

ISSUE #36, SPRING 2013



# BAIKI

THE INTERNATIONAL SAMI JOURNAL



Brad E. Nelson: Sami Day collage 2011 photo: Marlene Wisuri

## THE NEW GENERATION

## IN THIS ISSUE

### COVER:

Brad E. Nelson

3

Ruby Kark-French  
Decolonizing Education

4

Kikki Jernsletten  
The Hidden Children of Eve

6

A Movement of Sami Youth

7

In Memory of Tessie Sheldon

8

Melissa Lantto  
Retracing My Roots

10

Sami Cultural Center of North America

11

Tim Frandy  
Cutting Birch Leaves at Gidajohka

12

Brad E. Nelson: About the Cover  
Three Exhibits

14

Idle No More

18 - 19

Book Reviews

20

Mervi Salo comic strip

21- 23

Advertisements and Subscriptions

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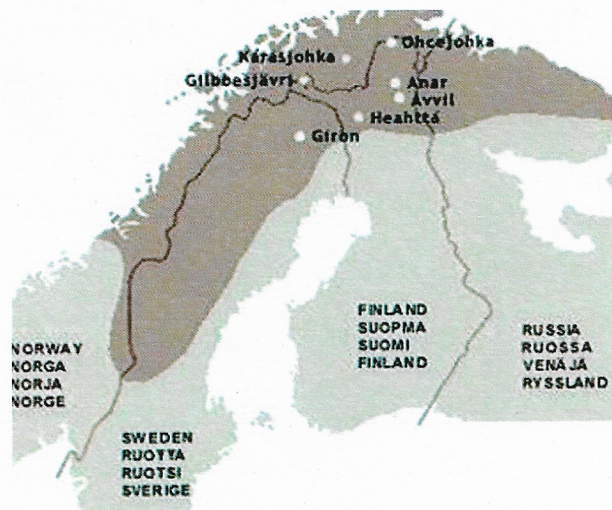
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## BÁIKI'S HISTORY AND MISSION



"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 the Mother Earth, and the *njalla* [storage shed] symbolizes traditional knowledge preserved for new 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 "Áarjel 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.

Sami history parallels that of the earth'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.

## BAIKI EDITORIAL PAGE

### THE NEW GENERATION: DECOLONIZING EDUCATION

*Inspired by a return to Native Ways of Knowing, a surge of Indigenous consciousness is taking place among the new generation. Recently I received a copy of an examination paper from a student at Portland State University, written for a class taught by Cornell Pewewardy (Comanche/Kiowa). Dr. Pewewardy's field of study is decolonizing the educational system. The student, Ruby Kark-French (Sami/Lithuanian), is a major in International Studies with a minor in Native American Studies and I am proud to say that she is my granddaughter. —faith fjeid, editor*

**by Ruby Kark-French**

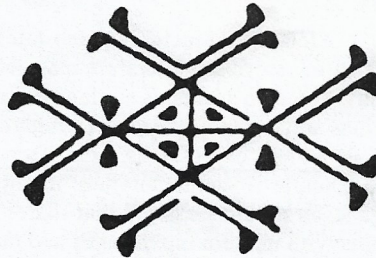
#### TRIBAL CRITICAL RACE THEORY MIDTERM EXAM

**QUESTION:** Some people may be tempted to ask why it is so important for Indigenous people to return to a traditional perspective. Aren't there other paths to peace, paths that would take Indigenous people forward rather than backward? Some even see the problems besetting Native communities as the people's own failure to adapt to a modern reality shaped by forces that traditional values cannot comprehend, let alone deal with. Tradition in their view, is a dream no more grounded in reality than clouds that disappear on the first wind — a beautiful dream unsuited to the harsh realities of the world.

**ANSWER:** Precolonial Indigenous communities were vibrant, thriving societies with complex social structures and cultures that maintained reciprocal relationships with the physical environment. Though these were neither utopian societies free from social dilemmas nor inhabitants of a vacuum-like Eden, the numerous problems and challenges facing Native communities today are a direct and logical result of the processes of colonization. The forced removal of peoples from their homelands and repression of traditional ways of being have created problems in Native communities that will require years of holistic work to repair. Logically, if the problems facing Native communities stem from colonization and forced abandonment of the traditional, the solution to these problems must lie in decolonization and a shift back toward the traditional.

In many areas of modern society, it is clear that the dominant paradigm has produced a toxic and destructive system. One only needs to look at the impact modern industrial society has had (and continues to have) on our

environment, the extreme stratification of economic class, the gap between wealth and poverty and the destruction of community that our capitalist system has produced to see that the modern industrial system is ridden with problems. Paths to peace cannot be based on the values that have created this broken system;



traditional Sami motif

incorporating the colonial mindset into proposed solutions for Native communities will only exasperate problems in the long term. Proponents of solutions that incorporate modernization will argue that traditional values and ways of being are outdated and unable to cope with the modern reality. However, it can be argued that a shift in paradigm towards the traditional would benefit all people and our earth, not just Indigenous peoples.

Based on the problems it has produced, modern industrialization is exactly what we as humans do not need more of, and in most areas of society — economics, education and urban development, to name a few — the industrial capitalist mindset is the guiding path. In order for Indigenous Peoples, and people in general, to flourish, we need to focus on decolonization, breaking away from the destructive forces that create division within our communities, and refocus on traditional values and ways of being. With their emphasis on community well-being and environmental responsibility, traditional values are precisely what humans need in order to cope with our modern reality. Fundamental to traditional

societies are values such as reciprocity, which can help to break down social stratification and ensure the equal distribution of wealth and resources. The modern market economy has produced a world in which resources abound, but are unequally distributed to those who have played the individualistic capitalist game best and have therefore ended up at the top of the social strata.

The assertion that the problems besetting Native communities today are a result of those Peoples' failure to adapt is akin to the argument of the abusive husband or the rapist: "She deserved to be raped because she was out at night by herself." It is well documented that the afflictions of Native communities are direct results of colonialism, Eurocentric educational systems and oppressive laws made in the interest of capitalist resource extraction. This blaming of the victim is not only unjust, but attempts to pardon those truly responsible for the current problems in our world. It impedes paths to progress by distracting from the true issues and confusing the identity of the oppressor with the oppressed.

Paths to peace and reparation in the current era must focus on re-grounding communities in their traditional values, decolonizing educational systems and reviving traditional philosophies. Tradition is not just a romantic memory, a nostalgic relic from the past to be remembered occasionally with a sigh and promptly shoved back in the archives. Rather, tradition should be viewed as a blueprint for the restoration of our communities and the healing of our natural world. The path forward can be found in remembering the past.

# THE HIDDEN CHILDREN OF EVE

by Kristin Jernsletten, Ph.D.

*This essay is an excerpt from the author's 2012 doctoral thesis for the Faculty of Humanities, Social Sciences and Education at the University of Tromsø, Norway. In Guovtti Ilmmi Gaskkis: Sami Poetics she focuses on the relationship between academia and Indigenous Ways of Knowing. It is published here with her permission. "Guovtti ilmmi gaskkis" means to travel between two skies. Her thesis begins with a story told by her father, Juhu Niillas / Nils Jernsletten, in 2005.*

*"When I was a boy, I could have been eight or nine years old, Eanu, my mother's brother, would take me to the river and to an area downstream to help with the Sami traditional drift net fishing (čakča-golgadeapmi). Eanu, my uncle, was the one responsible for teaching me those things according to custom. One time when we were done, Eanu began poling upstream when suddenly he stopped to listen. Hastily, he started poling the boat towards the riverbank where we hid in some bushes. I could see the sheriff passing by on the high tide, crossing the rapids easily with his outboard motor. Eanu, being a Christian and a Læstadian, probably thought he had to justify his actions – hiding from the sheriff – to a young boy in his care, so he told me: "These Norwegians you see, they don't know how to take care of the river the way we do, they don't know about it, coming from down south." Drift-net fishing had been banned by the Norwegian authorities and Eanu had heard the sheriff approaching, because at that time the sheriff's boat was the only one with an outboard motor."*

## STEALING BACK THE RIVER

Sami literature is in many ways an underground phenomenon, but very much alive nonetheless. As Eanu implied, Sami laws and oral traditions aren't written down, but they exist, they are flexible, and they sometimes change. For a long time Sami stories — oral literature — only existed in the minds of its keepers, where it would be flexible and often change. In order to be able to talk at all about *our* point of view, this must be understood and since our point of view already exists in tradition, it needs to be highlighted.

The laws of academia are still very much the same as the laws of the sheriff. They are the laws of colonial authority, an impossible position it seems, because

making a change involves stealing back the river. So we shall have to learn from Eanu: we must hold on to tradition, pass it on, and hide when we hear the motor boats approach.

The symbiosis of Sami oral tradition and academic literary research may mutually stimulate each other and work as a bridge to shift perspectives between two worlds, to be "in between two skies" (*guovtti ilmmi gaskkas*). Stories feed pictures to our minds. While treating stories as literature may seem obvious to some, in academic settings it is not so obvious and our stories are often regarded simply as cultural expressions, as artifacts.

One example of Sami "literature" might be yoik duels, an old music genre that shares its oral roots with modern rap. Adages and puns are literature in this sense, too. They are metaphorical; they rely on people's education and skills. They know no other boundaries but the mind itself. Why, then, is it the case that the written stories of peoples and places are to be considered literature, whereas the stories told are so often reduced to mere "tales?" Does literature have to be in letters, have to be refined in such a way? Even when the stories are put down in writing, they're still stories. Why are the stories of Indigenous nations only valid in writing? Do some people have a history and others do not?

All we can really know about stories are the effects: what they do. Stories cross the natural boundaries of fells and fjords, as well as the national boundaries, as well as the biases of the mind. With oral people, stories work like education: they teach skills and they heal. They are a vital part of communication that cannot be separated from conversation, from art, from history. Stories as literature are the bud of a People's will to live, holding and reflecting their world-view.

One can relate to a People's stories without knowing their culture. Literature may reflect a culture, but in itself it is more than a cultural expression. Overall, literature reflects and relates to the human condition. The stories travel beyond cultures, not to be held by those borders.

Stories and songs, yoiks and adages, lyrics, riddles, epics — everything we grasp as literature is older than the term itself, older and oral. So it seems we need an understanding of "literature" that is not so much related to the written anymore, not so much bound by its borders.

## INDIGENOUS PEOPLE: THE HIDDEN CHILDREN OF EVE

*God had created Adam and Eve. One day, God visited them to see how many children they had. Eve was ashamed that she had so many children. She hid them in the dirt, because they were naked and had no hair. Before the "fall of man," Adam and Eve were hairy. Then says God: "Let those who are hidden in dirt, stay hidden as long as the world lasts, and do their activities the same as those who are up on ground level."*

While this is a story about the netherworld people — the *gufihtarat* — it could also symbolise the present condition of the Indigenous Peoples of the World, the Hidden Children of Eve. Lest we continue to be hidden we must hear our own stories so we know who we are. We need to take responsibility, trust our old ways and wisdom, and we need to take action. Although hidden deep in the ground throughout the centuries, we, the Hidden Children of Eve, need the perspective of *guovtti ilmmi gaskkas* more than ever in this day and age. We can't just feed our children other peoples' literature and hope for the best. Along with our greatest obligation — to take care of Mother Earth — our oral tradition is far too valuable. And who knows... even the dominant society, the settlers and the tyrants might change, if they get to hear the right stories.

To Indigenous peoples, there's always the fear of *tjuvrieh*, of packs of crooks, of feeling a hand around the throat, of getting one's head cut off, of perishing before reaching the fireplace. Indigenous people

*de doidilan kokkákoláin buot so  
máhtu diedu viisodaga ja balu  
njiellalan visot  
dat njálgga bátnevuoioddas nai  
geasuha mu dobbelii ja dobbelii  
fuomásgeahhta doidilan eret  
eallima buoremus oasiid nai  
fuomásgeahhta  
guovtti ilmmi gaskkas*

*I wash down with Coke  
knowledge, science, wisdom, and fear  
swallow it all  
even the sweet toothpaste  
takes me further and further away  
mindlessly I wash out  
even the sweet parts of life  
mindlessly between two worlds*  
— Inghilda Tapio, 2006, my translation

can't afford to sleep. There is always the risk that someone might come and take you over piece by piece, now more than ever. And just when we're falling asleep there is the sound of running and someone kicks us hard: "Go away from this place! We are building a dam here. We are making artillery ranges for NATO here. This is where we'll make the new road. This is where we'll build our houses." Now is the time when we are destined to stake our claim, responsibly and independently, as my father once put it. Now's the time to oust the old ghosts, our old fears.

We also need to take action when it comes to the academic community. The rules of the schools and the conferences should no longer monopolize the production of knowledge. In line with Johan Turi, the first Sami author, we must try to convince the colonial powers that this land is ours, too.

There is alienation ahead for academia when we take back and overturn things. They will be challenged by other languages and ways of knowing, as well as having their own superstructure turned upside down, twisted and made anonymous. Academia needs this in order to develop and it involves our stealing back the river. We have to learn from Eanu. Eanu teaches us these things according to custom: to hold on to tradition and to pass it on, to be flexible and to change the rules if need be. This will involve the use of Sami terms, skills, and worldview.

Times have changed. It is no longer considered "natural" that we are to give up our way of living and thinking when we are in the company of the dominant society. We can be Sami not only in the mountains, and in the goahhti and lavvu. If we are to take our Sami pattern of thinking into academia, it means airing it out. It's our responsibility to proclaim the right to take our Sami background with us into today's society, along with the right to cultivate our own version of Sami culture. This would make us into mediums

and storytellers — Who else could do this but we ourselves?

Everything we do is political. Even our clothes are provoking to some. Still, we have to start risking it, to turn things upside-down, to overturn power structures, taking things back: reclaiming stories, knowledge, language.

In reconciliation, we will vent the truth about the atrocities of colonization, and move on to a place where we can say: "C'mon, it's peace!" In order to do so we need to lay ourselves down as bridges and trust in our stories and their capacity to mediate. And our *ofelas*, our pathfinder, must heed the old skills and strategies because our wisdom is kept *guovtti ilmmi gaskkas* — between two skies. This constant shuttling in between worlds ensures the wisdom of different perspectives. To be on the move, to glide, to look from a fell. New landscapes and new perspectives liberate the mind and thoughts. Suddenly we're off, through the fells and we go far away. There are no chains binding us to the same place. The perspective is constantly changing, so the angle is never the same and what is true and valid travels, too. You read the landscape and you know where to cross. You remember all the times before when you had to cross similar divides. You remember the words of your forebears, inscribed over the years, over the centuries. You know who you are. Given time and skill you might even help to remove the lines that divide different worlds and see the division gone; peace among all of us.

*I should have told  
of the people  
who follow the  
whisperings  
of their forefathers  
and pass on skill  
to coming generations*  
— Inga Ravna Eira, 1999

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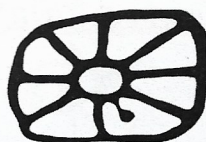
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# riddu riddu

internasjonal urfolksfestival / rilkaidgaskasas álgoalbmotfestivála

## A Movement of Sami Youth

*Every summer in the far north of Norway, in the land of the midnight sun north of the Arctic Circle, a unique music and culture festival is held in the municipality of Gáivuotna (Kåffjord), a few hours drive from the city of Tromsø. This festival, called Riddu Riddu (which roughly means "storm off the water") celebrates the music and culture of the Sami, the indigenous people of northern Scandinavia, and of other indigenous peoples of the world. The following article was written by Liu Yi-Zi, Officer of the Community College of Cishan District in Kaohsiung, Taiwan, and translated by Eric Scheihagen, an American resident of Taiwan, actively engaged in researching Taiwanese popular music history. It is reprinted here with permission from the Riddu Riddu Festival committee.*

The festival began as part of a movement by a group of Sami youth to revive their culture and language. Due to years of mixing with the Norwegian-speaking population, government policies favoring assimilation, and simple prejudice, many Sami could not speak the language of their ancestors, knew little about Sami culture, and even were ashamed of their ethnicity. These young people decided to set up a Sami youth organization to spread indigenous culture. In 1991, they organized the first Riddu Riddu Festival to provide an opportunity for Sami young people to get together and sing Sami songs, speak their ancestral language, and learn about their traditions, and it has been held every year since.

The activities and performances at the Riddu Riddu Festival in its current form can be divided into two categories. One is musical activities, mainly consisting of two days of performances on the two stages that have been set up (one large and one small). The other category is cultural activities, which encompasses the Indigenous Youth Camp, the Children's Festival, film showings, workshops, seminars, plays, exhibitions, and dance performances.

The musical activities feature a variety of indigenous artists from around the world. One year for instance, there was a Navajo punk rock band from Arizona and a Maori electronica group from New Zealand, while

last year there were performers from Siberia and Africa. Of course Sami music plays a prominent role, especially the traditional form of song called the *yoik*, or *joik*, which is an improvised, often highly spiritual type of song which some compare to the chanting heard in certain Native American cultures, or to the traditional singing of Taiwanese Aborigines. Sami singers, combining yoiking with various modern styles, appear every year, such as Mari Boine, perhaps the most prominent of all Sami singers, who mixes yoiking with folk, rock and jazz and who provided the highpoint of last year's musical performances. Also last year, on the small stage there was a poetry concert. The performances on the small stage and large stage were mostly at separate times and the two stages are not far apart, so it was possible to see nearly all the performers. The performances may last well past midnight by the clock, though the audience may not even notice, as the sun never sets at this time of year.

## Indigenous Youth Camp

Among the many cultural activities, one that is particularly noteworthy is the Indigenous Youth Camp. This provides an opportunity for indigenous youth of different cultures to meet, share their experiences, and learn about each others' cultures. Half the places are reserved for Sami youth, and the others are filled by young people from indigenous and minority peoples around the world, such as Tuva and Komi from Siberia, Ainu from Japan, Inuit from North America, and Nagas from India. One of the traditions of the camp is yoiking, and each year they also have a featured topic, this year's being the dance and music of the Komi. The other cultural activities are also centered around Sami traditions and themes, often in conjunction with those of other indigenous groups. There's a Sami clown theater, Sami religious dancing as well as dancing by other peoples such as the Navajo, and seminars discussing issues and problems faced by the Sami and other indigenous groups.

Of all the people involved in organizing and conducting the festival, only the producer, Henrik Olsen, receives a salary for all the work he does in obtaining funding, putting together the program and coordinating the volunteers. Olsen was one of the original founders of the festival, so he has been deeply involved in it for almost two decades. But he is far from the only

person for whom the festival is a big part of life. What is truly amazing about Riddu Riddu is all the volunteers who put so much work into it. There are around eighty volunteers who work year-round preparing for each year's festival, and during the festival itself the number of volunteers soars to over three hundred. They include Sami people of all ages, from children to elders. Most of them are involved every year, so the Riddu Riddu Festival is a big annual event for all of them, often becoming an opportunity for family members who normally live and work in different places to get together and share their culture.

Though the village of Olmmaivaggi (Manndalen in Norwegian), the location in Gáivuotna municipality where the Riddu Riddu Festival is held, may seem like an impossibly remote location for a music festival, and while the cold may also seem like a discouraging factor (even in midsummer, when the sun is always shining, the temperatures average less than 15°C). Not only have the Sami young people who started the Riddu Riddu Festival done a great deal to restore pride in their ancestral culture and teach their children about it, they have been able to create a unique opportunity for exchanges between different indigenous and minority groups, and have set an example for others to follow.

Riddu Riddu Festival 2013 will be held July 10 to 14.



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TERESS SHELDON (1934 - 2013)

# THE JOURNEY OF THE SOCKS



Descendants of reindeer herder Alfred Nilima attend the "Sami Reindeer People of Alaska" exhibit at the Innaigvik Visitors Center, Kotzebue, Alaska, during the Nilima Family Reunion, July 8, 2006. (l-r) Teress Sheldon, James Gregg, Evy Nilima Hansen, Walter Gregg, Sr., Beulah Ipalook, Fletcher Gregg, and Grete Alise Nilima Monsen. The exhibit included photographs of Alfred Nilima and his reindeer herd in Alaska. Evy and her sister Grete Alise (in the black "Nilima" tee shirts) flew to Kotzebue from Alta, Norway to attend the reunion. Photo: faith fjeld.

I mourn the passing away of my dear friend Tessie Sheldon, from Kotzebue, Alaska, who was for many years a reindeer herder. Ten years ago, on March 11, 2003, I received the following email from her:

*"Hello Faith, My name is Teress Sheldon (nickname is Tessie) My mother was Lila Nilima Scott Gregg. She was the daughter of Alfred Nilima and Alice Foster Fruhling. My grandfather left Alaska and returned to Kautokeino when she was young. He did not have the money to return to Alaska so he married [Marit Johansdatter Pentha who was a midwife]. Marit used to write to my mother and let her know how her father was doing. They had two sons. Mother and I tried contacting them without success. My mother died January 1994. Her last instructions to me were to get the addresses of her half brothers so I could mail them the socks she knitted for them. She truly wanted to have immediate family members such as brothers or sisters. My Mom had a lot of children but she said that we did not take the place of a brother or sister that she could turn to or talk to. So to show her love for her father's children she knit them socks that I still have — ready to mail. The last I heard they live at Kautokeino, Norway. I would love to also meet my relatives. Although we are Eskimos the people in this region consider us to be "Lapps" because of my grandfather. I hope you can help me get*

*the addresses. Sincerely, Teress (Tessie) Sheldon." My response was: "Tessie, we will help you find feet for those socks."*

The following is an excerpt from a story in four parts that traces the search for reconnection that took place in the Nilima family. There are many such reunion stories from the Reindeer Project. This one is in honor of Teress Sheldon.

— faith fjeld

## FROM ALASKA TO ALTA

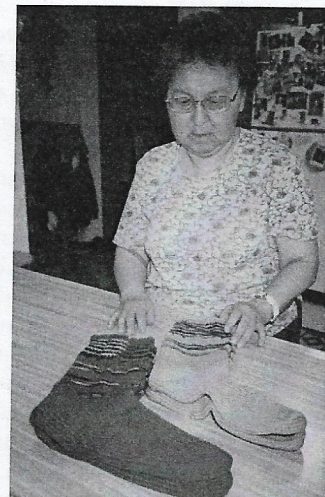
*by Grete Alise Nilima Monsen  
Translated by Terje Nilima Monsen*

The last weekend in January, 2005, I was at a grocery store in Alta, Norway when an elderly woman named Ragnild came up to me and asked if I was a Nilima. Quite surprised, I confirmed it. I was even more surprised when she said that she had carried a picture of my grandfather, Alfred Nilima, and his wife Marit, in her handbag for three years in the hope of meeting me. Of course I wanted to see the photograph, so we drove to her home and made a copy. She had taken the photo when she was working at my grandfather's small hotel in Kautokeino. When I held the picture in my hand and studied my grandfather, I had a strong sense of wanting to know more about him. I, who had never seen him, got Ragnild to tell me everything she remembered. She told me that my grandfather, Alfred Nilima, had died in Kautokeino in 1966, at the age of 88, the same year that I was 10 and living in Oslo.

Two weeks later my son Terje drove me and two friends to Finland to shop. As we were going

through Kautokeino I saw my father's cousin Edward seated at his kitchen window. I got a very strong feeling that we had to stop and say hello. We put on the brakes, turned around and Terje and I went into Edward's. It had been many years since we last saw each other and he was happy that we came by. Edward said he had something important he wanted to show us — a package from America that contained a letter he wanted us to translate. We were in a hurry to get to Finland before the shops closed, so we made plans to stop back at Edward's on the way home. On our

(NILIMA continued on page 9)

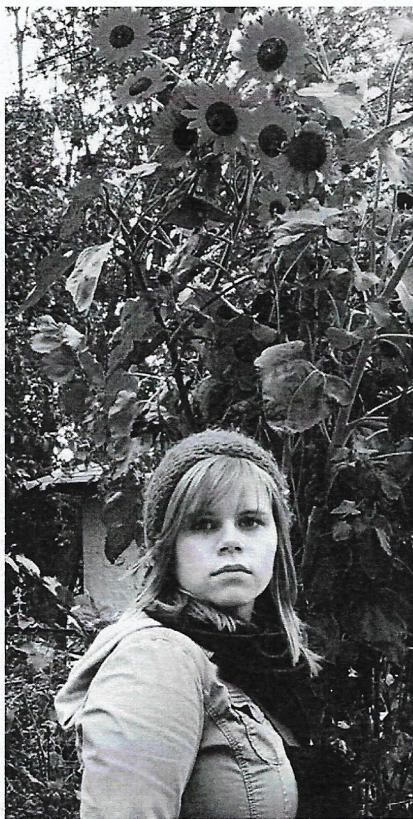


Tessie Sheldon in her Kotzebue kitchen, 2003, with the socks. Photo: faith fjeld.

TELLING OUR STORIES

# RETRACING MY ROOTS

by Melissa Lantto



The first picture was taken of me in Saint Paul, Minnesota in 2011 approximately one year before the picture of me in gákti was taken in Snåsa, Norway at a Saami youth conference. The last picture was taken during the calf marking in May 2013 outside of Kautokeino. I was helping hold a calf while someone else was marking the ear.

*Five years ago I discovered I was Saami. After graduating from college I wanted to learn more about my ancestry so I took up work as an au pair, and now as an English teacher, in Norway. This post from my blog is to document my experiences and what I have learned along the way. (author's note.)*

One of the motivations for me coming here to Sápmi was for me to learn more about my heritage, to retrace my ancestors' footsteps. I had no clue what was in store for me when I first arrived in Kautokeino last September, but I was excited. Sápmi began to grow on me and I ultimately decided to stay. Despite enjoying my time here, I still had yet to meet long lost relatives and learn more about my family history.

It was a Sunday evening when my aunt and uncle arrived in Kautokeino. Before

their arrival I was filled with excitement and nerves. I hadn't seen family in almost a year and I was wondering how it would go. As soon as I saw my aunt and uncle, just for a moment, it was like being back in the United States. Although I was extremely happy to see my family, my heart still ached. When I watched my uncle, I was reminded of my father who no longer could join us on the road trip. When my aunt talked about my mother, it was difficult to hear. My mom also had to sit this trip out due to a diagnosis of breast cancer. But as soon as we started our road trip I knew it would be just fine. Through my aunt and uncle I was able to connect with the family I have been missing.

We made sure to get a good night's sleep and in the morning we were headed on our way, our road trip would begin. We started our sightseeing in Kautokeino. I took them to the silver gallery, to the local church and museum, as well as Sámi *allaskuvlla*. Soon we headed to Alta where we

took in the entire Alta museum before we realized where we were supposed to pay. I viewed the Alta rock carvings from thousands of years ago, drawn by Saami, and remembered how much my mom wanted to see those herself. I, again, was reminded that my mom was not with us on this trip. Yet, I didn't let that bring my trip down. The next leg of our journey involved driving along the beautiful coast of Norway. We stopped in place called Nordreisa. Unfamiliar with the place before, it turned out to be a real nice surprise. From the beautiful scenery to the discounted hotel price to the best (and free) salmon soup I have EVER eaten, we certainly enjoyed our stay there! Next day we headed to Fossbakken where we would meet up and stay with our friends Kristina and Olav Mathis Eira. We spent several days in Fossbakken and made trips to Narvik and

then to a Sami music festival called *Mårkomeannu*. There my aunt and uncle were able to get a taste of what a summer looks like for Saami youth as well as hear some great music. Not to mention that my aunt and uncle became the spotlight for a Finnish reporter which I think made their day.

After our stay in Fossbakken it was time to start meeting relatives. We headed to the Finnish side, to Muonio, where we met fellow Lanttos. We looked at old family photos, ate food, and Stan discussed his DNA results. It was truly a special visit for me. Stan had visited Taunio and Selme Lantto and their son, Pasi before, but to me it was exciting to meet these relatives for the first time. When I looked at Taunio I saw the resemblance of my grandfather, Ernest Lantto, whom I never met. From there we visited the old Lantto home in Ylimuonio where it is said that my great grandfather was born. It was surreal to look at the dilapidated house and to hear stories from my uncle about it. While we didn't look inside, it was enough to see the house that my relatives had visited and lived in.

In Armasjarvi I learned more about my great grandmother's Bergdahl family. That was an honest highlight for me. Not only did we get to meet more relatives, but we saw paintings done by the Swedish military in the 1930s. The Swedish military lived with the Bergdahls, right on the border, in order to easily spot German soldiers. It was fascinating to be standing in that shed; to see those paintings and to think that so much history has happened in that shed. To the average 23 year old, the trip would probably be marked as one of the worst parts of the trip, but to me it was truly remarkable. From Armasjarvi we headed North to Inari, Finland. We visited the Siida Museum and the new building used for Saami parliament meetings, Sajos. It was a nice visit but we soon were on our way to Rovaniemi. We finally were able to enjoy some "summer!" We then made an attempt to find the "Rovaniemi History Museum" as my uncle recalled, but after many failed attempts with the GPS, we made it to the "Arktikum." This museum turned out to be a highlight of our trip. Allowing ourselves one or two hours there was not enough time to take in all this museum had to offer. It had a nice variety containing history about the Rovaniemi fire, as well as history and information regarding Saami. We all were impressed.

Perhaps one of the best parts of the trip came next. From Rovaniemi we headed to Oulu where I met one of my first cousins who I had never met before. Seeing that both sides of my family are quite large, there are many first cousins I have never met in my life. Even though this was a first time meeting my cousin, his wife, and children, it was like being back in Minnesota again. My cousin reminded me so much of my brother Bryan and their daughter reminded me of my own niece Elly. It was such a wonderful visit and yet my part of the trip would end there.

My aunt and uncle continued on to Helsinki, Turku, and then back to Stockholm while I boarded the bus back to Kautokeino. To say it was hard to leave my aunt and uncle would be an understatement. Despite our age differences (81, 68, and 23) we had a blast together. We shared many stories and definitely laughed till our stomachs hurt—well at least I did. So to say goodbye to them was definitely easier said than done. As the bus drove away I thought for one split second "what if I returned to the U.S. right now?" It was a special trip for me. This perhaps was the last time my uncle will visit these countries and the fact that I got to share. I have to say that I have a hilarious uncle and even though his taste in cheese worries me at times, and his DNA talks might get old quick, I will remember this trip forever. And my aunt Sharon? No, of course, I did not forget her. It was also a special trip to have her along as well. Since we live in separate states, I never knew her so well. I just knew her as the aunt who loves to give hugs, but on this trip I really connected with her. And although I question her driving abilities sometimes, ha ha (just kidding Sharon), I enjoyed learning more about her and I also enjoyed her cooking!

My aunt and uncle, after a month long road trip, went back to the U.S., and me? Well, I stayed here. Even though I enjoyed my aunt and uncle's visit, I still miss my family and friends back home. Homesickness is a reality for me at times. It has been a year and half and I have visited home in the States but am unsure of how much longer I will stay here. Perhaps I will be working at Deanu Sameskuvla again next year.

*This article is from Melissa's blog  
www.mkllantto.tumblr.com*

(NILIMA continued from page 6)

return, the package was opened. In it were two pairs of men's woolen socks, one pair was red and the other pair was turquoise. There was also a letter, some photos and a death certificate for Lila ("Laila") N. Gregg who had died in 1994. Since Lila was born in Kotzebue in 1904, she would have been 90 years old when she passed away. Her parents were Alice and Alfred Nilima.

To our surprise we saw that the package had been mailed on October 2003. Edward had kept it for 14 months. Terje, who is the best in English of us, translated the letter. It was written by Tess Sheldon. She wrote that Lila had knitted the socks for the two brothers she knew she had there. Before Lila died, Tess had promised her mother that she would find them. It was a difficult promise to give, because, how would she do that which her mother had never managed?

Then, in 2003, came the opportunity when she flew from Kotzebue to attend a meeting in Anchorage. She had learned that a delegation of Samis from Norway would also be there and she contacted them through Faith Fjeld. One of them knew Edward Nilima in Kautokeino, so Tess finally had an address to send the socks! Unfortunately, Lila's two brothers, who were Edward's cousins, had been dead for many years.

This happened on a Friday but not until Sunday morning did it dawn on me that we had relatives in Alaska. We had heard that our grandfather had been there and dug for gold, but I had trouble believing it. When, how and why had he been there and then returned? I called a cousin, Arne, in Komagfjord and he told me that he had heard there were descendants from our grandfather in Alaska, not only Lila, but also James, a son. He had read a book, *Samer, Rein og Gull I Alaska (Saami Reindeer and Gold in Alaska: the Emigration of Saami from Norway to Alaska)* by Ørnulf Vorren, and that our grandfather was in it.

**Editor's note:** The four parts of *Alta and Alaska* are: *Part 1:* The journey of two pairs of socks and how contact with the family was made (from which the above excerpt was taken); *Part 2:* The emigration from Alta to Alaska with 539 reindeer and 113 people by boat, train and boat; *Part 3:* A family reunion on a Nilimaagård in Muonioniska; and *Part 4:* Two sisters from Alta to Alaska meet many cousins for the first time.

## THE SAMI CULTURAL CENTER OF NORTH AMERICA

Excitement is running high as the Sami Cultural Center of North America embarks on *Akanidi*, a capital campaign to raise funds for the purchase of a building and property to house the Center. *Akanidi* is the spirit who brings joy and beauty to the Sami people and it is hoped the establishment of a physical space for Sami education and art will continue that tradition. The Sami Cultural Center and *Báiki* cooperated recently in assembling the exhibit *The Sami Reindeer People of Alaska* and planning is underway for future programming for the Center. Donations can

be sent to Wendy Ruhnke, Treasurer, 1419 East 2<sup>nd</sup> Street, Duluth, MN 55804. Memorial donations are welcome and room-naming opportunities are available. The Sami Cultural Center is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization as recognized by the U.S. IRS for tax purposes. On-line donations can be made to the Sami Cultural Center using the link: <http://givemn.razoo.com/story/Sami-Cultural-Center-Of-North-America>.

For more information email [mwisuri@cpinternet.com](mailto:mwisuri@cpinternet.com) or phone me at 218/525-3924. — Marlene Wisuri, Board Chair



Lake Superior view from the proposed Cultural Center. Photo: Marlene Wisuri.

## THE SAMI CULTURAL CENTER AND THE NEW GENERATION

### A MULTI-CULTURAL CENTER WITH A FOCUS ON THE ARTS

*Karen Godfrey has been active in the North American Sami community from the very beginning. She is of Sami, Oglala Sioux and European ancestry. She is currently working on a Masters degree in occupational therapy. Here are Karen's thoughts about the Center: "It will be just great if there is a focus on the arts at the new Sami Cultural Center — exciting to have films, music, classes, performances, dance and children's programs. The involvement of local people will make the center grow and change and it would be really good to see partnerships develop between the Ojibwe and the Sami communities."*

*When I spoke to my eleven year-old daughter Kaija about her wishes for the Center, she said she wants to learn more about Sami culture through story telling and the arts."*

### A SETTING FOR MODERN ADAPTATIONS AND ANCIENT RELIGION

*Aiden Jönsson's Sami heritage is from Tornio and Sodankylä. He is the son of the late Donna Matson. Now a university graduate, Aiden has been part of West Coast Sami events since he was five: "I would love to see modern Sami integration and modernization, Sami artists and musicians of today, and how reindeer are herded in the modern day. And I would looove to learn more about the ancient religion too!"*

### A PLACE TO LEARN MY HISTORY FROM SAMI PEOPLE

*Marie Olson is an architectural student from Minneapolis, MN. She expresses her need for the Center: "My grandmother's parents emigrated from Kuusamo, Finland in the 1800s. I knew that our family had Sami history but didn't know anything about it. I want to know who they were, what they believed in and why they left."*

### A PLACE FOR FAMILIES TO COME TOGETHER

*Nate Kesti, of Finnish, Sami and Scottish ancestry, is a leader of Duluth's Men As Peacemakers. He acted in "The Search for Vainamoinen" at Finnfest Duluth 2008: "My dream for the Sami Cultural Center is that families can come together, slow down and unplug from the busy technology world and spend time as a community in more traditional practices like storytelling. I look forward to the opportunity to have a place where I can learn more about my culture, as well as having a place where people from all cultures can come and learn from each other in order to see the similarities that can help mend the broken circle of humanity. A circle is about coming together to heal things that are generations deep."*

TELLING OUR STORIES

# CUTTING BIRCH LEAVES AT GIĐAJOHKA



Niilo Kalevi and the author in the Kevo River Valley birch forest. Photo: Masumi Tanaka

by *Tim Frandy*

It was early in August, 2010. Funded by a generous research grant from the American Scandinavian Foundation and Fulbright, I was living in a tent on the outskirts of a small reindeer-herding village called Buoddobohki, Finland. Buoddobohki lies some 450 kilometers north of the Arctic Circle, a short 15 kilometers south of Ohcejohka, at the confluence of the Ohcejohka and Deatnu Rivers, the finest habitat for threatened Atlantic salmon in the world. And it was raining. The gentle but persistent patter of drops on my small tent roof first started when I had gone to bed, and during the night a small puddle pooled on the floor of my tent, which I would periodically mop up with a pink rag, as I made sure my laptop and cell phone were on “high ground” in my tent. I lay there, contemplating whether this puddle originated from a leak or from condensation of my own exhalations. The scene would actually have been quite tranquil, if not for my desperation for coffee and my disinclination to brave the chilly arctic rains.

Later that day I was supposed to meet a new friend, Niilo Kalevi Länsman to help him with some reindeer chores. On this day, in particular, we planned to cut birch leaves for his reindeer.

When the rain finally slowed to a light sprinkle in the late morning, I decided to lumber outside from my bed upon the soft tundra vegetation, to quickly touch off a fire, and to cook up my coffee while at least partially protected by rain gear and a pine canopy. I wasn’t certain what to expect in terms of cutting birch leaves. It seemed fairly intuitive a process to cut off leafy birch branches for reindeer, who needed extra food during the months of March and April, as the snows deepen and then form hard crusts which hinder reindeer from digging for fodder. This type of snow crust has different names, depending on its weight-bearing properties, but it is called *cuono* when it can bear enough weight to carry humans and reindeer on its surface. During this time, migration becomes easy and the foraging becomes difficult. *Cuonománnu*, or the “snow-crust month” of April, was a crucial time of the year, when migration occurred, often by night, as the snows

hardened into an icy crust. North Sami possesses dozens of words describing the ever-changing snowpack and the wintertime grazing conditions of reindeer. Even today, it’s common to hear herders greet each other with the phrase “*Makkár lea guohtun?*” Or, “How’s the grazing?”

I wasn’t exactly sure what the day would entail, so I grabbed my hunting knife, my camera, and my voice recorder, put on some good work clothes over my long johns, and set off to Niilo Kalevi’s under the light of the sun which was breaking through the clouds for the first time in nearly a day.

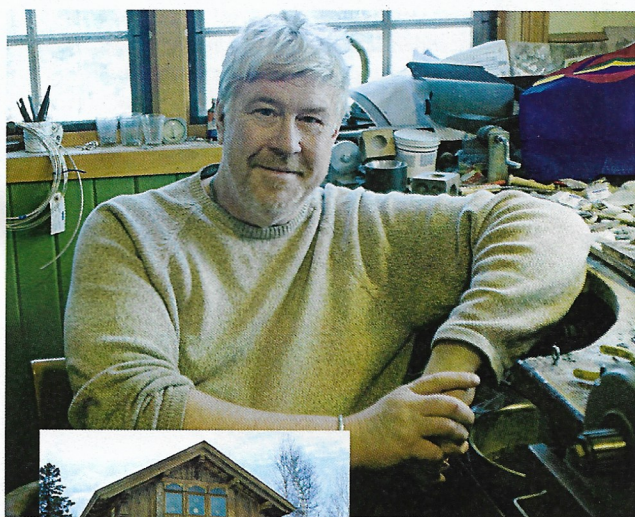
Conducting interviews in a foreign language was arduous enough. Long sessions, sometimes dragging out to eight hours, alternating between North Sami and Finnish, tested my focus, and my abilities to interact appropriately in complex situations. It was considerably more challenging when living in a tent. I drank from the clear waters of a nearby stream, I made fires at least twice a day, for both warmth and the smoke, which masked my

(FRANDY continued on page 16)

## ABOUT THE COVER

### BRAD E. NELSON, SILVERSMITH

*Silversmiths have always had a special place in Sami culture. The Sami made spoons and other items from antler and then brought them to Norwegian and Swedish silversmiths to be duplicated in silver. The Sami designs influenced the silversmiths of Scandinavia, and Scandinavian motifs also began to show up in Sami antler work.*



(above) Brad E. Nelson in his studio. (left) The Norwegian style *stabbur* that houses his shop and living space.

Fine craftsmanship is seen everywhere in the studio, shop, and jewelry of artist Brad Nelson. Brad designs and executes his silver jewelry and other art pieces at his studio/home near the North Shore of Lake Superior at Larsmont, Minnesota. Every element of Brad's work—from the rock walls and hand carved window and door trim of his Norwegian style *stabbur* to his silver earrings, pendants, and beads—reflects his Scandinavian heritage and Northern sensibility.

Brad has been an active member of the North American Sami community for many years, attending numerous *siiidastallans* and other events, and providing Sami-themed jewelry to many of us. He hand-carved the birch door header for the *lavvu* displayed in *The Sami Reindeer People of Alaska* exhibit. Brad is currently carving Lake Superior rocks and experimenting with Sami-inspired silver thread designs. For more information contact him at 218/834-4188 or <benelson6@hotmail.com>. — Marlene Wisuri



B. E. Nelson Sami-inspired silver and stone jewelry.

## THREE EXHIBITS

### THE SAMI REINDEER PEOPLE OF ALASKA

Vesterheim Norwegian American Museum  
Decorah, Iowa

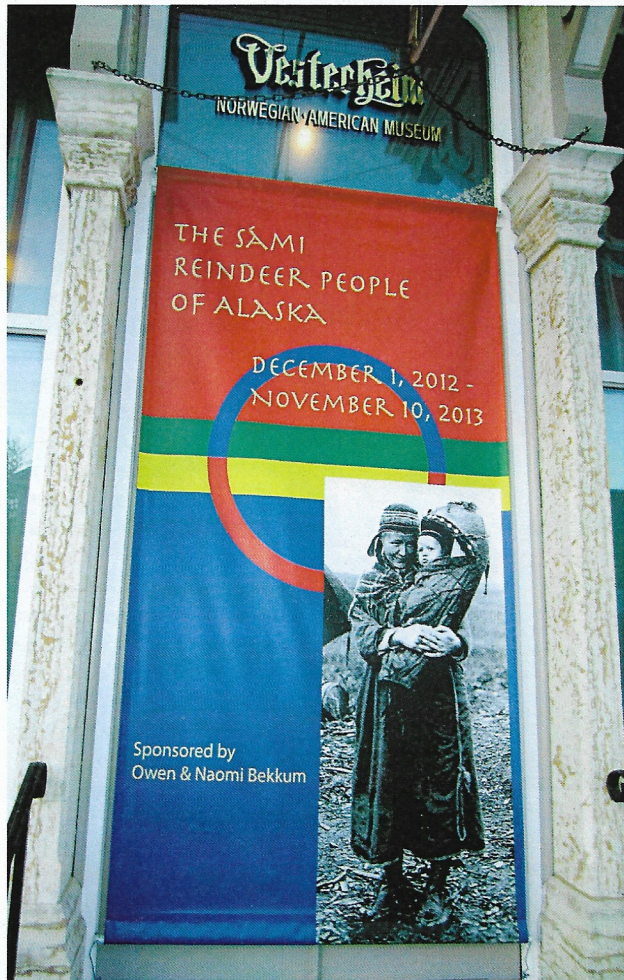
December 1, 2012 - November 10, 2013



(l - r) Marlene Wisuri (Board Chair, Sami Cultural Center of North America); Cari Mayo (Board Member, SCCNA); Nathan Muus (co-curator of the exhibit); Faith Fjeld, (exhibit coordinator); Lois Stover, Kodiak, Alaska (descendant of Yup'ik and Sami herders); Marie Olson and her aunt Nancy Olson (the *lavvu* cover makers); and Pearl Johnson, Nome, Alaska (whose Inupiaq ancestors herded with the Sami.) Thanks to all the wonderful people of Decorah who opened their homes to us and fed us delicious Norwegian food.



The exhibit *lavvu* cover was painstakingly constructed by Nancy Olson of Duluth and her niece Marie Olson of Minneapolis. The pine door header was handcarved by Brad Nelson, and the *lavvu* poles were harvested and stripped by Mel Mattson of Eveleth who transported them all the way to Decorah with the help of his nephew.



The main entrance to the Vesterheim Norwegian American Museum, Decorah, Iowa. Photo: Nathan Muus.



A photo from the exhibit showing Sámi reindeer herding families in Seattle on their way to Alaska in 1898. Photo: William Hamilton.



The *pulka* from the exhibit's extensive *duodji* collection is designed to be pulled by a reindeer without tipping over in the snow.



## Eight Seasons in Sápmi, the Land of the Sámi People

January 26 – May 26, 2013

The indigenous Sámi people of far northern Europe are explored and revealed through artwork, artifacts, and photographs of their traditionally nomadic lifestyle.

## The Spirit of Place: The Art of Kurt Seaberg and Family

January 26 – March 3, 2013

An exhibit of prints by Sami American artist Kurt Seaberg, including work by his father and grandmother.



Exhibit organizers:



Exhibit sponsors:

Jokkmokk Municipality,  
County Administrative  
Board of Norrbotten,  
Swedish Arts Council.

[ASImn.org](http://ASImn.org)

2600 Park Avenue Minneapolis MN 55407

# IDLE NO MORE

AN INDIGENOUS MOVEMENT GOES GLOBAL



Duluth, Minnesota: Jingle dresses grace the streets as part of Idle No More. Photo: Ivy Vainio.



Parkland, Washington: Pacific Sámi Searvi, Pacific Lutheran University.



Oakland, California: Frank H. Ozawa Plaza



Guovdageaidnu, Sápmi (Kautokeino, Norway): Állut šat nallá.

*The Idle No More movement was started by four women who live in Canada. Nina Wilson (Nakota and Plains Cree), Sylvia McAdam (Saysewahum), Jessica Gordon and Sheelah McLean. Their story, "The Woman Spirit Has Called," was first published in the January 23, 2013 issue of Indian Country Today as an explanation of why they started the movement and what they hope to achieve. The following excerpt is included here:*

We share a vision of uniting people to ensure the protection of Mother Earth, her lands, waters and people. We began by focusing on a piece of legislation called Bill C-45 which attacks the land base reserved for Indigenous People in Canada and removes protection for hundreds of our waterways. In November 2012, we organized a mass teach-in in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, called Idle No More. This teach-in included guest speakers, petitions against Bill C-45 and discussions of our next steps. That day we developed plans for more teach-ins, with the goal of building a grassroots movement.

The four of us supported organizers in other centers and used social media — primarily Facebook (Facebook.com/IdleNoMoreCommunity) and twitter(#idlenomore)—to build this movement. We discussed and planned a national day of action for December 10 which quickly became one of the largest Indigenous mass movements in Canadian history. On December 11, Chief Theresa Spence from Attawapiskat joined the movement by fasting until Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper and a representative of the Crown would meet with her to address the oppressive conditions for Indigenous Peoples in Canada by revisiting the treaty relationship. Many Canadians joined Chief Spence in fasting.

Idle No More is a cry for justice that has spread across Canada, flowing into the United States and other countries across the globe, including Sápmi. This movement began from our deep concerns as women as we face a foreign government that chooses not to work with us, and disregards our treaties. This has directly impacted our people in the most insidious ways, over an extended period of time. We are literally dying, and the Woman Spirit has called and the awakening is now. Our true story is not being covered or told, the erasure has begun.

Don't let this happen to the women, the heartbeat of the world, or all else will fail. All people will be affected by the continued damage to the land and water and we

welcome Indigenous and non-Indigenous allies to join in creating healthy sustainable communities. We encourage youth to become engaged in this movement, as you are the leaders of our future. There have always been individuals and groups who have been working toward these goals. Idle No More seeks to create grassroots solidarity. We encourage people to organize community gatherings, share knowledge and support, and to stay strong and united in spirit as we move forward together.

## A VOICE OF SOLIDARITY

Before 1760, north of the Arctic Circle in Finland, my Sami ancestors lived in the inland forests and by the lakes and rivers that gave them fish. They were late coming into the colonization process which by 1760 was under Swedish rule. The drums were destroyed and all Sami cultural practices, including the Kemi Sami language, were made illegal. Penalties were severe. Documents had to be signed saying that the individuals were not Sami! People from other locations were burned at the stake and some were taken into Swedish mines as slave labor. The culture went underground, but many things were lost, including the language.

I am such a strong proponent of Idle No More today because it is a way for me to hold my ancestry in dignity and allow what remains of it to emerge as a voice of solidarity. I am half Sami and half Finnish. For me to speak like this is a huge change from when I was a child and my aunties even hid the fact they had come from Finland. I know that my ancestors who were Sami hear me and to them I say thank you for passing on life to me. My children will move into a new future with new hope and new dignity. *Giitu.*

—Anni Mukkali-Stinn, Edmonton, Alberta

## JINGLE DRESSES IN DULUTH

*The following is an excerpt from the column of Reyna Crow in the Duluth Budgeteer News, January 13, 2013.*

In less than a month, four flash mobs in support of Idle No More were held in Duluth and Cloquet, Minnesota. A flash mob is a large group of people who gather, ideally in an instant, to perform a unified action in a public place, often a song or dance. In this case, participants were performing a round dance.

"The round dances were a family event," explains Joe Sutherland, a member of the Duluth Anishinaabeg community. "In the wintertime, the men in each family would sing songs. It was told in the creation stories that the spirits communicate through songs. This is why we carry these traditions; this is why we sing today."

Sutherland said that the event in Duluth differed from previous round dances in that jingle dress dancers — symbolic of healing — participated. The women wore brightly colored, handmade dresses embellished with ribbons and jingle cones, which evoke the sound of running water, strongly associated with healing. "Any time I make a jingle dress, there is so much prayer, and what is prayer but love?" remarks Jill Hartlev of the Bad River Reservation, one of the jingle dress dancer participants, "not only in the making of the dress, and the actual dance, but even in how you take care of it, and that love is where I think the healing comes from."

While it is true that Idle No More has organized around gravely serious causes, the characterization of the round dances as "protests" is not just incorrect, it's insulting. The round dance is a unifying experience to either observe or participate in, and the jingle dress dance is truly a gift from the Anishinaabeg community to all people of Duluth. We should not only embrace this gift of healing, but join in the spirit of hope, for a better future for all of us, in which it is intended. —Reyna Crow, Duluth, Minnesota

## FROM THE WARM HEART OF THE ARCTIC

The Idle No More movement began on the cold November prairies and has spread like wildfire across Canada, North America, and across the globe in defense of Indigenous rights and Mother Earth. And where there have been Saami people, there have been solidarity demonstrations — from California, Alaska, Minnesota, Ontario and Alberta (where First Nations, Metis and Inuit people are colonized) and in nations such as Finland, Sweden, and Norway (where the Saami were colonized).

Pacific Saami Searvi (PSS) member and Pacific Lutheran University professor, Troy Storfjell, points out that the Saami participated in the co-founding of the World Council of Indigenous Peoples in the 1970s, and they participate in a number of global Indigenous forums and organizations today.

Indigenous people must show solidarity with one another in the battle against colonization. This is imperative to our collective survival. There is a saying for us: "Beaivi, áddjásan veahket ja buorit min odne!" (Mother Sun, help heal us today - we are still here!)

While participating in an Idle No More round dance at the West Edmonton Mall on January 13, 2013, where 3,000 participated, Saami Canadian Anni

(IDLE NO MORE continued on page 18)

(FRANDY continued from page 11)

smell from mosquitoes (a trick I learned from my mother, whose Anishinaabe neighbors used smudge pots when she was in school in the 1950s). It was exhausting to live in a tent, but many locals seemed to respect this, and if nothing else, it was a good conversation starter.

If I wanted to buy food or conduct an interview in Ohcejohka, I could catch the one daily bus towards town, a multipurpose bus which carried school children and delivered the mail on its long trek between Rovaniemi and Njuorggán. But the bus only went one way, leaving me with a 15 kilometer hike back to my tent. In my few spare moments, I would write an hour on my dissertation and check my email in the tent, using my laptop's short battery life.

Niilo Kalevi works as a reindeer herder and math teacher at Sami Allaskuvla in Guovdageaidnu, Norway. I met him through a colleague, a graduate student at the University of Lapland, Masumi Tanaka, who sometimes lives in his home as she conducts fieldwork. Niilo Kalevi had built his own home, a large and beautiful house bustling with the activity of many young children. In the summer, he fished and picked cloudberries, though home renovations and the young children had cut into the time he could devote to these activities in recent years. Niilo Kalevi wanted to make sure that at least some of his children would take up reindeer herding, and continue to live full and rich lives as Sami people, fluent in language, traditional economy, and culture. And he remained somewhat concerned that his ten-year-old did not particularly like to eat salmon, but he took solace in the fact that at least he liked catching them.

We decided we should wait until the sun, now coming on strong, dried things up a bit before we set out. In the meantime, we cut some lumber for his home renovations, and he loaded up his reindeer van with all the essential supplies: two Fiskars brand machetes and a role of twine. Apparently, the knife I had brought along was the wrong tool for this job.

Niilo Kalevi explained that we would go to Gidajohka for this task, only a half kilometer away. Gidajohka (or "Spring River") was a traditional springtime pastureland for reindeer, and the place where his father Antti Länsman was born in the 1930s, in a humble wooden house that still stands in the valley of the small creek. Antti was one of several dozen grandchildren of the great herder Kadja

Niila, a figure still venerated for his handsome countenance, his wealth, his generosity, his strength, and his talents with reindeer. Over thirty when the first road was built to Ohcejohka, Antti lived the first three decades of his life by following reindeer herds from the closed Norwegian border nearly 250 kilometers south to the northern tracts of Anár. He knew every stream, every hill, every lake along this trek, and he could navigate it in the dark of the winter night, called *skábma*. Having learned of where I camped, Antti pointed out that I was camped near a worn *geres* (reindeer-sledge) trail which crossed the small brook on a small and now broken bridge, where I went to collect my water.

The three of us drove to Gidajohka, just past Antti Länsman's birth home, *tiito* a small glen of woods that was typical of the lowlands, protected from the cold that sweeps across the tundra hills, dwarfing the birch. The grove contained birch and willow, and was rather immature, with most trees under 5 meters in height. Niilo Kalevi handed me a machete and told me to cut some branches. I asked him what he was looking for, and how long to cut them. He indicated a distance of about three feet long with his hands, but said little more. He hacked off a few examples to show me, and then began instructing Masumi on how he would like the knots tied. I set off to cut some branches, and even though I'm really no slouch of an outdoorsman (at least in the woods and waters of my home region), it was with more than a little degree of awkwardness that I uncomfortably began to swing away at branches, still somewhat unsure of how best to turn the organic entity of a tree neatly into three foot long units of reindeer nourishment. Does a four foot long branch become a long one, or two short ones? When is long too long, and short too short? I knew nothing of where they would hang, how much they would be carried, how they would be placed out for the reindeer, or how reindeer tend to eat them. Any of this information would have helped with the task at hand.

This routine task was nowhere near as intuitive as I first imagined. Periodically, Niilo Kalevi would yell out at me from afar, "Don't take that tree!" or "No, no, no... take the whole tree!" Sometimes, even, Niilo Kalevi would hack off a willow tree, and told me that reindeer would eat that too, but when I cut a few nice looking willow branches, I was scolded for mistaking it for birch.

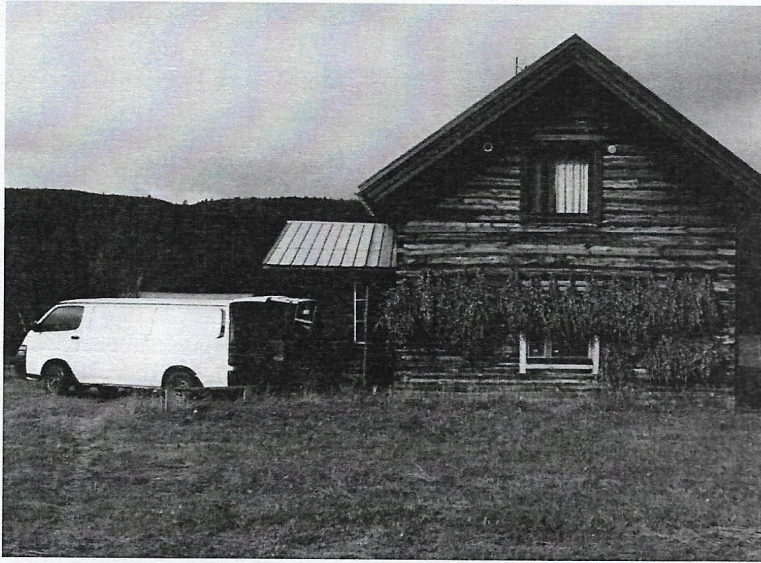
Soon frustration began to set in. I knew that it was customary among Sami people to not give much direct verbal instruction, instead relying on what sometimes is called *calbme* or visual learning. This method of instruction compels careful observation and emulation. But I was

still baffled as Niilo Kalevi would take several steps back, study the trees carefully, and hack away, sometimes taking just a few branches, and other times hacking off an entire tree at the root with two or three great strokes. On the surface it looked arbitrary, like there was no order to that which he was taking, but his careful study of the birches, his reading of the grove, indicated that he knew perfectly, after years of experience as a herder, what he wanted to cut. We carried on for hours, and my frustrations mounted as I simply couldn't comprehend what Niilo Kalevi was seeing in the birch grove. I prodded him, but could extract little more than the fact that he wanted the forest to "look" a certain way.

Eventually, though, I began to piece together what Niilo Kalevi was seeing. As I studied his cutting, determined to figure out what he was looking for, I tried to watch with more open eyes as to what was happening. I realized suddenly and distinctly that I had been looking at what he was cutting, and not what he was leaving behind. I was looking at the birch grove in the present, and he was looking at it in the future. I was looking at the length of the branches I cut, and the shape and height of the trees. Quite literally I was seeing the forest for the trees.

But Niilo Kalevi was cutting based on how the grove would look next year, cutting the birch to maximize the leaf yield for the next summer, and to keep it as it was into the foreseeable future. This is why the forest looked immature. The small and spindly trees, filled with leafy foliage as they tried to outcompete their neighbors, were cut back hard, but not so excessively that they would not recover for the next year. In particular, the tops were lopped off, to keep the trees low and to encourage the growth of multiple tops. As a tree began to dominate the region, casting shadows over the grove, and sending its leaves out of human reach, Niilo Kalevi would hack it down at its base, and chop it to bits. Undesirable willow trees were removed entirely, since they infringed upon birch habitat. He was managing the land to keep the birch immature, low, leafy, and dominant. As soon as I figured this out, the task at hand became much easier as we continued to cut branches, and the corrective jibes came to an abrupt end. I had learned to see the birch grove with his eyes.

What I was viewing was seventh generation sustainability in practice, and its ordinary performance in everyday life.



Birch leaves hanging to dry at Antti Länsman's birth home on Giđajohka.  
Photo: Masumi Tanaka

Niilo Kalevi would, of course, carefully manage this land. The land was rich with the history of his family, where his father was born, and where he himself had lived most of his life. Such a place is what Elina Helander-Renvall would call his *báiki*, the local place to which Niilo Kalevi belongs, and through which he maintains his relationships to his family and community.

Beyond the preservation of the land's functionality as the basis for economic and ecological stability, the land itself is important as a matrix for the storage of knowledge, the basis for social relationships, crucial in the construction of identity, and an extension of one's self. Or, more succinctly, as one Swedish-side herder once told researcher Timm Rochon: "I am part of the forests and the mountains." So too was Niilo Kalevi, and the health of the birch grove was an expressive extension of his self, a place-based identity that he could use to cultivate traditional identity within his children.

Birch leaf cutting is a practice of education, of the transmission of cultural values, of sustainable aesthetics, and one even of identity. It is through working with one's hands, what Tim Ingold refers to as "dwelling" within a task to understand it, that one best learns to interact with the environment in traditional ways. In her essay "Simple Things, Complicated Skills: Archaeology, Practical Skills and Climatic Change from the Perspective of Anthropology," Terhi Vuojala-Magga takes note of dwelling in her discussion of learning to use a Sami knife in the forest, writing, "Only by dwelling and indwelling through

practical learning and engagement can one gain an understanding of a practice and the many ways of using it and communicating through it." These methods are generally left out of the schools — an unfortunately overlooked but powerful tool in learning to understand pluralistic cultural perspectives. In the birch grove, I was not simply learning to cut branches; I was learning to see the grove through Niilo Kalevi's eyes. Dwelling in the task meant learning Niilo Kalevi's mindscape, in turn accepting and rejecting aspects of his relationship with the land as I forged my own identity within this space.

Identity is a complex concept, and one which is difficult to separate from its historical emergence in conjunction with Western European nation states in the 19th century. Unsurprisingly, Western models for identity (including language, geography, shared history, internecine strife, mono-economy) crumble with the decline of the nation state, even among Indigenous people who never even were afforded the sovereignty promised under such problematic ideologies.

In March of 2010, I was in Ivalo, Finland, visiting one Sami reindeer herder, who complained that urban Sami, living in Helsinki, would drive north, speaking fluent Sami and wearing a *gakti*, but not really knowing a thing about what life was like in Sápmi. He said that these city Sami did not even know how to walk on snow. They break through the crust, stumbling around like fools until they tire themselves out. Knowing how to walk on snow, though a standard no government would adopt, marks Sami identity for this herder. People are how they live in relation to the land, whether

one listens to the snow crust beneath one's feet and steps gently and gracefully atop of it, or whether one, with sweat dripping from the brow, plows through the deep snow in frustration and anger. So too was the birch grove, a place which is an expressive extension of Niilo Kalevi's self, and a place essential to cultivate traditional identity in his children. In this light, it is little wonder why Niilo Kalevi was so concerned with his son who enjoyed catching, but not eating, salmon. The purpose of fishing is not simply in the catching, but rather the performance of one's own self-sustaining and regenerative relationship with the environment is what truly matters.

We cut for a couple more hours, and then we finished tying the bundles into switches, using a particular knot Niilo Kalevi showed us. The knot was a quick release knot, with a large loop for hanging the bundles. The knot allowed for effective drying, and it was easy to release the bundles seven months later when they were needed as fodder. We filled the reindeer transport van with birch and drove up to Skallovaari, the place of the reindeer roundup for the Gáldoaivi reindeer herding district, where Niilo Kalevi had a small wooden shed. We drove in a couple hundred nails and began unloading and hanging the branches to dry on the inside of the shed. It was then I recalled my backpack sitting in the van, filled with my hunting knife and camera, and in horror I realized I hadn't had a moment to take even a single photo to document our process. My right palm throbbing gently from hours of cutting birch branches, we drove back to Niilo Kalevi's home where he put on tea, and put out the makings for sandwiches, as is the traditional way to treat visitors to one's home in Lapland. After we ate in the comfortable silence that follows hours of exhausting labor, I trekked home to my tent, where I built up a new fire, and fell asleep under the sun of a cool arctic night.

*Tim Frandy is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Wisconsin in Scandinavian Studies and Folklore. His research focuses largely on ecology and belief in oral tradition in the Nordic countries as well as the Upper Midwest, ranging from Finnish American poaching traditions to the relationship of noaidis and wolves in Sápmi. This article is part of a larger project, involving traditional ecological in Sami culture.*

(IDLE NO MORE continued from page 15)

Mukkala-Stinn stated, "I am awed by this. There is an amazing indigenous movement afoot. I feel like I am being cradled in the arms of ancestors who are smiling in great affection when I watch this. The energy it exudes is amazing."

—Krystalline Kraus, Toronto, Ontario

## FLASH MOB IN EDMONTON

North America's largest shopping mall contains a replica of one of Christopher Columbus's ships—not to mention a rollercoaster, waterslides, shooting range and 800 stores, all drawing about 28.2 million visitors a year. But on January 13, shoppers got a distinctly anti-colonial surprise.

Mobilized by online social media, a good 3,000 people showed up for an Idle No More flash mob at the West Edmonton Mall, beginning with a full-scale Grand Entry, the ceremonial procession that opens pow wows. Led by an eagle staff, the national flag for many First Nations, the giant procession included rows of dancers three people wide, many in full traditional regalia, circling around the mall's ice skating rink. These were followed by hoop dancers and accompanied by drumming.

"It is one thing to do a flash mob round dance," [said] organizer Conway Kootenay (Cree). "It's another thing to do a full Grand Entry with everyone in their colors, regalia and feathers." Starting his day with prayers and a pipe ceremony plus following the traditional protocol of acknowledging elders, were important to the Edmonton event, he added. It is a ceremony for First Nations people to show our appreciation for Mother Earth," Kootenay explained. "Drums are the heartbeat of Mother Earth. When you dance, you don't just dance physically; you dance with your spirit. It's a form of prayer. You're dancing to show your gratefulness to everything that's given to you. It's a way of giving back."

— David P. Ball, Edmonton, Alberta

The vision of Idle No More revolves around Indigenous Ways of Knowing rooted in Indigenous Sovereignty to protect water, air, and all creation for future generations.

— Mission statement, Idle No More / Duluth



"We will protect our land" The Sámi hunger strike in front of the Norwegian Storting (Parliament) in central Oslo generated the reawakening of the Sami Spirit. Photo: Niillas A. Somby

## 1979 SAMI HUNGER STRIKE IN NORWAY

A plan by the Norwegian government to construct a dam for hydro-electric power on the Alta/Kautokeino River, and the resistance and demonstrations against it, began in 1968. The construction included flooding a canyon that is sacred to the Sami People, and putting Mási, a traditional Sami village, under water.

We Sami pointed out our rights as Indigenous People saying that the canyon was important to our culture. We argued that there was no actual need for additional hydroelectric power. The plans to flood Masi were halted, but the Norwegian authorities continued with their plans to flood the canyon. When we realized that sensible argument would get us nowhere, we changed our tactics. We constructed a *lavvu* (a Sami tent) outside the Norwegian Parliament in Oslo, and began a hunger strike. Norway sent police to arrest us. Dam construction was stopped in order to reconsider the case, but the government decided to continue, promising to establish a committee to examine the rights of the Sami nation. After the construction was finished, Norwegian Prime Minister Gro Harlem Brundtland admitted in public that the Norwegian government was wrong in damming the river.

— Niillas A. Somby, Sirbma Sápmi

## THREE NEW BOOKS

I was at the Nordic Heritage Museum, Seattle, for the "Eight Seasons in Sápmi" exhibit from Ájtte Swedish Mountain and Sami Museum and had a chance to sample a few books in the bookstore. Here are three that caught my attention.

**8 Seasons Above the Arctic Circle, The Sami of Lapland, Birgitte Aarestrup (Michaelsen) (publisher and author), self published, 2010**

This is a beautiful book, with over 80 photographs of Swedish Samiland, Jokkmokk and the Padjelanta Wilderness World Heritage Area. What a treasure! Most of the photographs are by the California-based, Danish author Birgitte Aarestrup who met and interviewed Sami cultural tradition bearers, including interviews that were perhaps among the last given by Lars Pirak and Ellen Kitok, who have since passed on.

**We Stopped Forgetting, Ellen Marie Jensen, Calliid Lagadus, Karasjok, Norway, 2012.**

This book tells the stories of five Americans with Sami ancestry. They are Lani Abbott, Mimi Bahl de Leon, David Kline and Eric and Kurt Seaberg — all are long time *Báiki* subscribers. Each of them has brought something important to the greater North American Sami community, and they represent the gifts of a relatively united community working together. That the author lets the subjects speak for themselves is a strength.

**Insight Guide: Norway, Sian Lezard, editor, Apa Publications GmbH & Co., London, England, 2011.**

This is the kind of colorful travel book that catches my eye. But when I read the chapter "The Sami: People of Four Nations," by Inga Wallerius I found omissions and inaccuracies. She writes: "Walrus, with their precious tusks, were also highly prized, particularly by the Sami craftspeople who produced all sorts of tools and utensils including needles, buttons, spoons, cups and a variety of musical instruments." Surprisingly there is no mention of the extensive use of reindeer antler or bone. In another place: "While the economic value of [reindeer] is minor on a national scale, herding is important both financially and culturally to the Sami, with about 40% of the population living from reindeer herding." The information is inaccurate since today only 10% of the Sami are involved in reindeer herding.

—Nathan Muus

## BAIKI BOOK REVIEW: AN ACCOUNT OF THE SÁMI



Illustration 7 from *An Account of the Sámi*: This picture depicts a courting visit. Three sleds are arriving at full speed! Turi has written beneath them "Courting drivers." A young man is sitting in the first sled. The door of the *goahhti* is drawn open, and a number of Sámi are emerging from within. They are led by the girl, who has come out to meet her suitor, as is the custom when the proposal is likely to be accepted. A dog is rushing toward the guests. A crowd of onlookers stand to the right, and behind them Turi has drawn a demon (*beargalat*) which Turi has marked with a "B." "The devil is always nearby in such festivities, since at a betrothal there are always so many people who will do ill and destroy the luck with their slanderous tongues," says Turi.

**Johan Turi. *An Account of the Sámi*. A translation of *Muitalus sámii birra*, as re-edited by Mikael Svonni. Tr. Thomas A. DuBois. Chicago: Nordic Studies Press, 2011. ISBN: 0-9772714-5-5**

*An Account of the Sámi* is a seminal work in several respects: not only was it the first secular book written by a Sámi but Johan Turi, its author, did not learn how to read and write in the schools of his time and was thus not attuned to "western" book learning. His work had and still has a remarkable originality. Turi (1854-1936) was a reindeer herder turned wolf hunter. Born in Guovdageaidnu (Kautokeino), Norway, he had to move with his reindeer-herding parents to Gárasavvon (Karesuando), Sweden in 1857 in the aftermath of Russia's closing of the border between Norway and Finland in 1852. This led to hardships for the herders: Norwegian Sámi herders lost winter pasture in Finland and, perhaps more importantly, those who left Norway had difficulties in adapting to a changed lifestyle in the south, as Nils-Aslak Valkeapää succinctly put it: here they drive the herd with different sounds / urge it on with other calls / the dialect itself is different / the reed bunting's song distinct / strange flourishes in the yoiks. Turi had experienced much in his peripatetic life and witnessed harsh treatment of the Sámi by majority Swedish and Norwegian settlers, neither side able to communicate in any meaningful fashion. He thought he might ameliorate this by telling about the Sámi, by speaking with a fresh voice. But who might hear him?

On an iron ore train in 1904 he met the Danish artist Emilie Demant. She was intrigued by this Sámi man and his culture, and he had a story to tell. Five years later

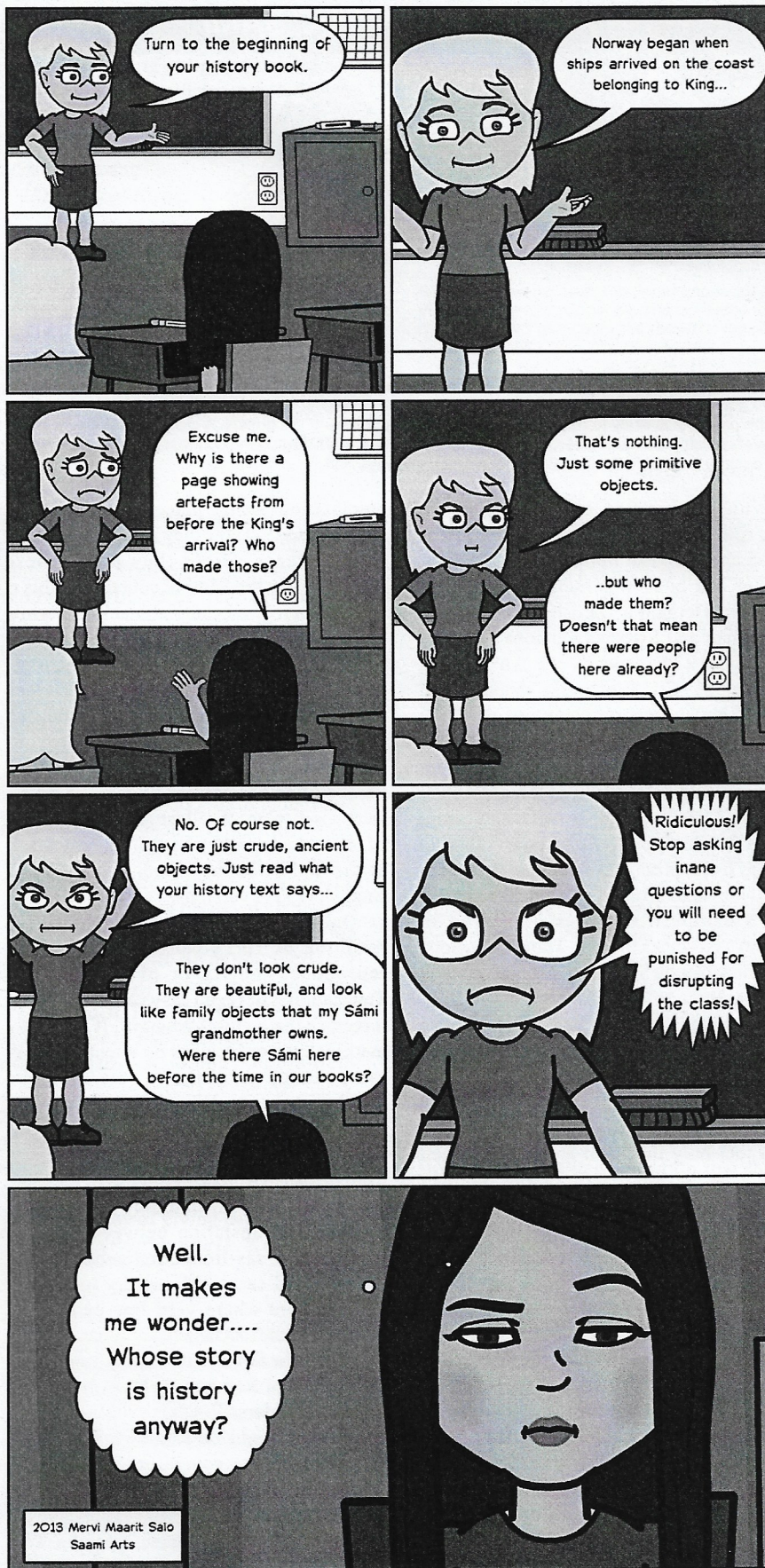
she provided inspiration and other support, enabling him to write his story. With the aid of his friend and Swedish mining baron Hjalmar Lundbohm, the book was published in North Sámi and in Demant's Danish translation in 1910. German and Swedish versions followed in 1912 and 1917 respectively. An English translation by Elizabeth Gee Nash from Demant's Danish version came out in 1931; Demant-Hatt (then married) collaborated with Nash and supplied some additional material not in the original. In celebration of the centennial of the book's first appearance, Mikael Svonni, who hails not far from the Jukkasjärvi district where Turi lived, produced a new and definitive edition of the Sámi original in 2010, making use of Turi's handwritten notes preserved in Stockholm's Nordiska museet. Thomas DuBois, working closely with Svonni, translated this new edition directly into English.

Turi states his aim at the beginning: "I have been thinking that it would be best if there were a book in which everything was written about Sámi life and conditions so that people wouldn't misconstrue things, particularly those who want to claim that only the Sámi are at fault when disputes arise between settlers and Sámi in Norway and Sweden." Then Turi gives a detailed description of reindeer herding and all the problems herding families face from unpredictable weather, migrations across the mountains between Sweden and Norway, diseases reindeer are susceptible to, reindeer theft, and all the tribulations Sámi herding families must undergo when they have no permanent dwellings. There follow chapters on hunting and trapping, healing, folktales, Sámi *yoik* (songs) including a tale of courting in a small village where clearly the girls are in control, the 1852 Kautokeino uprising and finally a delightful account of the unknown animals in Sámiland. "People will not let these

animals into better places, although they can't understand how they manage to survive in the places where they are." These "animals" are the Sámi of course. But this is not all; there are beautiful black and white illustrations drawn by Turi, mostly of aspects of reindeer herding such as migrations, dealing with predators, and camps, and then a few other depictions such as a courting visit, a church village and two of constellations. DuBois and Svonni – the new Sámi edition has colored pictures as well – each wisely place the illustrations in the body of the text where they best fit in, rather than at the end as in the Swedish (1917) and English (1931) versions.

DuBois has made an eminently readable rendition of Turi's North Sámi text that reproduces the flavor of the original. Translation is never an easy venture nor does it receive the credit it deserves. It is usually marginalized or receives no attention at all, even though an author's fate is in the translator's hands. What is it that makes a good translation? Translating between two closely related languages and cultures, say, from British to American English of the same era can be fraught with thorny issues. More difficult is translation between cultures further apart, say from Sámi culture of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century to today's Sámi culture where very few people are involved in the mechanized reindeer herding and where the families of herders usually live in permanent housing, seldom travelling with the herders. Readers who are native speakers of English are likely to know next to nothing about something as exotic as reindeer nomadism. Personally, I think it essential to make every effort to preserve the author's voice and, of course, meaning. That

(TURI continued overleaf)



(*TURI* continued from previous page)

can be done by not trying to make the recipient language too smooth and fluent. Lawrence Venuti prefers a "minoritizing translation" with an occasional "jarring phrase." In other words, the heterogeneity between the Sámi original and the contemporary English output should not be repressed.

That said, I have a few quibbles with DuBois' translation. Most of them are minor and need not be mentioned. Two involve word choice, viz. "gelding" which for me has connotations of horseracing. The term in Turi is *heargi*, "a mature tamed reindeer gelding, used as a draught animal." I would have preferred using "draught animal" emphasizing not the process but the role the animal plays. Another term, "caravan," is used for a number of (draught) reindeer tied together single file during a migration; to me it suggests camels and desert. Why not use the Sámi term *ráidu* or even 'string.' Cavils aside, readers are fortunate to have this fine English version of Turi. Thanks also to Charles Peterson and his *Nordic Studies Press* for choosing to publish the book. DuBois also includes an excellent glossary of about 80 Sámi words and names at the end of the book; he uses these words throughout the text wherever they occur. *Heargi* is one of them. In addition to providing a bit of the "jarring" mentioned above, the words/names in the glossary are often virtually untranslatable.

Earlier versions of *Muitalus* have a series of longer or shorter notes appended which explain things the uninitiated reader might not know. The Svonni 2010 re-edited original has no notes nor does the DuBois. I can understand why there are no notes in the original: every Sámi today is likely aware of most of what the notes cover or has an older relative they can ask. Those reading a translation, however, would surely have profited from notes. For example, the close reader will find it confusing that DuBois has "west" and "east" where Nash has "north" and "south." A note that Sámi nomads did not use the same cardinal directions as we do today would help: "north" for the Sámi was "towards the coast" and "south" "away from the coast." So, depending on where one was located "north" could be "west," "northwest" or "north." Any notes would have to be at the end in that the new Sámi edition and the DuBois translation have their pagination synchronized. There is a very useful introduction by DuBois sketching the background and history of this extraordinary book. A course on Sámi culture, or for that matter on native peoples, could do no better than using *Muitalus* as the primary text.

—John Weinstock, *University of Texas*

# DIVIDED NO MORE

## A Seven Generations Path



Aaron Paquette: "Ice Sentry"

*by Aaron Paquette*

I had a vision. I kept it to myself for a while, then shared it in little moments on Facebook, on Twitter. In my vision I saw something new. Something like government but unlike it completely. I saw true representation for The People of Turtle Island, starting right here in Kanata. I saw three levels of governance:

- I saw the Youth give the dreams and the vision: the hope and the energy.
- I saw the Elders give the wisdom and perspective: the guidance and calm.
- I saw the Congress of Spokespeople combine these things into action, carrying out the will of the people.

Where did they come from? They didn't run for office or position, they were nominated by their regions, their communities. In fact, attempting to campaign for a position immediately disqualified the person. They were asked to serve and they served. It was all volunteer, no money paid. They served for one year. There was equal representation by the sexes, whether one spirit or two-spirit. Who was a member? Anyone who claimed the smallest drop of Indigenous blood. No blood quantum discrimination. You could be 1/64th for all it mattered. But you had to claim it. Stand up and say, "Yes. I am one of The People." And you had to give precedence to Indigenous Ways of Knowing, Honouring, and Sharing.

Ceremony and smudge, discussion rather than heated debate. There were only three directions to follow:

- Promote the well being of the earth, sky and water.
- Promote the well being of communities.
- Promote education and peaceful relations.

Anyone who went against these directions disqualified themselves from having a voice, as there were those who wanted to subvert the process, to act for other parties with special interests. The only special interest here was the Common Good. This organization had no official powers, was not part of government, was separate from Indian Act governance. It had no funding. It was run through service. It made use of all our modern technologies. And before it began there was a Large Assembly, a Gathering. At the Gathering the people voiced their thoughts, they spoke their concerns and hopes and cautions. They shared their visions.

A Document was conceived. It was a plan for the road ahead: a Seven Generations Path. It was made available for everyone physically, and digitally. A practical, spiritual document. It was painted on hide. It was made into songs. It was a gift for the people now, and the people to come. It detailed the way we should walk forward in every aspect of life: Economic, Political, Financial, and so on. It showed a new way to think about Kanata

and its relation to the world and All Our Relations.

That is what I saw and share with you today. Can it happen? Will it happen? It must happen. In my vision it already existed, already thrived.

I ask that those who know how to organize such matters devote some small part of your time to making it happen. There is no room for negativity here, no room for lateral violence, for hate, for anger. If those are the gifts you bring, perhaps you should reconsider your approach. Bring only the best of you, the greatest version of you, the version of you that is becoming free from colonization and the culture of fear and blame. You are standing on the precipice of a great change. Peace, organization, and a giving, healing spirit. That's our gift to everyone and to our generations to come and it starts here. It starts now. Light the flame. Light the Fire. Open yourself to your greatest possibility. Are you ready?

*Aaron Paquette is a First Nations artist and the founder of Cree8 Success, a philosophy of injecting creativity into the practices and lives of youth, teachers and enterprise. Aaron is of Cree, Cayuse and Norwegian ancestry. He is based in Edmonton, Alberta. Follow Aaron on Twitter@aaronnaquette. Thanks to Bob Desjarlait and Reyna Crow (Idle No More/Duluth) for making this connection.*

On Midsummer's Eve 1865, some thirty Finns and Sámi landed on the shores of the Portage Canal in present day Hancock, and trudged the steep hill to Swedetown where they immediately began to work in the copper mines. Thus began the Finnish presence in the Copper Country - one of the nation's most significant Finnish-American communities. By 1910, the region's Finns numbered in the thousands and many events that occurred here have defined Finnish-American history and identity to this very day.

Celebrating and honoring Finnish-American culture, the Copper Country will host FinnFest USA - a national gathering of Finns.

To learn more, visit  
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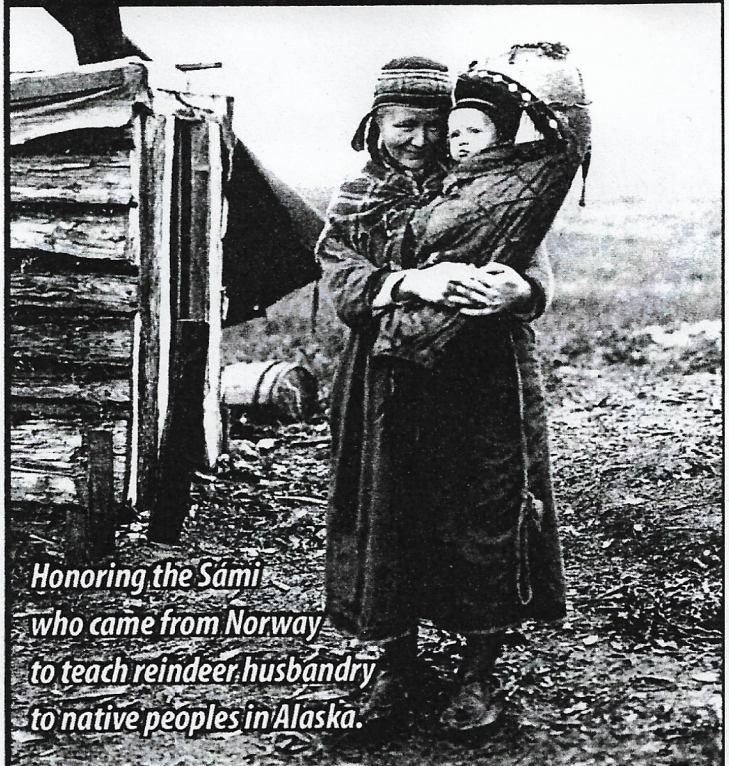
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JUHANNUS - A MIDSUMMER EVE'S DREAM

Photo - Aaron W. Hautala/Red House Media

# The Sámi Reindeer People of Alaska

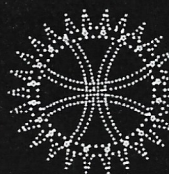
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*Honoring the Sámi  
who came from Norway  
to teach reindeer husbandry  
to native peoples in Alaska.*

Coordinated by the Sami Culture Center of North America  
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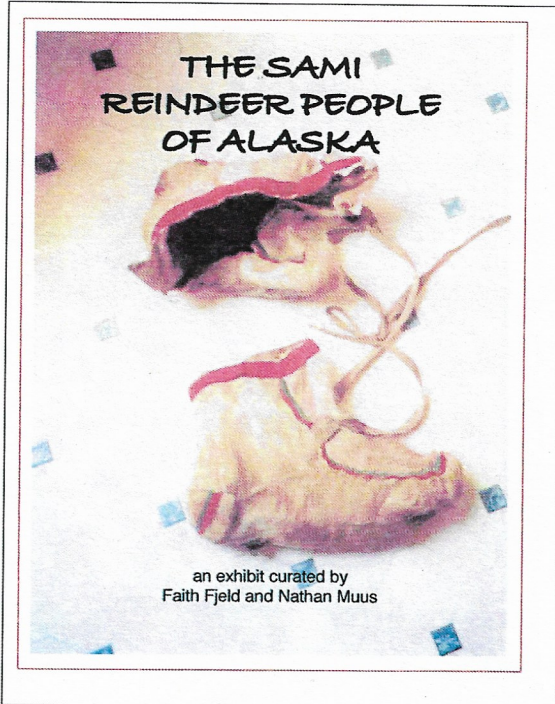
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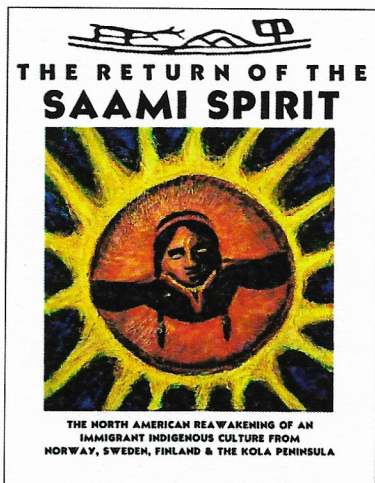
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## THE EXHIBIT CATALOG



The 54-page exhibit catalog is available from the Sami Cultural Center of North America, 5263 North Shore Drive, Duluth, MN 55804, USA. It features a history of the Alaska Reindeer Project by Faith Fjeld, photos and stories from the exhibit, a list of the Reindeer Project families and an extensive bibliography. Cost per copy is \$10 plus \$4 shipping for 1 copy, \$2 for each additional copy. Minnesota residents add 69¢ tax per copy. Canadian orders are US\$10 plus US\$5 shipping. European orders are US\$20 including shipping.

The exhibit catalog can also be ordered on-line : <http://givemn.razoo.com/story/Sami-Cultural-Center-Of-North-America>. After paying for the catalog online, please send your mailing address to the Cultural Center address above.



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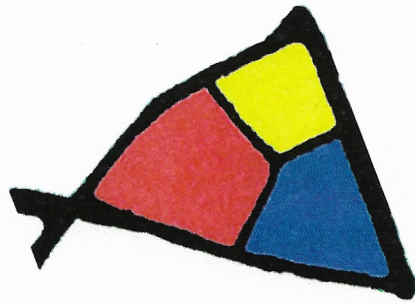
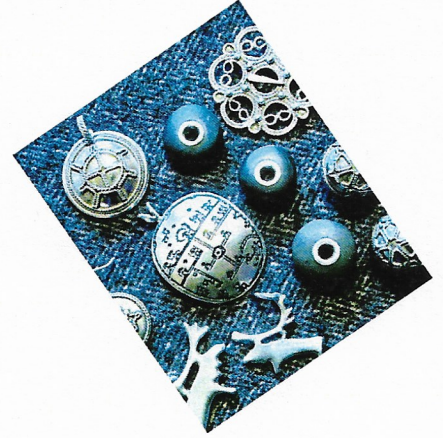
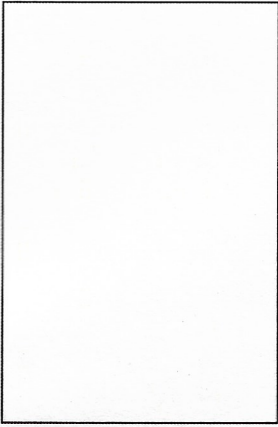
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