wish that the story had been factually correct and that other sources had been cited. More to the point, the ignorance that Wheeler shows in regard to Turi extends to other aspects of *The Magnetic North*. Readers who know the cultures, history, and landscapes of the Far North well are likely to find little new here and a colonial viewpoint that is all too familiar.

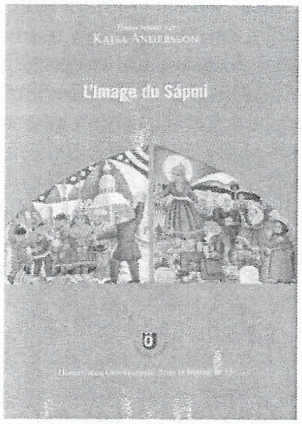
Editor's note: This review has been adapted in part from Barbara Sjoholm's website "Lapponia: a Northern State of Mind" (www.barbarasjoholm.com) Here you'll find reviews of fiction and nonfiction about the North and tales of her travels and research in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, along with other Scandinavian miscellany.

BOOKS FOR AUTUMN EVENINGS



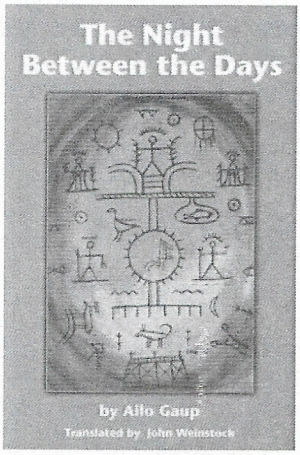
illiustration from: *"La Création de la Laponie selon une légende,"* L'image du Sápmi

L'Image du Sápmi. Kajsa Andersson, editor. Örebro, Sweden: Humanistic Studies, Örebro University, 2008. 648 pages. ISBN 978-91-7668-8



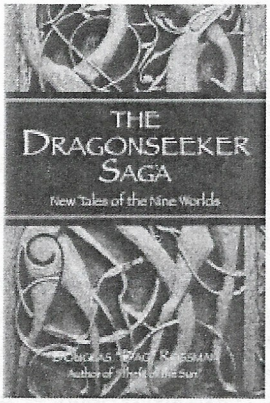
This collection of thirty-one scholarly articles, half in English, half in French, is a gold mine of recent writings about Sami culture. It is divided into sections: Political History, Traveler's History, Literature, Visual Arts, Theater, the Yoik, and Linguistics. I note that many Sami writers are represented here: Harold Gaski, Veli-Pekka Lehtola, and Ann-Helen Laestadius to name a few. The theme of the perceived "image of Sápmi" is consistent throughout the book. How are the Sami seen to outsiders? One of my favorite articles is Lars Norberg's "The Political Rationale for the Colonization of the Sami Homeland" in which he describes how Samiland was forcibly taken from the Sami over time. The illustrations are interesting also (see above). To acquire a copy contact www.ub.oru.se. Well worth your efforts! —*Nathan Muus*

The Night Between the Days. Ailo Gaup, translated by John Weinstock. Chicago: Nordic Studies Press, 2010, 419 pages. ISBN 0-9772714-3-9



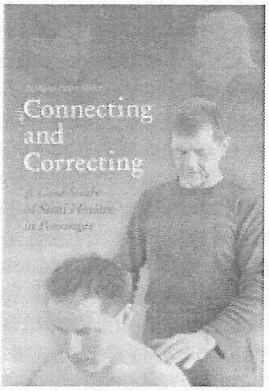
This is perhaps a continuation of Gaup's earlier novel *In Search of the Drum* published in 1992. *From the liner notes:* "Following their intuition Jon and Lajla walk into a forest in Samiland where it is darkest and where there is no path. There they meet external and internal teachers and experience the modern reality of Sápmi, along with the forces of nature, healing, dreams and magic." To order, contact <cpeterson@nordicstudiespress.com>.

The Dragonseeker Saga: New Tales of the Nine Worlds. Douglas "Dag" Rossman. Bloomington, Minnesota: Skandisk, 2009, 138 pages. ISBN 10: 1-57534-077-1



Dag Rossman is the author of a series of popular "Nine World" stories based on Norse mythology. For those who venture into the realm of dragons, giants, Viking gods and goddesses here's a book that refers to Saami people as the "Light Elves" of the ancient Scandinavians. Other cultures who have influenced Dag's world are the Lakota and the Cherokee, so the Saami are in good company, because, according to the author, "thoughtful persons of most cultures could find common ground if only they would choose to look for it." This book can be ordered from Skandisk, Inc. 1-800-468-2424.

Connecting and Correcting: A Case Study of Sami Healers in Porsanger. Barbara Helen Miller, Ph.D, Leiden, The Netherlands: CNWS, 2007, 276 pages. ISBN 978-90-578-151-9



There is a growing interest in learning about traditional Sami medical practices, but the author's use of such anthropological jargon as "informants," and "case studies" is off-putting when applied to the animistic world of the Sami and the profundity of their spiritually-based healing wisdom. Even the book's photographs of healers in action lack warmth. I also take exception to the author's use of such Western misnomers "pre-christian" and "post-shamanistic" as givens.

Instead read the articles on Sami healing and medical practices by Elina Helander-Renvall, Ph.D in previous issues of *Báiki* and in our forthcoming back issues anthology *The Return of the Sami Spirit*. —*faith fjeld*

(**PINE RIDGE** *continued from page 5)*

thankful to have had this opportunity. I'll never forget it!

Olav Mathis Eira's story: I have always wanted to visit historic places in the wild west, but as kids we only had junk literature and "spaghetti westerns."

The Lakota and the Sami share the same history and we have learned to know each other thanks to the World Council of Indigenous Peoples (WCIP) and other bodies like the United Nations Permanent Forum on Indigenous Issues. After getting to know the Indian delegates at the UN I started reading serious books about them. The Lanttos gave me a copy of *Black Elk Speaks,* the story of the Oglala Lakota holy man. I was deeply affected by reading it and after that we planned our four-day trip to Pine Ridge.

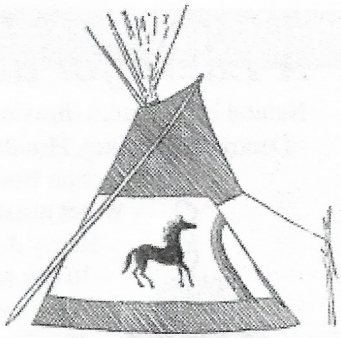
Black Elk's beliefs were familiar to me. I know for sure that his spirit was with us and that he helped us on our trip. What Vicki wrote about the weather is true. As a Sami I felt spiritual similarities, the Lakota Four Directions and our four-cornered hats, the importance of dreams and visions and our views about life and death. These things are impossible for "modern people" to grasp.

This was my first visit to Pine Ridge, but I have been to the Mohawk area [*Kanienkehaka*] outside Montreal. In spite of the poverty in both places, those I talked with seemed to be proud of always having lived on a reservation. It gave them an identity.

It was odd to meet two guys at the Wounded Knee Memorial selling souvenirs. It isn't a place you go to shop, but it gave me an opportunity to talk to them. I asked how they dealt with anger about the massacre at Wounded Knee and other such atrocities. They said they had many methods. Some drank, some took drugs, and some got professional help. They said that in the privacy of their families they talked together a lot. Some said they even "acted white" to maintain a low profile and others said they took advantage of being Indian to earn money. As we travelled, Indian people seemed to sense that we were not "ordinary tourists" and then they would become friendly and open. The Lanttos were good at introducing us and Chris would often tell people that Sami live in "tipis" too. Everywhere we went the Lakota either knew about the Sami, or else they had heard about "Laplanders." After finding out who we were they would confide in us. One young Arapaho at Bear Butte, for example, took me aside and told me that Bear Butte really belongs to the Arapahos "in spite of what the Lakotas say." So there was an immediate recognition that grew as we talked, a kind of chemistry in what we looked like, how we acted, and how we approached each other. Many things.

Our trip was a dream come true. I am very thankful to my friends and relatives in the USA. Without them it would have been difficult to accomplish what we did. The Lanttos, as another Sami family, knew and understood what we would want to see. We had great talks driving along together and exchanging information. We all had read a lot beforehand. Of course we had only four days, so the trip was quite hectic. Next time I would like to have more opportunities to talk to the Indians, to "hang out" with them for a while. That would be very interesting and it would make it possible to engage in deeper conversations. I get along very well with the Lakota people I already know and it is not just by coincidence!

Black Elk, Oglala Lakota holy man. *Google Images.*



Black Elk's tipi. Source: Laubin, *The Indian Tipi.*

BLACK ELK'S TEACHING ABOUT THE CIRCLE

"You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles and everything tries to be round. In the old days when we were a strong and happy people, all our power came to us from the sacred hoop of the nation, and so long as the hoop was unbroken, the people flourished. The flowering tree was the living center of the hoop, and the circle of the four quarters nourished it. The east gave peace and light, the south gave warmth, the west gave rain, and the north with its cold and mighty wind gave strength and endurance. This knowledge came to us from the outer world with our religion.

"Everything the Power of the World does is done in a circle. The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball and so are the stars. The wind in its greatest power whirls. Birds make their nests in circles for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down in a circle. The moon does the same and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood and so it is in everything where power moves."

–Black Elk

Source: John G. Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks*

COMING SOON!

Sami Cultural Center of North America

photo: Marlene Wisuri, the beach at the Sami Cultural Center property

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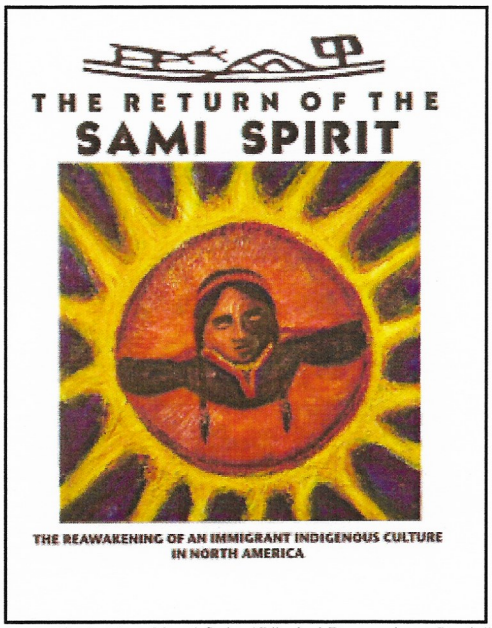

cover illustration: Mervi Salo, "Blinded Remembers Beaivi"

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