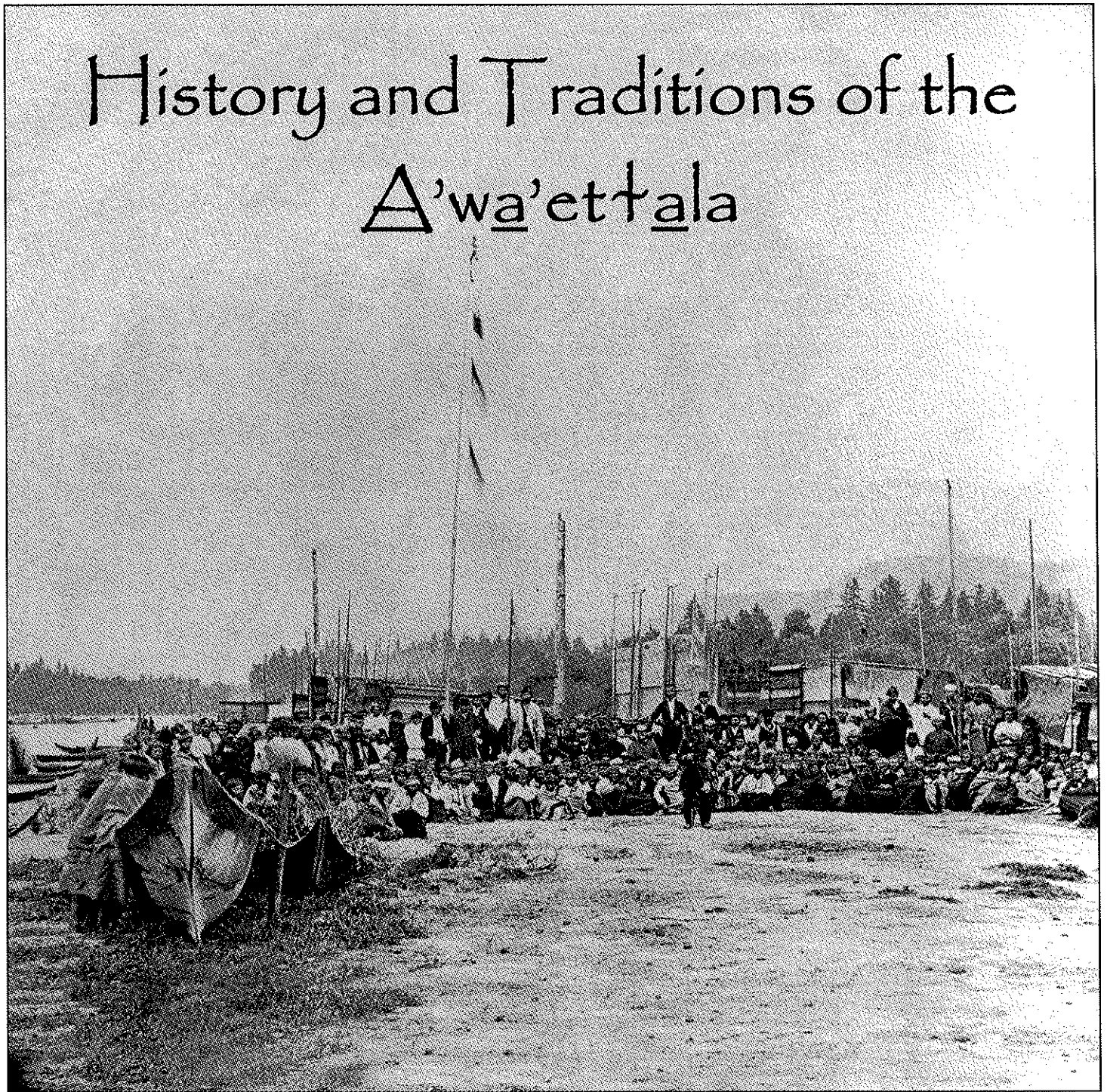




U'mista News



History and Traditions of the A'wa'ettala



Awa'ettala (Knight Inlet) 1890 by R. Maynard.

Photograph Courtesy Royal British Columbia Museum PN 2291

Gilakas'la 'Nał'namyut Ninamukw!

Greetings Relatives Friends

Some great news about the remaining pieces of the Potlatch Collection from the National Museum of the American Indian! Our treasures have finally passed inspection at U.S. Customs (Department of Fish and Wildlife) and we will now prepare to receive them before year-end. We will need to plan a welcome celebration for October or November to mark the occasion.

Gilakas'la/Thank you to Malidi (Peter Macnair) and Juanita, our Collections Manager, for all their work on this repatriation project which is part of our continuing work on our Specific Claim against the Federal Government. As you are aware, we initiated a Specific Claim against the Federal Government based upon the illegal removal of what is now referred to as the "Potlatch Collection" which includes masks and other treasures our people use in our ceremonies - The Potlatch.

Our Chiefs and others were sent to prison in 1922 and the Potlatch was declared illegal under a Federal law which wasn't struck from the statute books until 1951. The Specific Claim is for the return of all the treasures that were removed illegally and costs for properly housing

Chairman's Report



William T. Cranmer
Chairman of the Board

the collection plus addressing other effects of the anti-potlatch law.

The Federal Government rejected our claim last year. While attending an Assembly of First Nations Confederacy meeting in Ottawa last year, I called the office of the Indian Claims Commission (ICC) and arranged a meeting with Phil Fontaine to talk about this claim and the 'Namgis claim on Cormorant Island. As a result of the meeting, the legal team of ICC will review our Specific Claim and is now working with our lawyer, Stan Ashcroft. It's difficult to understand how the Federal Government can try to "weasel" out of their fiduciary responsibility.

We hope that the Kwakwala classes being coordinated by Vera

will continue to attract community members who want to learn Kwakwala. This project is made possible with funding from the Woodlands Cultural Centre's Aboriginal Language Initiative (ALI) Funding. While we would like to expand the work in the area of Language we can only proceed with the small amounts of funds we receive as a result of funding applications to the different funding agencies.

Andrea was successful in another funding application to First Peoples Cultural Foundation which will enable us to start planning for what we are calling Kwakwaka'wakw Language - Culture Centre in Communities. The centre will serve all Kwakwaka'wakw and we will be calling for participation from all our members in the planning stage.

On a final note - I would like to express condolences to the families of Dave Dawson of the Dzawada'enux and Alice Smith of the Kwikwasut'inux/Haxwamis who were laid to rest this past weekend (March 23rd). We all suffer a great loss when our old people pass away because of the knowledge that dies with them. Dave worked with our community when the U'mista was first being established and Alice has always been a supporter of the work that we do.

Yu'am!

Greetings to you all.

Since our last newsletter things, as usual, have been bustling around here at the Centre. We have been busy meeting deadlines for submitting funding proposals for various projects and some I am happy to report we have received already. These proposals are all developed with our mandate in mind and discussions with Board and staff over time. As the Board has accepted our continued development as an information and resource centre with kwak'wala language being a very important part of this process, it is with this in mind that our proposals are developed and reviewed.

Following a lengthy planning process with the Board of Directors, staff, consultants and communities, it was decided that the time has come after 20 years where we had to review and/or update our current policies and financial planning. As the opportunities in both federal and provincial government funding change, we have to review the effects the changes will have to our own financial positions and plan accordingly. This is not necessarily a negative process to undertake as situations like this can only make us very aware of being cognizant of our well being as a Society and our responsibilities to our membership. We will keep you updated and informed as projects come on line or changes as they occur.

One funding opportunity in particular is the Cultural Spaces of

Special Projects Coordinator Report



Andrea Sanborn
Special Projects Coordinator

Canada announced by the Department of Canadian Heritage that provides funding up to 33% of eligible project costs for construction and renovation of arts and heritage facilities. As we have three more phases to our original expansion plans this is a program we will be reviewing closely.

Other exciting projects that have been approved for us are two Aboriginal Language Initiatives with one of them to do an evaluation of kwak'wala and resources and the other for research, planning, documentation and preservation and digitization of some materials. Another approved project is the Virtual Museum project from the Canadian Heritage Information Network where we are developing a website based on **The Story of The Masks** using information we have about the

Potlatch Collection and also including some contemporary interviews relating to the role of the mask in our culture.

We have also been lucky to be included in an approved project with the Museum of Anthropology and I will let our Collections Manager, Juanita Pasco tell you about that.

As this edition is about Dzawadi or Knight Inlet it is with fond memories of my own family visits to this magical place that I will write about. Juanita and the Communication Director trainees will focus on more historical information for you.

For years I listened in wonder to the stories of Dzawadi and wondered when or if I would ever get to visit this place. Well, many years later my family was able to do that when we first went with the Stauffers and were welcomed warmly by the Beans family to their camp and in turn by all who travel to Dzawadi annually.

The primary purpose for these treks is for the harvest of the eulachon for rendering into t'fina or oil that is the staple of sustenance for the Kwakwaka'wakw and smoking the eulachons to then be added to the larder in the freezer. Our families have always used t'fina and eulachons as an important food source but many of us have never been fortunate enough to witness the harvest and preparation of this product. My family has been one of the lucky ones to

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Yo! Wiksas?

I hope everyone is doing well! On March 4th and 7th I attended the first week of Kwakwala classes and am still enjoying them immensely. The course is taught by the community and is a fun, comfortable learning environment. I highly recommend the class to anyone interested. I know I look forward to each class! Classes are Monday and Thursday evenings from 6:30 pm to 8:00 pm and are held at the T'hisalagi'lakw School.

I have received the best news from Jim Pepper Henry, Repatriation Program Manager at the National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institute. The Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora (CITES) and the Marine Mammal Protection Act (MMPA) permits have been issued! After nearly 12 months of waiting, the red tape has finally been worked out. We are planning the celebration for the return of these pieces for October or mid November 2002. The NMAI will in all likelihood send three representatives to the celebration, Jim Pepper Henry, Lars Krutak and Gerald McMasters were the three names mentioned. I will keep you posted.

More good news! The UBC Museum of Anthropology's CFI Grant was approved! This means the project will now move forward. The approval of this innovative project is exciting for several reasons. One of which is the opportunity to share our knowledge and have it accepted on par with "university" level research. First Nations knowledge is no less valuable than the knowledge of university scholars.

Collections Update



Juanita Pasco
Collections Manager

Also, we will be able to have easier access to their existing information once the network is up and running.

Ryan has decided that Collections Management is not his area of interest and so has left the internship here at the Cultural Centre. In the two months that Ryan was here he completed a number of tasks and we wish him the best in whatever career path he chooses to pursue. We would like to thank the First Peoples Cultural Foundation for being so understanding and accepting Ryan's decision.

The Hymnal is close to completion. Lorraine Hunt is proofing the final 6 hymns in Kwakwala and we are still searching for the English words for two hymns, "Here We Suffer Grief and Pain" and "Hallelujah for Victory". So if anyone knows the lyrics or where we can find them please let us know. Mavis Gillie was a great help in tracking down the lyrics for "I Will Follow My

Savior". We are also discussing ways to keep the costs down with our printer. The initial quote was far more than we have to spend on the printing.

Not only have we been busy with the hymnal, newsletter, refurbishing exhibits and research we have also been answering the information requests that continue to pour into the centre via e-mail, fax and regular mail. A lot of my time has been spent writing a Movable Cultural Property Grant (to purchase a raven rattle attributed to Bob Harris) and applications for certification(s) for tax receipts for recent gifts such as the Button Blanket donated by Yvonne Toynbee of the Pegasus Gallery, and a proposed gift by John Nicolson of Port Hardy.

My apologies for neglecting to mention the Alfred family in the Fall issue of U'mista News and a huge thank you to George Alfred for bringing it to our attention. I have changed the master copy of the Newsletter to fix this mistake and future copies of this newsletter will be correct. We will continue with our research of each of the Kwakwaka'wakw villages and once they have all been published we will go back and respond to any questions, correct any errors and add updates as required in the proceeding issue of U'mista News.

One final note, I have read through the legend "Night-Hunter and Day-Hunter" and rewritten it into a more readable format for our Newsletter. I always try to keep the legend the same as it was recorded by Franz Boas but remove extraneous words and sentences. We just do not have the space to reprint each legend verbatim.

Gilakas'la

THE KWAKWAKA'WAKW, (The Kwakwala Speaking Tribes)

Ever since the white people first came to our lands, we have been known as the Kwawkewlths by Indian Affairs or as the Kwakiutl by anthropologists. In fact, we are the Kwakwaka'wakw, people who speak the same language, but who live in different places and have different names for our separate groups.

Some of the tribes of the Kwakwaka'wakw have disappeared, among them the Awa'et'ala of Knight Inlet, the Nakamgalisala of Hope Island, the Yut'inuxw of Cox and Lanz Islands. A few of the groups died out, while some amalgamated with other groups. Some of the villages have been abandoned for years.

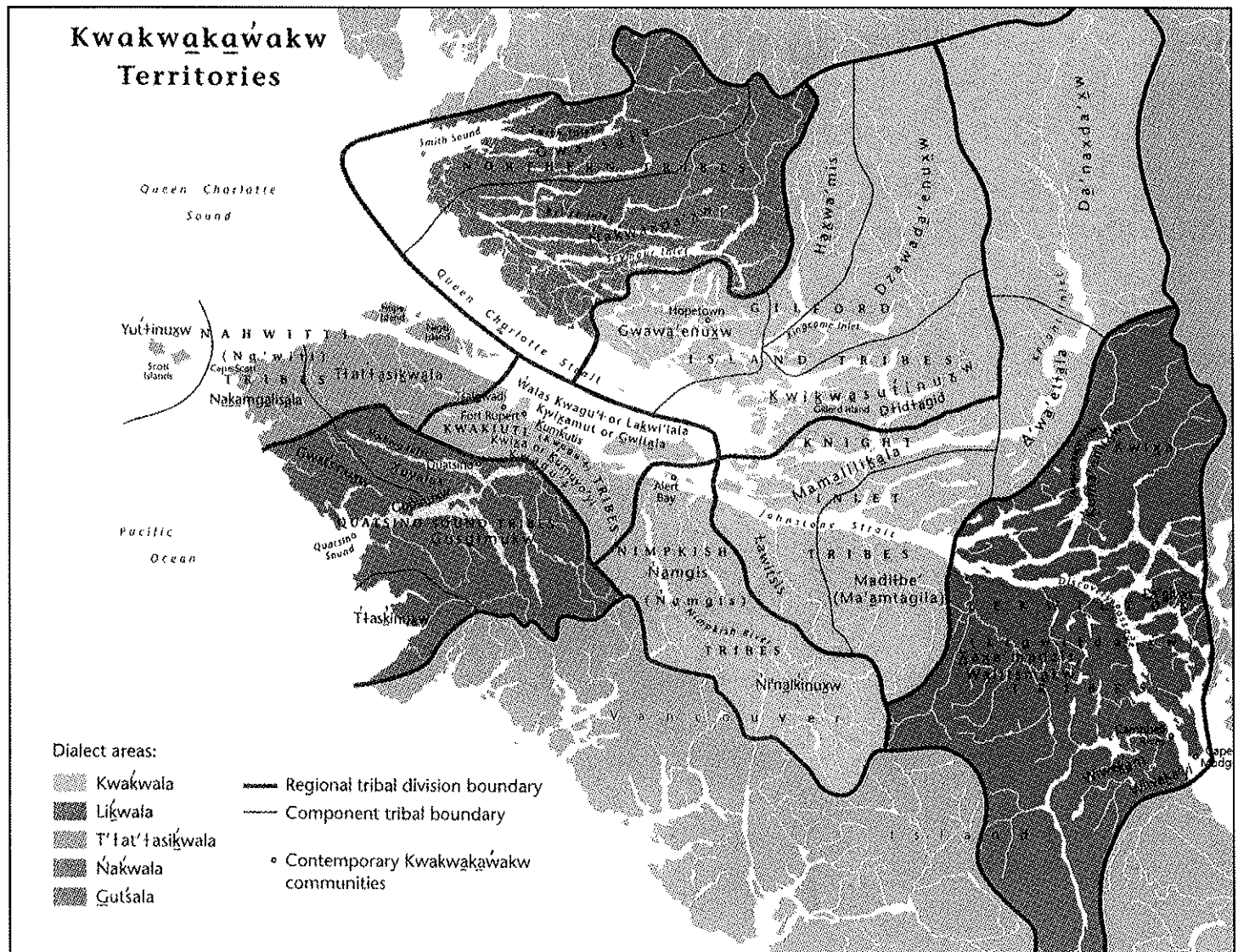
In this exhibit, the legends of the Kwakwaka'wakw are presented, along with photographs of the original villages

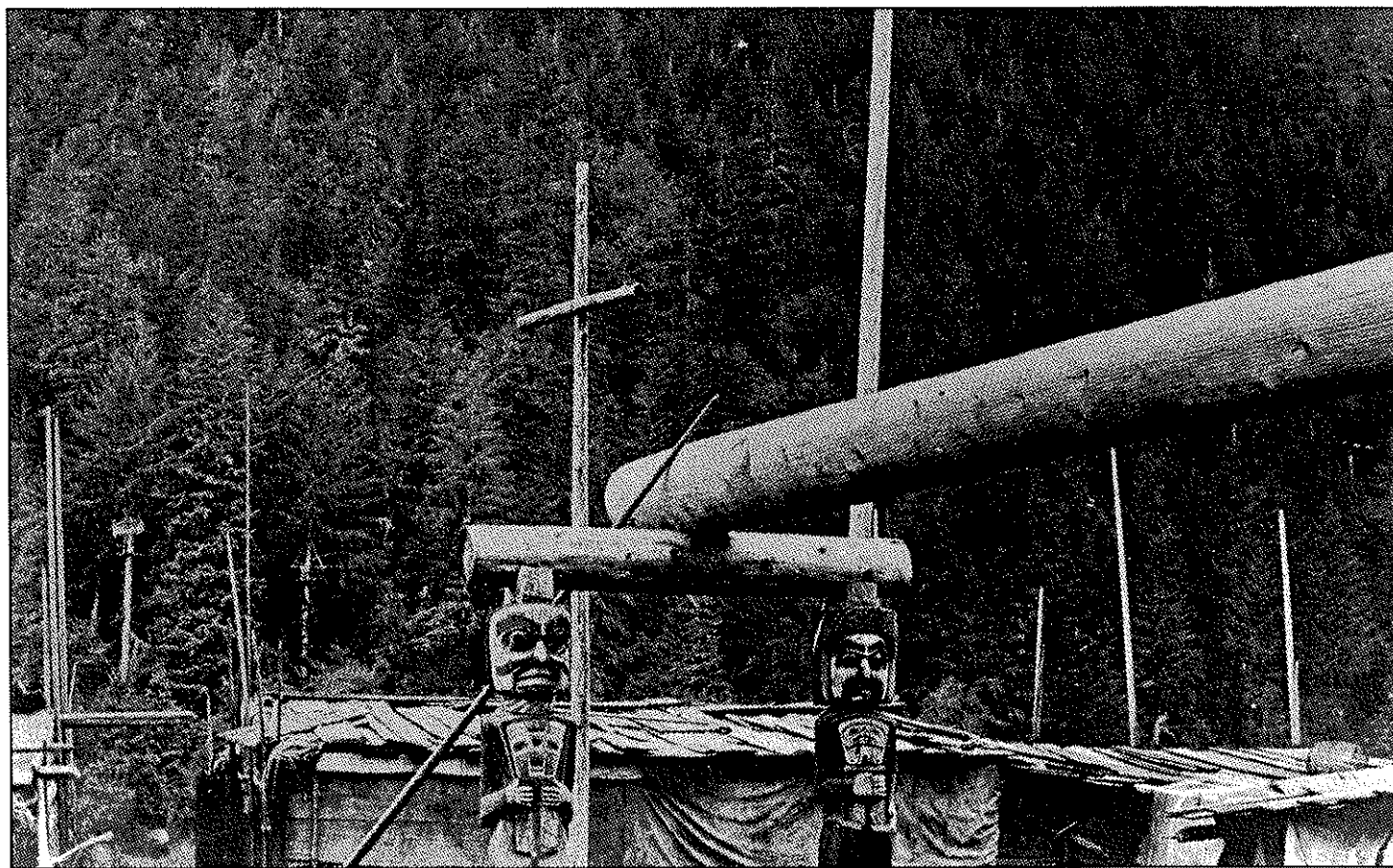
where these are available. The photographs are arranged in traditional rank order as recorded by George Hunt in consultation with knowledgeable people of his time. The fact that consensus as to this order no longer exists is evidence that our culture is alive and changing.

Each group of people on earth has its own story of how it came to be. As Bill Reid says in his Prologue to Indian Art of the Northwest Coast:

"In the world today, there is a commonly held belief that thousands of years ago, as the world counts time, Mongolian nomads crossed the land bridge to enter the western hemisphere, and became the people now known as the American Indians. There is, it can be said, some scanty evidence to support the myth of the land bridge. But there is an enormous wealth of proof to confirm that the other truths are all valid."

These are some of our truths.





The remains of a gukwdzi at Dzawadi, note the two burial boxes in the trees to the left. Circa 1900.

Photograph Courtesy Royal British Columbia Museum PN 2288

A'wa'ett̓ala Dzawadi (Knight Inlet)

Among the ancestors of the A'wa'ett̓ala is a woman who was a slave but escaped. She went upriver until she came to a house, and looking inside through a crack in the wall she saw two images of women. One image was made of a pile of mountain-goat hair, and the other image was a heap of spindles. Hearing someone approach, the woman hid. A man entered the house and nodded to the images of women saying, "Please speak to me and start to become real women." Then he divided the mountain-goat meat which he had brought into two pieces and set one piece before each image. The next morning he left to fish.

The woman entered the house and, although she was hungry, she simply cooked the meat and laid it before the images of women. When the man returned that evening with fish he was pleased. He said, "Thank you, women, that you are now becoming women and are starting to work." He placed a fish before each of the women and the next morning he went out again.

The woman again entered the house and cut and cooked the fish. Then she spun the wool, and finishing it she laid in on the ground where the image of the women had been. The man returned that evening and was again pleased because the women had begun to work. He spoke to them, saying, "Thank you for beginning to work." And the next morning he went out again.

The woman then entered the house and burned the images all except for the feet, which she left laying beside the fire. When the man returned that evening he discovered the feet of those who had been his wives and he cried. He thought that the women had merely been jealous of each other. Then, the woman entered and sat by his side. She told him, I am the one who was really pictured in your images. And, then he married the woman and it was not long before she had many children. Then the men married their sisters and they became a large tribe. That is the end.

Adapted from Boas and Hunt, Kwakiutl Texts, 1905-6.



Eulachons in a pit at Dzawadi, c. 1975.

Photograph Courtesy U'mista Cultural Centre UPN-04226

Dzawadi

By Nicole Alfred, from an interview with Stella Beans.

The entrance to Dzawadi is about 80 miles from Alert Bay, an 8-hour trip on a seine boat. Dzawadi is sacred land. The old people used to say that if they were sick they'd go to Dzawadi and their pain or sickness would go away. It is a different country up there. You can go up there and not have to worry about anything to do with the outside world, no ferries, and no phones ringing. You can go up there and just enjoy yourself. It is a place where you're at peace, a place where you'll always want to go back. The old people also used to say that as you go into Dzawadi there's a man watching you. He looks after you while you're up there. There is also a waterfall there where you can go, undress and cleanse and purify yourself under it.

Kwakwaka'wakw have been going to Dzawadi for generations to make t'ina from oolichans. T'ina used to be the staple of our ancestor's diet. It's a medicine. It is really important to make sure that we take our children and grandchildren up to Dzawadi when t'ina is being made so that they can learn the procedure and techniques and then they can pass it on to their children and grandchildren to keep our tradition alive.

The return of oolichans has declined dramatically in the past years due to logging and environmental changes along the river. It used to take one set to fill your pit, now sometimes you have to fish at night to get the oolichans because they wouldn't be there during the

day. There was a scare a few years ago when no few oolichans returned to the river and nobody was able to make any t'ina. Everybody went without except for the lucky ones who still had t'ina from the previous year. The old people used to look up at the first moon after the New Year and they could tell if it was going to be a good year for the oolichans, amazingly they knew. They would also say that if a canoe tipped over with oolichans in it, it would be a bad omen and the oolichans would not return the following year. Today you have to be happy with what you get because you just never know how many oolichans will return.

Making t'ina is an art. Some people don't realize how much preparation and work goes into it but everybody tends to pull together. You have to fish for the oolichans, put them in the pit and know how long to keep them sitting there, ripening. Everyone has different variations on how long to leave them, anywhere from 8 days to 2 weeks. When the oolichans have ripened to your preference you move them into a tub with a fire under it and have the temperature anywhere from 140 -145 degrees Fahrenheit. You have to keep that constant temperature in order for the grease to keep coming up. While it's in the tub you put a long stick in the water and scoop the oolichans up and then shake the meat off the bones by banging it down on the edge of the tub, usually 3 or 4 times, this helps the grease rise also. When that procedure is all done you skim the grease off the

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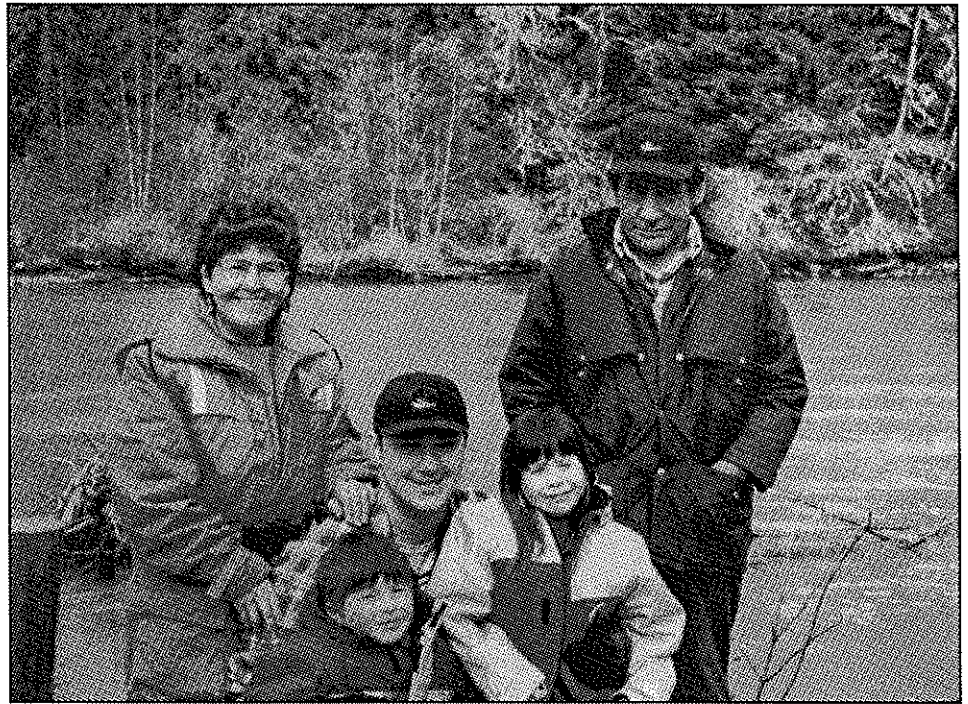
Dzawadi

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top, filter it and then pour it into the containers. Making t'łina is more complex than what I've described here, but it gives you an idea of some of the hard work involved. Everyone that goes up to Dzawadi to make t'łina say they learn something new every time, there's so much involved. You have to respect the village and river also; the old people were strict about this. It is all about respect or may'a'xla.

Our ancestors used to walk the grease trails to the west coast, and Alberta among other places to trade for supplies that they needed. It's a very big thing to give oolichan oil at a potlatch, there's nothing higher, and it's a prized possession.

I have a lot of respect for the people who are dedicated to travel to



L-R; Stella Beans, William Wasden Jr. Stephen Beans, Helen Ann Beans and Stephen (Stevie) Beans at Dzawadi, circa 1995

Dzawadi every spring to make t'łina and I hope that I too someday can experience this tradition and pass it down to my son.

Photograph Courtesy Stella Beans.
Thanks to Stella Beans for sharing her story and I also obtained information from the video *T'łina: A Rendering of Wealth*.

Gilakas'la

Special Project Coordinator's Report

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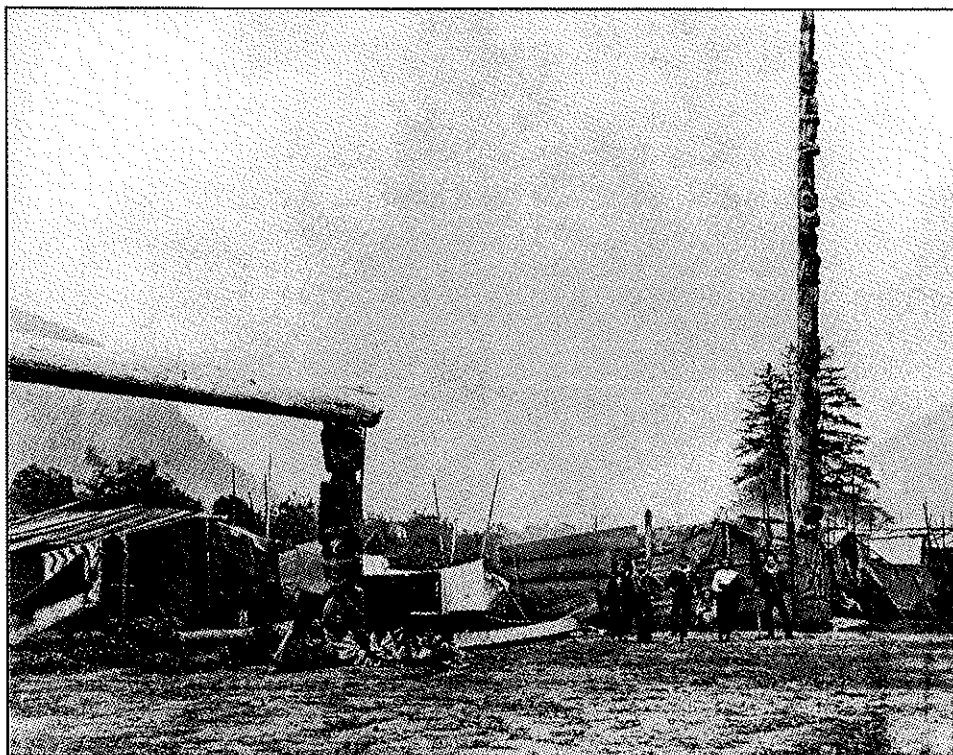
not only have witnessed the process but also have been able to participate in the harvest and preparation of eulachons for processing. The whole process has not changed much since our ancestors time other than maybe a few of the tools and storage containers that are used today. The teamwork required to harvest and process the eulachon is more than work. It is about family and friends helping each other in

every aspect from preparing for the trip, gathering and buying food stuffs, equipment, fuel, etc., setting up camp, cutting wood, cooking, sharing stories about the harvest and just being together. I could go on and on about this but rather than do that I will recommend that you watch *T'łina: A Rendering of Wealth* a video by Barb Cranmer. It is available for viewing at the Centre and also for purchase if you want your own copy.

The thing that really struck me as we visited Dzawadi is that it is like entering a different world.

No phones, no noise except for the talking and laughter. Everyone is relaxed and comfortable. Time means nothing.....as long as the chores are done. What a wonderful way for children to grow up being close to the old ones to hear the stories about life and culture and be made to feel so important. Then time marches on into something they call progress.

Having written this I am now driven to visit Dzawadi again. I will tell you about our trip when I return.



Dzawadi, no date, no photographer. Three sailors posing in front of a totem pole at the village. Gukwdzi remains in the foreground.

Photograph Courtesy Royal British Columbia Museum PN 2796

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw

The village of the A'wae'ttala was at Olachen-Place. Their chief Wealthy had two sons, Raven-Nose and Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw. They were a happy tribe because they were so numerous. One night war was made upon them by a tribe. The only survivors were Wealthy and his two sons.

The next day Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw felt bad. He told his father, "I shall go inland. Don't worry about me, my dear!" His father replied, "Only take care, son, else something might happen to you. Take good care, for you are going to try your luck, child. For four days rub your body with hemlock-branches, else you will retain the smell of man."

He left and went into the woods to rub his body with hemlock-branches. He did this for four days.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw went up the river of Olachen-Place and arrived at a lake. A Loon swam ashore and questioned Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw, "What are you doing here?" he replied, "I am trying to get a supernatural gift." "Take my name. Now your name will be Place-of-Heat." said the Loon, then he left.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw continued up the river. He arrived at another lake, and sat down by its side where he saw a Seal. The Seal came ashore and asked, "What are you doing here?" Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw replied, "I am trying to get a supernatural gift." The Seal answered, "Take my name. Now your name will be Lale'lawik'amae." Then the seal left.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw continued up the river again arriving at a large lake,

where he sat down by its side. There he saw a Sea-Lion. The Sea-Lion swam ashore and questioned him, "What are you doing here, friend?" Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw replied "I am trying to get a supernatural gift." The Sea-Lion said, "Take my name. Now your name will be Loaded-Canoe." Then the Sea-Lion left and Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw went further up the river of Olachen-Place.

He arrived at a very large lake, and sat by its side. He saw a Whale spouting in the lake. It came towards the shore where Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw was (sitting). The Whale asked him what he was doing. Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw replied, "I am trying to get a supernatural gift." The Whale said, "Take my name. Now your name will be Property-on-Body, and Great-Whale, and Sitting-below-Him, and Spouting-Everywhere." Then the Whale left.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw felt so badly, he cried. He had been to all the lakes, and he merely wanted to kill himself. For four days he sat by the side of the lake and bathed in the water. He wanted to see the top of the mountain, and he went up. He arrived on the top of the great mountain named Outlook. He didn't see anything.

He went to another large mountain named Elder-Brother. Nothing was to be seen from Elder-Brother either, feeling badly Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw left to return home. He discovered mist halfway down the mountains. He started towards it, arriving there in the evening. There he saw a lake with steep (rocks) all round, like a washtub.

He searched in vain for a way down to the lake. He slept that night, in the

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morning he twisted four long cedar-withes. Their ends reached to the water.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw saw a small island floating about in the lake. He climbed (down) the cedar rope and went into the water of the lake. Immediately he was covered in humming-birds from the water that sucked his body. He came out of the water and climbed up the cedar rope.

There he took off the humming-birds, his body was full of blood. That evening Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw climbed down the cedar rope again and washed in the lake. The same thing happened with the humming-birds. He climbed up the cedar rope again, and sat on the ground at the place where he was staying.

The next morning Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw saw a cloud coming from above downward to the lake. When the cloud lifted he saw a canoe on the lake with fifteen men in it. Fourteen of the men were paddling. One man stood in the bow of the canoe, carrying a harpoon and aiming ahead. They kept close to the island.

Three times they went around the island. Then Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw climbed down the rope and dived into the water, he swam underwater to the island. He emerged at the island. It was not long before the canoe came to where he was.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw grasped the under side of the canoe's bow. All the men were afraid of him and ran to the stern of the canoe. One of the men said, "Go see what it is." One man went to see. The man discovered Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw holding the bow of the canoe. He left to tell the other men.

Their leader said, "Oh, my dear, let go! Now this water of life shall be yours," but Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw raised the bow of the canoe. The man spoke again, "Oh, my dear, let go! Now this fire-bringer shall be yours." Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw raised the bow of the canoe higher. The man said, "Let go. Now this death-bringer shall be yours." Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw lifted the bow of the canoe.

Finally the man said, "Oh, my dear, let go! This self-paddling canoe shall be yours, and the name for the winter dance. Your name shall be A'miaxet and Made-to-be-Winter-Dance. I am the harpooner of our world." Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw let go of the canoe, and the harpooner and his crew stepped out of the canoe. Then he took the water of life, the fire-bringer, and the death-bringer, and put them into the canoe. Then he took the canoe and squeezed it. Then he put it into the ring of red cedar-bark and put it on the forehead of Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw.

The harpooner advised Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw, "Take care, merely sprinkle the water of life on whomever you wish to resuscitate. Swing the fire-bringer towards (anything), no matter how far off, and it will burn. When you go to war, take this death-bringer, and do the same [way] as you did before, and men, water-monsters, and animals, all will die. When you want to go traveling in this canoe, only put it into the water, go aboard, and say "Paddle." Then all these paddles will paddle. Its name is Paddle-Side-Canoe."

The man disappeared and Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw went home. When he was near his house, he took the fire-bringer and tried it on the other

side of the house of Wealthy. It caught fire at once, Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw was glad.

When Wealthy saw the mountain burning, he said, "Oh, my dear, your younger brother, Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw, has done rightly." He guessed that Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw caused the trees on the mountains at the other side of the village burn.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw entered his father's house and his father gave him food. He reported to his father, and told him about the red cedar-bark and the names. He asked his father, "O father! let us make war all around our world. Take a good canoe, that we may go to war, but be quick, and let us search for those who killed our tribe." His father replied, "Indeed, child, indeed, I think you have a supernatural gift. Let us go tomorrow, but take care of the water-monsters at the place to which you are going to paddle."

That evening he cleaned a good canoe, the paddles, and the mats. The next morning, Wealthy launched the canoe. He told Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw, who got ready at once.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw got in the canoe and called Raven-Nose. Raven-Nose got in as well but Wealthy did not go with his children.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw said to Raven-Nose, "I do not like our traveling-canoe, I will exchange it (for another)." Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw took off his cedar-bark head-ring, and took out a small piece of cedar wood. He put it into the water and then a canoe was on the water. Fifteen paddles were already on its sides. He jumped into it and called Raven-Nose, who also got

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Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw

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in. Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw took off his cedar-bark head-ring, and took out wood that was like (splints) gnawed off by a beaver. He told his canoe to go on, saying "Ye!" Then he tried (his fire-bringer), swinging it towards the side opposite the house. It caught fire at once. Then he swung it towards the lower side, it also caught fire.

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw instructed the paddles to go on and they began paddling at once. Wealthy was happy when he saw his son's magic gifts.

The canoe brought them to Gio'x where they saw the monster sea-otter. Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw swung his death-bringer towards it, and the sea-otter became a stone.

At Gio'x he saw the village. He went ashore and was at once invited in. The brothers were given food.

After they had eaten

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw asked, "Who are you, brother?" The man replied, "I am Weather-Maker, and my wife is Wind-Maker-Woman."

Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw replied, "Thank you, brother. Now we have met. I am Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw. I am the son of Wealthy, and this is my elder brother, Raven-Nose."

Weather-Maker asked, "Where are you going?" Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw answered, "We are going up this river." Weather-Maker replied, "Don't, my dear, else you will have ill luck. This lake has monster herrings." Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw replied, "Don't you know the water monster at Tsaxu'la, which devours the canoes that cross there? That was vanquished

by me." Then he called his elder brother, and said, "I will change your name."

He took his elder brother by the hand, and rubbed the death-bringer on it. Then his hand turned into stone and Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw said, "Now your name will be Stone-Hand." Weather-Maker said, "Oh, my dear, you are not an ordinary man. Now I see what kind of man you are. Go on and make war on the monster herrings of which we are afraid; but take care, my dear!"

The canoe paddled, and arrived at the lake. As soon as they arrived in the middle of the lake, the monster herrings appeared. Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw tried to swing his fire-bringer toward them, but the herrings did not die. They jumped into the canoe and the canoe sank. Xa'na'tsamgi'lakw and Stone-Hand were dead. The end.

Prayer to the oolichan

"Now welcome, fish, you who have come, brought by the Chief of the World-Above that I see you again. that I come to exert my privilege of being the first to string you, fish. I mean this, that you may have mercy on me that I may see you again next year when you come back to this your happy place, fish"

Thus the prayer of a Kwakiutl woman as she strung a sharpened cedar stick through the left gills and mouths of the oolichan.

**Franz Boas, *The Religion of the Kwakiutl Indians*, II, pg. 203.

Oolichan – The Strung Up Fish

AT THE TIME the Transformer created the oolichan, he had crossed over from Vancouver Island to Knight Inlet, a long winding inlet at the end of Queen Charlotte Strait. When he arrived at the top of the inlet he saw some people camped by the mouth of the river.

"What would you like to have come up your river?" he asked the people. "Would you like salmon to smoke? Would like oolichan for oil and to eat fresh."

So the Transformer took his blanket from around his shoulders and dipped one corner in the water of the river. Suddenly the

river swarmed with little silver fish – oolichans.

The people feasted on fresh oolichans and dried some for the future. They made the rest into oolichan oil, storing the fresh oil in kelp bulbs.

It has been said the oolichans are so oily that if you light the end of a dried one it will burn like a candle.

Kwakiutl Legends. pp. 34-35

NOTE: Throughout this Newsletter you will notice two spellings of Eulachon, both are correct. The more familiar spelling of Oolichan is used locally and Eulachon is the other spelling.

Night-Hunter and Day-Hunter

told by L!a'bid, an A'wa'et'ala story. Recorded by George Hunt.

Head-Copper-Maker (T'łakwagi-lagame') and his 'na'mima, the First-Ones (Gigilgam) were living in a village when True-Copper-in-House (T'łakwaiłk'anakw) came and married Shelter (T'a'tant'sid) of the First-Ones 'na'mima of the Great Kwagu'ł. True-Copper-in-House had two sons when her father, Spreading-Dancer (Lapalał) died. True-Copper-in-House was his only child; so she put her small son in his former seat.

So he carried the name of the 'na'mima of his father Shelter, The First-Ones ; and the Big-Ones (his grandfather's 'na'mima) which became known as the First-Ones for the A'wa'et'ala, those who came down (first) at Hump-Back-Salmon-place (Hanwadi).

When the First-Ones lived at I'awigalis Head-Copper-Maker had four sons. While he was sitting on his summer seat with his four children the eldest son spoke, "What shall I do for our father? I will be a harpooner that he may always butcher for our tribe." And then the one next to him (second oldest) also spoke, "I will also be a harpooner and I will have our youngest brother for my steersman; and your steersman shall be my younger brother. You will be Night-Hunter and I shall be Day-Hunter so that our father may keep on butchering for our tribe." This was the first time the brother's had these names. Head-Copper-Maker was glad about the words that his children had spoken, he wanted them to be seal hunters.

Night-Hunter immediately made ready with his steersman, the middle brother. Night-Hunter singed off the bottom of his hunting canoe and went inland and dug up hellebore. When they had obtained the hellebore they broke off the magic tip of hemlock. Then they went to the head of the river at I'awigalis. Night-Hunter took two hellebore roots and rubbed them on his body, instructing his brother to do the same. Then he rubbed hemlock boughs on his body when he finished with the hellebore root. His brother did the same.

As soon as they were finished they sat on the bank of the river and waited until evening to go hunting. As soon as it got dark they left the woods and went to where their hunting canoe was. They carried it down and went aboard, paddling to Skull Rock (Kagakwaa's), the point below I'awigalis. Then they steered for Open-Point (Axe'łba). As soon as they arrived there they heard the seals crying on top of the mountain Ga'tstaes, which is not far from Open-Point. Night-hunter paddled to the foot of Ga'tstaes and they were quiet listening for the seals to cry again; it wasn't long before the seals started crying again and the sound was coming from a terrace above them.

Night-Hunter immediately got out of the canoe and went up to the terrace carrying his cedar-with rope, long anchor line from his canoe and his seal club. Halfway up to the terrace he arrived at another terrace where he saw a small round fire ring

burning. When he went up to it he saw a great seal lying on the ground. The seal had a quartz crystal on the back of its neck, this was the "fire" he had seen burning.

As soon as the seal saw him it jumped down into the mouth of the sleeping place of the seals. Then there was much noise inside the cave, which was the road down, the breathing hole of the sleeping-place of the seals. When Night-Hunter looked down the hole a strong wind blew into his face. Night-Hunter put his cedar with rope down on a rock and headed back down to the canoe calling his brother, Kigid as he went.

When he arrived at the canoe he told Kigid, "By good luck I have found the sleeping-place of the seals. If you tell anyone about this, even your brother Day-Hunter or our father I shall kill you with this club." Kigid pleaded with his eldest brother saying he had no way of telling anyone about the sleeping-place of the seals. Then Night-Hunter told him they would go up the mountain that night.

When they arrived at the mouth of the sleeping-place of the seals Night-Hunter took the cedar with rope he had left behind and tied to a tree near the entrance to the hole. Then he asked Kigid to "pull me up when I tug at the rope." And it was not long before he tugged at the rope and Kigid hauled it up. It was very heavy on account of the large seal tied to it. Then Kigid let down the rope and again Night-Hunter tugged at it.

In total four large seals were hauled up before Kigid brought Night-Hunter up. Together they rolled the

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seals down to the water where Night-Hunter instructed Kigid to wash the seals and the inside of their mouths and their eyes to remove the soil and hemlock. As soon as the four large seals were washed they put them on board the traveling canoe and went home.

It was daylight when they arrived at Hump-Back-Place and Daylight-Hunter was just starting out, paddling toward Knight Inlet. Kigid unloaded the four seals while Night-Hunter went to his Big House.

Head-Copper-Maker immediately began to make a fire on the beach to singe the hair off of the seals. Then he cut them up and steamed them, inviting his tribe to his first seal feast made with the seals caught by his son Night-Hunter. When Day-Hunter returned that evening with only one sleepy-eyed seal he was very ashamed to learn that his brother had caught four large seals.

That evening Night-Hunter and Kigid went straight to Gatstaes and the sleeping-place of the seals. Night-Hunter took hold of the rope and went down with his seal club in one hand. It wasn't long before he tugged on the rope and Kigid hauled up a large seal. That night he hauled up eight large seals before hauling up Night-Hunter.

The place where they were piled up has the name "Throwing down the seals". They rolled the seals down to the water and Kigid washed them. Before placing them in the canoe Night-Hunter took his harpoon and speared them so it would look as if he had speared them to kill them. Then they placed them aboard their travel-

ing canoe and headed home. It was daylight when he arrived at Hump-Back-Place.

Day-Hunter was preparing to leave but as soon as he saw how low his brother's canoe was lying in the water he went up into his house because he was ashamed. Meanwhile Night-Hunter stepped out of his canoe and went to his house to sleep while Head-Copper-Maker went down to the beach to unload the eight seals.

Then Day-Hunter whispered to his brother, Watawid, to go secretly look in the mouths and eyes of the seals for soil or hemlock needles. The whole tribe, including Day-Hunter had guessed that Night-Hunter had found the sleeping-place of the seals. So Watawid pretended to their father to unload the seals, he immediately saw the soil in the eyes and the hemlock leaves in the mouths. He took some of the hemlock leaves and secretly gave them to his brother Day-Hunter.

Day-Hunter said, "Do not tell anyone that I have figured out that Night-Hunter is lucky and has found the sleeping-place of the seals." Then Day-Hunter's mind was at rest because he had found out. Head-Copper-Maker prepared the eight seals and cut them up. As soon as he was finished he invited the entire tribe to his house and gave out the raw seal meat.

When everyone had left Night-Hunter and Kigid went to sit down in the summer seat by the seaside of his house. Shortly after they sat down Day-Hunter and Watawid came and joined them. Night-Hunter asked, "What is your reason for not starting to paddle today, Day-Hunter?" And he replied, "O master, the reason I

didn't go is that I am really ashamed for you get many seals and I caught just one sleepy-eyed seal; I pray that you will agree to switching our names, that I may be Night-Hunter and you may be Day-Hunter." Then his brother laughed and said, "Go on! Be Night-Hunter, for you wish to have the name. Tonight you will go out where you always go and tomorrow I will go where I always go with the name Day-Hunter and you shall be Night-Hunter."

And so as soon as it got dark the new Night-Hunter started with his younger brother towards Knight Inlet. As soon as daylight came they went home with two seals. Then his eldest brother, who now had the name Day-Hunter started out. He went towards Kagakwaa's and as soon as he was out of sight his brothers followed him. As soon as they got to the point of Kagakwaa's they saw the new Day-Hunter steering for Open-Point (Axe'tba).

They followed along towards Open-Point staying close to the rocks so they wouldn't be seen. It wasn't too long before they discovered the traveling canoe of Day-Hunter and Kigid at the foot of Gatstaes. Then the new Night-Hunter stepped out of his canoe carrying his crab apple wood club. He hadn't gone far when he saw the trail of animals. He followed the trail to straight above where the canoes where. Kigid was so intent on pulling up his load and untying the seal that he did not hear Night-Hunter standing behind him.

Then Night-Hunter struck him with his club, killing him instantly. Then he took hold of the rope and let it down into the breathing-hole of the

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sleeping place of the seals. It wasn't long before the new Day-Hunter tugged at the rope and the new Night-Hunter hauled up the rope. Day-Hunter saw it was his brother Night-Hunter hauling up and as soon as Night-Hunter realized he'd been seen he stopped pulling him up and said, "You made a mistake, would it have been so bad for you to ask me for help with your great treasure, the sleeping place of the seals which is not often obtained by men? Now you will go and become a seal." The new Day-Hunter replied, "Don't be in such a hurry to do what you intend. It would be smart to look ahead and see that we can own this treasure together." But his words were in vain, Night-Hunter cut the rope and he fell down into the hole and died.

Night-Hunter then loaded his canoe with fire wood and went home, leaving behind the seals so that no one would know he had seen his brother. When he returned home his father asked where he had gone and he replied that he had gone to get fire wood. When his brother did not return home the next day the whole village suspected that Night-Hunter had killed him but Night-Hunter was very happy.

Day-Hunter who was thought to be dead, had fallen upon the rocks and stone floor at the bottom of the sleeping place of the seals. Day-Hunter knew that his belly had burst, for his intestines were scattered over the rocks. His mind, however, was whole and as he lay among the rocks he heard many men talking about his fall. They called him "Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks" (T'saxt'sak'agila) and were glad he was dead. They came and stood around him and Day-

Hunter heard someone call from farther away, "Why are you gathering around there?" One of the men replied, "Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks fell down into our house and is dead here." "Serves him right" replied the voice from far away.

As soon as he heard this Day-Hunter's heart grew strong and he stood up so quickly that some of the seals did not have time to put on their masks. Day-Hunter stood there while many of them put their masks on and he waited to see if they would speak to him or kill him. Then the chief, named Seal-Face (Migwatam) spoke. He was the large seal that Day-Hunter had seen with the quartz crystal in the nape of his neck. He said, "O tribe, now we have become secular for our friend, Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks, for he has seen that we are men, the same as him. Go on! Ask him! Does he not wish us to cure him?" One man who stood beside Day-Hunter said, "That is wished by him, that you should do so Chief." For he was the listener who was standing beside Day-Hunter. A man standing in the corner of the big house came over carrying a large dish full of the water of life. He sprinkled it over Day-Hunter and he was immediately cured. The chief asked "What is wished by our friend for his treasure? Does he want material for potlaches?" And Day-Hunter thought he did not want it, immediately the listener relayed his wishes, "He does not want it." The chief asked, "Does he want the carved posts and the Water of Life?" Day-Hunter thought, "What is the use of it" and immediately the listener said this. The chief became angry and said, "Does our friend want the Death-Bringing-Baton?" And Day-Hunter thought, "that is what I want, the Death-

Bringer" and so the listener said "That is wanted by our friend here, the Death-Bringer, so that he may take revenge on his younger brother."

So Day-Hunter obtained by good fortune the "Fire-Making Death-Bringing-Baton, that was the name of Death-Bringer." The chief then told his tribe, "later on I shall engage somebody to take our friend home, after he has been here for four days."

Day-Hunter spent his days walking about amongst the seals, who were men when they came home to their houses. The seal men called it "Place of Wealth" (K'o'mxda'ms) because as soon as night comes the tribes hold a winter ceremonial. Their morning is their summer and their evenings are their winter. Day-Hunter saw the sea grizzly bear, grizzly bear, war dance, laughing goose dance, killerwhale dance and the cannibal dance. Day-Hunter was called Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks while he was there.

The chief invited his tribe in the morning and asked Day-Hunter to go sit among the guests at the rear of the house. When he was seated the chief spoke, "The reason I called the tribe together is on account of our friend here, Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks, so that he may return home. So I am asking Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World (Hayilbalisala), he can hold his breath for a long time when diving and the entrance to our house is far away. I know that our friend Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks is anxious to go home he has been here for four days. Now come Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World and take our friend home." Then a really well dressed man came and said, "Now come, friend Making-

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Awake-on-the-Rocks let me try the length of your breath." Day-Hunter stood up and went to him. He was given Death-Bringer by the chief. Then Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World asked him to lie down on his back and to scratch his sides when he could no longer hold his breath. As soon as he was ready to dive he became a loon. Then he dived and did not stay down long before Day-Hunter scratched him. He immediately came up, then he dived again and stayed down longer before Day-Hunter scratched him. Then he came up and stayed down a long time. Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World spoke, "Now my heart is good, for your breath is longer. Go on now! try to hold it really long." Then he dived again. Now Day-Hunter's breath was even longer than Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World and he didn't have to scratch his side since they were still at the village of the seal men.

The last time they came up Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World said, "Now I am satisfied that you can hold your breath for long enough, get ready we shall soon leave." Then he dived and Day-Hunter knew that they were no longer at the sleeping place of the seals for the water was lighter.

He emerged outside of Egg Island (E'bakw) and Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World spoke to him saying, "Friend, I know your brother, Night-Hunter hurt you and I wish for you to take revenge on him. We shall have the sea monster ('Namxxelagiyu) who lives at Charcoal-at-the-Mouth-of-the-River (T'soŋnaxsiwe') to come at the same time as you." Then he asked Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks

(Day-Hunter) to hold his breath again because they were going very far away. Then he dived again and headed out towards the sea. He came up at Charcoal-at-the-Mouth-of-the-River and Day-Hunter saw lots of charcoal floating there. Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World said, "Take care friend, we are going into the house of 'Namxxelagiyu, underneath the sea. For there is another world."

He dived straight down, they hadn't been diving for long when they arrived at a good place. That was where the house of 'Namxxelagiyu was. Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World became a man again when he went into the house. There on the floor sat a stout man. As soon as 'Namxxelagiyu saw Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World he greeted him kindly. Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World told 'Namxxelagiyu, "We come to ask you friend, to help take revenge on the younger brother of Making-Awake-on-the-Rocks," and 'Namxxelagiyu was happy to help and immediately got ready. He called what he referred to as his dogs, the many seals crawling about his house. The seals came to him and he took the mask of one of the seals named Dirty (Nasa') and he told them, "I shall take this along, in case I should want it. This will be your seal mask, Dirty Child."

They left 'Namxxelagiyu's house and came upon the world where Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World became a loon again and 'Namxxelagiyu became a large halibut. Day-Hunter lay on the back of Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World as they travelled at the same time. They came up to the surface at Cascade (Tsaxu'la). 'Namxxelagiyu took the seal mask of

Dirty and placed it on Day-Hunter's face saying, "Now go, friend, and show your head seaward of your father's house. Night-Hunter will go and spear you. As soon as he comes near you dive and go seaward where I will be waiting. I will pull him into the water and as soon as the sea is running strong you climb aboard his canoe and aim the Fire-Bringer."

Day-Hunter dived and went towards his father's village and the men sitting on the beach saw him immediately. Night-Hunter was asked to spear the seal and he got in his canoe and paddled out to where it was. The seal would dive just as Night-Hunter would get his spear out, then he'd have to paddle again to get closer. The seal was luring him out into the water, finally Night-Hunter noticed that the water was shallow where his canoe was. Then he poled with his harpoon on the surface of 'Namxxelagiyu but the tide was too strong and he was too weak. His harpoon stuck into 'Namxxelagiyu and his hands were stuck to the harpoon. Then Day-Hunter removed the seal mask of Dirty and went aboard Night-Hunter's canoe. Day-Hunter spoke, "You are Night-Hunter among my brothers, now you will go where you wanted me to go." Night-Hunter had no time to respond as he was pulled into the water by his harpoon. He was drowned even though the water was very shallow there. The sea was smooth when Night-Hunter had sunk and the loon, Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World was sitting on the water not far from where Night-Hunter's canoe was floating. Day-Hunter was now standing in the canoe. Then the A'wa'et'ala came out and were surprised because they didn't

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remember Day-Hunter and he seemed a different man from when he'd disappeared. The loon cried, as though to awaken Day-Hunter, who began to sing his sacred song:

I was brought back to life by the magic power, and I was made alive by the magic power. Hai hai hai hai

I was given supernatural power, supernatural power by the excellent tide woman the supernatural one. Hai hai hai hai.

It was given into my hand the burning fire of the excellent supernatural power. Hai hai hai hai.

Therefore I am going to burn up everything with my burning fire you miserable secular people. Hai hai hai hai.

As soon as he finished his song he reached out his right hand, holding Death-Bringing-Baton, turning the end towards Ka'ketam. The mountains immediately caught fire, he pointed it towards Cascade and those mountains also caught fire. Finally he pointed it up the river from I'awigalis and it caught fire. Day-Hunter did this to show his father that he was still alive and obtained the supernatural treasure Death-Bringing-Baton.

Going-in-One-Day-to-the-End-of-the-World dived underneath Day-Hunter's canoe and pressed his back against the bottom of the canoe, he carried the canoe to the beach. As soon as Head-Copper-Maker saw his son he called him into his house. The first A'wa'et'ala were very afraid of Day-Hunter because they had seen him burn the country. Therefore they gave all their property to his house and he was treated as a chief.

The end.

Communications Trainee



Nicole Alfred

Hello, Nikki here writing to you again from the U'mista Cultural Centre. The research process for the Virtual Museum of Canada site is coming along well. Lillian and I have been reading through a lot of different books here at the U'mista Cultural Centre. By reading through these books, I have learned a lot of very interesting facts about us, the Kwakwaka'wakw, also a lot about our songs and dances. I have learned more about my culture in these 2 months working here than I have in my past 25 years. However, I'm doing my best to catch up.

As I sit at the computer I always have some Kwakwala music playing, it keeps my toes tapping and at the same time I'm gradually learning these songs. It feels good when I go to a function at the Gukwdzi and I can sing along with the singers or even to be able to tap my feet to the drumming of the log.

Well, Lillian and I have been get-

ting all the information gathered for the Virtual Museum site "The Story of the Masks" we are working on. Apart from reading numerous books, we are looking through past U'mista Newsletters, looking in the U'mista database at the Potlatch Collection in MICROSOFT ACCESS and interviewing people to gather as much information to be included in this site. And thanks to Wa, we now have some songs to attach to these masks, which is the hardest piece of information to gather.

Lillian and I also attended a public speaking workshop on March 02, 2002 at the Council Hall, facilitated by Patricia Gagnon that was very beneficial, especially to me because I'm such a shy person. (Really!! I am!!) I also attended Barb Cranmer's Making Waves workshop held on March 21, 2002 at the Big house and participated in the Visual Arts workshop and weaved a cedar mat. I've never worked with cedar before so this experience was just awesome, really fulfilling, especially because I got to know what it was like to work with cedar bark in a traditional way, the same way that our elders have done years and years ago for everyday means. It was a lot of fun. I would definitely take this again, hopefully it will turn out to be an annual event.

I would like to close this article by saying that I am having a great time here at the U'mista Cultural Centre, and I am taking advantage of all the resources available here, and I would advise you all to do the same.

Gilakas'la

Communications Trainee



Lillian Hunt

As a Communications Director in training, I have gained priceless knowledge about my culture, my family, and my community. Researching stories about our families, our ancestors and our villages, some which are now unoccupied, is both fascinating and sad. When I read about our Chiefs' struggles to hold onto our lands and having to speak to lawyers and "government officials", I have to wonder how much has actually changed when I think about the "Treaty Referendum" this current government is imposing yet again on our people.

Nicole Alfred and I are researching and compiling the information for the Virtual Museum of Canada: "Story of the Masks" project. Some of the documents about the Potlatch ban date as far back as 1913, from the Department of Indian Affairs and contain correspondence from William Halliday. We learned how to convert scanned photos to JPG images and e-mail

them to Canadian Heritage Information Network (CHIN).

William Wasden Jr. has compiled a song list and is generously sharing the results of his hard work and dedication to our culture. Thank you Wa.

Barb Cranmer will video interviews with some of our elders and other persons who wish to add their knowledge to this project. Special thank you to Mrs. Ethel Alfred, Mrs. Peggy Svanvik, Mrs. Vera Newman, Mrs. Stella Beans, Mrs. Emma Tamilin, Mr. Jack Nolie, Mr. Stanley Wamiss and Mr. Tyler Cranmer for sharing their stories.

Some of the other projects we worked on include:

The Learning Kwakwala project with Vera Newman is ongoing and has many community members showing interest in keeping our language alive. If you look back to the Spring 2001 newsletter "The Kwakiutl", it contains the report by Jay Powell, based on community input and helps to identify the danger of losing our language. Vera contacted many elders and community people to encourage and inspire Kwakwala classes, proudly named "Wiga'xan's awil'gola Kwakwala" or Embrace our community with Kwakwala. The classes are held Monday and Thursday evening every week at the T'łisalagi'lakw School here in Alert Bay from 6:30 - 8:30pm.

I was thrilled to be invited to accompany Vera, Emma Tamilin and filmmaker, Barb Cranmer to Tsaxis to present our project to the community members there. Many elders present stood up and spoke

to us in Kwakwala thanking Vera and the U'mista Cultural Centre and also acknowledged the importance of this project for all our communities. Mrs Sarah Sampare, an elder, was present and encouraged the youth who were present to voice their opinions. Recognizing their shyness, she asked them to write their thoughts down on paper and started them off with the following questions:

What would you like to say about our language?

What do you think?

Write something down

"I would like to say that I feel empowered by hearing our tongue. I would like to see all surrounding communities come together once a month and only speak our language while sharing our traditional foods and desserts. It would be very energizing and a good experience for everyone."

Jamuga Cook Jr.

"We've taken that first step with teaching it in our school (Wagulus) and daycare (Kwigwis), but we should now be taking the next few steps; bring it into our high schools and bringing it to the parents so that it continues at home."

Darren Wilson

"We need to worry less about the pressures of society and worry more about our people, and the language of our ancestors that should be passed down to all of our children. The children are our future."

Maggie McDougall

We have created a contact list from the Kwakwala attendance sheet for sharing of phrases; so if you have not been able to attend classes yet, please call the U'mista

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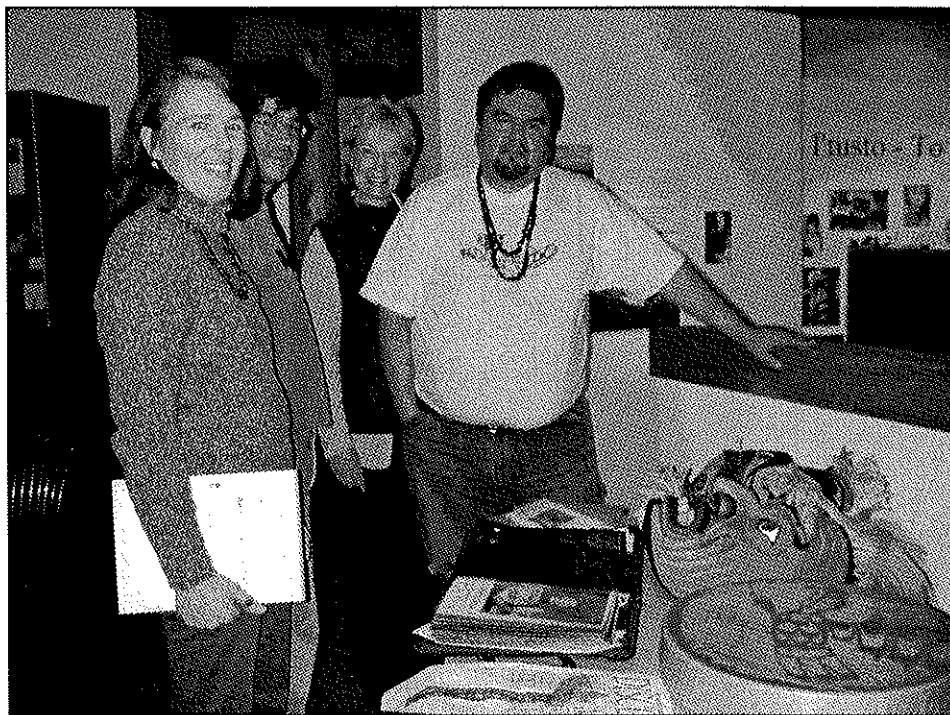
to add your name to the list. (Of over 60 so far)

Local artists meet with Canadian Consulate from Seattle.

Jane Shaw: Business Development Officer, Canadian Consulate General, Seattle and Lisa Steinbeck: Co-owner, Snow Goose Gallery, Seattle met with local artists Stephen Bruce, Bruce Alfred, Harry Alfred, Sean Hanson-Whonnock, Jonathan Henderson and Don Svanvik.

The "Marketing Pacific Northwest Coast Native Arts and Crafts" report prepared by Andrea Sanborn, Special Projects Coordinator for U'mista Cultural Centre, was introduced and distributed. There was shared discussion on marketing methods for First Nation artists. Jane led the discussion on wholesale opportunities for the artists and the benefits of working through the U'mista, regarding shipping and handling, invoicing, marketing contacts etc. This would help to place artists in high-end galleries, and "pocket" markets such as Sun Valley, Idaho.

Lisa added that she is interested in working closely with U'mista to wholesale goods for her shop. Artists expressed the importance of their culture being represented in these sales. They want to ensure the authenticity of their work is respected and maintained as opposed to artists who make claim to being of First Nation descent. There was discussion on hosting special marketing events for Northwest Coast Artists. Then the artists introduced their pieces and portfolios to Jane and Lisa, and sales were made. Lisa was then provided



L-R; Lisa Steinbeck, Johnathan Henderson, Jane Shaw, Sean Hanson-Whonnock, photographed at the U'mista Cultural Centre March 21, 2002

with wholesale information from U'mista and Jane Shaw provided informational material along with copies of the marketing report.

Jane and Lisa then proceeded onto the "Making Waves Festival" at the Gukwdzi to view the young artist workshops and met with Barb Cranmer, Indigenous Arts Service Organization (IASO) president. Nicole Alfred participated in this festival and has submitted an article for this newsletter, please see page 19.

Working on the newsletter demands the use of a lot of new skills for Nicole and I. Researching the documented material stored here at the U'mista Cultural Centre is always fascinating. The vast amount that has already been documented is amazing and we realize that much has yet to be documented. This information can only be obtained from you, the keepers of the knowledge. So, we encourage

you to come into the centre when you notice something that needs to be entered. Thank you to George Alfred who made the time to come into the Centre and not only share his knowledge but tells us where to find valuable information. The amount of time, staff and money it takes to video the interviews, translate the videos and then document the information makes it quite apparent that there is not enough funding available to meet these costs. With funding cuts over the past few years, the challenge now is to complete some of these projects.

This experience has taught me how to work closely with others on special projects and to keep track of the never-ending deadlines looming over our heads! The challenge is not only in the learning process but having to write weekly progress reports of our daily activities and of the various projects we are assigned to, such as this article!

Making Waves Workshop, March 21, 2002

by Nicole Alfred

Barb Cranmer, Facilitator started the morning with everybody gathered around the fire in the gukwdzi (big house) holding hands for Morning Prayer and then we all scattered into our various workshop:

Literary Arts with Lee Maracle

Media Arts with Cease Wyss

Musical Performance Arts with cultural teachers Andrea Cranmer and Ernest Alfred

Visual Arts with cedar weaver Donna Cranmer and cultural artist William Wasden Jr.

I participated in the Visual Arts

workshop with Donna and she told us that we were very lucky because of the short time we had to complete our project she had already cut and thinned the cedar bark for us. This was my first time to weave cedar bark, so I was very excited to get started. It was easier than I thought it would be, not one of us wanted to take a break, we all worked right through until lunch because it was so much fun. After lunch we all rushed to finish our cedar mats so we could start to paint it. So one by one I tucked the end pieces of my mat under another weaved piece of cedar and so on and so on, a little bit of a pain staking process, not

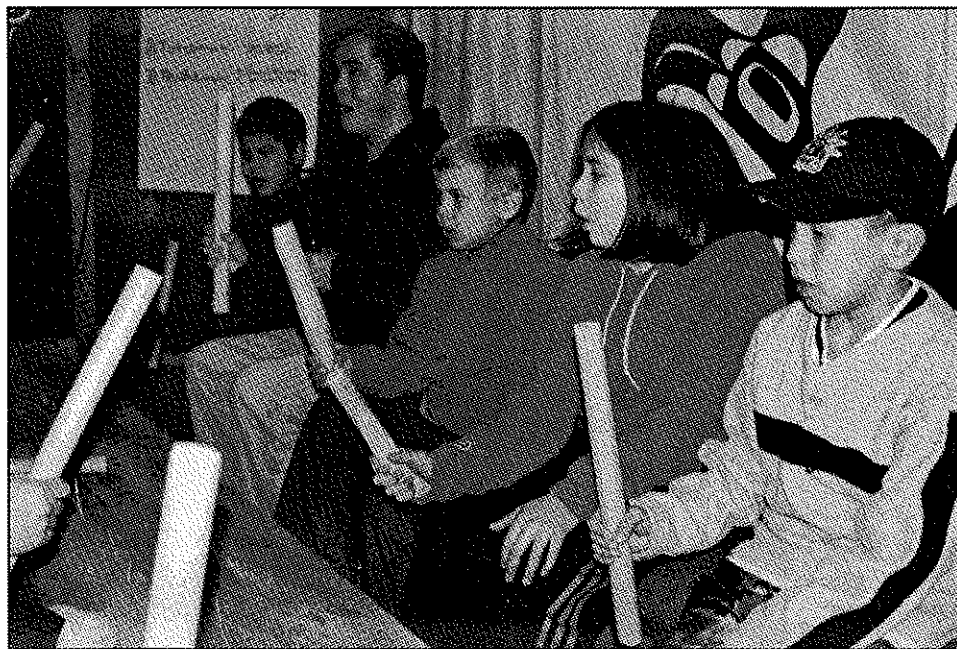
exactly the most fun part of cedar weaving, but it has to be done.

Wa came in after lunch to help us with our designs if we needed it and he also brought in paints and paintbrushes for us to use. We were to come up with a design that has something to do with the workshop title "Making Waves" so I came up with a paddle with a copper design, something simple, but with meaning. (T'łakwa [copper] is one of my Kwakwaka'wakw names).

Then we all broke for dinner which was catered for us, the food was awesome, both traditional food such as ooligans, fish, canoes, bannock etc, and also modern dishes such as macaroni and cheese, ham and mashed potatoes, etc.

After dinner, we had a showcase of all the workshops, the writers read out their short stories and poems, the young filmmakers showcased their video, and the singers and dancers performed their song that they learned, and we showed off our cedar mats with our designs. So I think it was a great day, and I would definitely take it again if it becomes an annual thing, and I would also recommend this workshop for everybody, young and old.

Gilakas'la



Left to right; Marvin Puglas, Eli Cranmer, Arlen Isaac, Helen Anne Beans, Kevin Isaac at the log during the Musical performance workshop at the Making Waves Festival in Alert Bay on March 21, 2002

Photography Courtesy Barb Cranmer

Kwak'wala Greetings

The orthography used for the special characters are from the Kwakwala Alphabet developed by the U'mista Cultural Society.

There are a total of six vowels and they have the following sounds:

a – pronounced like the a in a sneeze, "ah-choo"
 ̑ – pronounced like the a sound in "what" or the u in "nut"
 e – pronounced like the e sound in "bet"
 u – pronounced like the u

sound in "rude"

o – pronounced like the o sound in "sorry" or the oa sound in "oar"

i – pronounced like the i sound in "pizza"

The Kwakwala Alphabet sheet, reproduced on the following page shows all of the letters used in our alphabet. There are 37 consonants, many of which do not sound like English consonants.

For instance, there is a series of very explosive sounds marked with a raised comma (p̑, t̑, k̑, t̑s, etc.); these are pronounced with a slight click.

There is a series of sounds pronounced at the back of the mouth (k̑, g̑, x̑, x̑w, k̑), also known as a BACK SOUND.

Some sounds are pronounced with a rounding of the lips that makes them sound like they are followed by "w" (kw, gw, xw, kw̑). There is also a whispered "l" (written ł) and a catch in the breath, called a glottal stop (written ʔ).

The barred ł can be made if you set your mouth as if you were going to pronounce the word leap. Then, without moving your tongue or lips, just blow gently out your mouth. You should feel your tongue touching the back of your upper front teeth and the air flowing around each side of your tongue.

The explanations of the sounds are taken from Book 1, "My Village My House" and Book 5, "The Sounds of Kwakwala". All of the Language Books and Tapes are available from the U'mista Cultural Centre Gift Shop.

Kwakwala greetings:

Yo	Hello
'Wik̑sas	How are you?
Ik̑m̑an	I am well
'Wig̑ilas?	What are you doing?
I'ax̑alan.	I am working.
'Wit̑as le?	Where are you going?
Lat̑an lax̑a kal̑wilas?	I am going to the store.
Hal̑akas'la	Farewell
Gil̑akas'la	Thank-you

Kwakwala greetings for Valentines:

'Wayas	Sweetheart
Nȏke'	Heart
Łax̑w̑ala nuk̑w̑an t̑us	I love you
D̑ug̑we'	Treasure
Ƙ̑w̑ala'yū	You are my reason for living
K̑ap̑i da gax̑an	Give me a hug
Has̑ax̑ala'yū	You are my breath to live

Kwakwala Spring Seasons

March Ƙ̑wȋk̑wa'lan̑x	Everything sprouting time
April Ma'wa'et̑tan̑x	Time of moving into the oolichan grounds
May Ƙ̑am̑k̑amd̑zak̑wan̑x	Salmonberry time

KWAKWALA ALPHABET

a amlam  toy	b busi  cat	d digwayu  pile driver	dt dtos  tree	dz dzamba  jeans	e egas  girl's friend
g gala  grizzly bear	gw gwasu  pig	g giwas  deer	gw gwa'yam  whale	h hamumu  butterfly	i ikt'sama  abalone shell
k kat'snak  spoon	kw kwikw  eagle	k kawayu  knife	kw kwa'sta  cup	k ka'hugwayu  arrow	kw kwa'kwani  crane
k kumis  crab	kw kwagayu  flashlight	l lagu  strawberry	l lakwis  bow	m max'inux  black fish	n nagat'si  pail
o yola <small>(capitane)</small>  wind	p pa'is  flounder	p patia  plane	s siwayu  paddle	t taminas  squirrel	t tutu  star
ts tsela'yu  canoe baller	ts tsawi  beaver	ti tiatami  hat	ti tiakwa  copper	u u'ligan  wolf	w watsa  watch
x xisiwe'  wolf headdress	xw xwakwana  canoe	x xagam  comb	xw xwalgwan  dogfish	y yadan  rattle	y watsi <small>(dog sign)</small>  dog

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illustrations by HOLA JOHNSTON

cakes and stored for winter use. The young shoots or sprouts were collected, peeled and eaten fresh.

Kamdzakw - Salmonberry

The berries were eaten fresh, boiled, mashed or dried (in red cedar wood frames). The berries were dried into cakes, rolled up and stored in wooden boxes. The young sprouts were eaten fresh and sometimes dipped in sugar or eulachon oil along with dried salmon. The yellow berries are said to represent the humpback salmon and the dark red berries represent the sockeye salmon because the fish appear at the same time as the berries.

Nuxwa - Oval-leaved Blueberry

Blueberries were eaten fresh and sometimes dried into cakes. They taste like raisins when they have been dried.

Gwadam - Huckleberry

Red huckleberries were gathered for food by shaking the bush or using a wooden comb to take them off. They were boiled with sockeye salmon eggs and eulachon oil or mashed and eaten with oil for feasts. According to traditional Kwakwaka'wakw beliefs, after a woman made a red huckleberry basket she would have to go and collect huckleberries the next morning or else she would have bad luck. Sharpened huckleberry twigs hidden in shallow water were used to trap supernatural beings.

Lagu - Strawberry

Strawberries were eaten fresh rather than dried because they were too juicy. Other wild strawberry species may also have been used by the Kwakwaka'wakw when and where they were encountered.

Tsagał - Thimbleberry

The berries, still attached to the stems, were picked as the berries were turning pink. They were put into cedar bark bags with water and left for a couple of days to turn red and ripen. The stems were then removed and the berries were eaten fresh. The berries were also dried in

U'mista Cultural Society

Canadian/International Membership Form

Do you have Band Membership or can you trace ancestry to a Band member of Kwakwaka'wakw? Yes / No
 If yes, give Band Name and Number: (**If Band Number completed, G.S.T. is not applicable**)

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP

Canadian Annual Fee: \$ 15.⁰⁰ (Add \$1.⁰⁵ G.S.T. if applicable) International Annual Fee: \$ 26.⁷⁵ (gst included)
 (Payable in Canadian Funds, Visa, Mastercard or Money Order to the U'mista Cultural Centre)

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ Province: _____
 Country: _____ Postal Code: _____
 Res Phone: _____ Bus. Phone: _____

FAMILY MEMBERSHIP

Canadian Annual Fee: \$25.⁰⁰ (Add \$ 1.⁷⁵ G.S.T. if applicable) International Annual Fee: \$37.⁴⁵ (gst included)
 (Payable in Canadian Funds, Visa, Mastercard or Money Order to the U'mista Cultural Centre)
 (May include up to two adults and children under 19 years of age.)

Name: (Adult #1) _____
 Mailing Address: _____
 City: _____ Province: _____
 Country: _____ Postal Code: _____
 Res Phone: _____ Bus. Phone: _____

Name (Adult #2): _____

Children Names:	Birthdate (YY/MM/DD)
Name: _____	D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____
Name: _____	D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____
Name: _____	D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____
Name: _____	D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____
Name: _____	D.O.B. _____ / _____ / _____

Please Enclose your Membership fee and mail to: **U'mista Cultural Centre, P.O. Box 253, Alert Bay, B.C. V0N 1A0**

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY:

Payment Date: _____ Amount: \$ _____

Expiry Date: _____

Cards & Receipts Computer Update Newsletter Letter

Date Processed: _____ By: _____

U'mista Cultural Society

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Stan Hunt	Secretary / Treasurer

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Peggy Svanvik
 James Glendale
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 Richard Dawson
 Flora Dawson
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The Last Word is Yours!

Do you have any suggestions for future newsletter items?

Or suggestions for activities or events you would like to see at the U'mista Cultural Centre?

Please write to us with your ideas and we will look into it.

Please include your name and your phone number so we can contact you.

Send your suggestions to:

P.O. Box 253
 Alert Bay, B.C.
 V0N 1A0

Or

E-Mail us at: [umista @island.net](mailto:umista@island.net)

Or drop in and see us!

U'mista Needs You!

Can you spare a few hours to do some volunteer work for U'mista? We will be needing your help for a variety of things at different times. For example, volunteers are needed to:

- Help out with the newsletter
- Preparing the newsletter for mailing
- Help with tours through the centre
- Help put up and take down exhibits
- Do minor construction projects
- Provide transportation for elders to U'mista activities
- Help out with other miscellaneous things that may arise from time to time.

If you are interested, please fill out the form to the right and mail to us or bring it down to the centre, you will be contacted when your services are required.

Yes! I am interested in volunteering my services.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone:(H): _____ (W): _____

I would be willing to help out with:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Newsletter | Transportation |
| Museum Tours | Exhibit Assistance |
| Minor Construction | Other |

Return to:
U'MISTA
CULTURAL
CENTRE
P.O. BOX 253
ALERT BAY, BC
VON 1A0

U'mista Cultural Centre

Regular Hours:

Monday to Friday
9:00am - 5:00pm

Extended Summer Hours:

Saturday, Sundays and Holidays
9:00am - 5:00pm

P.O. Box 253
Alert Bay, BC
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Phone: 1-250-974-5403
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