

**FINDING TADODA:HO': AN AUTOETHNOGRAPHY OF HEALING
HISTORICAL TRAUMA**

by

Gloria Jean Thomas

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Education
in conformity with the requirements for
the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Queen's University
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

March, 2013

Copyright © Gloria Jean Thomas, 2013

Abstract

Framed within a wholly Indigenous¹ paradigm - Gayanehsragówah² - my dissertation is a counterstory constructed to engage colonialism in a decolonizing research and writing project. I chose story, an autoethnographic novel, as form to represent Indigenous reflexive method; a metaphoric text performed to unlock metaphor's meaning, once known, I see through to and refract truth upon my own life story implicit within that text. To illustrate human potential for healing and self-change, I construct pedagogical relationship between lived experience and theoretical meaning in interlocking and entangled threads inseparable from form, not possible in conventional thesis organization. Tadodá:ho³, the Great Law icon for transformation centers my inquiry into effects of cultural, social and political disconnection from Hodinohso:ni:³ systems; in particular, I examine historical unresolved grief carried both over the life span and across generations. I use Denzin's approach to critical personal narrative, Ellis's autoethnographic method and Richardson's creative analytical practice to create an interpretive text comprised of short stories, poetry, conversations, dialogue, visual representation and layered accounts. My inquiry reveals Battiste's transforming energy flux, which I call spirit, manifests in Indigenous language structures, and similar to Ellis's evocative and analytical texts, once voiced through writing, creates change in the universe and in self. Critical reflection and representation of an Indigenous world in constant motion to renew livingness lends key knowledge that reconnection to ancestral histories, lands and cultures restores Indigenous identity to resolve the trauma of historical grief. As Gayanehsragówah is performative healing narrative, my inquiry intends to add new knowledge of Indigenous story as form with power to inform self-change.

¹ In this dissertation, I use the terms *Indigenous*, *Aboriginal*, *First Nations*, *Native* and *Indian* interchangeably. All terms are meant to address people of Native ancestry.

² Translated in English as *The Great Law of Peace*, a major source of Hodinohso:ni cultural and healing knowledge. Like other Cayuga words in this dissertation, it appears in Henry orthography.

³ Iroquois, in English

Dedication

For my mother and father,
thank you for teaching me that I am Hodinohso:ni:

Acknowledgements

With rejoiceful well-being we experience in thought,
we put our minds together as one to greet each other.

Forever, with gratitude and love to my family ♥
My sons Morrison and Simon, this thesis is for you, my precious deer clan boys
My granddaughters, Tahnee, Hailey and Hannah are my true source of beauty and creativity
My brothers and sisters remain the fervent light and inspiration for our family
My nieces and nephews forge a new path, daringly, always in my heart

Evermore, with gratefulness and appreciation to my community ♥
My teachers dedicate their lives to Hodinohso:ni: traditions,
I thank you from the bottom of my heart
My Longhouse families at Six Nations and abroad in our homelands
are my medicine, fortitude and togetherness
My loving supporters Janet, Helen, Dianne, Sandy, Linda, Peggy and Arunima
believed in me; I couldn't have done this work without you
My ATEP & FDASC family celebrated defence with me,
how important you'll never know; we missed you Jackie
My graduate peers lead, inspire and encourage;
congratulations on your successes

Endlessly, with admiration and indebtedness to my thesis committee ♥
My supervisor, Dr. Magda Lewis creates lyrical spaces for story, magic and other voices,
thank you, Magda, for your abiding support of my work
My advisor, Daniel David Moses set aside his own work to rescue mine,
thank you, Daniel, I am forever grateful
My advisor, Dr. Maria Myers guided my work through daunting research landscapes,
thank you Marie, for many life lessons
My examining committee, Dr. Norman Denzin, Dr. Catherine Krull and Dr. Zabe MacEachren
welcomed my research into the world with warmth, kindness and collegiality,
thank you for an amazing defence

Table of Contents

ABSTRACT.....	ii
DEDICATION.....	iii
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	iii
LIST OF FIGURES.....	vi
POSTMODERN TEXTUAL REPRESENTATION.....	vii
A PRACTICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW OF NARRATIVE.....	viii
OHęNDq' GAIHWADEHGóH.....	ix
PREFACE.....	x
PROLOGUE.....	xiii
Chapter One A Mnemonic Guide.....	1
CHAPTER ONE	
ENTER THE FOREST: THE JOURNEY BEGINS.....	2
Scene One: Presenting Characters: First Impressions.....	5
Scene Two: Precious Revealed.....	9
Scene Three: Tadodá:h' and Precious Talk.....	15
Scene Four: Celia Meets Precious.....	20
Scene Five: Celia and Precious Construct Categories of Experience.....	27
Scene Six: A Tribute to Marie Yellow Horse Brave Heart-Jordan.....	33
Scene Seven: Into the Storm.....	40
Scene Eight: Corn Woman Protects Celia and Precious.....	49
Chapter Two: A Mnemonic Guide.....	53
CHAPTER TWO	
THE SIX SONGS: A PRELUDE TO HEALING.....	54
Song One: Lovey and Me.....	58
Song Two: The AE Story: What is autoethnography?.....	70
Song Three: Split the Sky.....	74
Song Four: Finding Voice.....	82
Song Five: Coming to Language.....	90
Song Six: Maintaining Tradition.....	102
Chapter Three: A Mnemonic Guide.....	105
CHAPTER THREE	
THE REQUICKENING: TURNING POINTS IN THE FOREST.....	106
Stages of Empowerment: First Travels.....	112
Stages of Empowerment: Thin Places.....	122
Stages of Empowerment: Intimations of Change.....	125
Stages of Empowerment: Synchronicity.....	149
Seeing Ahead to the End of the Journey.....	156

Chapter Four: A Mnemonic Guide.....	159
CHAPTER FOUR	
OVER THE FOREST: THE FIELDTRIP JOURNEY HOME.....	160
A Poem Inspired by Mary Weems.....	168
The Reconnaissance Trip.....	169
The Purpose of the Trip.....	169
The Landscape.....	170
The Council Seat.....	171
Arriving at Onondaga Lake.....	172
Into the Hills of Onondágeh.....	175
The Return Fieldtrip.....	181
Celia’s Account: A Visit with a Friend.....	183
Precious’s Account: Finding Tadodá:ho ⁷	193
Account of a Shared Conversation: Reaction and Discussion.....	204
 EPILOGUE	
A STORY OF INSPIRATION ASSEMBLED FROM PRIMARY SOURCES.....	215
 A STATEMENT OF METHODOLOGY.....	223
Opening Statement.....	223
Problematic.....	224
Statement of Purpose.....	227
Rationale.....	227
Methodology: Approach to the Text.....	228
An Indigenous Research Paradigm.....	228
Relationality: Ontology and Epistemology.....	230
Relational Accountability: Axiology and Methodology.....	231
Theoretical Lens.....	232
The Autoethnographic Novel.....	232
Research Methods.....	238
Procedures.....	243
Relational Ethics.....	246
Narrative Voice.....	249
Analysis and Presentation of Research Results.....	250
 GANHÓNYQHK: FAREWELL SPEECH.....	254
 REFERENCES.....	255

List of Figures

Figure 1: The Everlasting Tree	xii
Figure 2: Tadodá:ho ⁷ Wampum.....	xviii
Figure 3: Image of Precious	7
Figure 4: "Love" by Tom Hill.....	8
Figure 5: Circle Wampum	31
Figure 6: Two Row Wampum Treaty	32
Figure 7: The Storm Descends.....	33
Figure 8: Onóndageh: Arriving Home.....	157
Figure 9: Finding Tadodá:ho ⁷ : His Home along Onondaga Creek	161
Figure 10: Hodinohso:ni: Homelands: Cognitive Map.....	162
Figure 11: Onondaga Lake.....	173
Figure 12: Onondaga Hill: Transect Map	180
Figure 13: Inegrating Place, Integrating Spirit: Collaged Reflective Map	203
Figure 14: Tadodá:ho ⁷ , Evil Sorcerer	224
Figure 15: Hodinohso:ni: 5 Nations Territories	235

Postmodern Textual Representations

There are two dangers inherent in the conventional texts of scientific method: that they may lead us to believe the world is rather simpler than it is, and that they may reinscribe enduring forms of historical oppression. . . . One way to confront the dangerous illusions (and their underlying ideologies) that texts may foster is through the creation of new texts that break boundaries; that move from the center to the margins to comment upon and decenter the center; [and] that forego closed, bounded worlds for those more open-ended and less conveniently encompassed. . . . Experiments with how to do this has produced “messy texts” (Marcus & Fischer, 1986). Messy texts...seek to break the binary between science and literature, to portray the contradiction and truth of human experience, to break the rules in the service of showing, even partially, how real human beings cope with both the external verities of human existence and the daily irritations and tragedies of living that existence (Guba & Lincoln, 2000, p.184).

A Practical and Philosophical View of Narrative

Now, it happens that I've heard quite a few personal stories over the years. . . . There's a thought that occurs during such [listening], and perhaps you've had this experience too — the thought that Canada would be a very different place if the stories of Aboriginal people were generally known and were a part of the shared culture of the nation. . . . A story is a powerful thing, as anyone who has heard [residential school] survivors speak knows. . . . A story can bring about a political revolution, and it can also bring about emotional, spiritual, and cultural transformation. In fact, rarely is there transformation without narrative, whether it is a religious narrative, a mythological narrative, the story of a nation's founding, and so forth. A story supplies a context, a meaning, and often a vision. Returning to our present topic . . . it is very difficult for Canadians to comprehend that the story of Aboriginal peoples is a living, enduring story, with a present and a future in which they themselves figure (Erasmus, 2011).

Ohəndóʼ Gaihwadehgóh⁴

Words That Come Before All Else

...The Great Power came from up in the sky, and now it is functioning,
the Great Power that we accepted when we reached consensus.
So now our house has become complete.
Now, therefore, we shall give thanks, that is,
we shall thank the Creator of the earth, that is,
he who has planted all the kinds of weeds
and all the varieties of shrubs
and all the kinds of trees;
and springs,
flowing water, such as rivers
and large bodies of water, such as lakes;
and the sun that keeps moving by day,
and by night the moon,
and where the sky is, the stars, which no one is able to count;
moreover, the way it is on earth in relation to which
no one is able to tell the extent to which it is to their benefit, that is,
the people who he created and who will continue to live on earth.
This, then, is the reason we thank him, the one with great power,
the one who is the Creator,
for that which will now move forward,
the Good Message and the Power and the Peace; the Great Law⁵.

⁴ *Ganq̄h̄nyq̄hk* *Thanksgiving Ritual* opens all ceremonial gatherings and any Longhouse meeting. The text is one of several speech events that illustrates the organization of the Hodinohso:ni world and the relationships between the sequence of spirit forces. *Ganq̄h̄nyq̄hk* unites the minds of the people, “in one we will put our minds” (Henry, 1980, p. 1) to greet/thank each other, the Creator and the spirit forces that sustain us. To close a ceremony/event *Ganq̄h̄nyq̄hk*, repeated, releases the collective mind of the people.

⁵ Gibson, 1912, pp. 294-296. This represents a short version of *Ganq̄h̄nyq̄hk*, which in entirety entails up to one hour to recite. Williams (2003) also cites Gibson’s (1912) version of *Ganq̄h̄nyq̄hk*.

Preface

I've been trying to give my life and the situation in which I'm immersed. . . . what I term "narrative authenticity". . . . to place myself meaningfully into a story that is, as much as it can be, a story of my own making. . . . Atkinson's (1997) own ethical standard [remains] a good one—that "what is to be avoided. . . . [is] just one form of culture, just one mode of performance, just one kind of text" (p. 242). . . . [Some scholars] have considerable confidence in the categorical differences between. . . . living life and narrating it, between experiences and stories (Freeman, 1997). If narratives are insufficiently authentic, it is because they don't measure up to the experiences, the selves, or the lives they seek to represent (Bochner, 2001, pp. 150-153).

Finding Tadodá:ho? *An Autoethnography of Healing Historical Trauma* is a scholarly work compiled as an autoethnographic novel. It conveys the potential of Indigenous stories to inform inquiry not lost under authority of explanatory schemes or patterns of ethnographic research. Hodinohso:ni: stories, told orally in one of five Hodinohso:ni: languages, have many levels; some convey history and historic events, morals and lessons for sustaining Hodinohso:ni: languages and customs, while others are ceremonial stories that combine all of the above with ritual protocol and procedures. All stories are transformative, "a circular emotional and cognitive process" (Ellis, 2009, p. 110), reflecting on experience, revising senses of self. Hodinohso:ni: stories – their interpretation rarely instructed - generate aspects of new meaning with each retelling, forward then back, then forward, again. Narrating experience, self and emotions, participants live within the stories they create. This dissertation is a "livable story" (Jago, 2006, p. 40), a search for personal peace constructed inside *Gayanehsragówah*, the Great Law narrative, a ceremonial text whose purpose is individual and collective reformation. The words in the novel script move, and keep moving, through tasks of self formation, deformation, learning and unlearning (Pinar, 1988) beyond academic borders, accessible as well, to wider public audiences.

The origin of the autoethnographic novel began as an artistic, creative writing project, a series of stories supported by a theoretical exegesis examining Hodinohso:ni: relationships to

natural ecologies, a heritage in place and sustained prior to Eurocentric expansion. A search for form to frame the dissertation inquiry as an Indigenous story led to critical personal narrative, a genre of autoethnography that troubles established research structures and relationships of power and inequity. Sometimes called counternarratives (Denzin, 2005; Mutua & Swadener, 2004), critical personal narratives are decolonizing writing projects. Within such forms, the ability to infuse an exegesis in multiple stories as a single enterprise, a concept which I embraced to construct the autoethnographic novel, is possible.

The need for an authentic Indigenous narrative emerged most evident in the process of generating and collecting autoethnographic information to compile the dissertation. In the course of information gathering, a fictional character named Precious, arose as a result of collection strategies and the novel plot began immediately. Rather than disrupt the evocative, drawing in to livable reality created by the story, and by Precious, the dissertation opens with a brief prologue as a reading guide, followed by the novel text. An explanatory section related to the writing process, the methodology and the practical and theoretical aspects of the research, appears after the novel epilogue, not as an appendix, since it is a vital dissertation requirement. The explanatory text, entitled *A Statement of Methodology*, may be read prior to, or in conjunction with the novel script. Consistent with Bochner's (2001) call for authentic narratives, noted in the introductory quote, the dissertation validates authenticity of, and influence over, Indigenous knowledges and research structures that flow from a unique way of viewing the world (Smith, 1999).

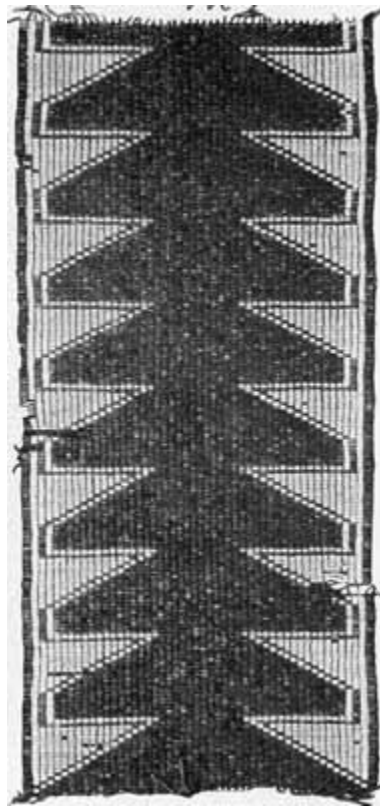


Figure 1: The Everlasting Tree, Onondaga Nation Website, 2009.

This wampum belt symbolizes the Tree of Peace and is used to explain *Gayanehsragówah*, the Great Law of Peace. The white roots spread outward, one in each direction, north, east, west, and south from *Hodinoḥso:ni* territory. The Great White Roots represent peace and strength. If any human or any nation outside of the Five Nations wishes to honour the Great Laws of Peace, they may follow one of the roots to the tree. They are welcome to take shelter beneath the Tree of the Long Leaves' Needles (Thomas & Thomas, 1989). The tree is everlasting as it continues beyond the end of the belt foretelling the strength and longevity of union built on the basis of peace.

Prologue

A Soliloquy

Tell us the story, Knó:haʔ.

They climb up over the steel rimmed bed, into the too soft mattress and under the covers. They never really “made” their bed, that is, to pull the sheets back taut or tight, but rather smoothed and straightened the blankets and quilts instead.

It was winter.

The little girl had two small nephews who were constant companions and bedtime was the time for stories, when all three children lay back to dream and wonder, huddled closely and comfortably together in the warmth of each other.

Well, there was this man. His name was Tadodá:hoʔ. He had all snakes in his hair and his body was twisted into knots. He was such a terrible man that he could not look at anyone and no one could look at him. He used to live amongst the people but after this happened to him he couldn't anymore. It was a terrible thing that happened. He soon went away to live in a cave. It just had to go that way. Tadodá:hoʔ carried a rattle, so when someone approached, he would shake it hard and fast to let them know that it was his. There was no other sound like that.

Her mother swallowed softly and drew the covers up over the children. Since the girl could remember, her mother's hair was white—it never really felt like hair—almost like ashes. Her hands were smooth and shiny and dark. They were small hands, with long curvy fingers that smelled always of tobacco.

And this other man, the one, I can't mention his name; he was walking through the land trying to talk to our people. We were a bad people then, you know. We killed and fought each other, some say, the pools and streams filled with human blood. This one who came in a stone boat he came to talk to us at the same time Tadodá:hoʔ was living in the cave.

When he first reached land, he met a woman living on the path that leads to all the nations. The warring men from both east and west stopped there each time they crossed, and she fed them, so once they finished eating they went on to kill people and also to keep the bloodshed going. When the woman heard the visitor talk, she changed right away to be right and good. She was the first clanmother.

Now he sent a word ahead, and travelled easterly to a village; they were expecting him. First, he made a camp outside the village. In the morning, he revealed more about the news he had sent along; that the Good message, the Power and the Peace is arriving. He said warring will stop and everyone will be related, respecting each other as one person, one body, and that the Creator had sent him. Some wanted to test his power, so they cut a tree with him on top and when it fell into the river, he survived. Then the people accepted the message and the peace. This first people he came to, they called themselves

Ganyę́gohó:nq̄. They were the Mohawks, the first nation to be gathered under the law of peace and they lived at the Eastern Door.

By this time the children were dozing off. What was it like to live then? The little girl was not afraid. It was not fear that she felt, it was different...mystery, awe...connection. She shifted her body and curled her legs up close to her chest. Her smallest nephew leaned against her back and he was breathing evenly and steadily now.

Well, this man, he went to the cave on his way to the next village. He heard Tadodá:hoʷs rattle and he sang to him, a special song.

“Don’t be afraid and alone now. Come out from there. Let me soothe your body and touch your hair. Bring your rattle.”

Tadodá:hoʷ just laid close to the wall of the cave. That’s how he lived, you know, he just laid there in that cave. Well this Tadodá:hoʷ, he became the firekeeper - he who sits at the head – of the Great Council, after all the nations gathered and accepted the message of peace. He still has his rattle. It has lots of power. His name is still Tadodá:hoʷ, today, the man that keeps the fire.

The next time her mother told the story, it would be about travel into the land of Onéyoga:ʷ, the Oneida, people of the standing stone who lived south of the Mohawks. Each time, the story would be different. Her mother depicted the people and events within each of the five nations that struggled to accept the peace message. Her story followed the pattern of the nations situated in their original lands below Lake Ontario; Onq̄dagehónq̄, the Onondaga, Tadodá:hoʷs people next, then Gaygohó:nq̄, the Cayuga, and finally, Onq̄dowáʷga:ʷ, the Seneca, who guard the Western Door. Eventually, the entire story of the peacemaking journey would unfold. Later, Dahsgaó:węʷ, the Tuscarora, became the sixth nation to accept the message and the peace.

How could the children know then, that it was the story of Peacemaker, whose Indian name is still not to be mentioned openly? How could they know that it was the Great Law story about the founding of the Six Nations Confederacy, extending between its Eastern and Western Doors, and about the clans and ceremonies of the Longhouse? How could the children know then that it was the story about them, Hodinohso:ni:...Iroquois?



My name is Celia. I am a PhD student, writing this soliloquy to stand as a prologue to my dissertation. I write my thoughts, then speak them aloud to figure my view of the world and my place in it in relation to others. Bruner (2001) says soliloquies demonstrate that self-construction is enmeshed with the learning of language, its structure, “its rhetoric and its rules for constructing narrative” (p. 36). The Great Law story I hear in my head is in my mother’s voice; though she uses English, her words and phrasing derive from “the kind of force that speaking one’s mother tongue permits” (Geertz, as cited in Showalter, 1981, p. 192; see also Gallop, 1987). Through her

words, I built a relationship with *place* in our original lands where the Great Law text unfolds. In the soliloquy, I try to show the set of beliefs that provide the means for expression of my identity constructed by my mother's language and the rhythm of her words in storytelling. As a way of paying tribute, I honour her voice "call[ing spirit] into being" (Goodall, 2000, p. 142), showing her beliefs and identity overlap mine in the inquiry I undertake. I came by this method studying how Indigenous people use our own voices, now, to tell our own stories (Cook-Lynn, 2008, Maracle, 1996; Silko, 1981, 1996), moving toward "reading the world from a centre other than Europe" (Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, 1993). This prologue serves to tell that the dissertation is an act of *reclaiming* (Smith, 1999) Indigenous voice and methods; it is written as a continuous, epic story, a valid way in our culture to pass knowledge and build landscapes in the minds of our children, our people and in the thoughts of those who read the story.

Important Hodinohso:ni: ceremonies are told in stories. The listeners focus, deeply intent, and by the end of the afternoon they are transformed. *Gayanehsragówah*, the Great Law of Peace, is one such story. It has many rituals; all mixed, with symbolism, history and life lessons delivered by Peacemaker as a message to five nations at war. There is one ritual that is the heart of the Great Law story; that is the Condolence Ceremony. The Chiefs conducted it to reform *Tadodá:ho⁷*, a tyrant, twisted into insanity, such that he warred against his own people. He became human again; his mind was changed. The Condolence Ceremony heals people at a time of grief and mourning. Today, the Hodinohso:ni: Grand Council, the central government of the Six Nations Confederacy, performs the ceremony to mourn the death of a titled chief. The ceremonial day is long, but when story and ritual are complete we have transgressed grief.

In ceremonial stories, organization and relationship of ideas, repeated, again and again, "focuses the world for the listener" (Shimony, 1961/1994). Ideas overlap in bricolage, the story's centre "is paradoxically, *within* the structure and *outside* it...the totality *has its center elsewhere* (Derrida, 1966, ¶ 3). My dissertation seeks to confirm that all human beings are capable of self-

transformation. I use stories of lived experience as “legitimate and insightful data” (Ellis, 1991b, p. 30, see also Clifford, 1986; Hayano, 1979) to narrate my journey facing colonialist effects toward healing and self-change. The five healing rites of the Condolence Ceremony frame the dissertation chapters conjoined by a literary devise that explains each ritual and its application within the chapter. To guide the reader, a themes summary introduces all chapters and unique font differentiates spoken dialogue of characters Precious and Tadoá:ho⁷ from Celia’s voice as central character, story narration and voices of minor characters. Using story as form (Archibald, 2008; Smith 1999), I show how I came to understand that my identity as an Onondaga woman of the deer clan, derives from my people, original lands at Onóndageh and Hyeí Niyohwejáge:, resettled territory at Six Nations of the Grand River, in what is now Canada. By writing my story, I perform it, with like purpose as the ceremony in which it sits, thus I am transformed. Self-change orients my dissertation as its center, balancing history, story and tradition with critical analysis “to permit *freeplay* of its elements inside the total form” (Derrida, 1966, ¶ 2), yet the context for transformation lies outside myself in the vitality of my people, land and culture.

Indigenous methodologies move research defined as tools of colonization to means of reclaiming languages, histories and knowledges, while Indigenous researchers maintain connection between their communities, the academy and the larger struggle of decolonization (Smith, 2005). Seeking a method close to Indigenous storytelling, I chose autoethnography, a “research process (graphy), on culture (ethnos), and on self (auto)” (Ellis and Bochner, 2000, p. 740) and it works best if it is performative, “enacting what it describes” (Denzin, 2003, p. 93). Cultural texts turned into poems, scripts and short stories, performance autoethnography “puts culture into motion” (p. 9) through agency that creates and continues to create self in experience. My story is performative because it embodies beliefs, values and our way of life in the ritual of research. “It [my story] is the ritual” (p. 7). I use writing as “method of discovery and analysis” (Richardson, 2000, p. 923) to create an arts-based project, an aesthetic experience integrating

intellect, feeling and artistic creation (Weems, 2003; Dewey, 1934). Blurred genres in qualitative inquiry accommodate storytelling, personal narrative and artistic expression, shared across research disciplines, and common to Indigenous methodologies.



A Few Questions Which Guided Development of the Autoethnographic Novel

How do I situate my research within an Indigenous research paradigm?

- How does personal identity influence research practice?
- Does my inquiry reflect reality and ways of knowing as a process of relationships? Is my research methodology respectful of and useful in Indigenous communities? What are my responsibilities in the research relationship and am I accountable for fulfilling my obligations to others, to the topic and to all my relations?

How can I use creative writing in my inquiry, yet participate in a scholarly conversation?

- How do I combine theoretical and narrative insights? Is writing a method of inquiry? How will an autobiographical genre of research be judged in an academic context?
- Will ethnography provide an understanding of story form and use of personal voice in writing about lived experience? Is the basic form of storytelling the moving force that culturally propels what a story must do? Will creative analytical practice ethnographies stand in for and alongside science-writing analysis and prose?

How is a human being capable of change?

- Can I show that human beings have a mind that enables them to achieve peaceful resolutions to grief, conflict and loss? Is abstract reasoning the same as rational thinking and are these capabilities the basis for self-change?
- How does language word self into being, a confluence of many voices and personal stories that construct a human self? What is poetic inquiry and how does poetic voice transform a human being as writer?

Fictional Characters in the Novel

- **Celia:** The adult woman who is a PhD student writing the dissertation
- **Precious:** A lost child that emerges as a result of Celia's self-observation and self-reflection strategies to collect autoethnographic information. Precious represents hidden personality bits cut off from Celia's consciousness due to traumatic events.

- **Tadodá:hoʔ**: An existential icon to Hodinohso:ni: that represents the uttermost twisted a human being can evolve to, so much so that he becomes a monster. His message is no matter how twisted or irrational, people are capable of change, recovering self to rationality then back to human being.

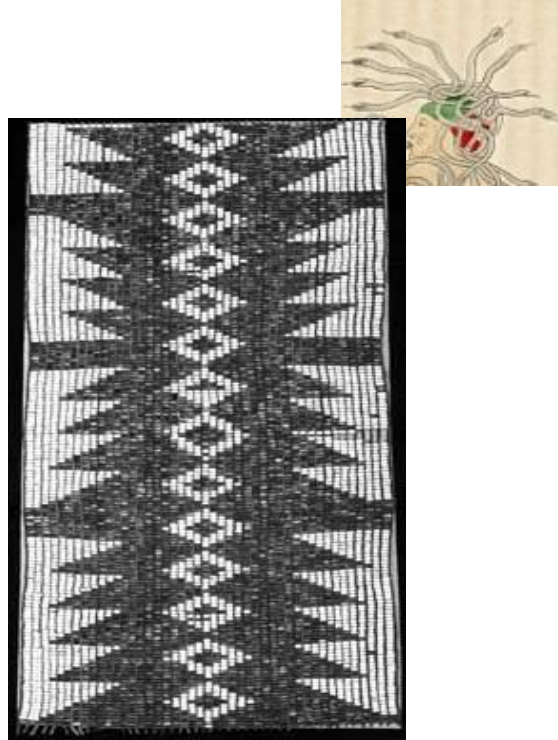


Figure 2: Tadodá:hoʔ Wampum, Onondaga Nation Website, 2009. (Inset Tadodá:hoʔ caricature, Google Images, 2011.)

This wampum belt recalls the time when the Peacemaker combed the snakes from Tadodá:hoʔs hair, changing the evil-minded sorcerer into the pure-thinking leader. The belt also reminds Hodinohso:ni: that once all of the chiefs accepted the Great Law, they became the guardians of this great peace for all of the generations to come. The diamonds down the center of the belt represent the thirteen other Onondaga chiefs that are sitting with Tadodá:hoʔ at Onóndageh, still today, to continue the ways of living of the Hodinohso:ni: (Onondaga Nation, 2009).

Chapter One A Mnemonic Guide⁶

Enter the Forest The Journey Begins

Celia, Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷ ❶❷❸
appear as central characters in the dissertation

*Time⁷

Now

*Place

Tadodá:ho⁷'s Forest
The setting for the novel



Research Themes

Historical unresolved grief
Rejoicing in survival⁸
Recognizing pain and sorrow
Accepting responsibility for change
Introduction to theoretical framework, method
& applied interpretive techniques

⁶ Modeled on the mnemonic Condolence Cane, a reading guide precedes each chapter to convey research themes discussed therein. A mnemonic cane is a memory prompt employed to conduct *Hai Hai*, the eulogy to the Founders of the Great Law tradition, chanted as a roll call of 50 hereditary chief titles (See Fenton, 1950/1983). A ritual singer uses a mnemonic cane inscribed with pictographs, grouped by like symbols denoting related themes as procedural reminders; a practice replicated in the reading guide.

⁷ Suzan-Lori Parks, artist and playwright, applies performative and post-modern structures to introduce her dramatic works. Her play *In the Blood* (2000) inspired the reading guide headings.

⁸ This theme and the following two themes draw from the songs of the condolence ritual.

Chapter One

Enter the Forest

The Journey Begins

Ritual Episode: The Condolence Ceremony is a healing ritual at the heart of the Great Law narrative. It begins with a series of opening rites - performative cultural traditions and physicality – which gives each ritual its name and marks the beginning of the healing journey. In the first ritual episode, “On the Journey”, the consoling party travels through the forest, chanting Hai Hai, the roll call of the ancestors who founded the Great Law. Arriving at the fire of the mourners, the opposite moiety of nations, the consoling party receives greetings via the second ritual, “Welcome at the Wood’s Edge”. The ritual is, first, an expression of gratitude for safe travel and serves to incorporate the third episode, a reciprocal exchange between parties of the first three wampum strings of condolence. This restorative act eases urgent effects of grief to “dry each other’s tears” (Woodbury, 1992, p. xl) and clear blockage areas in the body. All told, the initial rites function to encourage moiety sides to celebrate strengths, to acknowledge pain and sorrow but also to accept responsibility for healing those losses (Alfred, 1999).

Ritual Principles in Chapter Context: Terminology in initial rites of the Condolence Ceremony establishes Celia, Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷ as characters in a story of transformative change, a journey in search of healing which begins in this chapter. Branching off from the wood’s edge, the theatrical forest, inhabited by Tadodá:ho⁷, symbol for psychological anguish and reformation, sets the landscape for the dissertation story. Precious arises as Celia’s dissociative self, an effect of traumatic experience Celia recognizes in Tadodá:ho⁷s “spectrum of developmental derailments” (van der Kolk, 2005, p. 2) and in her own life. Celia enters

Tadodá:ho⁷s forest to source specific life events that may have given rise to Precious and emotional patterns that trigger re-enactment of trauma. Inquiry into developmental milestones helps Celia identify obstacles she faces to regain personal peace and to accept responsibility for transforming these losses. In doing so, she begins to recognize her strengths.



They circle around behind the Sorcerer [Tadodá:ho⁷] who is sitting on top of a hill. When they separate, [Peacemaker] stands up in front of the Sorcerer, Hayəhwátha⁷ and the Oneida chief stand on his right, and the Cayuga and Seneca chiefs on his left. [Peace Maker] informs him that the nations have reached unanimity, all of them accepting the peace, and that they are about to meet together at a grand council. This is what the members of the delegation see: in place of hair, the Sorcerer has snake-like creatures writhing on his head; his hands are gnarled and his fingers are twisted; a long object hangs from his body; he does not speak (Gibson, 1912, p. xxv).

I thought I wrote about her and tried to find an account. But I only came up with this. “I have a memory of myself, like a wild child, straggly black hair, unkempt. I peek out from somewhere, from behind a wall, with my fingers in my mouth. I overhear a conversation between two people. ‘I’m not looking after her’. ‘She’s not my responsibility’. When I tell my sons about her, I say she is a feral child, a refuge girl; disheveled with sticky dirt patches dotting her brown Indian skin. She’s raised herself with no internal control. She cannot speak” (G. J. Thomas, personal communication, 2009).

From Celia’s journal...

The wild child, a representation of myself, first appeared to me in a dream. In search for a methodology for my dissertation, I discovered in Chang’s (2008) research a method to generate memory data for use to narrate my experience of healing and self change. Novelists say that characters take over their story if you let them. Through memory retrieval, I excavated a feral child I named Precious. Not only did Precious take over data generation for my research, she lived through me in frightening moments of re-creation in my everyday interactions with people

and my world. When episodes occurred of re-creating self through Precious, the character arising from narrative text (Bruner, 1987) I decided to make Precious a central metaphor in my thesis.

Though Chang (2008) follows the “anthropological and social scientific inquiry approach” (p. 46) to autoethnography, I found invaluable the identification of a variety of “data” (p. 59), named as such due to her management of autobiographical material modelled on scientific inference rather than performative storytelling, a technique which I prefer. In that sense, I use Chang’s term *data* to mean “fragmented information bits” (p. 115) turned autoethnographic text, “a well-developed cultural self-analysis” (p. 139) and constructive interpretation engaging personal, social and political perspective in all steps of research from organizing information to meaning-making.

Kinds of data Chang identified, and most helpful to my research, include personal memory data and self observation data, along with information from external sources such photographs, artifacts and literature. I adapted her strategies for collecting memory data, designed as writing exercises ranging from chronicling, inventorying and visualising self, family, community and broader society. Combined with self observation data collected by occurrence recording, self-reflection and culture-grams, a technique to denote group membership, I generated 82 pages of primary source information. Use of several field journals, together with charts and diagrams yielded an additional 131 pages; all combined to generate 213 pages of primary source material for the dissertation. Chang’s prearranged approaches help me feel I was progressing toward narrative texts I had outlined in my research proposal. I felt safe, since I was writing about methodology not only for my committee but for external examiners, overriding concerns in beginning my research. Chang’s data generation methods designed as writing exercises moved

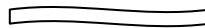
me to uncover the mystery of Precious and compelled me to discover who she was, how she fit alongside Tada:daho's story and how she would come to shape my stories of reformation.

Content analysis common to descriptive qualitative inquiry, including ethnography, is an analytical technique in which the researcher searches then tallies words and ideas to generate statistics on the content of the data (Mayan, 2009). Although I never intended to count the number of occurrences, I planned to create themes and categories arising in the data to identify personal issues and provide content such as setting, timelines and characters to shape my stories. Following Chang's lead to sift fragmented details of autobiographical data "stringing discovered gems" (2008, p. 139) into "the final product of autoethnography", I planned to present the results of my inquiry as a series of stories organized as chapters corresponding to the conventional dissertation format. After several false starts, I reminded myself I was drawn to Chang's research for the data generation techniques - the writing exercises - not the study methodology which followed the standard ethnographic method. That I needed to branch off from Chang's approach became clearer when Precious, the character with so much to say, slipped further down the text as I eyed the upcoming steps to complete a literature review and methodology section before I discussed Precious. I vowed to find a way to move her story to the front of my dissertation.



Scene One

Presenting Characters: First Impressions



Feeling the pressure of deadline and how to begin, Celia is in the throes of beginning her dissertation. She has decided on a method (Chang, 2008) to generate data for the content of stories she'll critique using the literature from her discipline. She begins by generating memory data about past events, timelines in her life, preferences and values. Then she begins to write, not

knowing if what she writes is correct; she keeps going. In addition to full time study, she continues her teaching assistant job with a professor who hired her as a research assistant as well. Indeed, the uncertainty of writing the dissertation intensifies the demands of managing three projects at once. The professor she works for is pressuring her, too, and grading papers is taking all of her time. Added to this, the department has downsized support staff leaving Celia to complete administration tasks associated with her teaching responsibilities and related research. She resents the hidden tasks added to her workload while her boss persists in assigning extra tasks. But she cannot tell him that. It is her pattern to be quiet and buckle down to do the work.

Things started happening when Celia began recording self-observation data about behaviour patterns in her everyday routine. It is the perfect storm where events, feelings, ruminations come together and head for a crash. Words like “angry”, “sullen”, “stew” appeared in the data. Stopping into the department office, unscheduled, she trips in on a meeting and though staff register her visit as surprise she reads their reaction as exclusion. Suddenly, her world stops. Her face tingles and she stops breathing. Turning up her nose, swinging on one heel, she stomps out of the office. Others stare. The room freezes. Once in the hallway, terrified, Celia shuffles the notes in her writing journal to record what just happened. Before opening the tabbed section designated to record current self-observation data and events, she flips the pages previously written during the excavation of Precious describing her behaviour patterns. Words she wrote about Precious: “Strong emotions trigger, she withdraws, passive aggressive behaviour begins, worse, it turns inward”. Go back. Where else did this happen? Celia leafs frantically through the pages. She reads more recorded notes about Precious: “Seeks love, acceptance outside self. If, instead, she finds rejection, she enters state of fear, operates from there, hypervigilance is up,

passive aggressive behavior is high”. Desawénye⁷; things stirring inside. Images of Precious and her patterns of social interaction arise from the data and meld with Celia’s everyday life.



Figure 3: Image of Precious, Google Images 2009
Celia sketches a representation of Precious in her field journal

From Celia’s journal...

It is said that Tadodá:ho⁷ was once a gentle young man, an asset to his nation, the Onondaga - one of five, and later six nations of Hodinohso:ni: who lived at Onondaga Hill, near present-day Syracuse, New York. One day while out hunting, he killed a poisonous bird. So taken with the bird’s colorful plumage, he decorated his head with the feathers, and while handling them, he inhaled their virulent poison. “Burning in his brain” (Converse, 1908, p. 128), the poison maddened him, transforming him from social being to sullen demon “avoiding companionship” while developing a “mania for killing human beings”. The people, alarmed by his fascination for evil, fled from him in fear. Pacification called for many men and rituals to dissuade his tangled mind and straighten his body toward becoming a rational thinking human being, again.

The cause of Tadodá:ho⁷’s sorcery I hear most often concerns poison inhaled from a strange bird, and though I use that version in my research, other stories abound. An oral story, passed to a Six Nations healer from her great-grandmother, explains that as a child, Tadodá:ho⁷ was a gifted

seer, feared by his people for truths he told about them and their community. His mother hid him in the forest, taking him food, at first, but eventually abandoning him, the animals raised him. At night, Tadodá:ho⁷ cried for his mother; his grief so great, his body petrified to seven crooks and serpents iterated fear and abandonment from inside his head (D. L. Hill, personal conversation, 2011). In the Great Law text, Jagóhsase, the first clanmother, and Tadodá:ho serve as collaborators, irrational thinkers reformed to peace, though some texts depict Jagóhsase as the mother Tadodá:ho seeks (Gibson, 1899), or even as his wife (see Hill portrait below, 1980). Scholars propose his power, turned vengeful toward self and others, results from insanity (Mohawk, 1987), psychosis (Wallace, 1958), or wild passion for despotic power (Hewitt, 1892).

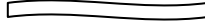


Figure 4: "Love" by Tom Hill, Seneca (1980).
Depicts Jagóhsase, the Peace Queen and Tadodá:ho

○○○

Scene Two

Precious Revealed



“I just returned from a walk. I’m very scared,” Celia records in the data. The incident at her department, documented in her fieldnotes as “a frightful, intensity” remains with her. She reconstructs images of Precious, the creature shaped by repressed emotion, performing in the lunch room at work. Realization floods her senses and Celia understands the use of passive aggressive behaviour rather than words to solve problems has hardened Precious to become the behaviour *in vivo* (Bruner, 1990). Moreover, Precious lives inside of her; an aspect of herself she learned to hide lest emotions deemed unacceptable, reveal that *she* is unacceptable. Celia has learned to hide Precious, the bundle of insolence, anger and jealousy but easily provoked and cornered by inability to speak, Precious brandishes cutting words or strategic withdrawal as weapons to make her way in the world. Yet now, Celia has no choice in the matter of Precious’s emergence. The simultaneous act of observing self and analyzing behaviour has unveiled Precious in living colour in the midst of her co-workers. By acknowledging Precious, Celia accepts that she is meeting herself. This understanding is the seat of her anxiety, her fear.

To ease her anxiety she looks deeper into recorded data to decide the next steps. Celia traces episodes of heightened sensitivity and imagined exclusivity - read abandonment - resulting in passive aggressive behaviour; past recreational, work-related and family events. With heavy heart, she realizes that Precious operates even in places of relational nourishment, at communal gatherings. In the record of her last meeting with committee planners, Celia describes how she misses her first teachers, the older members who taught her when she was the novice. The heat in the room swelters her body and she twists in her seat looking for comfort. Triggered by hushed conversations going on around her, Precious emerges checking, listening, watching to determine

if she is excluded. She raises her fingers to her mouth and leans forward, peeking through knotted strands in her hair, assessing for signs of acceptance. The vigilance continues and Precious enters the fear state, *desawénye*⁷; imagination stirs mind and thoughts, cripples her to non-action until she is unable to move. By the end of the meeting, Celia has lost her voice.

“All right, it’s time that we talked,” Celia addresses Precious straight up.

“And, what is this about?” Precious is mocking.

Celia ignores her. “We’ll meet in the forest, where *Tadodá:ho*⁷ lives”.

Precious draws a line in the dirt with her shoe. “As if I know who *Tadodá:ho*⁷ is.”

Celia looks back to the opening where she entered the forest. Pockets of light peak through the thick covering overhead and the trees breathe life into her; wrap her in coolness. She revels in the forest breezes and a quick rush of air brushes her cheek as runners crisscross paths to deliver *Tadodá:ho*⁷’s messages. He knows others are coming to tame him. Celia stands where the Mohawks branched off to carry the peace message to the Senecas in the west, while Peacemaker headed, again, to Onondaga to check on *Tadodá:ho*⁷; to let him know help is near. The forest floor is smooth and soothing against her feet. Inside at the edge of the forest, she hears *Tadodá:ho*⁷’s call, his words ring clear in the wind. Too late, Celia realizes Precious has entered the forest ahead of her. By his mystic power, *Tadodá:ho*⁷ intuitively senses Precious’s presence, already, he sees into her thoughts and replays memories she carries, taunting and mimicking voices of others with whom she engages in episodes of memory. Their voices echo across the forest.

*Tado:dá:ho*⁷: My shouts can be heard all over the world. I kill birds from the sky by projecting my thoughts. “*Ahsu:u khé netogyé óneh.*” Is it time yet? (He sits at the top of the hill.)

Precious: I am the center of attention. I want it! When I do not get it I freak. I scream, kick, drag my feet, sulk, go limp, act out, stamp my feet. (Hair hangs in strings, drenched, by the side of her face. She is sweating and out of breath.)

Unprepared for their meeting, Celia knows she must hurry. Precious may appear at any moment. Voices reverberate to stir Celia's questioning about Precious's origin. How could she have missed identifying her before? Since she was young, twelve years old at the time of the incident, Celia is haunted by a memory that may have marked Precious's first appearance to her. Responding, now, to voices *Tadodá:ho⁷* projects, Celia recalls the incident. While visiting her sister, Eva, in Detroit, Michigan, Celia often cared for Eva's son, her nephew, while Eva ran errands or worked a shift at the restaurant. One Saturday during summer vacation, scheduling changes occurred unbeknown to Celia, and another relative arrived to do the job in place of her. The shock of replacement walloped her stomach and thumped her chest, plank-hard. She bowed her head inward and each intake of breath descended her deeper into the red center under her heart.

Precious: AAAYAAEEKK. I am the special one! I want that attention. I am the baby sister; the sister to whom you will turn, cherish, with your attention. Now you must pay. (Eva hauls her to the table, Helen Keller style, puts food to her mouth to make her eat) NO! I will not eat. (Precious crashes the chair to the floor, smashes the plate of food hard against the table.)

Eva: What do you want?! (She lifts Precious by the scruff of her neck, clamps her arms to her sides, then sits her straight up in the chair.) Just what do you want?! This girl is strong.

Precious: I want my place in this family! (Her legs rotate in mid-air and she breaks free her arms, swinging.) I am youngest child in this family. I want to belong in this family! (She kicks at her sister's arms and Precious and Eva tumble to the side of table.) I want that recognition! (The room is stopped. The people stand frozen. Precious lays limp like a cloth sack. She is a creature exposed. She is the creature no one wants to tangle with. She is trouble.)



In her growing up years, Celia heard from family members that she was a “spoiled child”. She remembered incidences of emotional events but couldn't recall most in any detail. She was embarrassed by such comments. During the first year of her PhD studies, Celia dreamed of the unkempt girl with mischievous eyes. The demeanor of the girl, whom Celia first named Wild Child, puzzled her. She did not recognize the child who peers into the kitchen from the entrance way with one eye hidden, the other covered with straggly strands. She operates from a passive angle, watching the adults at the kitchen table, judging how she can interrupt them, goad them, get them to chase her, *how they can meet her needs*. Wild Child waits for them to shoo her away under threat that she will misbehave. The chase, whether to scold or appease depending on the nature of misbehavior, is her way of getting attention. The element of chase is there in the dream. The specter child's appearance astounded Celia. Aloof, she studied the unkempt girl, yet she knew Wild Child was an aspect of herself. She decided to view her as a gift; a gift of remembrance. But upon reflection, Celia understood that her soul had given her a picture of herself she would not ordinarily see. It was a picture of her viewed from outside herself.

From Celia's journal...

“I think my parents started out loving each other. I think they had [complicated] times as the years passed...And I think maybe their love survived in spite of it all, though in a [disrupted]

form” (Hale, 1993, p. xxvii). The word I choose to describe my reaction to Hale’s passage is empathy. About the relationship yes, but about all the rest that surrounds my mother and father; a story set in a world of fractures and misplacements. There *was* love. That is the hope; I belonged in that small circle; a family within a family. There *was* a model of love though constructed in a tangle of confusion, hurt and loss. I view the survival of our family, strongly linked to our mother by clan lineage, as a miracle, considering we strived for unity within a social and political context designed to destroy us as a family unit. We carry the fractures of historical trauma; loss of language and cultural framework, grief and disinheritance. Yet, our family survived.

My dad was an only child, raised by his father without seeing his mother very often. He left home early and joined the Canadian army. As a young girl, I’d find scratchy coats and canteen bottles so foreign to me I omitted them from my play. He was proud of *Júda* (Cayuga colloquial term for grandfather), his father who was a Texas Ranger. I have pictures of *Júda* as a Texas Ranger: young with brilliant black eyes, deep brown skin, shiny and smooth, and black hair. In other pictures he is old with grey hair and woolen slippers. My mom bore the stigma of having a white father who did not live with Grandma and her, although he maintained connection, providing support in the best way he was able to provide it. In my mom’s stories, her family was poor. They raised pigs and cows, tended a small garden and walked miles to fetch water to run their small house; the water source was a well at the home of her father’s acquaintances. The head of mom’s household was her brother who reared his children along with the original family unit. For company her niece, Maggie, helped her milk cows and they roamed the adjoining fields seeking adventure after their work was done. The lot is still there where the house once stood.

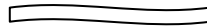
I don't know how my parents met. Mom married young at 13 or 14 years of age. By her early thirties, she had given birth to eight children, and after her husband died she raised the children on her own. Grandma came to live with the family in Detroit, Michigan, where mom found work in the steel mills. Additional children extended the family, including my brother nearest me in age and two siblings in between us who died as infants. I am the youngest child of my mother and the only child of my father. Mom raised two grandchildren while caring for their father, her eldest son, an ironworker, after he fell from the steel. She also nursed her own brother; now blind and incapacitated, who joined the family when I was in sixth grade. Precious is the product of separation by several layers from her mother and the stifling attention of her father, whom she perceived as the cause of her disconnection from the main family.

I say this so mildly, but I've come to accept the trauma of perceived isolation constructed in an extended family system deprived of complexity - legitimate social organization in my culture - contributed to a sense of abandonment that formed my identity. But despite disruption, there was love, hope and empowerment in the unity of my family under mom's leadership. There were also periods of belonging in the union of my mother and father, celebrated in private moments spent at Júda's house by McKenzie Creek. Yet, I strived to negotiate a place for myself in the larger family and where I fit. Precious was a major player in those negotiations seen often by members of my family. "Your father is here. Why do you cry? Why are you misbehaving?" The listlessness and pain of disconnection at the core of my identity remained a mystery, unnamed by the child who appeared in my dream. Instead, I believed I was misbehaving, acting out, "spoiled" by the presence of my father as provider. I began to construct Precious, the creature bent to the limits of irrational thinking, like Tadodá:ho⁷ twisted by loss to deformity and banished from his home.

I feel safe to reveal the construction of Precious but to discuss her in the context of my family is quite another issue. But our family is not an anomaly. I feel braver now, to frame Precious's construction within the concept of historical trauma (Brave Heart & DeBruyn, 1998) defined as collective "emotional and psychic wounding" (p. 288) that spans a lifetime and extends across generations. Couched in the literature of psychic trauma and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), historical trauma somatizes in experience among Jewish Holocaust survivors, especially where inability to grieve massive loss is concerned. "For American Indians" (p. 288), historical unresolved grief involves "profound, unsettled bereavement" resulting from generations of massive loss of lives, land and culture "which has been disqualified...by the larger society's denial of the magnitude of its genocidal policies". I feel safe, now, to discuss my family system with compassion because destruction of matrilineal, clan-based systems like ours is considered among "criminal actions" (p. 61) by the United Nations General Assembly Convention on Genocide. Confronting oppression, Mom, unwavering and never yielding, carried her duties passed over the generations to extend the clan. In turn, our family life suspended in hers, tracked, unknowingly, by iterations of cultural loss and grief which operate in genocide.

○○○

Scene Three
Tadodá:ho⁷ and Precious Talk



The colours and sounds of Tadodá:ho⁷'s home are familiar. This is the forest Celia contrived in reverie, in response to her mother's telling of Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law story. Into the forest, she followed her mother's words, rustling shiny flat leaves and trailing mud-packed paths made pliant by frequent travel. Her friends call her *ethnocentric* meaning she places her nation, Onondaga, at the center of her world, and though her mother's words charted the peacemaking journey, chronologically, through all five nations, Celia envisioned the theatrical forest

converging at Onondaga, with Tadodá:ho⁷ directing the characters and events. Because he represented the greatest barrier to national peace, she envisions the transformative space in which to resolve trauma and war lies in Tadodá:ho⁷'s territory. If there is a place to settle the fallout of suffering and disturbance, this is the place. Here, in the transformative space of the forest, Celia will give Precious the knowledge she needs to understand what is happening to her. Approaching the clearing, Celia peeks over her shoulder for signs that Precious draws near.

Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷ Meet

She flies to the top of the hill ahead of Celia at the forest entrance...
...to meet this Tadodá:ho⁷; she wants to know what she is up against.

Precious: She thinks I'm like you; living in a state of fear, disassociated, beside myself. Once triggered, I replay trauma, enter the fear state and operate from there. In the fear state she calls desawénye⁷, my mind and thoughts stir, imagined aggressive acts cripple me to non-action. I am unable to move, paralysed with no voice. Frozen, in freeze response, I spin out, lose control.

Celia: I am an adult woman but I play out trauma as I did as a child. Reading van der Kolk (2005), it all fits; confusion, disjointed in childhood, I am ill-equipped with sufficient categories of experience to process, integrate, understand what is happening to me. "At the core of traumatic stress is a breakdown in the capacity to regulate internal states" (p. 3). I imagine Timothy, my teenage companion, gossiping about me, no longer my friend until I worried myself to a state of immobility; I lay on my bed for the whole of a summer afternoon. "Are you still thinking about that?" my mother asks. Or sometimes after a work meeting, I question myself, vacillate. Did I say enough? Too much? Was I self centered? Incessant self-questioning is aggression against self (p. 4).

Tadodá:ho': My trauma was war. Or bad medicine; severe evil feelings worked on my brain. War, bad medicine and violence packed hard in my mind and from where trauma sits – my head – grew serpents instead of hair, my body twisted, deformed. I immobilized my inner self, unable to control my mind thus I controlled others. Through fear and threat of violence I coerced natural and humankind to act on behalf of my benefit. Wrestling with fear, isolation and uncertainty I lost my inner self. I rebuilt self as a sorcerer, a witch, a monster. That is what happened to me.

Celia: His story is “a life exposed, articulated and examined” holding a mirror reflecting “cut up parts, bits [of me] to evaluate for importance” (Berridge, 2006, p. 1). I find relevance in his story about something happening in my own life. “It gives [me] perspective on what’s happening to [me]” (Campbell & Moyers, 1988, p.4).

Precious: Celia has written several autoethnographic stories about trauma, unaware the moral beneath the stories centered on personal distress. Dangerous characters, feelings of vulnerability or symbols like black storms went unnoticed; lacking an inner sense of control, her fictional self entered the storm that overpowered her until she disassociated. She did not relate the signs and symbols to trauma, nor did she name its associated feelings until she excavated me, operating in her all along. Now, she identifies me as a part of herself, functioning in her for much of her life.

Celia: I read the symptoms of a distressed child who lacks a sense of safety due to loss of predictability, “Without internal maps, to guide them, they act instead of plan, and show their wishes in their behaviours, rather than discussing what they want” (van der Kolk, 2005, p. 4). I gasped. I am reading about Precious, the feral child left to her own resources, interacting with others through physical, non verbal contact because she has no words to communicate what she feels or what she wants. She does not speak.

Van der Kolk (2005) describes the signs of childhood trauma I see in Precious everyday; a close up look at fractured childhood that describes Precious to a tee. The symptoms are there. In the face of stress, trauma replays. Inability to modulate internal states, Precious imagines, speculates and infers – spins out of control. She cannot categorize or integrate what is happening to her. “Sensations, affects and cognition [thus unnamed] disassociate into sensory fragments” (p. 3). Precious loses control of the ability to track what is happening to her, to plan recovery and to trust relief will come. Over time, a simple fear stimulus moves Precious to the dissociative state, characterized by immobility, no voice - known as the “fight/flight/freeze response” (p. 3). Once there, Precious behaves as if traumatized all over again. Such enactment designed to minimize threat can be labeled “‘oppositional’, ‘rebellious’” (p. 4) - or it can be labeled *spoiled*, as I heard myself described. Van der Kolk believes a child develops groundedness by learning to categorize experience. By developing categories of experience in which to “place any particular experience in a larger context” (p. 4), a child learns to “evaluate what is happening” and to choose from a range of options to affect the outcome of events.

Tadodá:ho⁷: The history recorded in *Gayanehsragówah*, the Great Law, places me trapped in cycles of bloodshed and revenge. Pressured by the effects of war - inhuman activity and immorality – I became “a sick person—sick from killing too much, sick from too much killing, sick as aggressor, sick as victim” (Vecsey, 1988 as cited in Williams, 2003, p. 123). Until the curing of those of us trapped in the cycle occurs, I recreate myself stimulated by pressures of war and appear repeatedly, again and again. I, too, am a product of *desawénye⁷*, a fractured image of myself, shaped by mourning and revenge, disconnected from the mild, young man I am.

Precious: Is that your message to me, then? I learn from you that traumatic stress distorts a human being; it spins a dissociative self. Are you the image of self in trauma? Are we connected because it is your purpose to reflect my self-image through yours shaped by similar forces?

Tadodá:ho⁷: Your companion, the adult woman will help you name irrational acts and conditions under which you arose; they are similar to mine. My twistedness, now, evolved from contented youth and hunter, shows that any human can return to contributive order from depravity. That is my message; that healing and self-change are possible. You emanate from the adult woman. Together you will learn the sickness I mention has many names and you will find your own patterns of curing and transformation. I am here to show you it is possible.

Now I have questions for you.

Have you considered that because you live as entity within the adult woman, you are inseparable from her, thus it is not you that slips into *desawénye⁷* but rather it is the woman that disassociates and in that state she replays you? Have you considered that you are trauma, replayed, free and off the page, performing Celia's self-image shaped by traumatic events of her life? Until now, she has known you, only, as the voice of disconnection, grief and sadness manifest in addictive disorders; intense struggle for inner healing; and tenuous building of personal and professional relationships. Now she has uncovered you, the core being, the representative image, the creature that carries her feelings, beliefs and behaviours precipitated by traumatic stress. You are Celia's self image, *in vivo*. There is opportunity for hope!

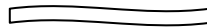
Precious: And for this I should celebrate?
I'm out of here...

Celia: And yes, there was trauma in my childhood. Is growing up on an Indian reserve in a complex family system enough to account for the rise of Precious? What of the backdrop - the great sadness, I call it - that followed me as a child, always there, like the

moon when travelling in a car? It followed me. I still did the child's play; skating, drawing and colouring and going to school. But I looked for the moon over my shoulder. It scared me because I could not name it so I took the mystery into myself (Poulos, 2009). It became my secret and I did not have to concentrate so hard on the moon. Is it the great sadness, the catch-all, shadow moon for feelings of difference, isolation that caused childhood trauma or was there something larger that perpetuated, even, great sadness? Without realizing it, I have been seeking answers to the shadow moon since childhood, writing stories, journals entries and academic papers in the language of difference, mostly the pain of it. Some writing was about beauty but lots was about getting through pain, about not knowing a firm centre I imagine comes from not worrying if I have one, but more because my brain structure does not match words on a page like "summer heat on pavement". I grew up on an Indian reserve, I knew about difference; at university, I learned about oppression, colonization, new terms for the child's shadow moon.



Scene Four
Celia Meets Precious



"The only way to release her is to meet her head on," Celia murmurs to herself as she prepares the ground in anticipation of meeting Precious. "'Painful, prolific, insightful' indeed," she mocks aloud the words she recorded in her journal to describe the experience of excavating Precious. Distressed, she stares into her vision, as Geronimo (Canton & Hill, 1993) would say, but for her, at this moment, the vision is a distorted view, one she determines to understand and make clear.

To evoke Precious, Celia uses the "re-evaluative co-counselling" method (Antone, Hill & Meyers, 1986, p. 92) in which participant groups help members recognize then discharge patterns

of thinking, feeling and believing that result from “ethnostress (sic)” (p. 24), effects of the process of dehumanization in oppressed peoples (Freire, 1970/2006). Celia notes how closely this concept aligns with literature she now reads to refine the definition of autoethnography, the research method she uses in her dissertation inquiry. In the writing process, “‘re-presenting’ scenes from the past as if they were presently occurring” can “undo, remedy, or rectify the effects of early experiences” (DeSalvo, 1999, p. 18). Celia applies this concept by folding and twisting a red towel, brought for specific purpose to represent Precious, so that they might converse, and in doing so, discover their relationship with respect to past trauma and its resolution. Celia places the towel in the hollow stump before her, and then softly at first, she calls Precious by name.

From Celia’s journal...

This morning, I read Carolyn Ellis (1995) again, and then branch off into Richardson (2000) tracing their ideas that link and overlap. Ellis (1995) explains poststructural and feminist writers create a space for texts like *Final Negotiations* - a transformative story of relationship sandwiched by academic literature and theory at both ends - introducing “new forms for expressing lived experience within the domain of human sciences” (p. 329). Richardson (2000) notes that poststructuralism positions language as the site of struggle that “defines social organization and power and [it is] the place where our sense of selves, our *subjectivity* is constructed” (p. 929). How I analyze memory and experience, including feelings, beliefs and desires, depends upon “interpretations governed by [my] social interests and prevailing discourses” thus I become “both site and subject for discursive struggles for identity and re-making memory (p. 929). As researcher and writer, similar to Ellis, I have access to multiple discourses, and through language I shift subjectivity, change identity and remake memory. Poststructuralism is a context for writing conducive to self-transformation and reconstituting past experience based on language use.

I continue reading Richardson (2000) in search for connection to Ellis's interpretive turn to autoethnographic texts. In postmodernist climate, CAP ethnography - coined by Richardson as "creative analytical practice ethnography" (p. 929) - blurs ethnographic genre, placing poetry, drama and conversation side by side with science-writing prose as accepted "approaches to telling and knowing" (p. 928). Produced by writing practices that are "both creative and analytical" (p. 930), CAP ethnographies display the writing process and the writing product as deeply intertwined while engaging issues of subjectivity, reflexivity and representation. Among new forms of ethnographic practices, evocative representations cast lived experience and emotional response into interpretative frameworks and analysis of social science. Because "evocative writing touches us where we live, in our bodies... through it we can experience the self-reflexive and transformational process of self creation" (p. 931). Understanding Richardson's CAP method as evocative representation that invites an experiencing of the text, I equate her method to Ellis's (1995) autoethnographic approach to construct experience as story, literary "plots", holding back on interpretation, asking readers to 'relive' events emotionally" (Richardson, 2000, p. 931).



For a meeting place, Celia chooses a bed of leaves protected by an oak tree standing amongst a cluster of windswept stumps and encircled by stones at its feet. She layers the clearing with pine boughs and arranges the stones in clear view off the mud-packed trail so Precious can find her. In the clearing she has made in the forest, Celia waits. In moments of vulnerability, she knows nothing else but to cry. She drops her head down, presses her forehead into folded up knees and closes her eyes, listening for Precious rustling in the bushes behind her.

"Come forward, Precious. I'm here to help. Come forward, Precious."

Precious leans in from her place by the tree, watching Celia in the clearing. “I’ll enter like a character in a story. It’ll be a comedy. Me, the ninja child standing on top of the hill, my sword wavering upright against a bolt of lightning. From behind my silhouette, a jagged flash crashes and strikes the sword. Kind of like that,” Precious muses to herself.

Celia bends forward once more, toward the red towel. From her stomach a moan arises and the sound of fear escapes. It is Celia’s anguish, labeled weakness when she cries out in fright, to which Precious responds, drawing her to the edge of the clearing. Vulnerability is the opposite side of sass, anger and demanding her way. It is a deep cry and Precious is afraid of it, too. Craig P heard it. You’re whining he said when he ditched Celia for the Wal-Mart girl; the lunch counter girl Steven brought to the party. You’re whining, Craig P said.

“My precious girl,” Celia speaks softly; smoothing the edge of the folded towel which she imagines is Precious’s cheek. “What can we do? I’m speaking for both of us now.”

Precious watches Celia, exposed, stripped down to bare bones. Sometimes Precious feels Celia’s anguish, her cry as a tug in her body, and if she decides to pay attention she can hear it, a call to consciousness across the landscape she now understands exists between Celia and her. Precious has learned to stay hidden in cut-off places by ignoring the maelstrom of feelings, packing them down, and riding out explosive lapses that arise. She didn’t mind aloneness, until now, upon realizing she connects to Celia, her link to a living human being; a blush of remembering ripples in her body. The anguish Precious worked hard to deny, cast out, suppress did not vanish; instead the feelings surfaced in Celia, her counterpart, the woman before her. Precious decides to follow the instinct toward connection, union and a chance for validation. After all, she has her own guide now, she belongs with Celia. With that Precious steps into the clearing.

Startled, Celia looks up and extends her arms wide. “Come to me, little girl”, she soothes, “Come to me.” Precious complies. Shy at first, she inches forward by small steps allowing Celia to guide her onto her lap. While she brushes the hair from Precious’s eyes, Celia rocks her, shapes the wiry strands into delicate curls around her fingers then speaks directly to Precious. “I’m glad to meet you,” she smiles. “We will talk you and me. You are safe, now.”

You ask me why I hide.
Why I’m angry.
I have no voice. Ashamed
That I am not good.

You have me, now.
I understand. I accept
Your parts of me.

Shall we call you Sweetie? Cherry Blossom?
Or Precious, because you are.
I am not ashamed of you.
You are enough.
You helped me to survive.

As she writes the summary of their meeting into her journal, Celia realizes the strength she feels as a woman comes from this little girl. Precious is tough. She is rugged. She likes her independence. Celia relates the ruggedness to her own non-dainty way of dressing. But Precious is too young to analyze that. Right now she is pure energy; muscle and light. Unruly black hair. Her smile is sly. She is mischievous, others have told her, and so she has made herself more roguish, invulnerable. She has had to be tough. She developed the muscle, resistance, to survive. With Precious uncovered, Celia searches for a method to explore Precious’s emergence, particularly, the circumstances that gave rise to her development. Since Precious manifests in her, the adult Celia, she realizes she must lead the search, which she views as a journey through Tadodá:ho’s forest, to resolve the dilemma on behalf of them both. Into her journal she lists

with uncertainty, potential reasons for Precious's development, knowing only their shared experience on the journey will uncover motives and solutions to care for Precious, the child part of herself, now risen, so Celia can move forward to healing and transformation.

Celia's instinct led her to bring Precious to the theatrical forest, the place of resolution she imagined for all Hodinohso:ni:, including Tadodá:ho⁷ and now, for herself. Reflecting on a framework to guide their journey, Celia turns back to the literature of childhood trauma, including van der Kolk's (2005) idea that a child relies on learned experience to piece together social milieu. Children develop trust and causality "owning" (p. 4) their experience gained by interaction in contexts beyond themselves. Likewise, they learn to classify and place experience in large categories to understand what is happening to them and to act if necessary.

Possible details contributing to the growth of Precious comes to Celia, first, as a series of images and then she imagines the signs and symbols of experience projected like moving pictures, unfolding here, in the backdrop of Tadodá:ho⁷'s forest. Celia models the pictures-in-motion on Dos Passos's (1937) Newsreel, incorporating news events into text, and *The Camera Eye*, capturing experience in poetic stream-of-consciousness; techniques Denzin (2006, 2008) popularized to rewrite and re-experience the past. "The past flits by like images on a screen... a series of scenes, inventions, emotions, images and stories" (2006, p. 334). Relying on memory, fieldnotes and personal writing, photographs and professional literature, Celia reconstructs life events she believes gave rise to Precious. The moving picture-reel, Celia's label for Dos Passos's Newsreel, assists Precious to develop the requisite categories of experience she missed as a child thereby filling identity bits in order to reunite her with Celia, the adult woman.

From Celia's journal...

Adjusting her vision to the dark of the forest, Precious follows behind me, off balance. I record flashes of memory and events onto pages then lay them before Precious saying, here, read this, this is what is happening to you, these are the boundaries, these are the rules. I glance over my shoulder surveying the pages scattered among trees and between signposts, each signpost fixed with a white screen, against which the picture-reel plays. The pages, like pebbles spread through the forest, represent individual experiences that comprise conglomerate categories, chunks of experience large enough to predict causality and conditions that give rise to Precious. The movie-reel projects lived experiences grouped together as scenes that flash by on each signpost.

With me in the lead, I take Precious's hand and we follow the pebble-like pages, pausing at signposts, some images are explained aloud to Precious, others flicker past, self-explanatory, a mix of pivotal memories, events, history, interpretation and experiences that shape her identity. Modeling Dos Passos's (1937) Newsreel as framework for our forest journey, I move across several genres and writing styles, techniques I mention here to explain organization of my material, particularly in Scene 5 and Scene 6. I use narrative text and dialogue to explain picture-reel images, juxtaposed with Denzin's (2008) procedure borrowed from Smith (2004) in which speakers depict scenes wherein "words spoken are verbatim [or paraphrased]...from historic [and scholarly] texts" (Denzin, 2008, p. 22). Visual texts accompanied by *Flash Ticker News*, a further variation of Denzin's (2008) lines "spoken [from published texts] that are not mine" (p. 22), contribute historic, cultural and identity bits to Precious. Additional procedures such as Pelias's (2004) Da and Fort* identify texts as they appear. As throughout all chapter scenes, excerpts from my field journal, constructed as dialogue or direct entries function to support images in the picture-reel with academic literature and critical discussion. In Scene 7, reverting to narrative text

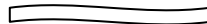
combined with poetic representation, I reveal two final elements pivotal to developmental trauma and conclude this part of our journey with a dialogue between dissertation characters in Scene 7.

* Da and Fort, is a literary device, an interlude allowing for Celia’s reflection related to the topic where it appears; usually a deliberation on concepts, literature or events under discussion. Ellis (2004) uses interlude for such purpose but Pelias (2004) constructs the form as literary device, which I adapt from chapter and title, “Living between Da and Fort”, in his book, *Methodology of the Heart*. The German terms *fort/da* originate in Sigmund Freud’s 1920 discourse, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, in which Freud interprets his grandson’s utterances in play with a string-toy as behaviours of satisfaction of things “gone” (*fort*) or expressions of pleasure in their return “there” (*da*) (Watson, 1995, p. 468). Pelias (2004) reflects on Freud’s ideas that mastery over presence and absence isn’t always a matter of choice; “strings are cut, out of our control, or become entangled” and the pleasure of repetition is sometimes represented as “[that which] cannot be accomplished twice” (p. 94). I use the literary device to balance my “writ[ing] in grief for what is lost” (p. 94), gone (*fort*) but potentially healed, there (*da*).



Scene Five

Celia and Precious Construct Categories of Experience



Understanding History A Snapshot

From Celia’s journal...

Hodinohso:ni: originate in the fertile lands beside Lake Ontario. Five nations, Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca, situated in that order from east to west among the Finger Lakes,

formed the Iroquois Confederacy or League. Joined later by the Tuscarora nation, the league is now known as the Six Nations, all of which speak respective languages “of the Iroquoian family” (Wright, 1992, p. 115). The symbol of identity for Hodinohso:ni, a Cayuga word for “people of the long house”, is carried in the name we call ourselves. “Longhouse” implies a religious context since, today, the calendrical ceremonies are conducted there, but it symbolizes, as well, matrilineal clanship and physical layout of the Confederacy in original territories (pp. 113-121).



Celia and Precious follow the pebbles to the first signpost at which they stop briefly. Images, labelled “Hodinohso:ni: Homelands” flicker against the whiteboard. Green and lush autumn colours infuse each image of the ancestral lands. Precious leans forward to listen as electronic narration awakens her imagination. “The Appalachian chain flattens and breaks into the Alleghenies, the Catskills and the Adirondacks then sinks beneath the largest freshwater system in the world, the five Great Lakes and the St Lawrence River that drains them into the North Atlantic” (Wright, 1992, p. 114). The reel flickers ahead and pauses at consecutive scenes.

University professor steps forward to lecture Celia’s undergraduate class: “Fenton’s [1952, 1962] ‘marching orders’ – the injunction that [accurate comparison and inference of Iroquois] ceremonial variations are necessary to understanding the history of the ritual [and the culture] - ...Edward Sapir (in Mandelbaum 1949: 546-47) observes some forty years ago... Let anyone who doubts this [make] a painstaking report of the actions of a [Native] group engaged in some form of activity...to which he has not the cultural key.”

Tooker (1970, pp 5-6)

Celia records lecture notes into her journal: “A vital aspect of self-determination relates to our history as Indigenous peoples and a critique of how we’ve been represented or excluded in accounts. We want to tell our own stories, write our own versions, in our own ways, for our own purposes. It is not simply about giving oral accounts or naming land and events but a powerful need to restore a spirit, to bring back into existence a world fragmented”.

Smith (1999, p. 28)

A Mohawk historian approaches the lectern: In 1996, Vine Deloria, Jr. invited Indigenous peoples from the Maya of Guatemala to the Inuit of Alaska to share origin stories carried over generations so as to critique assumptions of Western science about how humans first came to the western hemisphere. Piecing the puzzle together through oral histories, indigenous scholars disproved the Bering Strait theory and evidenced the existence of Indigenous nations in the Americas many generations prior to the frigid times of the Ice Age. For Hodinohso:ni: there is no doubt but that their identity as a distinct people took form in the region south of the St. Lawrence River, north of the Susquehanna, and east of the Niagara peninsula. Origin stories of Hodinohso:ni: tell of long ago ancestors related to the Cherokee, Tobacco, Erie and Neutral nations splitting into various groups along the Ohio River and across the southern Great Lakes as early as 3500-4000 BC. By 1000 BC, Iroquois ancestors held firm on millions of acres south of the St Lawrence and north of the Susquehanna where generations later they became six distinct political entities with a common culture and language.

Paraphrased from George-Kanentiio (2006, p. 1-9)

Ambling through the forest, their dialogue continues. “I marvel at families who live at Six Nations, Grand River Territory, today. Adult men and women, and their parents and grandparents

before them, practice our beliefs and way of life,” Celia explains. “Thousands of years later, descended from Hodinohso:ni: generations removed, we retell our history, speak our languages and practice our ceremonies. This is longstanding belief; maintaining in the present, our worldview that existed prior to the Western modernist project, persevering, knowing the feeling ‘to be present while [our] history is erased before [our] eyes’ (Smith, 1999, p. 29). As a child, I did not understand that negation of my identity was ‘a critical part of asserting colonial ideology’ (p. 29), nor did I understand the courage of our ancestors from whom the families of today descend.” They curve with the path surveying pebble-like pages scattered along its edges and into the forest. Precious chooses a few, kneels beside Celia and they read together, silently.

The strewn pages between signposts tell the pre-eminence of war in the history of her people, accounts based not so much on historians’ records but on stories her mother told that Hodinohso:ni: were, once, a war-like people. Warring, first, with neighbouring Huron and Algonquian peoples, then amongst each other, the five - then later six - distinct nations formed the Hodinohso:ni: Confederacy; the Great Law text records this part of her history. Due to political unity and favourable location of their homelands, Hodinohso:ni: dominated affairs in the northeast related to French-Dutch-English relations once they arrived, including influence in the fur trade and later, the American Revolution (Tooker, 1963; Graymont 1972). “Who says Tadodá:ho⁷ is not my self-image?” Precious asks. “I know his war-like narration is in my blood. War is the reason we needed the Great Law. How close is that unrest to me each day?”

Celia wanders to the left signpost where picture-reel images flicker once more. Symbols significant to “person-culture integration” contributive to “concepts of identity” (Stairs, 1992, p. 117) flash by; this time underscored by horizontal text and news scroller. Wampum images glint

symbols of “burning fire” (Shimony, 1961/1994), p. 35), sacrosanct, each wampum bead of great reverence signals “religious charter” (p. 35) in strings belonging to a Longhouse and political jurisdiction that “legitimizes any treaty” (p. 87). Wampum records form strings and belts of polished shells depicting trustworthiness and agreement, among them, the Circle Wampum of fifty Confederacy Chiefs, though all are considered equal, Tadodá:ho⁷ protrudes into the center.

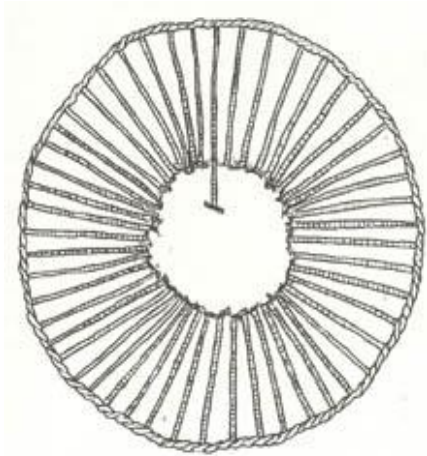


Figure 5: Circle Wampum
Confederacy Chiefs Holding Hands

Flash Ticker News 1: “The Great Law set in place a council of fifty hoya:néh (sachems or lords), each chosen, guided and if necessary, replaced by a woman through her political responsibility as a clanmother. Male, hereditary and appointed for life through matrilineal line, the chiefs make decisions in caucuses until the council is of one mind”.

Wright (1992, p. 119)

Flash Ticker News 2: “Hodinohso:ni: had the right of popular nomination, the right of recall and of woman suffrage all flourishing in America centuries before arrival of the white invader”.

Parker (1916/1968, p, 11)



Figure 6: Two Row Wampum Treaty: Hodinohso:ni: and Dutch

Two Cultures, Two Paths: Respecting laws, religion, knowledges of each culture

Flash Ticker News 3: Invasion by Europe happened through negotiation; legal deeds preceded talk thus Europeans learned to plant trees of peace, sweep the council seat and stoke the council fire. They learned to make and give wampum and condole the loss of chiefs. Hodinohso:ni: held balances of power between Dutch, French and British at various times in our history. (See also, Graymont, 1972, about colonists' relations with Iroquois in order to survive in North America.)

Paraphrased from Wright (1992, p. 127)

○○○

Precious: Did mother talk of these matters? The hereditary title, I mean; she in the clanmother role, our uncle, a chief. How did she live the role as a Hodinohso:ni: woman in modern times?

Celia: Reichl (2009) explains the years succeeding World War 1, even after women's suffrage in 1920, as "the worst possible time to have been a middle-class American woman" (p. 7). In "polite turn-of-the-century society entirely dominated by men" (p. 24), smart educated women gave up professional aspirations, while men held jobs, "secret lives" (p. 10) away from home that "nurtured [them], fed [their] souls". But I remember our mother, a young wife by 1926, this way – in charge – inside the home and out, and she sustained her leadership role over the years up to and after the time I was born. I watched as she returned home from chiefs' councils and Longhouse "doings" with baskets of food and bolts of fabric. Tired, she put her feet up and relaxed until replenished; she didn't say much but I could tell by her sustained silent content that

what she did was a big job. She had jobs away from us, outside our home that nourished her, though not paid in money, I didn't realize how big until I started doing the jobs myself. A matriarch inside the home and out needed to be organized, direct and resolute. "Women had to be tough, my mother was the same" (C. Skye, personal conversation, 2010), my childhood friend tells me, now. Straddling modernity's cultural divide, our mother, sustained herself and our family unit; she stood up to government, state and church. She saved us from residential school.

○○○

Scene Six

A Tribute to Marie Yellow Horse Brave Heart-Jordan

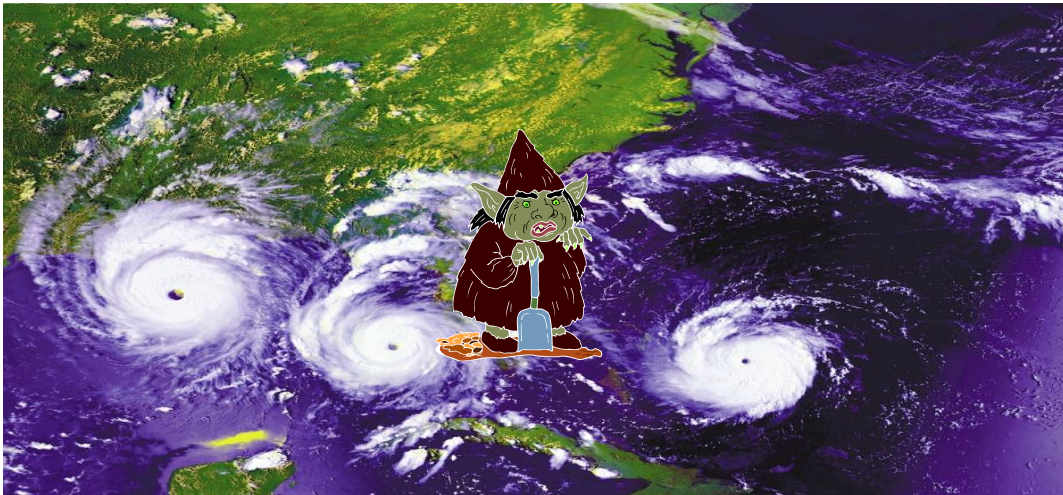
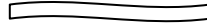


Figure 7: The Storm Descends

The research of Brave Heart-Jordan (1995) illustrates the explosion my ancestors experienced, like the Jewish Holocaust and Hiroshima; a doctoral thesis every Indigenous person should read.

From Celia's journal...

Lakota scholar, Maria Yellow Horse Brave Heart-Jordan (1995) developed terms to describe multi-generational trauma among her people. I set the terms straight in my mind. "Historical trauma" is cumulative injury transmitted across generations. Unresolved, it results in impaired, chronic grief labeled pathological; an incomplete mourning cycle Brave Heart-Jordan names

“historical unresolved grief” (p. 5) - I abbreviate the concept HUG, ironically – which manifests in specific symptoms. Brave Heart-Jordan links unresolved grief with the trauma response, a constellation of features compiled from literature related to pathological grief, trauma reaction, and collective suffering experienced by Jewish Holocaust survivors, paraphrased here to include; numbing and replay of traumatic memories; impairment in adapting feelings; trauma fixation; chronic sadness; dissociative states; hypervigilance resulting in re-experiencing and fear of the return of trauma; chronic worrying; chronic anxiety; and inadequate ability to self-soothe (p. 50).

At risk of attaching psychiatric-like labels to Lakota and other Indigenous people, I list Brave Heart-Jordan’s (1995) findings that describe *Lakota-specific* trauma response compiled by matching evidence from personality studies among the Lakota with relevant trauma literature. I leave Brave Heart-Jordan’s psychiatric-like description to exemplify the severity of repercussions of loss of lives, land and culture rendered by “European conquest of the Americas” (p. 2), a concept Legters (1988) defines as “the American genocide” (p. 769). Features of trauma response specific to Lakota relate to boarding school experiences, tuberculosis epidemics, anxiety over illness, injury and pain, preoccupation with death and fixation to persecutory experience (Macgregor, 1946, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995); the latter impairs judgement, memory and cognitive performance (Krystal & Niederland, 1971, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995). Decimation of the buffalo erased reality fitted to communal integrity and identity formation (Erikson, 1950, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995) manifesting in features of unresolved trauma, including a chronic state of helplessness, a conception of life as tragic (Krystal, 1987; van der Kolk, 1987, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995) and after effects of persecution, including self hatred and social pathology (Krystal, 1968, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995). Historical

unresolved grief manifest in Lakota proves “relevant for [North] American Indians” exceeding “oppression [to] meet the criteria for genocide” (Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995, p. 58).



Interlude: Writing Oppression

Da and Fort*

Da. There. I feel HUG’s impacts the way Lakota feel HUG, although my people’s history is different, the facts of oppression are the same. I can speculate on oppression’s impact on Hodinohso:ni: nations as a whole but when I write to identify personal impact, I write *my* story. Other individual Hodinohso:ni: write *their* personal experience, *their* story. That said, I ask myself how much of what I feel is HUG and how much is existential angst, like death hovering (Pelias, 2004, p. 94) insecurity and fear, unspoken. I write to identify, to source unrest I experience; most times I cannot. I say there are memories yet I cannot date the moment or identify the context for spectre flashes; mostly, I see still images. Is what I write vapours of HUG that hang over me? There are flash images of malice and reprisal but are they my memories or that which I translate into memories while carrying their blows in my body.

Fort. Gone. My writing is about early life growing up as an Hodinohso:ni girl struggling with identity – not knowing I had one – and the effects that loss of language and cultural framework had on me – and from my perspective, how the loss impacted my family. Although we did not attend residential school we experienced the same stripping of self-esteem tossed to the mix of confusion and disinheritance made clear by contrast to the world around us that we did not fit. Early memories of accompanying my mother into town fill with remembrance of sustained stares, silent judgment, implicit avoidance by others in stores and on the streets; the idea of lost culture had no meaning, nor did I develop the child-toughness vital to withstand other-ing.



From Celia's Journal...

My counsellor friends call sadness *ethnostress*, “the disruption of the joyful feelings of being a Native person” (Antone, Hill and Myers, 1986, p. 1). Thus disrupted, the individual develops a self-image built on displacement, “stress” that centers on “sense of place in the world” (p. 6). Response patterns, “absorbed oppressive messages” (p. 25) surface as direct indicators of stress that shape belief system. I confirm the concepts of grief I learned from my friends. Indigenous people who survived the American Indian Holocaust (Legters, 1988) experience symptoms of group trauma, including disenfranchised grief, defined by Brave Heart and DeBruyn (1998) as “grief that persons experience when a loss cannot be openly acknowledged or publically mourned” (p. 66). The view that Indians are incapable of grief, “incapable of having feelings” (p. 67) intimates that “American Indians had no capacity to mourn” or a need to mourn. Guilt, sadness, anger and helplessness which usually accompanies loss is not relieved by mourning rituals; no rituals thus no resolution of grief, instead we carry it, over the generations, unseen by larger society. If society disenfranchises grief, it does not acknowledge or see need for mourners to “experience and express [their] grief affects” thus “sadness and anger”, suppressed, become associated with shame, the “intrapsychic function” that covers feelings (p. 67).



Interlude: Roots of Shame

Da and Fort*

Da. There. (Oh, that word, “shame”.) It builds itself in my mind without me knowing, negating my right to feel sad or angry about what is happening around me. In early photographs, I see divested grief, unacknowledged even to me; I peer at the camera with a bit of a perplexing look. Scribbled along the pages of research articles I critique, I read, “Maizie, braids folded back,

selling cornhusk dolls at the entrance to the community fair grounds” or “mom, at Heinz’s store off reserve”; random incidents in which I perceived delayed grief reflected in the face of my mother and her friend, Maizie. I reached out to soothe their feelings of fear or otherness but checked, unknowingly, by shame I hesitated. I understand, now, how affects of historical grief mix with shame and team with disenfranchisement of our way of life. Impacts of trauma play out, reshuffle then transmit as “group ego, a collective life plan” (Brave Heart-Jordon, 1995, p. 84) unless discharged, “it weighs us down” (Antone, Hill & Myers, 1986, p 40). Once healed, we have power to heal others. Trusting my instincts, I transcend collective shame, forward then back in time, to caress the brown skin of my mother’s cheek and to stand, at the fairgrounds gate, in support of her friend, Maizie, who sells finely crafted dolls braided from cornhusk.

Fort. Gone. Brave Heart-Jordan’s (1998) words elicit an incident of misplaced sadness. As I write, the amplified music of my neighbors, the street noises and the flutter of summer breeze float up through my open window. The incident happened in Vancouver. It’s Friday afternoon and I’m walking down Broadway looking for happiness. I think if I go to a beautiful place, I will find beauty. I will find what completes me. Yet, sadness is there, in the romantic seaport city of Vancouver. I relive feelings of vulnerability, now, evoked by that event but at the time I knew nothing of grief’s disenfranchisement. Brave Heart and DeBruyn (1998) record the words of a Lakota research participant, “I have this theory that grief is passed on genetically because it’s there and I never knew where that came from” (p. 72). The incident I experienced on the Vancouver street was like a vision. I looked out. A stark frame of my inner reality encased the sun, its brilliance and the bustle of Broadway Boulevard. The frame was a vision; it was as though I saw the outer edges of where I see and think from projecting out onto the busy street. Alarmed, I knew the frame exists within me, not out on the street, though the spirit and colours of

the summer landscape are bright and glistening. The sights of Broadway are not sad, where I see and think from is sad. In the present, I learn multiple frames with which to see the world and though I struggle with misplaced sadness, the feeling that I am the only one, is gone.



From Celia's Journal...

The most revelatory concepts Brave Heart-Jordan (1995, pp. 90-91) uncovers for my research are theories of trauma transmission over generations, including van der Kolk's (1987) groundbreaking evidence that physiological changes in response to trauma imply, first, a biological capacity for trauma addiction, and second, the possibility for inherited response. Regarding the former, the body produces natural substances in response to trauma which may reinforce repetition of traumatic experiences in effort to master the original trauma. The latter is more compelling. In relation to trauma experience, van der Kolk presents evidence of biological changes in the brain's messaging pathways and the development of an "analogue of memory" (Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995, p, 90) stored in the central nervous system so as "the physiological reservoir of traumatic memory could then be transferred genetically to offspring" (p. 91).

Consistent with van der Kolk's beliefs about inherited traumatic memory reinforced through physiological addiction to traumatic experience is Kestenberg's theory of transposition.

Kestenberg (1982, 1989, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995, p. 94) explains transposition is "an organization of the self" transferred along with culture as "a mechanism" – a type of traumatic fixation – by which persons living in the present relive the historical past with a sense of carrying the ancestors, internally, as replacement for mourning. It strikes me that I've engaged the research of Maria Brave Heart (1995, 1998, see also Brave Heart & DeBruyn, 1998) to reach this point; stifled by the mystery of their origins, emotions of sadness, anger and guilt I've written into

hundreds of pages may represent longing, deposited in my body since birth, to reconnect with my ancestors in order to resolve the trauma they experienced. The frame rooted in sadness and covered by shame which startled me on the streets of Vancouver, is a visceral image, an analogue of mourning transposed from my ancestors as a symbol of the challenge I face to re-create self.



Interlude: Trauma Inherited

Da and Fort*

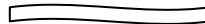
Da. There. We are nine generations descended from Hodinohso:ni: that left our homelands among the Finger Lakes after the American Revolution in 1784. Noted carnage amongst us prior to and at the hands of US General Sullivan before our leaving, we inflicted, too, with implication in Europe and the English-French conflict in strategic regions of North America. The trauma of war; physical injury, we gave as good as we got, we held our own but I think the greatest trauma for Hodinohso:ni: was psychological. Betrayal, mostly, by settler peoples who kowtowed our leaders until they no longer needed our friendship, strong enough to survive, their eye on the land, all along, gave way to fraudulent selves. Still, in resettlement lands at Six Nations on the Grand River, the churches and squatters followed, land grabbed up to and following the Canadian Constitution of 1867, our land deed interpreted for profit to the federal treasury by Crown officials and supported by the courts. Canadian law swept our right as independent nations and allies of the British, aside, and deemed title theirs to 400,000 hectares of the Grand River lands. With the French overpowered by the British in North America and the Dutch expelled, the greed for land focused on what is now Canada, but by then the British were long gone. “The Queen let us down,” my mother said. There is a sense of abandonment; rich, independent nations used to statesmanship, vying for our place in the North American theatre of European expansion, ignored

and shown indifference. Partition of homelands and dismantled cultural systems, compounded by traumatic exposure to decades of war instigated the transposition of collective wounded mind.

Fort: Gone: The analogue of memory is complex. It carries the trauma of war, betrayal, poverty, but it also carries the antidote of the impacts of colonialism. Helena is thin, wiry; she wears her grey hair plaited atop her head, its white-ash colour acts in relief to her brown skin. When I see her in town, off the territory, she carries difference in timidity, and I make my way through the crowded marketplace to protect her. In summer, Helena and Robert, her husband, share the workers' shack with our family at the fruit farms along Lake Ontario. In the evening, we walk to the rocky shore of the lake, the water too cold and deep to swim, we toss stones over the waves then head back to the shacks. When I see cracked earth in the landscape at home, it connects me to the mudflats of the berry fields and empty beaches of jagged rock but it also connects me to Helena and Robert. White flowers of raised beads follow vines edging on navy blue cloth; the women trim their leggings with silk ribbons, shawls of antique lace caress their shoulders. I learn the women descend from Helena's line; strong, stately and handsome, they assume leadership roles cared for, cherished then passed to them by commitment of their clanmother, Helena. She would be proud. I learn Helena is the same as me, Onondaga, deer clan; I learn I connect to Helena farther back than dry cracks in the earth and the abandoned shoreline of Lake Ontario.



Scene Seven
Into the Storm



The trees with shiny flat leaves form a canopy overhead providing a shade cover for Celia and Precious as they idle through the forest. From Celia's descriptions up to this point, Precious integrates cultural strengths into experience categories while she learns that spiritual disruption

influences how individuals and nations of people see themselves and their place in the world. Inhibited by stigma of difference, an individual disrupted emotionally on a personal level may deny, suppress or choose silence rather than speak openly about the trauma of disruption. To disclose difference calls attention to oneself as “discredited” (Goffman, 1963, p. 4), apart from others, “of a less desirable kind [of category of people]” (p. 3). Children, distressed, develop limited vocabulary to define their experience, thus compounded by public inability to speak about trauma, denial is “an entrenched form” (Ronai, 1995, p. 418). Celia determines that Precious will not be denied validity and expression of emotional disruption thus deflecting status ascribed to her as strange or different. Celia will participate with Precious in revealing two final elements of trauma that influence how Precious sees herself and where she fits in the world.

“Gaḡhyadá:gye,” Celia calls Precious by her Indian name. “The old people say if you talk in Indian, the words have power, a spiritual link. Our ancestors hear you and will guide you forward to positive resolution. Onéḡ ęgatró:wi ęgíh tga:yéi.” Now, I will say the truth.

“Gajíḡe gaoʔnḡdáhse.” Come here, come this way.

“Ęséęe gayaʔdáḡnyḡʔ óhdroḡt.” Some images you see may scare you.

“Shḡh ḡkiyenáw aseḡ.” But they are helpers.

Celia lowers her body, squats her legs down to match Precious’s height, then leads Precious's chin upfront to meet her own face, close. She lets her know that previous signposts helped her understand collective dismantling of Hodinohso:ni: social and political structures in their homelands and its effects of disarray on generations today. Some Indian nations describe collective trauma as “soul wounding” (Duran, 2006, p. 14) carried at a deep soul level, a

condition akin to historical trauma (Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995) and ethnostress, a “disruption of beliefs” (Antone, Hill & Myers, 1986, p. 1) about how we view our world. Celia takes a breath.

Individual affects of oppression suppress natural human spontaneity, so an individual absorbs, instead, “thoughts and feelings projected at him [sic] by oppressive conditions” (Antone, Hill & Myers, 1986, p. 21). From messages absorbed, a person develops a set of beliefs that determines behaviour. Each incident of perceived abuse and mistreatment creates a distress pattern, a “rigid, destructive, or ineffective feeling or behaviour” (p. 29), such as hostility or inflicting abuse acts, if not discharged or healed, replays dehumanizing experience of oppression on self and others (p. 29). Based on this simplistic explanation of the workings of internalized oppression, the upcoming incidents account for lack of knowledge contributive to Precious’s “internal map” (van der Kolk, 2005, p. 5), categories of experience that explain causality, continuity and predictability in the process of identity development. No incidents that follow that will be as difficult.

The whirr of the picture-reel restarts and images roll onto the whiteboard. Precious recognizes the farmhouse covered in red asphalt siding. There is a barn to the right of the driveway that opens onto the yard where she plays with her cousins. She peers at the photographs on the screen trying to decide if the images and events unfolding are memories or if they are scenes coaxed up to give name to the fear welling inside her. In the photographs, Precious wears lime coloured mid-calf khakis, called *pedal pushers* in the 1950s, gathered at her waist so folds of soft cotton drape her flat stomach and cover her bum. Summer is hot and sunny. The world is bright. Humming, she pulls up her crinkle-edged socks then wanders off the porch to feed the chickens. The dogs stretch and yawn in the shade by the barn. Another day to be a child, she says to herself.

Beside the signpost, a figure lurks in peripheral vision but Celia refrains from calling Precious's attention to the shadow that mars sunlight and rustles the undergrowth. Heavy brows and knitted wrinkles deter recognition but Celia glimpses a familiar hands-on-hips stance; rapid heart beating surges her ears, but she remains still. An image of a darkened room flashes on the screen as though cast from a projector's reel suspended high overhead at the back of an empty theatre. Celia chose this scene to replay for Precious traumatic dilemma to assist her mastery of the original trauma. But the intensity of her own response at viewing the unlit room with a single window veiled by dusty brocade, shocks Celia into performing the scene, along with Precious, and the sinister figure from the original trauma that materializes before her in the forest.

Cruelty

Cruelty is a force with red eyes; it travels amongst my people
Whipping and slashing, it holds a knife to my throat and whispers in my ear
"Don't move. Do you hear me?"
The knife pierces my stomach from the other side
Through my back.
If I do this right, I will be spared.
My little-girl legs scissor under me.
Pound. Thud. My shoulders and the small of my back
Take the force. My face is hot. Tears melt the pillow.
"Don't move." If I move Cruelty strikes.
Prey! It pulls back waiting, satisfying tremor in shallow breath.
To finish things off, I lie on my back, my little-girl body bounces,
Lifeless, I submit. It means I know I deserve this fixing,
My death.
Cruelty moves in; it is a voice in my body now.

Starting today, I am no longer free to be my real self -
A child acting without second thought.
A new girl appears, not knowing who to be.
She begins anew,
With a single received message;
To survive you have to be good – for guarantees - be perfect.
She has a helper, now; Self Doubt mentors her, tells her
How to be good, in multiple ways,
Making sure she does each thing over and over.
If Self Doubt can't handle things, she asks the real boss that lives in her body
Cruelty will let her know if she is good, enough.

At times, the skinny girl reappears; she left when she was four.
They play and rejoice, together. Other times, new girl does not play;
She brings Cruelty and Self Doubt with her.
And their weight makes it hard to play.
In her stillness, new girl re-does caution over and over, again.
She knows she can play, she can move
After she achieves perfection.

Precious is afraid to look. She bubbled up in Celia's dream but when Celia excavated her from scratch she knew there would be consequences. For hours, now, as Celia guides her through the forest, Precious heeds glimmering images that trail her thoughts until she cannot discern if they are imagined events or specters of memory. All at once, the images desist from fading away, remaining full in her consciousness, demanding to be heard. Precious cannot stop the force.

“Breathe in, little girl. Fill your body with breath.” Celia encircles Precious with her body and her arms press Precious inward to her heart. “Lean in, little girl, lean in. I have you.”

“Celia. The thoughts demand to be heard. I'm afraid.”

“I have hold of you, Precious. I will not let go.”

A rusty steel thud bolts Precious to attention and a grid appears in the forest. An iron gate lifts, sweeping them into a fierce storm of blizzard and ice. Celia can see the icy wind transforms itself to horrific force, and it clutches at Precious's back, slashes her arms. Cruelty spins like a black ball, a whirl of furious energy. Objects in the forest rattle in preparation to be swept into the spiral of twister winds. The force moves slowly at first, surreal. They do not know the pattern. It is beyond seeing. Only as the storm forms tempest-tossed center do they know its ferocity.

“Hold on, little girl. Hold onto the roots. Hold on for your life.”

Nothing is spared. The spiral descends.

The tempest rages and does not stop at the gate. Sharp fear strikes and Celia feels the icy fingers that wrap Precious's little girl waist and also reach back to her. She secures Precious against her

hip then traces the hurricane path forward beyond the gate. Where does the source lie? What is the source of Cruelty? Determined to face the source that sent Cruelty forth with such blast, she tracks alongside fingers of ice which thicken to rivers then to floes of glacial mass. She cannot see the tip. It's too big to discover. She turns back. The gate grinds slowly to close but Celia slips, with Precious, under the grid before the heavy gate crashes. In frantic relief, barely a moment, she understands that the fingers of fear connect ahead in the forest to the next signpost.

Celia, out of breath, explains to Precious, "Remember, this is the worst. We must go forward to the next signpost; they are connected. The two incidents are critical matters that shape your development. They are both part of the iceberg."

"I think I remember," Precious whispers to herself.

"Gaḡhyadá:gye, gao⁷nḡdáhse:" Come this way, Precious.

"Sadagái:de⁷." You are doing well.

"Ohá:de⁷ shéḡ oyá:nre⁷." Our way forward is good.

"We must make it through the two signposts," Celia says.

Precious seizes hold of a memory as it flashes up at this moment of danger. In the images on the picture-reel, cast at the final signpost, she is 3 years old and wearing a pink dress with purple flowers. She twirls in easy circles, a dance on the lino living room floor between two couches and a matching ottoman. Just for a moment she is shy. She hesitates. Her eyes squint in familiar crinkled brow, she puzzles over her own timidity. Though she knows the figure before her, she does not recognize it as she sees it in this moment. She parts her thick braids and pulls her body to attention, straight and tall. Precious brings past to present, creating form for re-experiencing it.

The Other Cruelty

Sometimes, its eyes are black silhouettes,
On a wooden face, a pasted on smile;
It is a gaze that imprisons.
Spidery fingers clasp mine, overhead,
I spin in pirouette,
My mouth forms the words
You ask me to say;
This is the part I do not like.
I step back from lowered grasp,
My shoulders collapse
And grace abandons my smile,
Replaced instead by left behind innocence,
Weak and spent.

Other times, green light beams from behind marble eyes
I perform for your amusement.
Your laughter says it's okay.
Like this? I try it out, a step here, a turn there
My eyes, mischievous, glance from the side
I wait for your approval.
The feeling travels in the middle part of me
From my mouth to my hips back up my spine
Perform for me.
My body erases.

I followed you. You were my teacher.
You showed me.

I am sure you did not know,
I'd seek your pleasure in others,
Haunting,
Haunting,
Haunting me,
Agahtgá⁷. I release you.
I let you go.
After you died I remembered I loved you.

Precious lies motionless, curled into stiffness. In the distance, the heavy gate creaks and Cruelty,
the energy force, its blackness sated, recedes. Celia pulls back, beckons Precious to awaken, and
wipes her brow. It is then, that Celia observes the fingers of fear retract to become ribbons

weaving a path through the forest. From beyond the tempest's blast, she glimpses a clearing ahead, the soft glow of a cornfield, and she carries Precious out from the center of the woods.



Drawing from Ronai (1995), Celia reframes Precious's experiences of trauma through a series of exercises that "contribute to the [re]formation of self...through multiple points of view" (p. 418). By means of conversation, Celia assures Precious that she is "safe and loved" (p. 411); blameless for vulnerability, no power to provide herself protection; entitled "to speak up for and defend [her]self"; and worthy of the same consideration that other human beings receive.

"Gaḡhyadá:gye, onéh hekńí:yo!" Precious, we made it through!

"Sgę:nó: swenóhdonyoh." We are safe.

Moving quickly along the wooded path toward the entrance to the clearing, Celia settles Precious. "You are the girl of my childhood," Celia's voice is calm and even. "In the order of a child, who lives within me, I make allowances granted and deserved by all children."

"I shaped aspects of fear into a secret in order to survive. Yet the secret ruled my behaviour, defiant and aggressive - my displays of power - and sometimes compliant in abusive situations. I could not articulate what I saw and experienced," Precious answers.

Celia stops abruptly to catch her breath. "A mentor guides a child to introspection and response to feelings and sensations. In unmanageable stress, a guide absent, you were unable to organize, let alone articulate, your experiences in a consistent fashion. You had no option to report, retreat from and protect yourself. Trust me, now, as your guide."

Upon hearing those words, Precious wriggles from Celia's arms, straightens her shirt and stands tall in the center of path. "I belong with you," she smiles, shyly covering a gap of missing teeth at the corner of her mouth. "In fear, the hypervigilant state, I turn to you, not others, for

acceptance, nurturing, and for wholeness. If effects of my fear replay, I ask *you* if my behaviour is appropriate. Desawénye⁷, no more, things stirring inside!”

“But the trials of being human will not stop,” Celia kneels before Precious. “The capacity to recognize and share feelings of disruption with others, may reframe your experiences as contributive to related situations. It’s okay to share your feelings of trauma.”

Celia continues, “Child, you are part of me, the adult. We can see each other, now.” She ruffles Precious’s hair, running her fingers through thick strands, and positions Precious directly in front of her. “Self-observation to capture behaviour, emotions and interactions as they occur in the present revealed you, visible, with plenty to say. Fact is I need you to speak.”

“About my experiences, you mean?” Precious asks.

“About *our* experiences,” Celia answers. “These things happened to *us*. Silence perpetuates trauma’s effects; unspoken, they induce shame of difference, stigma, in a society with no way to comfortably frame experiences of trauma.”

Precious flexes her arms, plants her feet, firm, into strong ninja stance. “Thus, speak I shall, aloud, against injustice and its inflictors, knowing my voice channels a healing force.” Role-playing ninja, artful resister of inequality, she leaps lightly to Celia’s side. “But between you and me,” she whispers, “protective emotions pass. I learn to judge abusive situations and behaviour directed at me, no longer a victim; I become my own defender and nurturer.”

“You are worthy of defense,” Celia answers.

In circular motion, Precious swings an imaginary cape to her shoulders, the glint of sun against steel of her invisible sword, “I am armed with alternate discourses to define self. To channel the creative healing force between us, we share and experience protective emotions.”

“On our journey, we learn to unfreeze traumatic reactions, restore physical experience and the feeling of being in charge and accomplish resolution.” Celia motions their way forward.

“To divert traumatic replay, we explore surroundings, re-awaken awareness to its triggers and gain knowledge of what it feels like to relax, to feel physical mastery.”

“By now, you know the drill,” Celia continues.

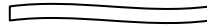
Precious nods in agreement. “Yes, I know the words...”

“I am safe. I am loved,” she says.

○○○

Scene Eight

Corn Woman Protects Celia and Precious



Yellow. Gold yellow all around. A pure but subdued brilliance frames the clearing. A woman stands at the bottom of the field and the sun catches her shape through the stalks then encases the field in long hazy shadows. She steps onto the field and flyaway husks fold crisply beneath her feet. Rustling of long leaves whistle behind and ahead as she makes her way through the stalks. Down each single straight line she lets the husks run through her fingers like powdery silk, soft fine chemise. It appears to Celia that the woman belongs here; this is her home. Celia infers the forces in Tadodá:ho⁷s forest have transformed the shadowy figure that stalked her and Precious in the brush, to the matronly woman who tends the corn field. Now the woman steps forward.

“I meet you here because I have news for you and the girl,” she says.

Celia approaches, extends her hand to the woman. “Sgé:no⁷. Hello.”

“Come, walk with me and I will tell you the news.”

She explains that corn is her connection to the earth. Like the women before her, she plants corn by the moon, plants beans among its soft hills, for company and for protection of the corn’s

strong breed. Corn belongs to the women, she says. The first woman had corn planted in her and it grew from her body, blossoming splendid statuettes of her spirit on earth. Like the northern people have snow, Hodinohso:ni: have corn. Corn with berries, white corn, pounded corn, corn with maple syrup, corn with beans, corn made into bread, some with squash, roasted corn, flint corn, yellow corn. Each corn type has its name and purpose. Corn is medicine. The women call it Gyǫhéhgoh, Life Sustainer, the most important thing here on earth. Qgyǫhsrahniyǫhsdǫh, it strengthens our breathing-in of well being. Into Celia's hands, she places a wrapped bundle. This medicine will sustain you. It is the female spirit of the corn. You are connected here, to me.

“Follow this way; there are other matters to show you.” She leads Celia and Precious to the top of a hill that overlooks the cornfield. Peering downhill on the opposite side, they see a flat and grassy meadow. “The Sorcerer who lives in the forest, he is reformed to human, again. Take this news to support your journey and think of him when self-change appears least possible.”

Where the meadowland ends, underbrush grows in dense clusters just before the woodlands resume thick and tangled. There, at the woods' edge, a small party of men arrives. “Peacemaker reconstructs Tadodá:ho's mind so he acquires, once more, the brain of a human being. Watch, down there,” the woman says. At her instructions, she narrates the scene that unfolds below (from Converse, 1908; Gibson, 1912; Hewitt, 1892; Newhouse, 1916/1968).

Peacemaker, Hayéhwata⁷, his helper, and newly established chiefs chant Hai Hai, the pacification hymn, stopping now, as they arrive at the fire kindled by resident Onondaga leaders. It is arriving, Peacemaker says, the Good Message and the Power and the Peace. Tadodá:ho⁷ sits, unclothed, the deformities of his body, exposed, his fingers and toes twisting in all manners

of shape, his hair moving as if alive. In initial greeting, the parties exchange the first three of 15 strings of condolence wampum to ease the trials of travel from eyes, ears and throat. Then encircling Tadodá:ho⁷, the chiefs sing the Six Songs. Let us commence work on Tadodá:ho⁷, Peacemaker says, to convert him from sorcery and transform his preternatural humanity. An act never known to do, Tadodá:ho⁷ lifts his head, and affected by the singing and Peacemaker's words, he begins to cry. Taking one string of wampum, Peacemaker addresses Tadodá:ho⁷, saying the reptiles are removed from his hair. He touches Tadodá:ho⁷'s head, rubbing it downwards and the reptiles disappear. Raising the next string, he recasts Tadodá:ho⁷'s mind and the sorcery spirit leaves him completely. The chiefs massage his body, and while Peacemaker speaks, they remove Tadodá:ho⁷'s deformities in his torso, hands and feet.

“Words embody power and the ability to construct the world, ourselves and others (see Silko, 1996),” the woman says. “Some (Archibald, 2008; Basso, 1996) say the power of words become embedded in body, in emotional being, and in spirit.”

Celia imagines Tadodá:ho⁷'s comfort as he absorbs into his body the rhythm of Hai Hai and words implanted in the strings of wampum, symbols of spirit Hodinohso:ni: call *fire*. “The exercise of spirit through sound and voice gives life stability (see Hewitt, 1902),” Celia suggests.

The woman takes Precious's hand, turning back to the path leading downhill to the cornfield. “Self-change is a relationship with oneself and between people invested with trust, action and a belief that words embody the power to heal.” She stops and allows Celia to catch up. “Tadodá:ho⁷ trusted words to restore his reasoning, while the chiefs' reciprocal sharing and exchange of ritual speech and songs re-formed his mind.”

“Like Tadodá:ho⁷,” Celia says, “I believe medicine in words leaves traces of itself in my consciousness and renews my thoughts with strongly felt good intentions (see Whorf, 1939/1964) to transform relationships in my world and with others.” She and Precious turn to go.

“But wait!” The woman raises her hand to stall their departure. “The bundle I gave you carries the 30 verses of Hai Hai and the 15 wampum strings of condolence.” She parts the stalks of corn in the field and steps into the straight rows. “Because, you see, I am there, among the party of men. Peacemaker honours, first, the power of female point of view to balance the male side in matters of peace and well-being. I exist, here, as the female spirit of the corn, and also within the laws of the Great Peace.” Jagóhsase, Mother of Nations, the first clanmother, wraps her husk shawl and lowers her hand as a sign of farewell. “In Good Peace, I accept, on your behalf, a titled role for women to advocate healing and leadership processes. In the bundle, you carry my medicine, the power of the mind for peace so that the human race may live by reason and righteousness in the future.” The folds of the cornfield close and the woman retraces her steps on the path of weaved ribbon that brought her from Tadodá:ho⁷s forest.

Celia shields her eyes, blinded to the afternoon sun, she watches corn woman stroll through the stalks to the woods entrance opposite the cornfield. Her message to guide Celia’s journey is clear; in darkness of trauma, there is always light. There is no person, and no mind that is so far gone it cannot be changed (Williams, 2003). Celia stares down to her fingers that caress the delicate wrapped bundle. She uncurls the husks and presses the bundle of fire to her heart.

Chapter Two

A Mnemonic Guide

The Six Songs

A Prelude to Healing → 

Celia seeks to nourish her spirit, evolving,
through six stories, each a entitled a song.
As the stories progress, her perceptions sharpen
and her self-confidence deepens⁹.



***Time**

Formative years from child to adult

***Place**

Various settings at Six Nations of the Grand River Territory - Celia's community –
and at university towns where Celia attended school



Research Themes

Six Stories investigate;

1. Ethnographic self in research practice
2. Autoethnography as method
3. Recreating trauma, differently
4. Spirit in rhetorical voice
5. Language, subjectivity and creating meaning
6. Indigenous literary traditions

⁹ Paraphrased from Huggan (1989, p. 193)

Chapter Two

The Six Songs

A Prelude to Healing

Ritual Episode: With bodies and minds restored at the wood's edge, participants in the Condolence Ceremony set in motion the next ritual episode. The Six Songs rite functions as reminder of the role traditional customs play in our life. "Adapt, change, go forward, but always make sure you're listening to the traditional knowledge at the same time" (Alfred, 1999, p. xxii). Interspersed with rites of travel and wood's edge rituals, the Six Songs greet principal entities - institutions and participants - vital to conduct the ceremony. Terms such as sacred, revered, and national hymn "capture the emotional tone" (Woodbury, 1992, p. xliii) of the Six Songs, while invocation, thanksgiving for observance of the Condolence Council, is their "actual function".

Ritual Principles in Chapter Context: Celia and Precious make camp in the shelter of trees at the meadow's edge where Tadodá:ho conferred with parties of chiefs. To assess self-reliance necessary to face personal losses, Celia understands Precious requires a foundation of their shared emotional and intellectual development that contributes to evolution of character. Through the medium of six stories, Celia attempts to replicate the Six Songs ritual, showing "fragmentary, fractional, segmented" (Huggan, 1989, p. 193) bits of nature that comprise the sacred growth of conscience toward fulfilling one's potential. The stories capture "rhythms of that essential, formative [span] of decades" (p. 193), dated to provide context, but fragmented, overlapping as the Six Songs intersperse the continuum of rituals toward beneficial end. Though intended for Precious's use, Celia recounts the stories, each entitled a *song*, as autoethnographic inquiry to support the complexities of human nature which premise the dissertation she undertakes.



The Six Songs ritual, said to be “the most sacred of all Iroquoian rituals” (Fenton, as cited in Woodbury, 1992, p xliii), precedes The Requickening, the pivotal healing event of the Condolence Ceremony. Noted for its “intensely experienced ritual episodes” (Woodbury, 1992, p xliii), the Six Songs function as invocation of thanksgiving to entities, institutions, officials and others without whose involvement the ritual of Condolence could not accomplish its purpose. The first two songs invoke the Great Law, itself, “the law, I come again to greet it” (Gibson, 1912, p. 625). Songs three and four appeal to male tobacco helpers and women, respectively, while the fifth song, considered “the principal one” (p. 629) among the five invokes “our grandparents affairs”, meaning institutions and structure of the Confederacy Council. The sixth song implores the ancestors - our grandfathers – to “keep listening to [us]” (Woodbury, 1992, p. xlv), as we carry out our ritual obligations. Performed through complex protocol, the Six Songs invoke the next phases of condolence, the revitalization and installation ceremonies.

Similar to the custom of the Six Songs supplicating entities essential to subsequent healing events, I compose in this chapter, six story vignettes leading to the main healing event of the dissertation which occurs in the next section; Chapter 3, entitled *The Requickening: Turning Point in the Forest*. Each story included here functions as a narrative about elements that shape human character and appear in Precious at a specific age from child turn adolescent, then adult woman, myself. Taken together, the six stories weave “personality and coincidence” (Huggan, 1989, p. 192) in development of narrative conscious, voice (Goodall, 2000) and the growth of language (Weaver, 1997); elements contained in the stories and necessary to precipitate self-actualization. In this chapter, all stories but one, *Song Three*, which is a play spoken in third person voice, reflect the “I” of autoethnography (Ellis, 2009). Through my persona as narrator,

Precious sees into my soul, “[soul meaning] perspective rather than substance” (Hillman, cited in Goodall, 2000, p. 136), “a way of opening up a deeply personal space in [my] life from which to create understanding” (Goodall, 2000, p. 136). Thus, Precious - and reader - recognizes how she, the misplaced child that arose in Chapter 1, is an aspect of my character shaping the person I become. Reflexive, personal narrative emulates a search for meaning in Tadodá:ho’s theatrical forest; the six vignettes are participants “crucially implicated” (Woodbury, 1992, p. xliii) in observance of requickening, healing the spirit, like a bricolage of experiences creating change.

Jo-ann Archibald (2008) explains stories have “life” begun in core telling “from the inside out” of ancestors’ words (p. 53); its power “to make meaning” is derived from “synergy” between the story, how it’s told, and how one listens (p. 84). She quotes Ellen White, who explains, “you have to go in the story, [your]self” in order to tell it” (p. 154). I am reminded Poulos (2009) speaks of synergy “ethical and mythical” (p. 27), that resides deep within each of us”, *narrative conscious* “arising from the storied center of our human being”. Pelias (2004) writes the poetic voice as methodology of the heart, an inner narrative “emotionally vulnerable, linguistically evocative” (pp. 1-2) located in the researcher’s body capable of “open[ing] spaces for dialogue, heal[ing]”.

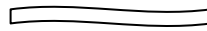
Indigenous authors write Indigenous consciousness, silenced but now affirmed through old and new literatures in rise of Indigenous self-determination and “legal reality of tribal sovereignty” (Womack, 1999, p 6). In Indigenous literatures, most oral stories are autobiographical due to performed *I* and *we* passed down in narrative; though written autobiography differs in relation to oral telling, it is “not foreign to tribal societies” (p. 249). As such, Indigenous authors write their own realities moving from representation by others to “*re*-presentation” (Shanley, 2001, p. 224)

of Indigenous way of life, “pull[ing] together time and presence, much as opening a medicine bundle pulls power from another time, into the present moment”.

Freed from perception that “native people are voiceless” (LaRocque, 1991, p. 192), Indigenous authors transition from oral to written literature while maintaining traditions of *oratory*, defined by Maracle (1994) as “place of prayer” (§ 2). The writing process viewed as potential for change (King, 2003), a serendipitous act (Moses, 1998) and dialogue within and between people (Sarris, 1993), links spiritual essence to words in attempt to be persuasive (Maracle, 1994, (§ 2). An extension of oral tradition, the first written texts authored by Indigenous writers include gold standard autobiographies; Charles Eastman, (1916); Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, (1883); and E. Pauline Johnson, (1913/1998). Contemporary autobiographers (Campbell, 1973; Johnston, 1988, 1999; Momaday, 1976) soon followed. To further advance autobiographical inquiry, Hale (1987, 1993) and Bartleman (2002, 2007) persuade truth, empathy and subsequent healing related to growing up Indigenous. They speak the Indigenous voice, uncensored, no matter the unfamiliarity of Indigenous literary self-determination in academic and critical frameworks.

By coincidence, while writing this chapter, I attended a university gathering at which James Bartleman, an Anishnawbe man and the former Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, participated as the guest speaker. He told his story of childhood and family which I learned, later, is the focus of two books of autobiography. At the podium he shifted his weight calmly, and with even voice, he recounted living in a tent with his parents adjacent to the city landfill at what is now Port Carling, Ontario. From comic books discarded in piles of refuse, he learned to read. Listeners squirmed in their seats; I squirmed. His message was not packaged as the stereotypical message of hope from an Aboriginal man who rises above poverty, marginalization and subjection to success in

mainstream Canadian culture. Later, upon reflection and ethnographic figuring to piece together sociological concepts with lived experiences, I realized the impact of his message shared in oral and written texts. In speech, his unabashedness about early beginnings indicates he had faced issues, embraced them and moved on. In his non-fiction writing, I read with compassion and empathy the story of an Aboriginal family displaced from homeland, culture and community. Reading halfway into his first book, *Out of Muskoka* (2002), I realized his account is the story of Indigenous people everywhere; it certainly relates to my life story. Like autoethnography, *Out of Muskoka* is compelling, a page-turner, in which Bartleman “used writing as a process of inquiry” (Goodall, 2000, p 40) to learn about himself within a culture, and in turn, used what he learned to write for academic and public audiences.



Lovey and Me
Glimpses of adolescence 1960-1965

Song One

Perhaps childhood is a grace in many ways because although one feels the pull of difference and tension of social interaction to construct identity (Bruner, 1990), meaning resides in the “mundane details of everyday life” (Ellis, 2009, p. 33) seeming to insulate self from the pain of becoming. I am able to live in my world as if undisturbed by oppression, “watching and listening carefully” as Ellis (2004) says, “figuring ‘what’s going on? ... what are [people] thinking and doing’ ... what are their motives” (p. 27)? Ellis explains ethnographic self, its development based on narrating experience, simulates storytelling linking people, time and place to development of the creative process particularly the writing process. Margaret Laurence (1970), renowned Canadian author, explores her own emotional and intellectual development as a child in the process of becoming a writer. In *A Bird in the House*, considered one of several autobiographical works of fiction, Laurence creates the central character, Vanessa Macleod, “whose life mirrors

her own” (Huggan, 1989, p. 192). Through Vanessa, Laurence illustrates a child, though gifted with imagination and love of language, is not exempt from the influence of people and events outside her control; instead the isolation of childhood “turns in on itself and, instead of withering, blooms” (p. 193). Perhaps it is the growth of self-reliance, I confuse with childhood grace; nonetheless, I embrace Laurence’s medium of autobiographical fiction to explore factual events.

I, Celia, the fictional character in this dissertation, was born in the winter 1979 after a mystical visit to the snowy village of Lakefield, near Peterborough, Ontario, where the author Laurence lived at that time. Saturated in Margaret’s books and beset by her genius, adult woman, the PhD student, drives to Lakefield to find Margaret, a story I tell later in Chapter 3. In early stories, I speak in the distinct voice of Morag Gunn, the character in Laurence’s novel, *The Diviners*. Laurence captures the independence of Morag Gunn, the woman, and the ruggedness of Morag as a young girl, including her “lonely and perspective childhood” as “pre-requisite for a writing career”, a truth Laurence examines through the medium of fiction itself (Huggan, 1989, p. 193). Similarly, I examine the experience of growing up on an Indian reserve through myself as fictional character; my voice, matured from the 1979 stories, recounts all stories in this chapter. In fact, I am able to write the stories only by narrating truth as fictional experience and perspective.



Clover was my first childhood friend. I took the short cut through a field of scratchy burdocks then caught the gravel road just short of Jim Buck’s lawn which combined with Clover’s yard to make an expansive baseball diamond. After school we played baseball if enough kids showed up but if not, we played *21 Up*, the batter hitting fly-balls or grounders for points with all of us out in the field. Clover’s house was modern with a kitchen, living room and bedrooms all on one floor and Clover had her own room. Most times, we put up with her brother’s questioning; we’d kick

off our shoes, run to the bedroom and close the door. We listened to 45 rpm records and read *16 Magazine*, perusing for mod clothing, frosted lipsticks and lead singers in the newest British rock bands. Though we were friends at home in the neighbourhood, we didn't hang out together at school; Clover was two years older than me so we had our own sets of friends at school. She chummed with older girls and their boyfriends, all preparing to enter junior high.

On weekends Clover and her boyfriend, Jakey, picked me up and we'd drive into town, buy snacks, and park the car to watch Friday night activities on the street like a drive-in movie. We watched to see who came into town with whom, what stores they frequented and we noted any discrepancies in adult behaviour related to two hotels in the small town. Consistent traffic and throngs of people crowded the town streets for Friday night shopping. Other vehicles, filled with occupants waiting for their drivers or viewing street activities like us, lined the sidewalks. It was common practice back then. I felt comfortable with Jakey and Lovey - Clover's pet name, awkward once it surfaced beyond family but like the rest of us she endured the embarrassment. I think because I was younger they found my chatter amusing so they invited me along. There wasn't much else to do since Lovey and I were stuck in the early sixties years between record hops of our older siblings and the Beatles, who were two years away. Teens our age, although I was more pre-teen, had parties, then; a leftover practice from dance halls where senior teens bopped in poodle skirts and saddle shoes. Whatever the origin, Lovey decided to have a party one weekend before she and Jakey got serious about things. Lovey was always the brave one.

We scrubbed and waxed the floors, paying special attention to the living room which flanked the front width of the house providing ample floor space for dancing. I'd never been to a party, a rite of passage for young girls. Lovey's friends invited their boyfriends and since I didn't have one,

Lovey invited Jigger, a lanky boy with sideburns to be my dance partner. At dusk people began to arrive and from the front picture window we watched a gang of boys, Jigger among them, amble up the road in ochre silhouette toward the house. Lovey nudged my arm, suppressed a giggle and met my eyes sheepishly; we both knew Jigger from down by the river was an odd choice for a date. He barely attended school and when he did, he appeared out of place; cuffed blue jeans, adolescence unfolding willy-nilly and a misplaced sense of humour. I knew Lovey barely believed I approved of her plan and maybe it was me more than Lovey who determined I have a date for the party so I played along. Lovey knew things I didn't; like the intricacies of teenage friendships cranked up from childhood play, what records to buy and how the in-girls carried the day at school. I was chubby by then, overweight and a target for classmates' teasing but Lovey supported me, maybe because she knew me better from time spent in the neighbourhood. Whatever the reason she arranged a tryst with Jigger for the party. I let the curtains fall, tripped back over my feet and rushed to set snacks on end tables situated around the living room.

Once the music began, clear unproduced riffs of early sixties music rebound against the row of girls balanced along one wall then across the room to the line of boys facing them. I danced with Jigger once or twice. We made an unusual pair whirling the dance floor, one a throwback fifties boy, the other an overdressed chubette with ringlet hair. Lovey and I didn't talk much about the party after that nor did we plan another until years later, that one, too, under equally audacious circumstances. For my part, I couldn't hear mention of Jigger's name without some uneasiness.

Winter Two Years Prior

Tino'séh, the Uncles are tall and inspirational because one of them represents the Creator. They left the Longhouse before sunrise and walked in drifting snow to each house on Sixth Line then

down to the river road. Now, they arrive at our house to announce the start of Ganaháowí⁷, the Midwinter Ceremonies. In pitch blackness, Lovey crawls beside me to the edge of the stairwell and we watch them in the glow of the kitchen below. One Uncle speaks verses of gratitude while the other leans over his paddle staring into the fire of the open wood stove. The edges of their Indian clothes slip out from under heavy winter coats. At his turn, the second Uncle croons melodious notes that speak of long ago and both stir the ashes high above the lip of the open stove. My parents stand to the side. Against hard granite surface, the stove's belly, their paddles tap lightly to signal completion and mom motions them to sit at the kitchen table.

Above the stairwell, we let our bodies hang down far enough to peer into the mirage of the Uncles in their finest clothes; buckskin and finely stitched shirts, crisp white with specks of navy blue leaves and cinched with a shiny silk sash. Orange and red ochre paint their cheeks. Their headdresses – gahsdówa⁷s – feathers crafted on firm wood splints and covered with buckskin, point upward. They appear majestic like animals – other beings – akin to deer, graceful and barely touching the earth. But their gahsdówa⁷s are off now. They are eating a breakfast of eggs and bacon, toast, potatoes and coffee. Mom always feeds them; a feast at breakfast. They are being themselves now talking in Cayuga and Onondaga; a lively party in our little kitchen. They don't know that they are being themselves. Yet they represent celestial beings at rest, enjoying the meal as regular men, sharing news of family and the neighbourhood.

We arrive at the Longhouse and it is packed. Families visit, catch up news with siblings that live at the other end of the reserve. Children patter across the wooden floor, free to roam. The Uncles will return here to sing the final song, their trek completed and the people gathered. Now, we wait. Their arrival time is never planned but based on the number of homes they visit throughout

the day. Oftentimes, it is well past supper when we have finished *the doings* and many rush to the Longhouse without thinking to bring a sandwich but the mothers always bring snacks for the kids. It's hot inside. The room hums with conversation and laughter. It is evening, now, and the winter dark descends. There is a slight commotion at the Longhouse entrance, as if a shoulder abuts the door in one quick motion. The door swishes back, swings open and frost from the frigid deep freeze sweeps Tino'séh inside. They float, magnificent, to the rhythm of their songs; melancholy, sweet, heavenly songs. One is the Creator; the one that sings. They cross the floor, between stoves, four times. We hold our breath. Silence. It is always the same. Even the old men, grandfathers, watch in reverie, contemplate deeply. The Creator is here. In the Longhouse. I think of the people who once attended but have gone on, passed away. We do what they taught us. And our children will do the same – what we teach them. I think of my mother and the first Midwinter without her. I cry, even now, because I cried the first Midwinter she left. I turn my head so no one sees. Lovey brings me back with quiet chatter to the ancient call of Tino'séhs' songs.



There was one matter for which I believe Lovey looked to me. In sixth grade my father bought a typewriter that became the source of our many distracted hours. Each week, we closed the door to Lovey's room, scribbled song lyrics – Lovey loved country and western music - and contrived gossipy news to create a neighbourhood newsletter. What's more the language we used was in code. We know the DICEMAN scurried VALLY-BABY off to the dance last weekend. Last seen by the SUGAR SHACK, Vally was heard to say THE RACE IS ON because you see, TINEE WALT arrived unexpectedly. HERE COMES TROUBLE. Lovey laughed easily and she stood over my shoulder as I typed the words.

“Let’s make more stories” she implored each week. “Let me type, this time. You make up the stories.” Once, Lovey brought her older sister to my house and asked me to write picture captions for Carole’s high school yearbook.

“Lovey, you have to know people’s experiences to write funny captions. I don’t know Carol’s friends or what they do, their activities,” I said.

Right there on the spot, Carole narrated accounts of skipping basketball practice, sharing chocolate bars in gym class and secret antics among the library stacks. I wrote the captions.

Later that year, thanks to my father’s growing interest in technology, Lovey and I added Polaroid pictures to the newsletter. Developed in minutes, the pictures exposed “best friend” images of pairs of girls but we also chose elements, recognized and meaningful to students, from across the school yard; two sweeping pines in the back corner of the playground, the adjacent pond, frozen, skated upon in winter and home to a large snapping turtle in spring. We learned to set the film speed and light aperture to effect visual images in sepia-tone, black and white prints, some vibrant others faded to near negative quality. By experimenting, daring to risk, Lovey and I had begun to develop our own vocabulary and grammar for the language of friendship long before we ever did at school. It surprised me that Lovey thought I had any language potential at all.

Friday Night Bingo

Six Nations is the largest populated Indian reserve in Canada. We settled near Branford, Ontario in 1754 after the American Revolution. In effort to maintain our original hunting territory, many Hodinohso:ni: allied with the British to protect land tracts in this country, now Canada. We walked from our homelands, the heart of which is at present-day Syracuse, New York, to the place we currently call home, Hyeí Niyohwejáge: Six Nations of the Grand River Territory, six

miles deep on either side of the Grand River from mouth to source. In the 1960s, the roads were gravelled with no shoulders; smooth, mud-packed lanes under sharp-edged stone. Our home, originally a log structure, sat halfway into the block, each block a stretch of road two and a half miles in length, the standard grid across the reserve. Our neighbours lived in similar houses, except for Lovey, and as it became popular, asphalt siding covered the log homes in the following years. My mother's friends in the neighbourhood visited each other every day for lunch or tea. It was common to walk into our kitchen and hear the high-pitched tones of Onondaga language; in our neighbourhood, Onondaga was the women's language. Their lineage traced through differing clans but bound together under the same nation, they married Cayuga men, that nation numerous enough in the traditional community, *down below*, to influence the ceremonial language in Six Nations' four Longhouses. Most people down below spoke both languages, fluently. But I knew when my mom spoke Onondaga on the telephone she was talking to her girlfriends.

Maizie was seventy-three years old; one of mom's dearest friends. She lived around the corner from us with her partner, Edmond. Maizie's – and my mom's - world revolved around bingo playing. For sale at community events, Maizie weaved hooked rugs and black ash baskets to meet her bingo entrance and card fee. Every Friday evening at approximately 6 PM, the Odd Fellows Hall in Kitchener sent a bus to the reserve to pick up bingo players. Players developed rituals; packing supper or buying a sandwich, carrot sticks and potato chips once they arrived at the hall. Many played rummy, the easiest card game by which to pass time, before the warm-ups officially kicked off the bingo game. One warm-up game called Bonanza was at its highest number of 55 in which to cover a full card of 24 numbers. Maizie was determined to win that prize.

Before she caught the bus on the Friday night of the big Bonanza prize, Maizie smoked a pipe-full of Indian tobacco. Though she had money for extra cards, Maizie was sure it was the tobacco that would bring her luck. When burned in ceremony, tobacco smoke goes up to communicate with spirit forces as a sign of gratitude and supplication. Smoking it is like mediation, pondering a question to seek assistance on specific matters. This time, Maizie threw in a small request for intervention related to her bingo playing. Surely the life-forces recognized her good works in the community and would consider her prayer to win Bonanza that night. Maizie climbed into the bus and found her regular seat. This time, across the aisle from her, an unknown man and his wife sat chatting and reading magazines. Confident her request rested with the spirit forces, she leaned close to the couple, introduced herself and proceeded to tell them about her prayer and probable prize. Mom sat behind the couple, nestled against the window watching scenes of the countryside and small towns roll pass. Upon hearing Maizie's report mom sat up alert, angled across the aisle and motioned to Maizie with her finger, calling her close.

“Aei *gáe*! You're not to say the words aloud, about the tobacco, I mean. It doesn't work if you do. Now your luck is ruined.”

“And how would *you* know that?” Maizie retorted.

“Don't you think I've tried? The best way is to use inner power; use your strength. It works in all matters, in life and in bingo. And it usually wins.”

Maizie didn't win Bonanza that night. Nor did she win in the many Friday nights after that. As it happened, when she and mom disagreed on things, they avoided each other's company for a while. The kitchen was quieter than usual. Mom made the move. She dropped off to Maizie, fresh cucumbers from her garden and Maizie invited her in for tea. Soon they were back at the road on each Friday night. In the end, Maizie's tobacco prayer came to fruition; the tobacco invocation

begins with the theme of togetherness, getting together and helping each other, virtues most pleasing to the spirit forces. The women in our neighbourhood showed honesty to Lovey and me. They could disagree, show their emotions then move on to remain friends. In short, they showed us how to be human, imperfect but stronger together in unity; prayers work better that way.



Things happened in the summer between eighth grade and high school, Lovey's and my last summer together as girls. The temperature that day rose to near 90 degrees. The air, humid and still did not move. We decided to swim at the river – *river* means the Grand River, not the small creeks that criss-cross and run through the reserve - beyond Lovey's place, behind Ellie Green's farm. We rode our bikes over two miles from home, far for us, since we usually stuck close to the baseball field in Lovey's front yard or down at the corner store, both within a quarter mile radius. Ellie's house stood on a stretch of land where the landscape changed from the road grid at the top of the hill to a mini rainforest fronting the river. The land opened up and we felt the presence of the river calming us even up to the gate at the road. We crossed the lush yard of towering maples and oaks to the white clapboard house – two story, drain pipes feeding the outdoor well. The birds sang across the silence of the yard and we tapped on the screen door at Ellie Green's house. With Ellie's permission, we swam for an hour, then settled to lie in the sun before heading home.

Like all adolescents away from home, Lovey and I relished our freedom, edging the other to laughter and sometimes unruly behaviour. This time we yelled from the shore, jumping and waiving our arms to catch the attention of tourists and motorboat travellers on the river. In my memory, I see the motorboat speeding full throttle ahead, skimming the waves in the middle of the river about 500 meters from shore. I hear the motor drone and watch the hull of the silver boat slap the water at each new wave; its front lifted a few inches into the air. Like a horse reigned to

sharp left, the motorboat jerks its front, aims it directly at us and the motor guns to cutting buzz-saw decibel. I stopped laughing. Behind us, Ellie's cornfields stretch from the river's edge to a thick forest which separates the flats by a long distance from the farmhouse and the road. If you are in a boat in the middle of the river you can see that. The boat drew nearer on a diagonal line straight to us and we discern the boat is full of men; rowdy and loud, probably drinking alcohol, irrationality's inevitable catalyst. My eyes held Lovey's for a deliberate second; we turned at once, grabbed hold of our bikes and ran into the cornfields. She ran one way and me another.

"Hide! Hide anywhere. Take your bike. Don't yell out," Lovey whispered low in short excited breath. "Don't yell out."

"They'll see where we are going! Do we have time?" My face stung and my heart pounded out of my chest. This is what panic feels like. It hurt inside my chest.

"They haven't reached the shore. Run, Celia, run!"

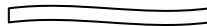
We ran two fields over and dropped, hard like sacks thrown into the stalks. We lay still with no sound where we fell, out of breath. The men entered the flats. At the edge of the first field, they thrashed the stalks back, following us, searching for us. They combed the first field. I could hear the rustle of the parting silk stalks and the men yelling directions to each other. My heart pumped. I did not breathe. I lay in the cornfield and held my breath. What did they want? I knew we could have been harmed but only later did I understand how close Lovey and I had come to a violent event with potential to scar our lives forever, to change its course forever. We lay in the cornfield for time that passed as hours, relieved only as each minute elapsed without discovery. Finally, when quiet prevailed, I heard Lovey call from across the field.

“Celia, are you there? Are you okay?”

“They’re gone.” I answered. “Let’s go.”

We rode home in silence and never returned, again, to swim at the river behind Ellie Green’s farm. I saw Lovey a few more times that summer but we didn’t hang out together, like before. Though we didn’t argue or disagree, something had passed between us. In a way, we separated, as though the shock of the cornfield experience alerted us, laid bare the close possibility for fear and vulnerability to track through our hearts. We remained friends but didn’t recapture the trust, the togetherness that bound our friendship as before. Perhaps seeing each other raised suspicion that it could happen again – or like-trauma happened before, only we couldn’t remember - that the cornfield foreshadowed imminent mystery of adulthood. Maybe we were just growing up. Lovey was changing schools, headed toward a career and I entered high school that fall. Time passed that summer, along with memories of the event that ushered us into the next phase of our life.

Lovey invited me one last time to the house whose front yard served as our baseball field. She and Jakey married the first September I was in high school. The living room looked the same. But this time, a soft yellow glow warmed the front room in a sheath of autumn colours that matched Lovey’s dress. In my quietness and contemplation, I said farewell to my first childhood friend; there was distance now, between Lovey and me. Today as adults, we both live in the reserve community, so we see other from time to time and though we don’t reminisce or relive specific incidences, we bind our thoughts, our hearts and minds together in unity, in togetherness.



The AE Story: What is autoethnography?
Seeking truth in year 3 of my PhD journey 2009

Song Two

The definition of autoethnography is as varied as researchers who write it. Ellis and Bochner (2000) explain autoethnography as “autobiographical genre of writing and research”, an outward gaze on social-cultural aspects of personal experience refracted inward moved by, through or interpreted by “vulnerable self” (p. 739). Ellis (2004) applies the method by writing a methodological novel about autoethnography defining it as “research, writing, story and method that connect the autobiographical and personal to the cultural, social, and political” (p. xix). “Usually written in the first person voice autoethnographic texts appear in a variety of forms” (p. 39); – short stories, poetry, fiction, novels, photographic essays, personal essays, journals, fragmented and layered writing, and social science prose. The evolving nature of social science terms makes precise definition and application of autoethnography difficult (Ellis and Bochner, 2000; see pp. 739-740 for a comprehensive list of terms related to autoethnographic projects). Its roots in anthropology (Hayano, 1979; Reed-Danahay, 1997) and ethnography (Geertz, 1973; Van Maanen, 1988; Wolcott, 1999) are well known. I think of autoethnography as “postmodern ethnography” (Reed-Danahay, 1997, p. 2) defined by Goodall (2000) as “new” (p. 9) ethnography, “creative narratives shaped out of a writer’s personal experiences within a culture and addressed to academic and public audiences. Denzin and Lincoln (2000a), pre-eminent scholars of interpretative methods coined the term “seventh moment” (p. 17), as “the post ‘post’ period – post-poststructuralist, post-postmodernists” (Denzin & Lincoln, 2005, p. 26) which occurs, now; fictional ethnographies, ethnographic poetry and multimedia texts are taken for granted. Performance ethnography (Denzin, 2003) acclaimed (auto)ethnography for opening the floodgate to scholars of performance studies (Pelias, 2004; Poulos, 2009; Saldana, 2011).

In research inquiry for my dissertation, I focus on personal narrative which served as my introduction to autoethnographic methodology. No scholar has done more to foreground subjectivity as the agenda for lived human experience in ethnographic research than Carolyn Ellis (1991a, 1991b, 1993, 1995, 1997). Ellis opened the door for me; “Welcome home” I heard her say. The prototypical personal narrative is Ellis’s (1995) *Final Negotiations*, a relationship story of attachment, chronic illness and loss framed by critical analysis of the process of writing it and contextualizing its meaning. In effort to be true to practices of relationship, loss of life and the healing process, Ellis takes the reader “inside experience as if it were happening now” (p. 5). Though not the first, but timely, in the interpretative turn to bring social science closer to literature, she addresses autobiography and ethnography to debate the question “is literature research?” Hailed as *experimental ethnography*, Ellis engages the reader in “thickly detailed chronicle” (p. 4) closer to lived aspects of relationship than practices that “categorize, generalize and abstract from snippets of the experiences of others.” Her goal to write sociology as intimate conversation focuses on a self reflexive position as narrator and main character of the story.



Instead of tireless brackets to change his words to mine, I paraphrase Poulos (2009); I know I have to write, I stare at the computer screen, nothing worth writing comes up. I stare some more; nothing (p. 45). I begin to write the next story for this chapter; the topic is autoethnography, the research method for my dissertation. My field notes outline several pages of critical text but is critique the way I want to present my learning about autoethnography? My mind and body ache. I check my file menu again and open the one entitled, *Autoethnography*. Inside, I click to open “Researching Self” by Elizabeth Vooght (2005). Large letters appear in Comic Sans MS font. The playful letters soothe me. My body feels light. The brief article reminds me of the time in my research journey when I discovered autoethnography; even then it freed my writing voice. At the

bottom of the page of fieldnotes I record in red font Denzin's (2003) comment, "this research [autoethnography] is characterized by the absence of a need to be in control" (p. 6). Opening a blank page to begin this story, Goodall's (2008) insistent question cycles my brain, "Why can't research based on a form of inquiry also be a compelling narrative?" (p. 22).



Remember my goal is to stay in the creative flow. I write about what happened to me yesterday and how it's happens so much it is a regular occurrence in my PhD journey. I struggle for a way to begin this chapter on personal narrative, the whole point of autoethnography; I couldn't wait to get here. Now as I begin, I seek a perfect way to start. I could trace back forever. I know there must be an introduction, the theory about what autoethnography is; how its roots began in anthropology based on the method of early ethnographic practices reporting participant observation; the brain child of Malinkawski (1922). Ethnography once colonized strangeness (Van Maanen, 1988), confirmed by Said (1979) as "authorizing views of it, describing it, by teaching it, settling it, ruling over it" (p. 3) matching desire to understand strangers with "imperial need to control" (Goodall, 2000, p. 66). Scholars from other disciplines combined ethnography with inquiry giving credence to the narrative, ethnographic turn in research and the birth of new ethnography; self-reflective writing that engages "the experience inside the text" (Ellis, 1995, p. 5) rather than abstract, objective writing as data for pre-existing theories. I know before I write stories I must frame my writing, but I seek to do so in creative flow, in absence of control.

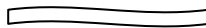
This morning, I arise after a restless night. Scattered in heaps, folded into each other layers deep, over the floor and my desk are all the books and articles I've read about autoethnography since I began the doctoral program three years ago. Yesterday, I returned from a morning session at the library then sat at my computer to keep my commitment to write every day. Things were going

well enough; I re-read the introduction of this chapter, all the points are there beginning to take shape. But it was the process that stalled me. I got stuck in *the groove* I call it, jumping from book to article then back to explain what autoethnography is; questioning if my writing is academic writing. Will others (read scholars) recognize my imaginings as theory? Do I need this section? Yes, I told myself, it's academic, it needs to be there. Panic. How much evidence is enough? I weighed the questions then moved back to Carolyn [Ellis, 1995] making the case for writing stories as research. I strived to get there, beyond the introduction to write the stories. Additional questions arose. Does autoethnography fit narrative or is it vice versa? Is autoethnography the same as personal narrative (Jago, 1996), self narrative (Nash, 2004) interpretive ethnography (Denzin, 1997)? I didn't stop myself although I knew better. I wrote myself into ineffectiveness, routing the groove of academic writing. Believing autoethnography will ease control to uncover truth, I rename the groove, *the loop*, less grave. I got stuck in the loop of academic writing.

Today, I write past supper then rise from the computer. How does the loop happen and how do I enter it? I try not to let it happen. On my way to the kitchen, I choose books I can read over dinner: DeSalvo's (1997, 1999) books on memoir and the writing process and Chris Poulos's (2009) perspective on *accidental* ethnography which calms me down. I've written myself into panic. It's a state of mind. My mind revs, stuck in the loop, I have to keep reading to find the right answer, the correct answer, I aim for the one truth that will answer all that I seek. I can then say "there, there is truth, thus what I write is correct." Suddenly, my body surges and through self induced fever inside I feel my understanding burst to consciousness. When I write like this I aim to write "accurate representations of reality" (Denzin, 1997, p. 157) crafted by knowing authors who "capture the world out there" (p. 4), the real, the truth. By aligning my words next to theirs, I'll know my writing is correct. But I do not find truth; there is "only the text" (Denzin, 1991, p.

280), versions of “this or that” subject “as represented by a particular writer. There is no one truth, yet I strive to write it. Into the loop, I follow “re-present[ions of] a reality” (Goodall, 2000, p. 12) already defined by language and methods privileging a consensual view of truth and how it will be used. In doing so, I erase feeling and passion from my writing (Goodall, 2000).

That night I do not read Poulos. Instead I read DeSalvo’s (1999) account of keeping a process journal that will help me understand and accept [myself] and [my] writing” (p. 89). I cannot say what words exactly precipitated the gestalt. Words I read a thousand times before take on new meaning; understanding “ourselves as writers” and our “relationship to writing” (p. 86) shows us patterns of our work and feelings as related to art. It could have been those words. After days stuck in the loop of perfectionism recorded in my fieldnotes I know that night I read for inspiration. As I say, I don’t know what words precipitated the change but I began to see “how writing about my writing” (p. 86) engages me in a process that simulates the act of creation itself. In my thesis, I aim to learn the skills of creative scholarly writing, art expressed as inquiry.



Split the Skye

A Drama about Confrontation 2010

Song Three

The stage is set. There is a medicine mask mounted at center stage. Behind it, a large zigzag lightning bolt cuts through the mask like an arrow. Today, Adult Woman identifies the characters involved in acts of cruelty. The drama is based on the story Adult Woman constructed 15 years ago. In the story, she named the characters Killer and Self Doubt; she claims they besieged her body and mind through acts of cruelty. The former doled out cruelty, the latter is an effect. In the drama, she confronts Killer and Self Doubt by re-presenting the story, re-arranging events and changing outcomes. In doing so, she reclaims her body and mind. As she writes she wonders how

much of this will get into the text. She wonders how brave she will be. Today she confronts Killer and Self Doubt to relinquish the hold they have on her soul. In this story bold lettering represents reference sources; **SW** is early story writing, **PL** is professional literature, **FN** is fieldnotes, **JN** is a journal entry, and **CC** is casual conversation (adapted from Prah, 2010).

Adult woman sits at the computer. She has just finished a round with Self Doubt and Killer that live in her soul **SW**. It is the same kind of day, today, as when she wrote the original story 15 years ago. Much pain. Killer and Self Doubt meet her when she writes. Alice Walker, when faced with dissenting self, wrote “To Hell with Dying” instead of killing herself **PL**. Like Walker, Adult Woman knows she must re-present the story of Killer and Self Doubt in order to free herself.

Perp #1: It happened to me.

Perp #2: I think it happened to me. When I passed it to you, it just happened.
I didn’t know it was happening.

The shades are not drawn, today. The sun shines bright, in the full strength of summer. At daybreak, Adult Woman rises and begins reading, again. She sits in the reading chair. As the sun intensifies the heat rays warm her body. She reads in the reading chair and takes notes.

Adult Woman: I’ll read this chapter, this book, and then I’ll start to write.

I need to read before I start to write.

(I’m stuck in the no start mode. Feeling it. Too big, again.

Overwhelming. Read Carolyn’s (Ellis) Writing Story.

Wow! She is good **SW**.)

Adult Woman's fieldnotes evolved from rough notes to a 3-ring binder with double-set dividers, colour coded. She holds it across her lap and writes quotes and page numbers. Sometimes she scribbles a scene, bits of dialogue. Suddenly, she connects *sittedness* **FN** in her body, affixed to the reading chair, with the inability to move, to act, to start writing. She steps to the computer.

Killer enters the stage. With red eyes, laser-like, it circles Adult Woman. She closes her eyes. Yellow ties loop inside her like rope. Alice Walker, what do you say? It's the saving of lives that writers are about...the life we save is our own **PL**. I write to save myself.

Killer: Be still. Still. Do you hear me? Don't move.

(If she moves Killer strikes **SW**.)

(Its sweaty breath has not changed. I do not feel the knife point;

This time sittedness seeps my sinuses, freezes my eyes,

Binds my heart; my stomach contracts. My body clenches.

Its form changes but still it inhibits my body.)

Perp # 1: I didn't belong. No one wanted me. Instead...

The Killer's belt erased my body

...just to warm things up...**SW**

Perp # 2: I made you my partner. Green light beams from behind

Marble black eyes; my face is wooden **SW**.

(Terror spins: I do not recognize you as I see you now.)

Declaring its strength, medicine mask strikes the stage floor hard, wielding its rattle made from a turtle's back. Lightning bolt flashes upstage then spirals frontward; its energy converts to steady overhead lamp. The narrator steps to the fore to read from his rumpled pages of script.

Narrator: Keep writing. Be honest about yourself **PL**. Your topic is transformation through self-study. Tadodá:ho⁷ twisted, mangled self is icon! You're safe. The same with writing. Name your process. Silcott wrestles her muse, white and black, ying and yang **PL**. Annie Dillard writes bloodstained teethbitten pages **PL**.

Adult Woman: Killer, I confront you. I name you. I deflect your aggressor's energy into the ground like a screw **PL**. Planted in me, intrapsychic function, I know your purpose. You will not erase me!

Adult Woman maintains her stance. This time she will not bow down to demise like the young girl from long ago. She resists defeat. The Mohawk word means "I strengthen my legs to stand strong. I do not let fear push me down" **CC**. That is the muscle. Alice Walker handles suffering by writing the solution. Exercise pain through art **PL**. Develop the muscle.

Adult Woman: I resist, I tell you! You exert your pressure so I quit writing without
(To Killer) even starting. The pressure builds, always there. Why full of pain **PL**
when I search inside myself to write? Is it because in there I meet
you **FN**?

(Teacher: Imagine. How it feels to learn how to read, write and think
when all you feel is badly about yourself. Imagine **PL**.)

Self Doubt, the monitor for Perfection, strolls onto the stage. Like always, it masquerades as quality, fine writing. Adult Woman stands center stage fanning the pages of her personal journal. Self Doubt peers over her shoulder, rolls its eyes and smirks “Is it really a problem? This ‘stopped writing’ thing? Adult Woman snaps back “It is the core issue I try to resolve throughout the whole of my personal journal! This is research. Writing as method enables cocreation of self and social science; by writing self I know social science **PL**. You, for instance embody the shame of oppression that I recognize in myself and in my writing. In my journal, *you* stop my writing voice. By casting you, Self Doubt, as character, I re-create lived experience and evoke emotional response. Evocative writing such as narrative, poetry and drama allows me to relate differently to my material. I experience you where I live, in my body **PL**; I feel you, I perform you. To re-create self and social science, I perform you. My dissertation is a writing project giving voice to your effects on me and how the process of writing is healing me. There is no other way” **JN**.

Adult Woman: Self Doubt, you pull me into the groove, raw. Grief disenfranchised, its affects - sadness, anger, helplessness – unexpressed, spins shame’s prison, the seat of addiction. Don’t eat! Don’t wallow! I will not sit in shame, the inertia of you, addicted to sittedness, stopped voice, stuck. I

face you. I learn to go around you. Remember the date; January 17, 2010

JN.

Adult Woman walks to centre stage. Lightning bolt wraps medicine mask then circles downstage; its flash marks the path of Adult Woman. The turtle's back crashes like thunder.

But who are you really? Killer and Self Doubt! I reach inside myself to access language and learning which lie in the creative flux; I meet you! In the flux, place of creation **PL** and procreation **CC**, my voice renews life forces, yet you block my voice, my potential for renewal.

Internalized oppression! Self adheres to oppressor, the splendid model to disappear in him; love for oppressor occurs beneath hate and shame for self **PL**. Your names! Killer and Self Doubt! Functions of oppression, historical forces of trauma alive in me **PL**. I release you!

Oppression! In all your forms. I throw off your pressure of feeling lack, inferior. I write my voice to release you. Killer and Self Doubt! Only as I understand I am your host can I contribute to the midwifery of my liberating pedagogy **PL**. I refuse to be you, oppressor! My voice is my ticket. By it I participate in the pedagogy of my own liberation.

The zigzag electrical charge strikes the stage. The sound of splintering wood cracks like an axe hitting its mark. Sometimes Adult Woman feels the split in herself; she searches for words to describe what she feels, the source of her pain but only the lightning flash appears. The zigzag splits her body in two to the core. She narrows her search. The sharpened ice in the lightening cloud severs Adult Woman from her culture but her hand grips ancient words practiced, still, by her people, steadfast and unwavering. She knows what is hers. Medicine mask whisks its hair to the side like the wind. Don't let go. The charge of the lightning bolt I, now, implant in you. Like the power of the mountain I move it to reside in you. The electrical charge of juttred beam is the power to turn away from anguish, grief and despair, to *split the sky*, to choose to travel the north-south axis, the place of change **PL**. The power of choice resides in you. Others ask, "Why do you grieve? We feel no loss. We know not of your grief. Your grief is illegitimate" **PL**. They turn away, look past when Adult Woman gives voice to injustice **SW**. Smoke rises and leaves to go up. Like Indian tobacco smoke. This is a prayer. Adult Woman returns to the computer.

The narrator brushes his balding hair to the side, clears his throat and adjusts his black bow tie. He steps to the microphone set downstage close to the audience.

Narrator: But what of the perpetrators? Your purpose in naming the agents of cruelty is to call them out, banish them and relinquish their effects that hold over your soul.

Adult Woman: As long as I live in the duality in which *to be* is to *be like* oppressor, the contribution I make toward my own freedom is impossible **PL**. As I replay acts of cruelty, its agents blur with its effects, accordingly I host cruelty in my being. If I punish myself daily, I *am like* oppressor thus I

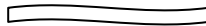
cannot design the pedagogy of my liberation. I found a way that works. Choose to go around Self Doubt. Don't go into its groove. Demystify Killer; discharge its distress. By choice, I rehumanize my soul, claim awareness of intergenerational trauma. I let go of inherited oppression to regain the power of clear thinking, I heal myself and others **PL**.

The little girl dresses herself then leans her back across the pillows stacked to the wall. She'll rest awhile. When she is ready she leaves the room and gently catches the latch. Adult Woman greets her on the other side of the door. "You're free" she says and takes the girl's hand leading her back into the kitchen. All is quiet. It's afternoon, now. The ticking wall clock replaces the breakfast noises of the men long gone to work in the fields. The kitchen remains her favourite room. Large oak trees, outside, refrigerate the eating area and cast shadows of summer over the high walls. Breezes ruffle the white lace curtains. Adult woman lifts the girl to her lap and they flip newsprint pages to choose a picture to colour. Jumbo fat crayons spill orange and yellow wax hues among the scatter of books at the end of the table. To their left, the afternoon sun peaks through the canopy of broad leaves beyond the window. Adult Woman has moved her office here. The house belongs to them, now. With caring hands, Adult Woman caresses the smooth muscles and wiry bones that fill little girl's shirt. "You're intact." she whispers "Another day as a child. You are free to be yourself". She reflects on the words she writes to reclaim her child.

Adult Woman: To Hell With...your shallow breaths
I am breathing, now. Do you hear me?
It means I understand
I do not surrender.

The red stains my eyes and the walls that day
Refracts, now, in *my* hands-on-hips stance
My life force releases your tremulous pleasure.
I am the voice in my body, now.

By writing it, I grieve it, no longer suppressed.
I hear the little boys' cry. For us all,
I break the wall manufactured by secrecy. Genocide! I source it,
the mystery uncovered. I release the shame of having it.
I'll say this! It is my dissertation.
There will be no killing today.



Finding Voice
A View through the Past 2010

Song Four

This story tugs at me to be written, now, not later. I was saving it for an end chapter, a summary of reflections on autoethnographic inquiry that allows me to conceptualize “new possibilities and language to narrate life experience” (Million, 2008, p. 269) sustained by strengths of a cultural system. I see the vision for my work; an autoethnographic thesis of theoretical and fictional analysis to arrive at healing through writing (Brookes, 1992). As I put my mind to writing the thesis, I see the “apocalyptic vision” (Raudsepp, 1980, p. 85), the sudden complete vision of a new idea which according to Raudsepp never happens that way. Instead, a writer excavates pieces of the idea; action which gives rise to new details. “It is the process of shaping elusive, fragmentary insights that actually brings [the idea] into being” (p. 86). The mystery is this; a

writer can shape a creative idea even if unaware of its total meaning since “the commanding gestalt of the original conception” (p. 86) controls the creative process. Thus emerging ideas always fit the new creative product. In terms of my autoethnographic thesis, I write in confidence that the stories emerging here, belong here, in the order I write them, even if I do not yet know their final meaning and contribution to the context of healing and transformation.

Raudsepp’s (1980) insight about “intuitive sensing” (p. 86), the measure of elements leading to an important idea, is similar to the concept of building a writing voice. The persona a writer creates on the page draws from a complex process of self-reflection of the writer’s own life history, personal experiences, race, gender, age and more. Persona, representing ethnographic self, becomes the writer’s textual character, “the personal rhetorical imprint of who we are in and on what we write” (Goodall, 2000, p. 139), and voice is “the sound of the character speaking” (p. 140). Voice, reflexive, derivative and ethnographically constructed, summons the ineffable, “call it spirit” (2001, p. 5), between people and cultures into being. Goodall’s construction of voice, character and identity in texts equates well to Raudsepp’s contributive elements that act to birth new ideas. As I probe Goodall’s notion of voice as “rhetorical ethos” (p. 131), I understand his implicit message is that “ineffable IT” (p. 142), the spirit of culture, shapes identity, intuitively, in the same manner as Raudsepp’s “commanding gestalt” innately guides the creative process.

Although discussion so far centers on voice as rhetorical ethos, I think it is safe to say I understand that voice, like identity is the embodiment of culture within me. I am born into a culture, ongoing, coming to consciousness through words, form and tonalities “spoken through mouths of others” (Bakhtin, as cited in Goodall 2000, p. 140) to formulate my initial idea of self. The struggles to articulate the self-reflective story I have to tell, consisting of associations,

referents and meanings embodied in cultural identity, “separates [my] voice from all others” (Goodall, 2000, p. 142). Battiste and Henderson (2000) suggest that voice, expressed, regenerates energy forces in “spiritual flux” (p. 75), a sacred space of transformation, identified by others as “ineffable IT” (Goodall, 2000, p. 142) or “commanding gestalt” (Raudsepp’s, 1980, p. 86). I use the opening comments to introduce a story I wish to tell about finding voice. The story answers haunting questions about development of Hodinohso:ni: identity and I tell it to articulate the importance of its expression, vital to personal empowerment, while its suppression silences the voice of culture and its practices which is how the story closes.



The Meaning of Old

I wrote about Júda’s (Cayuga colloquial term for grandfather) home many times, and though I wrote with an idealized yearning for the past, I realize only now its meaning layers my memory with the spirit of identity. On both sides of McKenzie Creek, a tiny rivulet of water that cuts across my end of the reserve, his family, Cayuga turtle clan, entrusted to Júda several acres of cleared land and bush lots for his care and usage. On the north side of the creek, the property joins up with my mother’s home acreage where we grew up. If I were to walk through the bush across several meadows for three or four miles, I would reach the back of our house. The plot of land is triangle shaped and the distance from Júda’s home to ours formed the base. The property extends south of the creek up to and across Fifth Line for a few miles to that section of cleared lots where my children and I built our homes. But when I was a child, Júda’s house on top of the first hill by the bridge over McKenzie Creek was what I thought of as his home.

In summer, my nephews and I wheeled our bikes over dusty roads, sometimes travelling all the way down to the river – *The Grand River*, that is - eight miles distance from our home. But at

least once a week, I sped around the corner and down the hill to Júda's house. Just beyond the bridge I turned off the road onto a well-worn path, ditched my bike then tread through high weeds and burdocks that served as Júda's front lawn. White Queen Anne's Lace and Goldenrod yellow tipped lazy with heat while under the pines, at the top of the hill, cool breezes lulled through Júda's house cooling and sweeping the rooms. The smell of wild raspberry bushes filled my breathing; prickly stems, whips with sharp needle-points. Medicines grew thick and the mosses were moist everywhere I walked. At the side of the house, the sloping fields touched the creek's edge. The creek was not a big creek. Its soft shoulders welcomed me as I parted the new grass gathering sticks along its banks. Sometimes, whole families, comprised of my brothers, their wives and kids gathered there, the starting point of an afternoon fishing adventure. I tagged along and we followed the creek off the reserve until us kids got too rowdy, the adults scolding we were scaring the fish. I got around quite well on my bike, visiting friends and family on hot summer days but mostly I came to Júda's for the quiet; I used to say I'd go there to think. I'd lie in the grass under the pines and contemplate blue in the sky dotted with clouds wondering where I'd be if I wasn't born yet, those kinds of questions. It was my safe place, then, as it is now where I went to think through my plans or to celebrate victories like the beauty of spring.

The history of that place is that once we cleared land, everyone lived along the creek. Laneways stretched long, far back from the dusty roads. Most families have memories of when we lived along the creek. It was when we first resettled at Grand River, after we moved up from our homelands across the Hudson River Valley. Our people on the move, we walked to our new lands. We rebuilt villages along the Grand River, replicating the map of our homelands. The Mohawks settled at the river's eastern end and the Senecas to the west – our eastern and western doors. But all those in-between places, like McKenzie Creek, remained in the bush connected by

paths miles back in the thick underbrush. The old men at Six Nations remember Júda's house. They practiced ceremonial speeches and songs there; that's how they learned, then, they met at someone's house and studied in a group. The old men tell me Júda spoke clear and good Cayuga and he knew lots about our ways. The women from Cayuga Longhouse, around the corner on Fifth Line, cooked at Júda's house during *Gaihwí:yo*; the five-day ceremony, and all the people walked over to eat. I felt their presence there even before I knew the history of Júda's home.

I tell the details about my grandfather's home because I knew as a child it was a sacred place. Not until I began this dissertation did I come to know the reason. My father's mood lifted when he visited there, not only because it was his childhood home, but because it was his sanctuary. It was the place where he felt he belonged. Although my mother enjoyed the independence of her own home in which she mastered over matters, including raising her children, she often accompanied my father on his visits home. In summer our stay lasted longer and sometimes ended with a meal. My parents planted corn and potatoes along the creek and after they weeded the garden beds, mom stoked the big wood stove to prepare a meal. We ate from green glass plates that Júda stored in a cupboard with pillars and a mirror at the back. A thick oak table with ornate carved legs commanded the main room, which served as all purpose, including kitchen and sitting room, complete with a corner for small wood-cutting jobs. For many years, I thought *oil cloth* was my parents' made-up term for the table covering which emitted a faint odour of dampness mixed with dust, a pervading combination of smells I associated with disuse. Though special, I always thought of the house as old; inside and out. The ground off the front step to the grove of trees marking inhabited space, laid flat, covered with grass like a shaggy carpet only heavy with earth smell and lush with fertility. I knew the grass around Júda's house had never been touched by a

human hand. The trees and foliage were ancient, not scary but cause to imagine and wonder. I was a young girl, allowed to roam free, not judged, so I liked going to my grandfather's house.

I have one memory I associate with the topic of this chapter; finding voice. As Júda grew older my father's responsibility for his care accelerated along with the passing years. Saturday afternoon signaled our weekly trip to stock food and wood in the house for the coming days. In my memory of this particular Saturday, it is not daylight but late into the night. I am four years old, riding a tractor with my parents on the bridge over McKenzie Creek. The moon shines bright, lighting the road and fields in x-ray beams and shadows. Loaded with baskets of food and sacks of corn, the makeshift trailer hitched forward with the motion of the tractor, its wheels squeaking under the heavy load. Pots tied to overhead rods, clang metal on metal as the tractor rumbles over the mud-packed road; on top of the load, I balance my body to match the swing of the trailer holding tightly to its sides. A young boy, probably my nephew, runs alongside heaving metal pans back onto the stacked supplies before they touch the ground. I know the season is autumn, the time is past midnight because we wear jackets and late-night frost spreads a thin white cover over the ground. We are on our way to a ceremony that happens only at night. Júda will be *dressed* for a member of a Tutelo family in our community. I don't remember my parents instructing me at the time but perhaps through the years I carried this memory, reflecting on it, tracing family history. I realize, now as adult, the link that memory has to my ancient culture.

Júda belonged to the turtle clan of the Cayuga nation. No one knows the date when Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law, began. Historians set the date varying from 1000 B.C. (George-Kanentiio, 2006) to 1300 A.D. (Fenton, 1998; Parker, 1916/1968) while Hodinohso:ni: simply mention the law has existed since *time immemorial*. The Great Law sets fifty hereditary

chiefs in a peace council to represent the five founding nations; each nation plays a contributive role. The Cayugas' job is to adopt ceremonies of new member states incorporated into the Hodinohso:ni: Confederacy, most notably, the Tutelo and Delaware nations. Due to their coordinating role, Cayugas often carry responsibility to fulfil duties of integrated ceremonies, a case in point; the Tutelo spirit-adoption ceremony, known in my community as *dress up*, its purpose to perpetuate Tutelo nationality after the death of one of its members. I did not know the Tutelo family Júda dressed for but I know after he passed away, another Cayuga dressed for him.

The image of the moonlit preparation for the Tutelo ceremony sits in my repository memory along with the abundant valley in which Júda's house sits along McKenzie Creek. For many years, I tried to name that space that surfaced in dreams, conversations and family stories and the only word I could think of was *old*. Although I prized my connection to olden Hodinohso:ni: tradition, I kept the word private because I knew old existed in me. The voice of the land, the creek and particularly, the ancestors of Júda's many generations of Cayuga grew encoded in me; their voice became my voice. And who wants to be old in the twenty-first century? I tried to suppress their intonation, "their emotional and value-assigning tonality" (Bakhtin, 1984, p. xx) but their voice, their expression of identity surfaced, nonetheless, in my walk, mannerisms and facial expressions; "[my] consciousness awaken[ed] in [their] consciousness". The ancestral voice of my father's family - like so many of his gifts, I realize only now as I write - led me to excavate a vital piece of my identity, my voice, the expression of my culture.

Júda passed away on the night of one habitual Saturday visit, after my father departed, satisfied his hospice tasks complete. Júda's house burned to the ground with nothing saved; he was unable to get out. My father took it hard, blaming himself, I think, since the fire related to the

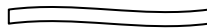
wood stove stoked well to keep Júda warm. The property where the house once stood remains in my son's care, except where the soft edges of the creek meet the land, that part willed, now, to a family relative. Each spring, I return to the place where the Cayugas gathered; I contemplate sacred long ago activities and walk to remember the golden tipped fields and the sounds of the creek. When I drive by on my way to work or to town I see the giant grove of trees from the road and send prayers to Júda for the gift of our shared voice and his home by McKenzie Creek.



I study a picture of Júda and me; my eyebrows furrow as I try to figure patterns that referents, meanings and associations in my surroundings implant into my consciousness. Although I find voice in culture, I see in my image, traces of sadness and anxiety, the silences between me and the call of effable IT as I struggle to articulate figurations that make me who I am. Jeannette Armstrong (1993) suggests culture-specific sensibilities shape Indigenous voice, its expression “a facet of cultural practice” (p.8) and necessary to define culture “beyond colonial thought”. In her words, I understand that silence imposed by colonialist regime forces Indigenous voice, culture, identity into silence and its articulation is always a struggle out from colonialism. Armstrong insists that “acknowledgement and recognition” (p.7) of culture-specific voices and experts within those cultures shape new cultural voice coming forward. In similar manner, I interrogate referents of colonialist effects – sadness, anxiety - that refract the image of Júda and me; but I insist the voice of our shared identity and cultural strength presents itself before all else.

Indigenous scholars, writers and critics, now, speak from a “politicized position influenced by sovereignty and self determination” (Acoose, 2001, p. 46). Other groups marginalized due to race, ethnicity and social class, include women who claim their right to “capacity for creative achievement” (Olsen, 1978/2003, p. 25; see also, Lewis, 1993; Walker, 1983) by confronting

silence. Magda Lewis (1993) suggests silence requires not the voice of victim but “that of a powerful sense of self refusing to be subordinated” (p. 21). Although Lewis advocates speaking out to refute the status quo, I am intrigued by her idea that women's silence signals not lack, or non-existence, but rather it is a source of “transformative, pedagogical practice” (p. 21). I recognize the practice of defining autonomy in terms other than dominant structures. The Six Nations Confederacy maintains Hodinohso:ni: right to political sovereignty based on ancestral law that set it in place; Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law. Refusing to come under the laws of Canada and the province of Ontario strengthens, rather than diminishes, the voice of the ancestral council since by doing so we break free from the limits set on our identity. In terms of my story about finding voice, I do not yield my strength in silence, that which holds the meaning of old, the emotional tonality of Júda’s voice, his spirit invested in me. Instead, I turn from the violence of colonialist subjection and choose the transformative power of honour in my use of language and expression, my way of walking and facial expressions passed across the generations to me.



Coming to Language

School Days 1957-1969 Viewed from the Present (2010)

Song Five

This story is about confronting the fallout of oppression and living between cultures. It centers on the growth of language, how I “make English speak for [me]” (Silko, 1990, p. 143) while I draw knowledge from my own language to understand and triumph affects of oppression. Simon Ortiz (1990) attributes language growth to cultural shaping of concepts, values and philosophy of Acoma heritage that appears in his writing of English, more pronounced as assimilationist pressures increased “to be un-Indian” (1993, p. 34). Motivated to write “integrity and dignity of an Indian identity” (p. 36), Ortiz uses language to retain Indian heritage as “fight-back” (p. 35) in a system that advocates separation from family, home and community. I worry that I foreground ancestral

language, too much, as means to triumph oppression but supported by Indigenous scholars who recognize the importance of language to sustain Indigenous origins (Cook-Lyon, 2008), I “take back [the] power” (Bird, 1998, p. 27) to control dialogue about language and literary traditions.

The colonizers “hammered into our heads” (Wilson, 2004, p. 360) that our ways were inferior to Eurocentric cultures “incompatible with modernity and civilization” convincing themselves but us as well. Although my mother did not repeat the words, I know she heard them; *Indians will cease to exist* and in order to survive we have to learn the white man’s ways. Under threat by government officials and their supporters, my mother stopped talking Indian to us. Due to their ability to converse in Cayuga, only, not English, my eldest brothers challenged adversity even as they attended on-reserve schools operated by Indian and Northern Affairs. Thrust upon my parents’ generation, the decision for us to learn English was not so much a decision as a necessity to take our language underground, along with other Indian rites like ceremonies, our names and our stories. For my parents, it became practice to speak our language among fluent family members and friends, only, and then, in private conversation, never public. Through my secondary school years, as I sat at the kitchen table doing homework, reading or listening to the radio, my parents’ voice was background speaking our language; fast and loud, fluently.



Central to Indigenous scholarship is belief that Indigenous language carries culture and worldview (Foster, 1974; Henry, 1980; Henry & Mithun, 1984; Kawagley, 2006; Shimony, 1961/1994; Thomas, 1994, Weber-Pillwax, 2001) and its subjugation severs relationship with cultural consciousness, including ways of life, histories and identities (Battiste, 2000; see also Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995; Legters, 1988; Ngugi, 1993; Little Bear, 2000). It is not my purpose to review the issue of language in depth; Weaver (1997, pp. 12-15) cites Ngugi’s views that

language carries culture and “the entire body of values” that define our world and assault to eradicate tribal languages is “an attempt at cultural genocide” (p. 13). I write about language to say, first, my parents remain blameless for my challenge to speak my language – I learned it, at least functionally, as an adult – and second, to discover how I learned affinity to English, and although it is the oppressor’s language, it became a means to ease oppression’s affects.

Through writing English language, I learned how language fits my body, a way of comfort to learn and grow as though I knew already there was comfort needed. Denzin (1999) advocates “a new ethics of writing” (p. 568) calling for writers to organize empirical materials in a form readers can use in their own life. Such texts, shaped by personal experience and memory, interrogate cultural logics related to narratives of family, marriage, love and intimacy. From “sites of memory” (p. 569) a writer recreates a series of moments held “in his or her mind’s eye” then retraces his or her life through that moment. In this story, I write from sites of memory about the process of learning English skills, and then by reclaiming ancestral language, I apply that learning back into the English world as a means of cultural empowerment. Hard-pressed by systems imposed, perhaps my parents understood the dichotomy of my learning the rhythm and flow of language through the oppressor’s words, thus they maintained our ancestral language, knowing I’d draw its knowledge and spiritual power as the basis of my empowerment, my fight-back.



Getting Started

At Beaver’s Corner on Sixth Line, the absolute heart of down below where three of four Longhouses are located, I attended SS#11 School, one of thirteen feeder schools for the amalgamated junior high in the main village. I walked the paths and short cuts to SS#11 for six years. For two additional years at the junior high and for five more at the high school off reserve,

we trekked each morning to Beaver's Corner to catch the bus. In winter, the blizzard wind pelted my body and whipped icy snow into crested drifts across my path while inside my hat and mittens I remained insulated, warm inside. After school, I returned home, ambling in midwinter's deep freeze. Thick, smoky sky hung low in hues of blue. The snow and ice drops touched my cheeks and made my face sting. In spring, tiny rivulets trickled through jagged cuts in the ice that filled ditches and nearby fields along the road. The ice cracked hard in some places and melted to slush in others but it meant spring was coming. I knew every inch of the ice and snow.

In grade one I looked forward to amusement with a box of yellow letters. The quiet of the classroom was comforting in its sameness, its safety. When our regular work was done, each student went independently to the shelf at the side of the classroom where the boxes of letters stacked high in neat rows. The corners of some boxes flapped unglued and frayed through continuous use. A shiny plastic coating covered the cardboard pieces for each letter of the alphabet. I spelled out words and sentences copied from the textbook we used known as a primary *reader*. Each shiny piece clicked neatly into place on top of the varnished flip-top desk. I liked the order and routine of school. In winter, we played outside in arctic frost, and then at the end of lunch, we lined up, pushing and shoving at the back corner door. It amazes me the slatted door with thumb-lift latch, freshly painted each fall, acted as the only buffer between us and the cold outside. Though its walls held little insulation, the room retained heat that welcomed us in, refreshed, and ready for the busyness of afternoon activities. The smell of pencil shavings and newsprint paper along with lingering essence of oranges, unpeeled, identified the space as our classroom. Thinking of it unfailingly brings me back to the box of yellow, lacquered letters.

By second grade, we had a lively teacher who carried under her arm the latest issue of *Jack and Jill* magazine, a teaching publication in the 1950s filled with ideas for helping students learn. Mrs Sampson sought promise of better and more exciting teaching methods than purple mimeographed sheets of words and numbers. The stories in our readers were longer, now, and more complex. Mostly what I remember about second grade is the teacher. Although older by today's standards – her hair was grey - Mrs. Sampson was animated, dressed in modern pencil-straight skirts, strappy shoes and pastel coloured sweaters. On the wrist of her left arm, which I thought she favoured due to some physical irregularity, she wore a huge silver bracelet. It was under her left arm that she carried the *Jack and Jill* magazine; to the blackboard or among the rows of desks while correcting seatwork. I didn't think of her as a teacher, I mean that teaching was her only life. Somehow it was clear that Mrs. Sampson had a life beyond the classroom.

In early grades we learned the basics of grammar so that by 4th grade we studied language rules from textbooks. Quizzes and exercises filled the *Using our Language* series of texts, calling for skills to synthesize words, write sentences and paragraphs and engage verbs, adverbs and adjectives. We moved from the white clapboard school, common to reserve neighbourhoods in the 1950s, to the new brick school for higher grades. Under the radiator, four rows of books served as our fifth grade library, introducing the *Happy Hollisters* mysteries, upon which I based my composition assignments. Receiving encouraging feedback, I wrote a few stories outside of class. By eighth grade, we had learned constructive analysis, how to mark complex sentences with squiggly lines, and we knew about gerunds and pluperfect tenses. I believe it was my language skills that landed me in junior high classes in which I learned well. In high school the Latin and French teachers loved the kids from Six Nations because we knew sentence structure

like nobody's business. I did well in high school English without too much prompting; I read the novels, answered questions in class and wrote final examinations as required of senior students.



Encouraged by authors who write coming-of-age stories about language growth (Dillard, 1989; Lamott, 1994; Oates, 2003), I attempt to write my language experiences. Indigenous authors inspire through stories the relationship between “sounds and cadence” (Basso, 1996, p. 71) of language to replicate shapes, colours, and contours of landscape thus I try to write my stories.



Reclaiming Ancestral Language

The premise that Hodinohso:ni language holds culture and worldview is thoroughly documented by ritualists John Arthur Gibson (Woodbury, 1992), Alexander General (Shimony, 1961/1994), and Jake Thomas (Foster, 2005). *Ganohonyohk*, Speech of Thanksgiving, a ceremonial language text, illustrates Hodinohso:ni cosmology and adheres to the pattern of hierarchical forces “from those on the earth to those in the sky, to those beyond the sky” (Foster, 1974, p. 4); many rites and speeches derive from this address. The speech is an expression of thanksgiving invoking the order of natural forces and acknowledging relationships between the groups in the hierarchy. Values of “working together”, “helping”, “getting together” (Shimony, 1961/1994, p. 134) stress collective unity and effective group participation to maintain Hodinohso:ni language, ceremonies and way of life. The late Cayuga Chief and oralist, Harvey Longboat believed invocation of life forces sustained all human beings for “we must keep the ceremonies going to benefit all mankind. Once we stop the ceremonies, we will be no more” (personal communication, 1998). Through language we sustain universal forces as we participate in and are part of the worldview.

I did not grow up speaking my language. My two eldest siblings spoke only Cayuga when they began attending school thus they had a difficult time. My mother spoke Onondaga fluently in addition to my father's language which is Cayuga. In our home, my parents conversed in Cayuga but spoke to us in English. I learned basic Cayuga for use at mealtime or to express my state of wellness such as whether I was sick or tired and my mother taught us to give thanks in our language for food, rest, welcoming night-time and seeing the sun rise each morning. By the time I began school, my parents had decided that learning English was the best way for the last born children of our family to get along in the world. I am not resentful for the decisions they made because I understand the difficult choices parents face to nurture growth of their children. Therefore, as the youngest child of ten, I spoke English at school and at home. Throughout my adult years, I studied Cayuga, and sometimes Onondaga, but it was as a student in a four-year Cayuga immersion program that I regained my ancestral language so as to understand, speak, read and write at a practical level.

I believe that although my brothers, sisters, and I did not speak Cayuga as children, we participated in a world that was determined by Hodinohso:ni: language. We lived out the patterns and interrelatedness of the Hodinohso:ni: world that our parents set for us based on Cayuga language. During the 1950s, a common mode of transportation in our community was walking. People in our neighbourhood walked great distances into the village center or to *the upper end* of the reserve, a distance of 15 miles or more. On hot summer days we kept cool on the swing suspended from the oak tree in our front yard. We waved to people walking to *Ganádaę*⁷, the nearest town off the reserve. Sometimes walkers veered off the road down our lane for a drink of water or something to eat. Occasionally, people came to see my mom to check if such and such was right for the ceremonies or for a certain protocol

about the Confederacy Council. At those times, she cooked a full meal for lunch, including bacon, mashed potatoes and homemade bread - all while conversing with our company. The visits were festive events of lively talk and I listened to store the rhythm of Cayuga and Onondaga in my body. When I speak English today, my intonation rises like my ancestral language and sometimes the listener stares aghast as high pitched notes rise and fall in the inflection of my voice. And I wonder if my preference for the company of older people replicates connection with the comfort and safety of summer afternoons spent in my parents' home with *gaegəhjihsoːʔoh*, older women and men, cherished in our culture.

The greatest connection I had as a young girl to my world as defined by language was my relationship with *dwano:háʔ*, *our mother*, the earth, and what she holds. In our family, we learned a lot in the way of silence. By this I mean that we were never instructed on certain things but learned instead through silence by seeing, hearing and feeling, not always by speaking. It's hard for me to speak openly and freely now and when I see two people conversing I think I would like to do it as easily. As a child, I lived in the outdoors where birds and trees were entities I talked with but not through language. On wintry days, I'd lean my back against the peeled bark of the crab apple tree that bordered our lane and I could feel its cold branches through my coat. The birds soared high up in the sky and spoke their beauty to me as I studied them for a long time in silence. I walked across snow covered fields to the pond nestled in meadows of fallow cornfields. The pond creaked as I stepped carefully at her edges then made tracks with my brown rubber boots. She told me it was safe to rest my feet upon her. This is how I talked to the land when I was a young girl.

○○○

My first inkling of energy forces at work in language began when I accompanied my mother on her round of duties in the cookhouse where the women prepare foods for ceremonies. At times, I'd hear one of the women say "Oh, I like that word. I just like how it sounds." A word I remember from that time is *deyowá:wēnye*;, meaning *the stirring winds*. Each time I heard it repeated in the opening and closing ceremonial speech, I'd say the word to myself and it played all day in my head like a song. It conveyed an image and feeling not familiar to me through English words. *Deyowá:wēnye*;, associated with warm wind that brings beneficial change to mankind, performed its meaning because in repeating it, my thoughts uplifted in playful spirit. The word performed the wind's action to strengthen my body and mind and it had power to keep me well. The point of my experience is that the women taught me to look to language if I needed assistance, since essential forces appeared there, first. The forces in language shape meaning in ways that I live, and write, and watch for still today.



Watching the landscape from the train, I think of the project we will do this summer – gathering medicines. Ga:yáhks Kaᵛwagéhᵛ hníʔ. My two best friends. We'll bring a camera ɛhtétk gayáʔtaʔ then write the names of the medicines néʔ Gayogohónᵛ nigawēnódeʔ in Cayuga language. As I think of our trip into the bush, I think in Cayuga. I think of what we'll do and talk about. I think in my language. This is an accomplishment.

For four years I invested in learning my language as a student and assistant in the program, Cayuga Immersion for Adults. We are on break, now, heading into summer of the final year. I reflect on what I learned and where I've been. I think of the challenges faced to have accomplished what I did, passing from the English world to the world where my language lives. The lines are not visible but they are there. Everyday stepping into the Cayuga

landscape, I built a new framework within myself, like an edifice that materializes only by adding bricks as I go. Each new word or language pattern I learned was a brick, secured and fastened with mortar to bring the edifice into view. I stepped back and pondered my work, sometimes in elation, sometimes in frustration at my progress. Into the Cayuga landscape, I made a path, gathering words that sometimes had no English meaning, piecing them together in new order and way of thinking so as to express myself. It was like scraping away all that I am and building a new me. My body, mind and spirit immersed in Cayuga language such that I entered a new land for eight hours each day and week over a four year period.

The train glides past meadows and creeks, the backdrop to small towns that dot the landscape. Rejuvenation of seasonal change reminds me of the spring in April 1990 when we began to plan the Cayuga Immersion program for our children. We called ourselves the Gawení:yo/Kawęnní:yo (a Cayuga/Mohawk phrase meaning “good words”) Parents Committee. Intent on maintaining Hodinohso:ni languages and the knowledge they hold, we chose Cayuga and Mohawk as the languages of instruction for the education of our children. At each meeting, emotionally charged, we could always count on at least one parent to cry, so focused were we on our intent. At SS # 1 School, we stood outside under the oak tree in the rain. The lightning crashed around us and we offered tobacco to Hadiwęnodagyé’s, our Grandfathers, the Thunderers. This time it was Emily crying. We teased her but she didn’t mind. The time remains with me when the parents were luminaries full of vision and promise. Many Gawení:yo/Kawęnní:yo parents are now students in Cayuga immersion for Adults. In these final months of the program, we dress in lighter clothing after the long winter. We are lighter, too, like spring air, bubbling with molecules, exuberant with spirited energy. Our children have matured, they are adults now. Some are immersion teachers with

graduate degrees, others are paramedics, Longhouse ritualists, and one former student is a linguist. Many previous students are themselves Gawení:yo/Kawənní:yo parents planning for their own children to attend immersion schools at elementary and secondary levels.



Growth in my ancestral language continued throughout years of university study. After graduate school, I applied my language learning to research and development in the field of education as means to reach beyond Western paradigms repressive of the Hodinohso:ni world. No longer satisfied with affixing Western theories to Indigenous practice (Alfred, 1999), my colleagues and I began in earnest to redefine education to strengthen Hodinohso:ni languages and culture, moving away from “acculturation and cognitive assimilation as final ends to revitalizing and renewing cultural identity and dignity” (Battiste, 1995, p. x). To accommodate the shift from restrictive to empowering goals, we built contemporary structures, learning tools and theories within paradigms of Indigenous knowledge and ways of thinking and organizing.

In 1995, at arm’s length from a participatory university, my colleagues and I designed the final semester for a teacher education program specific to Hodinohso:ni pedagogy. Interconnected dimensions of learning (Battiste, 1998, 2002) began with team design of a single, integrative curriculum for a total semester’s learning. Students applied knowledge and skills for advanced teaching methods, curriculum design and theory, and materials development to complete a single assignment; a planning book, including annual plan, schedules, teaching and evaluation materials and a daybook for use in first year teaching (see Thomas, 2002). Instructed by community educators and elders, student writing groups directed research, field trips and learning circles to engage curriculum and to complete the integrative assignment. Accustomed to distinct courses with disparate assignments, students were at first apprehensive. Once they realized, however, that

the curriculum met mandatory requirements, they focused on the business of planning and teaching. Grounded in Hodinohso:ni worldview and ways of knowing, students transformed teaching enterprise to a cultural and community project directed by collective goals.

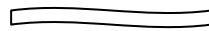
Refining the approach to teacher training, our team affirmed that Indigenous learning methods applied to educational practice are transformative. Students designed emancipatory planning and teaching techniques that flow from an Indigenous, non-Western framework to become creative, self-actualized teachers. For example, many used *Ganohonyohk*, the Thanksgiving Address which embodies Hodinohso:ni cosmology, as the framework to develop curriculum, classroom management skills and to build class timetables. Others initiated teamwork between schools and agencies to build interdisciplinary programs to better serve the community in a holistic, culturally sensitive manner. That teachers reached beyond established boundaries to develop methods and structures respective of their cultural identity was clearly reflected in their classrooms.



I conclude this story about “coming to know myself clearly” (Ortiz, 1993, p. 35) through language – bequeathed by my heritage and an English system I learned in order to fight back - “which allowed me to deal with the world, and delve into it”. Among criteria essential to an Indigenous critical paradigm, Greg Sarris (1993) includes concepts of *talk* - much revered in Native American ideology – between writer and reader. “At some point between critic and text there is a dialogue of sorts” (p. 128), a type of conversation in which the critic’s “intermingling voices hold dialogue with the intermingling voices of the [text]” (p. 5). Applying Sarris’s criterion to enable the reader’s relational communication with my story about language growth as means of cultural empowerment and confronting oppression, I conclude with a series of

questions. Only through questions and answers can readers consider diversity in culture and experience while increasing potential for respectful interaction.

Given that Indigenous scholars “create a new literature” (Smith, 1999, p. 29) to construct culture in renewal of Indigenous societies, how will ancestral language and knowledge empower “key sites in Western research” (p. 29) such as writing, history and theory? Perhaps research and development of culturally syntonc programs, such as intradisciplinary teacher training specific to Native pedagogy, rewrite history, position and how society represents Indigenous people as reflected in the field of education. On the other hand, do I read development of culturally responsive programs as panacea to make visible Indigenous consciousness in modern thought and its emergent institutions? Moreover, in relation to Indigenous language and cultural knowledge informing research practice, my personal aspiration is to overlay my worldview on how and what I write, therefore, do I perceive this process occurs for all Indigenous writers, and in addition, do I imply that it should? These are some questions I raise to expose my interaction with the story I have written about the growth of language and to extend my account of that interaction to others.



Maintaining Tradition
Looking Forward 2011

Song Six

The Six Songs ritual supplicates protocol and participant roles which enable completion of the rite of condolence. Expression of gratitude to participant elements, the law, tobacco helpers, women, and the ancestors comprises the first five songs, considered “the principal part” (Gibson, 1912, p. 629) of the ritual. Interjected by a lament for loss of ritual knowledge, the sixth song beseeches, directly, the founders of the Great Law to “keep listening to [us]” (p. 634), their descendents, as we carry out ritual obligations to maintain an inherited tradition.

I conclude this collection of stories that function as narrative conscience, elements that shape human character, with a look to the future. Elizabeth Cook-Lynn (2008) insists Indigenous texts always trace back to origins, recognizing language, geography and worldview. The standard she sets for indigenous storytelling, “philosophical formulations” (p. 330) and generational knowledge telling “through long tenancy of the tribe in a specific geography”, excludes life stories as, “offshoots of biography” (p. 336), a European art form. Life facts given off to “white writers” (p. 337), she believes, is colonialistic, a self defined in non-tribal story, “unimportant, non-communal, and unconnected” (p. 338). In five previous narratives, I strive to write from origins, my story nested in Tadóda:hoʔs, by “paying attention – the writer’s first requirement” (Huggan, 1989, p. 194) to life around me, taking *my* experience into *my* hands to account for *my* intellectual and emotional development, a process much different than Cook-Lynn describes. Similar to Cook-Lynn, I cherish the set of principles that recognize Indigenous literary traditions “by which we [judge] the imagination” (2008, p. 344), and like our culture, it is a distinguished legacy, essential, as we struggle toward inevitable modernity. As Hodinoḥso:ni:, I live in a modern world trying to hold on to my traditions. I wish I could see the line between my world and the modern one as definitely as Cook-Lynn sees distinction in tribal and non-tribal literature. In this sixth song, I do as my ancestors did; I implore the people of old to guide my walk on a path decreed, so “this [my traditions] endure” (Gibson, 1912, p. 634) in life, and in how I write.

In *Leaning: A Poetics of Personal Relations*, Ron Peliás (2011) suggests “leaning toward others carries the greatest potential for meaningful and lasting relationships” (p. 9). As Indigenous scholars work to reach consensus on what defines Indigenous literature, personal story looked upon as “bearing witness to colonization” (Bird, 1998, p. 29) disassembles the process that

“keeps us in the grips of the colonizer’s mental bondage”. Shaping intellectual and emotional development is difficult; my human character often lacking, where colonialistic aspects impact family, community and me. Through personal story, I learn to forgive myself, let go of trying to control others, and in doing so, “I lean in” (Pelias, 2011, p. 9) toward stronger relationships.

In tribute to my ancestors’ use of song - a poetic representation - that honours and entreats founders of the Great Law of Peace to “keep listening to [us]” (Gibson, 1912, p. 634) fulfill our duties, I conclude with a poem. The poem is my own sixth song, a thanksgiving for stories, piled, arranged, and set side by side (Huggan, 1989), serving as formative elements of narrative conscience through which I access self-knowledge. The final song of the Six Songs ritual, the only one of the six, addresses “the grandfathers” (Alfred, 1999, p. xxii) directly, with affirmation that we “need to keep the traditional teachings in [our] heart and mind”; our decision-making must refer both to the past and to the future. In eight lines of verse, akin to the original ritual text, the message of my sixth song is similar; I honour the past as the strength for my future.

While Travelling Across Hodinohso:ni: Landscapes

It is growing, forming like a flower.

The long folds of my past

Close softly, into buds, petals.

In my hands I hold it,

A covering, protected, heartbeats join beyond grief

To you, my grandmothers.

You keep listening to us

You keep listening to us

Chapter Three **A Mnemonic Guide**

The Requickening: Turning Points in the Forest

Reflections on the Healing Journey ☞✈☞

A sequential review marks the climax of the dissertation.
Told in four story segments, Celia's key healing-focused experiences intersperse the Requickening ritual signifying growth in cultural grounding and skills as researcher.



***Time**

Now

***Place**

Celia, Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷
continue their journey through the forest



Research Themes

Autobiographical timeline: collecting/managing memory data
Roots for the self
Importance of models in an artist's work¹⁰
Introspection as healing inquiry; Prevailing addiction and dissociative response
Oral transmission of Indigenous knowledge
Arriving home

¹⁰ From *In search of our mothers' gardens* by Alice Walker (1983).

Chapter Three

The Requickening: Turning Points in the Forest

Reflections on the Healing Journey

Ritual Episode: *Wiping their Tears: The Requickening* is the pivotal ritual of the Condolence Ceremony signifying the end of mourning and a turn toward healing. The Requickening functions to lift the pain of bereavement and loss, to restore the deprived to normality, and to help them resume social relationships (Alfred, 1999; Hewitt, 1944; Woodbury, 1992). The curative act is accomplished by an exchange of 15 wampum strings, each string representing a *burden* of grief accompanied by conciliatory words, shared between reciprocal nation moieties. Three *bare words*, the first strings exchanged at the wood's edge, wipe the eyes, clear the throat, and unblock the ears to "recover communicative powers" (Woodbury, 1992, p. xl; see also Foster, 1985) in preparation for the ceremonial event. The remaining 12 strings alleviate grief-caused symptoms in body and mind to restore balance within the social network of family, clan and institutions.

Ritual Principles in Chapter Context: Having identified core issues of psychological trauma, Celia then prepared for change by examining ways in which growth of consciousness evolves to deepen self-reliance. In this chapter, Celia sets her mind to revive her injured spirit. Celia and Precious, accompanied by Tadodá:ho⁷, re-enter the forest, forging ahead in the healing journey. Celia reviews key events and life experiences that have led to healing, and in doing so, she comes to understand how inherent strengths assist her to confront colonial trauma issues. Reciprocal sharing of Celia's stories of experience, performs the act of requickening, reviving spirit, and underscores the idea that healing is not a solitary act. Celia recounts her experience stories chronologically from youth to adult woman, while Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷ grant her space for

sharing and reflection. Thus their actions replicate the *Wiping their Tears* ritual in which consolors pacifies grief by “giving of something that will make [the sufferer] capable of seeing, hearing and speaking [her] way back to peace” (Alfred, 1999, p. xxi).



Like the Great Law is story and ritual, my journey to healing is also a story. The build-up of my account, set wide inside the Great Law narrative, gives rise, now, to “spiritual crisis” (Lewis, 1955/2002, p. ix), the pivotal telling of specific steps to healing. The Requickening ritual functions similarly, in that, opening rites precede the pragmatic act of condolence. I document the turning points of my story as an episodic account replicating the rhythm of the Requickening ritual, a sequence of stories shared with companions in return for silent reflection. In critique of lived experiences, I seek the spirit of condolence, “words to ... [lift me] up” (Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 1900/1968, p. 109). Each reciprocal action restores the power of reason toward a “powerful and unifying rationality” (Alfred, 1999, p. xix) that assists me to overcome inflictions of trauma. “Methodological tools and research literature” (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2010, ¶ 9) frame personal experience to inform understanding of story and ritual principles.

Reading meaning in the landscape of where I live, I construct characters and events which inhabit its places and journey along the paths that connect them (Ingold & Bradley, 1993). I use Tillmann-Healy’s (1996) methodology, “a sensual text” (p. 104) leading away from theoretical abstraction into the experience of a quest for personal peace. Layered by multiple narrative forms, Tillmann-Healy’s text is much quoted as an example of “ethnographic practice as ‘performance’ of everyday life” (Goodall, 2000, p. 116), in her case bulimia, practice as “both actual and emblematic” (p. 115). In my text, I emulate Tillmann-Healy’s chronological account built from fragments of remembered/constructed experiences illustrating exemplary method to construct

actual practice written from fieldnotes, reflected on and eventually storied. I replicate “powerful first person account” (p. 114) of transformative practices to provide insight into how I perform the business of cultural knowledge inherent in the landscape of the Requickening ritual.

“Personal memory is a building block of autoethnography” (Chang, 2008, p 71). *Recalling* in autoethnography is similar in practice to other ethnographies, though I use different memories as the primary source of data and feature personal memory in my research. While other ethnographers rely on informants’ personal recall, I rely on my personal recall as the primary source of information to complete my work. This chapter is built using fieldnotes generated from a data collection strategy, Chang (2008) calls chronicling, “through which [I] give sequential order to bits of information [I] collect from memory” (p. 72). Using the strategy allowed me to construct several autobiographical timelines with memorable events and experiences in effort to conceptualize self-narration of a multi-faceted life. Some timelines span my lifetime related to education, examples of border-crossing, traumatic events and periods of innocence, others extend annually to cover ceremonial celebration or a graduate school calendar, and still more span a week or day of meditation, self-care, recreation and study routine. Within each timeline, I chose one event/experience that led to significant cultural self-discovery and described the circumstances and reasons each selection was important in my life. These descriptions, compiled as fieldnotes, helped to pattern whole-life experiences which I eventually storied for this chapter.

To accomplish this, I centered on my research topic, with a transformative focus, combining fieldnotes related to selected events/experiences from several timelines into one, which I labeled *Stages of Empowerment*, the parameters that frame this chapter. Divided into four story segments, the Stages of Empowerment timeline contains much of the original narrative produced in the

chronology from which it was extracted. Thus in this chapter, more than in any other, I stress the *personal* layer of consciousness (Ellis & Bochner, 2000) from the personal-social-cultural-political paradigm that defines autoethnography (Ellis, 2004; Denzin 2006, Jones, 2005; Poulos, 2009). I tell, write, look back, reinterpret and rewrite the personal in attempt to “come to see [my life] and [my self] in new ways” (Ellis, 2009, p. 166). By sharing the resulting stories with others, I fashion identity and better understand individual and collective experience.

It is important to note that the Stages of Empowerment timeline, organized by chronological years, inserts in the text indications of turning points in transformative experience. The timeline marks four distinct periods of personal growth and stories of key events unfold specific to each stage of transformation. Taken together, the life-span timeline and corresponding stories chronicle experiences leading to a change in assumptions about how things are and can be.

The four story sequences re-present turning points in my healing journey and in my growth as a researcher. Seeking social intimacy in youth, I cross cultural boundaries, forfeit “mastery of surroundings” (Walter & McCoyd, 2009, p. 216) and learn to rely on Indigenous concepts of nature in support of self, essentially voiceless, preoccupied by the rise of internal conflict. I journey forward, as student, to define identity in terms of educational experience and discover “connections among life and art ... [I learn that] creating autoethnographic texts is to change the world [and myself]” (Jones, 2005, p. 765). Engaged in travel and career, as a young woman in the third story segment, I confront core symptoms of traumatic experience – addiction and dissociative response – and I reconnect to cultural traditions which precipitate healing. A process similar to how Requickening pacifies loss, once responsibility for that loss is accepted, this segment makes transparent through storytelling, the value of challenging private/public

dichotomies related to experiences of trauma (Brookes, 1992). Re-construction – and public sharing - of lived experience affirms a basis for knowledge, while allowing understanding that “[I] have actively participated in the formation of [my] past experience” (p. 31) thus I refuse to regard myself as victim. I consider this segment of stories - the longest of the four which includes an extended *interlude* (see below for definition) - the crux of this chapter, my healing journey, and certainly, a key turning point in constructing self-knowledge that results from writing this dissertation. Finally, the last story sequence concludes the timeline with an account of a shared research project, now as more experienced investigator; I disrupt the timeline of colonial trauma with empowerment through quantum healing in an Indigenous context.

Tillmann-Healy (1996) juxtaposes ethnographic practice with poems, memories and cultural messages about “how women ‘do’ the practices” (Goodall, 2000, p. 112) of maintaining thinness. To demonstrate complexity of cultural practice performed as personally transformative, I layer narrative account with interlude – an intervening interpretive space (Ellis, 2004; Pelias, 2004) to support narrativity, character introspection and theoretical discussion. Inserted throughout the text, the interlude ***Condolence Ceremony 2010** reflects growth of cultural knowledge as foundation for self-change which unfolds with the writing of the dissertation, while it connects the stories in this chapter to Tadodá:ho⁷s narrative told from inside the Great Law story. Resulting from inquiry thus far in the dissertation, I have newly identified Precious as traumatized self, thus the interlude **→Precious** provides internal account of behaviour and thought patterns that underlie character development gestating long before her emergence. The common symbol ○○○ denoting a jump between rhetorical spaces applies here to introduce interludes of poetry, dialogue and interpretive discourse “focused on accumulating fundamental knowledge about social [and cultural] processes” (Denzin & Giardina, 2008, p. 15).

◆

***Condolence Ceremony 2010**

The house where the Three Brothers - Mohawk, Onondaga and Seneca – meet is filled with laughter, greetings and telling of news from Hodinohso:ni: nations abroad; communities situated in our homelands across Ontario, Quebec and New York state. The kitchen is central, not only for visiting, but for organizing lunch, served, both inside the house where chiefs meet, and outside, where the people gather to prepare for the journey through the forest. Dishes clang, loudly, and the coffee percolator bubbles up, hot. We feed the chiefs and the people then align ourselves two by two; the chiefs, the singers and the tobacco guides in front. My girlfriends, who are clanmothers, too, walk beside me. We cross the rolling hills and fields in the spring breezes, once more, slightly chilled – Condolence Ceremonies are held in early spring before the buds come on the trees so powerful are the ancestors’ spirit that accompany us, they may harm new crops.

I bow my head, walking and listening to the Hai Hai singer call the spirits of the founding ancestors thanking them for the knowledge they left us and beseeching their continued guidance. I realize this is what Hai Hai is; the roll call of Confederacy Chiefs past who once held one of fifty hereditary titles since the inception of the League of Six Confederacy Nations. We round the last corner of our marked path through the forest; I glimpse over my shoulder to the end circle of coral and yellow dresses, shawls and white ribbon flow upward into the wind. Our convoy reaches the Four Brothers’ fire where Cayuga, Oneida, Tuscarora and Delaware nations welcome us with speeches and wampum to remove the thorns from our feet and clear our eyes, ears and throat of debris accumulated over the long journey. With the beginning ritual exchanges complete, the singing continues and we follow the chiefs into the Longhouse. I resist writing the exact steps of the Condolence Ceremony; I can write, only, my experience in participating.

First Travels



Stages of Empowerment

- 1955 born into family of teachers and leaders
- 1957 learn to read
- 1958 sing soprano in 1st choir, reserve-wide
- 1961 earn 95% on composition exam, grade 5 - 11 yrs old
- 1964 Beatles enter my life, grade 7 - 14 yrs old
- 1969 Receive Latin Award, 99% tri-county
- 1970 Start 1st job Rochester Telephone
- 1971 Travel to Oregon Coast

I complete high school at age 19 and head to the only city I know; Rochester, New York, where two of my sisters live. I return there to continue what I have started two summers previous, deciding to forgo university for a few years. I do not know of Precious, yet; only her feelings of restlessness, to get away and seek adventure. In the guidance office at school, I'd sit and babble my plan to live off reserve but maintain connection to my community and home. In retrospect, I had already begun to experience the dialectic tension between living in two cultures. Mr Neville, the guidance counsellor who was also my English teacher, knew nothing of which I spoke.



I live at my sister Ava's apartment down the street from Rochester Telephone, the office where I interviewed for, then accepted a full time job as a telephone operator. Each morning, I rise with renewed vigour to the smell of fresh brewed Nabob Coffee, my sister's brand, hardly believing I have started my new life. The tiny downtown apartment above Aldo's Delicatessen on Broad

Street is warm, cozy and always lively during the pre-work hour from the time the alarm sounds, through the steamy hot shower and Ava's yelling daily plans while arranging breakfast settings on the blue Formica table. I dress in my high school clothes though I am part of the work world beyond surroundings that previously defined me. My shoes tap lino-hard steps down the narrow staircase where at the bottom Aldo lugs bundles of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester's leading newspaper, inside the delicatessen. I lean against the glass door adjacent to the storefront then step out into the crisp fall air and onto the street. It is a short walk to work through the edge of downtown past coffee shops and the scattered beginnings of de novo high-rise buildings. At the Mobile station, the smell of dusty motor oil whiffing through the garage door reminds me of home and how far away I am from friends and the autumn season unfolding there.

→**Precious** I pull hard against the young strength of Celia's body. Blood flushes her face then throbs down the passage to her throat and onto her chest. Inside, the stinging energy pulls to her middle then folds in on itself like a muscle, gripping and contracting. Doubling forward, Celia tries to block the energy flow from stomach to head but a flash of heat surges her face and tears form in her eyes. Fearing she might faint, Celia guides her arms back to steady herself against the cool brick at the building entrance. It is night, two months into September after she began her job. Celia knows the condition, never felt this strongly before, is not all physical. While in high school she warded off surges by denying them, falling back into adolescent comforts of Beatle songs and nail polishing. But on this night, she cannot reverse the emotional charge; my first call of existential suffering and its relative pain. Leaving work, Celia walked, unhurried, but overcome by anxiety; she rushed, until without breath, she has arrived at a place of potential reprieve. The stone church stands boldly straight up, just steps from the busy city street. Each morning she passes the church on her way to work and though she knows nothing of church business, it

occurs to her it may be a place where she can pray. Recovering her balance, now, she pulls the collar of her trench coat tight then ducks inside the building through a heavy wooden door. The altar is a yellow globe of candles; an orange rim shimmers golden hues over hushed white walls. Celia stands in the shadows unsure of why she is here or what she is praying for.



What is self and how is identity formed? In his article “The Iroquoian Concept of the Soul”, noted Tuscarora ethnologist J. N. B. Hewitt (1895) reports the notion of numerous selves and dualism of body and mind. One soul animates the body and remains, in life and death, in “the marrow of the bones”. Another resides in the brain, “the appointed seat of the intelligent soul or spirit” (p. 111). With powers to fulfill the body’s needs, the intelligent soul leaves the body at will, making excursions where it pleases, “conveying itself through the air over lakes, forests and seas” to gather knowledge required for the body’s welfare (p. 110). Neurologist and scholar, Antonio Damasio (1999) also traces self to structures in the brain. Underlying his theory is the idea that “a sense of self” is “part of the conscious mind” (p. 7), a movie-in-the-brain, which produces sensory images and mental patterns, in parallel with a sense of self knowing “[it is] observer” and “owner of the things imaged” (p. 10). Numerous prototypes, “the deep roots for self” (p. 22) map neural patterns dependant on memories, objects and landscapes to engender a more complex consciousness, the autobiographical self. It is this vast store of memory, the “aggregate” records of physical, behavioural disposition (p. 173) stored in autobiographical self that forms identity.



My sisters are fond of the first Alfie; a short name for Alfred. I met him at my first summer job and now I bring him to barbeques at Karin’s house in the suburbs. Ava and Karin, my second sister, think that Alfie 1 is a good match for me; same age, college student, headed to a career in computer technology – read safe – but I have other plans. I have joined a group of close-knit

friends, same qualifications as Alfred 1 except for the computer skills, who are planning a trip west to California, then up the Oregon coast where they hope to settle on a farm. Travel plans include camping at the Grand Canyon, visiting friends in Boulder, and then heading to San Diego. A fellow traveller, ironically named Alfred - Alfie for short - attaches himself to me as company for boundary crossing American culture. That I am Aboriginal and from Canada works out well enough for us both. Alfie 2 becomes my best friend; we share a similar sense of humour and we were born on the same day. We even look alike, sharing physical features, strangers mistake us for siblings. Perhaps it is our similarities that cause us so much pain in the end.

Cal stands in speed-bound traffic along the shoulder of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, Interstate 76, with his thumb out. Alfie screeches the van to a halt.

“Going to Chicago?” Cal leans in.

“Sure, we can go that way” Alfie smiles.

Cal stays with us all the way to California.

Our merry band of travellers crosses the Midwest; corn fields and cowboy cafes flash by like a moving picture reel. The planes of Colorado slide into place before us like stage sets rising and folding high up in the mountains over Denver. Approaching the Petrified Forest, segue to the Grand Canyon, we experience a mountain snowfall, then searing temperatures below. In the red dust of the canyon we trace the giant river on its floor, spellbound by the current of the Colorado River. Navigating Highway 101 through surf, dunes and rainforest lining the Pacific coast, I realize we have practically skipped California, so caught up are we, now, in the landscape lure of the Oregon coast. Margi and Lance, exploring ahead, have provided us the address for our new home, a white brick cottage on Highway 101, about 500 yards from the ocean shore.

I think it is in Oregon that I learned to love the rain. In winter, the rains fall day and night; a constant tapping caresses the house and misty horizons engulf the coastal lands. The rain has different characters. The hard beating rain swamps us. The drizzly sideways rain tingles my skin. Sometimes it falls in watery sheets adhering rain gear to our bodies like glue; we swing with the wind, light-hearted, though we barely stand. Behind our house, the forest carpet soaks weeks' worth of consistent downpour, saturating the path to the beach, our playground; we huddle to keep dry or we let the rain wash over our bodies while gathering driftwood for the woodstove.

We let the rain live in our life. When it stops for a bit, the sun peeks through low clouds. Pockets of rain form on the lot where I wait for Alfie and the others. I step into the phone booth, drop several coins into the box and make my weekly call home. Familiar voices resonate between my old and new culture and I stifle loneliness in handling differences in language, speech patterns and ways of thinking of my new friends. Influenced by great distance from the safety of home, Alfie and I link stronger as adventurous friends. The men in our house work for the US Forestry Service planting trees in the great rains. Covered head to toe in thick green rubber, the tree planters hold an exalted job in Oregon's rural economy, employment coveted especially by travelling young students. Bryson, originally from Wales, Margi and I stay home to prepare meals. My home economics skills from high school come to use as I sew tears and hems in my friends' work clothes. The rain, constant and sweet like a song, inhibits my nineteenth year.

→**Precious** I think I am doing fine. There are minor upsets, like the episode at the farewell dinner. Believing it is safer to hide fear, I remain silent as Celia wanders amongst groups of strangers then settles for the company of other quiet people. When Celia rejoins Alfie, she

discovers she has lost her voice. On the road trip, I lull content while Celia follows the landscape in silence from the van window. Once they reach Oregon, Alfie and Celia affirm their close friendship but Alfie worries they do not talk. They settle in the small white cottage, the constant call of the ocean, an accompaniment to their life. The surf crashes the rocks then sprays high in pink mist; foam juts in and out of ancient crevices. Gulls skitter across miles of hard packed sand. Celia revels in the wild terrain at the ocean's edge, believing she and Alfie converse via shared experience and nature speaks for them. Yet, my voice ruminates in Celia's brain beseeching reasons for not speaking when she should and for assurance she is normal.



Hewitt (1902) uses the Huron term *orenda* to define “mystic potence” (p. 33) inherent in all bodies and beings of the universe, including water, wind, sun, moon, animals and humans and more. Conceived as living, thinking, beings with the ability to “put [their] will into effect”, their underlying motive is the attainment of welfare for the human effort. Action and motion manifest mystic potence, which I call spirit, “usually accompanied by sound” (p. 35) so that the moaning of the tempest, the rumble and crash of the thunder is evidence of the “utterance” of spirit put forth by various bodies to affect some purpose. I understand, as if for the first time, that all of nature comprises energy which moves through living things, and the sounds I hear are utterances of energy or spirit. It strikes me that this energy is the “transforming flux” (Battiste & Henderson, 2000, p. 76), realms of change that create a flowing, transforming existence toward continued life. Hewitt's (1902) words convince me that *orenda*, in his terms, and *mntu*, in Algonquian, is the energy flux engendered by speech and utterance, an act, a doing, “an operation of spirit” (p. 39). My view of the flux *out there* shifts and I place myself in the flux and its transforming energy in me. I begin to think of language as my operation of spirit contributing energy to the ecological order of the universe, and in turn, evoking renewal of life, transformative change within me.

The term orenda to denote spirit is infamous among Hodinohso:ni: for its perplexity - “I don’t know what that means” - probably because it is a Huron word originating from the language of one of our sister nations. In Hewitt’s footnotes, I recognize the Onondaga word “gaenna” to signify “hypothetic potence” (1902, p. 37) because **gáe:naʔ** is the Cayuga word for “song”. Suddenly, I am excited. Using my Cayuga dictionary, I discover the root word for “song” is (r)ə̃n(a). I study other words with the same root stem, such as (r)ə̃naə̃(:) meaning “pray” and words with similar roots like **owénaʔ** meaning “word” whose root is (w)ə̃n(a) which means “voice” (Froman, Keye, Keye, & Dyck, 2002). I understand, now, Hewitt’s use of the term orenda to denote mystic potence. My ancestors convey in our language the belief that spirit is like a song or voice existing in life forms, therefore singing, voicing, and hoping are properties of all living things, including strawberries, maple trees, and humans whose single purpose is to continue living in a balanced universe. I understand better, now, that **nigwə̃nó:də̃ʔ**, our language, is “words standing in” spirit (p. 177); **edwadrihwáhdə̃gyat**, our ceremonies, are voices and “words leaving to go [up]” (p. 50); and **gaihwané̃gə̃ʔ**, prayer, is a “song for hope” (p. 242). My Cayuga skills help me confirm the spiritual core of ceremonies, and finally, understand that “my [ancestral] language is [spirit] within me” (Henry, 1991). It is the life force, there when I was born, ever renewing its energy while at the same time transforming me (Barthes, 1977). (R)ə̃n(a), a wholly creative force, manifests in language whether written, uttered or sung. I am closer to solving the mystery of orenda quoted by scholars and inquired of Hodinohso:ni: consistently.



→**Precious** I am there the day Celia leaves Oregon. I fly ahead and back, brushing Celia’s forearm then upswing to nip Alfie’s ear, I dance between them. Rose-coloured wash brushes cobalt skies above Newport Beach; nature’s mirage that imprints Celia’s first experience of self-

autonomy and relationship. It is fitting that Celia and Alfie meet, here, for the final time. They stroll over rippling sand; fields of sand with no end unfold beneath translucent waves. Miles back into vastness, the ocean rumbles its hypnotic call, chugging, churning its undercurrent to scourge the sand beds that lead to their feet. Celia discovers in the sea and its natural accoutrements a resonance that affirms her spirit is nature and her relationship with nature at this point is feeling rather than words. But she knows words come from understanding the world in her way, not Alfie's, and though she began to accept ways of being and communicating in her new culture, she understands her unpreparedness, rather than inability, to converge voices distinct from her own. Celia decides, at this juncture, to follow her soul's journey forward from where she has come.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," Celia says. "I bought a ticket, standby from Portland." I fly behind Celia's back then resting on her shoulder, I tap my fingers on fragile bones. "Let's get this show on the road!" I whisper in Celia's ear.

Celia's body stings with fever. Blood rushes in torrents to her head until she cannot ignore its pounding. Her friends stare in suspended disbelief. Celia returns their gaze but awkwardness rises, instinctively, without words. I hum satisfaction in her ear, pleased that I got my way, once more. Celia snatches her coat and sprints for the door.

"That's right," I say. "Run, Celia, run. You cannot handle this situation. Alfie can leave with you if he chooses to travel in your world."

"Would that things are so simple," Celia answers.

Scenes persist and haunt Celia's decision to leave. For weeks, she has endured my consistent prodding, "Is it safe, here, to speak your self? Do you have the resources to persist in this new

environment to overcome challenges in crossing cultural borders? Repetitive scenes loop Celia's consciousness, all the while she questions if leaving is escape or an informed choice.

Scene 1: Alfie invites David, and his wife, Elsie, to the little white cottage for dinner. Celia is anxious to meet Elsie because others tell her Elsie is Indian. They greet their guests and Celia inquires of Elsie her language and nation, what community she is from; the cultural bits that connect Aboriginal people. Elsie turns away. Without knowing it, Celia has shown her Indianess, maybe in a gesture or tone of speech that said "'Indian', me, too, isn't it strange this place we are at?"; whatever it was, no one speaks again that night about Indians. They finish their meal and share tales of life inland from the sea where David and Elsie live. Cultural diversity intertwined with precise categories of race and ethnicity is a complex process to define (Chang, 1999).

Scene 2: Before leaving New York, Celia and her friends rent a three story brick house. On a hot July afternoon, Celia returns early from work and noticing Lance's van outside, she bounds up the steps anticipating Margi is home, too. Instead, the door is ajar; all is still, so she steps cautiously inside. Into the living room, she peeks, scanning for signs of her roommates. Then by the light of the tall front windows, she sees Lance. He lies on the sofa, rocking his body by up-curved legs, his hands cradle his face. "Let go, release" he moans. Tears trickle his face. Celia retreats, knowing from experience, that Lance speaks to soothe his inside self. Our everyday lives criss-cross border zones, pockets and eruptions of all kinds (Rosaldo, as cited in Lugo, 1997).



***Condolence Ceremony 2010**

Over twenty years, I have attended six condolence ritual events; the first at Six Nations in 1989 at which I absorbed some knowledge despite my primary focus to endure, physically, the 12 hour

event. From 1990 to 2009, the Six Nations Confederacy raised several chief titles; two Mohawks at Akwesasne, three Senecas at Tonawanda, three Cayugas at Six Nations, including the chief title Tadodá:ho⁷, himself, raised at Onondaga Syracuse, New York, in 1998. Steadily, my understanding of the ceremony increased, aided by attending many *small* Condolences expedient to the more formal ritual. Studying helps, but to learn procedures through body and heart as well as mind, I need to participate. In doing so, I store learning as rhythm “recorded literally in the viscera, in [my] flesh” replayed as memory (Conolly, 2001, p. 123). “Gestes, [actions that] flow from nature into man” (Jousse, 1931-1952/2000, p. 576) animate energy as gesture or rhythm, internalized, biologically, as “intussusception”, perceived reality. Through bodily gestures, I replay past actions, learning, stored in me as memory; “the greater the participation of [my] body...the better will past impression[s] be expressed” (Sienaert, 1990, p. 95).

Now, I sit in the Longhouse, watching and listening to the singer complete Hai Hai. His body sways and keeps time with the tap of his cane, mnemonic symbols carved in maple; back-and-forth pacing measures his chant, each round replays lateral pairs in the roll call of fifty chiefs. I recall, now, Howard, in his role as ritual speaker, rocks left to right, his body “provides a pendulum” (Conolly, 2001, p. 123) for rhythm and balance to formulate text “learned rhythmically...‘incarnated’ in the very fibres...of [his] being”. From the roots of my oral culture, “instilled in [me] from childhood” (Sienaert, 1990, p. 95), I move from rhythmic learning, gesture’s biological replay of reality as I perceive it, to the act of writing (Sienaert & Conolly, 2000, p. 2). When I study the Great Law and the Condolence Ceremony - the story’s central ritual - in written text, its immense content and structure overwhelms me. I trace my way, slowly, through Gibson’s (1912) account, translated from Onondaga language and reconstituted by linguist, Hanni Woodbury (1992). But once I “bring alive within [my]self” (Jousse, 1931-

1952/2000, p. 23) the combination of ideas that “vibrates within [me]” through oral memory, the metrical text illuminates my writing. Knowing that play - the “act of playing out” (Sienaert, 1990, p. 95) reality that imposes itself upon me - “is the origin of art”, my struggle relents to move Tadodá:ho’s story, recounted and stored in me, to written text.

Thin Places

“...the world has ‘thin places’...a disruption in the ordinary temporal spatial plane... an entry point, a sort of portal to another realm, a realm of spirit” (Poulos, 2009, p. 82).



Stages of Empowerment

- 1972 start college, Langara College, Vancouver, 22 yrs old
- 1973 1st son born, Hamilton, ON
- 1979 graduate from Trent University, B.A. English Literature
- 1978 graduate from University of Western Ontario, B.Ed
- 1981 2nd son born, Chilliwack, BC

It is winter, 1979, the final year of my studies in English Literature at Trent University. In class, we study the work of Margaret Laurence. I read beyond the assigned novels, search the library stacks for books of her completed works. Seeking to discover where and how she grew up and how she learned to write, I read several biographies. What is the source for her genius? I am caught up in the world of Manawaka. In her characters, I think I read her; rugged, blunt and tomboyish. I read her spirit infused in the words she writes to create them. It is as though her characters speak to those parts of my own character and I converse with Margaret Laurence, the writer, through words on the page. I live in and through her words. I try to emulate her writing.

What amazes me is she writes from white, mainstream society, yet she writes Canada in a way so as I am able to participate; humanness and spirit infused in art, a worldview liberated from the language and voice of supremacy. And of course, she writes about Indians. I carry her books with me, unaware that in this moment of discovering her work, the focus of my scholarship is set. I enter a door between ordinariness and sacredness, a place of creativity in which I know intuitively that “something special, something powerful is available to experience” (Poulos, 2009, p. 83).

The semester passes and I remain enthralled in the earthy world of Margaret Laurence, unafraid of heart, sweat, blood and tears she scribes into her work. In class, we move to study the work of other authors but I stay behind in the luminal space of Margaret’s work as though the thin place that suspends temporal-spatial boundaries is within me (Poulos, 2006). Reading and writing from “a site of bliss” (Barthes, 1975, p. 4), I decide I must meet this writer. She lives in Lakefield, a small town outside Peterborough, a few miles past the university. I decide to go and find her. I drive the grey VW on wet, paved roads, following the Otonabee River. The wipers flap, clearing the windshield, enough so I track shoulder-high banks of snow along the highway. Open fields and landscapes flash by the rear-view mirror and the snow falls, now, in fat moisture-filled flakes. Once I arrive, I drive the streets of Lakefield, cross brick bridges and twisting lanes. The town, nestled amongst the Kawartha Lakes, rings clear the brilliant spirit of the land and resounds in me. Margaret lives here; she frequents the shops, the post office, and perhaps the library. I savour the mystery of the small town, and beyond bliss, I decide it is time to ask where the author lives.

“Do you know Margaret Laurence?” I hesitate.

“Yes, she comes here every day.” I imagine a suppressed smile on the postmaster’s face. He must answer this question, often. “Two streets over; the old funeral home”.

“... Like her childhood home,” I whisper to myself, “her grandfather’s house.”

He gives me directions and I drive up slowly checking the house number as the car rolls to a stop. It is a two story, russet brick house with white trimmed windows, two pillars on the porch. I close the car door softly, stroll up, and knock on the front door. Through the window at the side of the door, I peek in, wait, and then knock again. After a moment, Margaret appears. I tell her why I am here. That I just have to meet her. I actually use those words.

“We’re studying your novels in English Literature. At the university. With you living so close, so nearby, I wanted to meet you...I hope you don’t mind...”

“Come in” she says. “Would you like some tea?”

We enter the dining room, a small space with a high, tall window at one end. The dining room table is the standard one that people keep; white lace tablecloth, a vase of dried flowers and a crystal candy dish on the middle leaf. She goes to the kitchen, clangs metal on metal and comes out with the tea. Margaret sits opposite me, her silhouette shadows the winter light from the window. We discuss books I am studying in the English department, not hers, however - I imagine the brazen presumption, and horror, my own, if I attempt to discuss her books with her - and the professors that teach the courses. Some she knows. She asks if I know Belle Taylor, the Anishnawbe woman from Curve Lake reserve, nearby; we talk of Belle’s artwork. She visits Belle often, she tells me. Have you read *The Temptations of Big Bear* by Rudy Wiebe, she wants to know. I repeat positive comments I’ve heard, but I don’t tell her I must restart the book, maybe then I can learn better from the way Wiebe puts words together. It is difficult to gage how our conversation is going. Through reading her books and biographies I know of her wit and insight

at sighting phony, off-centered characters and I wonder if she thinks of me that way. I imagine she is studying me through her black glasses, suppressing a smile, wondering how an imperfect human specimen such as me can make it this far in life. I suddenly think of my coat hanging behind me over the chair and I check the red satin lining to see if there are underarm stains. Are there stains? If so, are they showing through? I turn back and recheck. In her next book, I look for an Indian character that interrupts her work; a character like Prin who eats donuts from a paper bag. It strikes me that I have no conception of what interrupted work time means to a writer.

The following summer I take a literature course with Zia Grey, the best I've ever taken; psychology through literature. We study personality theory through literary characters like Blanche in *Streetcar Named Desire* and similar others. For the final paper, I write my first personal narrative essay; I retrieve the character, Celia, from the thin place where Margaret Laurence "models in art...in growth of spirit [to] enrich [my] view of existence" (Walker, 1983, p. 4). Now, I thumb the pages of *An Anthology of Canadian Native Literature* (Moses & Goldie, 1992) honouring my need for "something that only one of them [the writers therein] can provide" (Walker, 1983, p. 9) while allowing that my scholarship is seamless story written from different angles, influenced by Native and Non-Native authors. If by chance, I skip by the kind of research I want to read, I strive to be "my own model" (Morrison, as cited in Walker, 1983, p. 8) as well as writer "attending, creating [and] realizing the model which is to say [my]self".

Intimations of Change



Stages of Empowerment

1984 graduate from University of Ottawa, M.Ed

- 1984 1st research job, AFN, National Indian Education Review, Ottawa, ON
- 1990 return to Longhouse ceremonies, learn power of traditions
- 1990 unburden historical trauma
- 1990 gain abstinence over compulsive eating
- 1993 Callie born, first granddaughter
- 1994 hereditary council entrusts chief's title, Onondaga deer clan, to our family
- 1995 mother's ceremonial roles, Onondaga deer clan, pass to daughter

Marisa stands at the door handing out leaflets. "Come in", she says. She extends her hand, I accept, though I am cautious in attending a 12-step meeting. Past trauma is buried, I believe, ploughed under at last, and I am alone with my children, our first stress-free Christmas. I spend out my credit card for numerous gifts of skates, ski clothing and equipment, and a VCR with the Star Wars trilogy. The boys skate with their friends on the Rideau Canal, the frozen ice huts at its banks echo naught of me and my sons' clamour and laughter together during the Christmas week.

Celia: I think of food like alcoholics think of alcohol. Once I start I cannot stop.

Doctor: There are places where people go to talk about food as addiction.

Celia: I give the episode a name; this week, I experienced a black out.

→ **Precious** I let Celia know I still live; if she pushes me down, I wrap her with sleep, numbing the fibres of exhaustion to preserve her ability to work and raise her sons. Marisa guides Celia through member introductions, meeting protocol and helpful literature on the path of 12-step recovery from compulsive eating. Celia learns to trust Marisa; the first step toward social relationship beyond the grasp of isolation I hold over her. Though Celia knows the physical

aspects of her illness, other 12 step members give voice to what I knew, instinctively, since the age of seven. The illness consumes not only Celia's body, but her heart and soul, as well. When she leaves Ottawa, Celia is at her heaviest weight; 257 pounds. She is 38 years old.

○○○

Mother: The women like it when you help at the Longhouse.

Celia: So begins my 15 year apprenticeship with my mother's friends.

It didn't happen all at once or in a prescribed way. At Six Nations, home now, I volunteer for small jobs when the women cook together to prepare ceremonies; I listen to their stories. They tell about how things were for them growing up and what their families are like now. I hear about hope. Hulling corn through use of wood ashes, I learn *oṅehə́:weh*, the corn used most often in ceremonies, means *flint corn* or *real corn*, a derivative of *Qgwehó:weh*, *Real People*, the name we call ourselves. I learn a lot of my language this way. The corn meal sifts through my fingers and the women show me how flour is more full-bodied when ground with a wooden pounder instead of a blender. I learn who is in Gracie's family; her grandmothers, two generations back, twice married and all the cousins arising from those unions. In fact, I am related to Gracie's grandchildren through their father's family. The women like to do that; trace history. They know the origin of the families, including their clans and Indian names. At some point in our three days together, the women's stories turn to their own teachers. How they learned the rich language they long to hear again and if the older ones were here "things would really be done right". The women say they are glad the younger ones are learning so we "just carry on what we can".

○○○

Hodinohso:ni cosmology adheres to a pattern of hierarchical forces from those "on earth to the celestial bodies in the sky, to [those] beyond" the sky (Foster, 1974, p. vi). Personal, social and

political expressions of cosmology comprise “institutionally recognized supernatural forces” which direct the people from conception to death (Shimony, 1961/1994, p. 130). Ceremonial rites, conducted in Hodinohso:ni: languages, encompass cosmological order in matters from calendrical supplication and thanksgiving rituals to installation of leaders to personal and community wellness. Consensual relationships with natural forces through ritual “keeps the path from the earth to the Sky World clear” (Foster, 1974, p. 3) so ceremonial sequence, which prescribes religious, ethical and philosophical principles, directs way of life. It is “repetition of this ordering...which focuses the world for [participants]” (Shimony, 1961/1994, p. 134). Foster adds, “through speech, song and dance, [ritualist] speakers remind their audiences with seemingly tireless repetition that their welfare – their entire happiness – derives from the spirit forces” (p. 2).

Hodinohso:ni: tradition to renew life forces through ceremony is consistent with the concept of transforming flux suggested by Battiste and Henderson (2000). They describe the universe as “sacred realms of change” (p. 75) which generates a dynamic flux “in continuous state of transformation. Aided by physicist, David Bohm (1980), they explain that energy results from interaction of change realms - which may be thought of as ecologies - but if there is no interaction, for example in or through the physical world, the energies waste away. An act or *doing* – a Hodinohso:ni: colloquial term for ceremony – initiates change within the flux thus generates energy to maintain transformative life forces. Indigenous languages inform “power to renew livingness” (Battiste & Henderson, 2000, p. 76) while at the same time confirm world view (Boaz, 1996; Sapir, 1949; Whorf, 1939/1964, 1940/1964) and the ceremonies that support it.



→ **Precious Celia** gathers knowledge for my welfare to uncover antecedents of self, raised later full-blown in her research as symptoms of trauma. By the time Celia reaches Six Nations, she

understands she is unwell and in need of safety and support. She attended the Longhouse as a young girl but never with thought that a ceremony to replenish trees, sun, moon and stars might also replenish her. She decides to renew her attendance. Her mother still lives so Celia is free to pursue knowledge-gathering where she pleases with no pressure to fulfill a ceremonial role. A sense of self arises in Celia; the rhythm of ceremonial and community practice reconnects her to families and friends. As fundraiser, along with a colleague, her first large task is to build a new Longhouse. When it opens she wears Indian clothes for the first time since childhood. Her mother passes away and the women place Celia in her mother's seat as ceremonial helper. She doesn't look back. The Confederacy Council asks Celia to prepare public documents describing how Hodinohso:ni ceremonies help our people. In part, this is what Celia writes:

At Six Nations today, the vestibule where peace, kindness, and acceptance thrives is in the transformative energy of Longhouse ceremonies; the term *Longhouse* means both building where rituals take place and a functioning institution. Ceremonies bind people merely by participating and love and acceptance live there. Our teachers model what the ceremonies tell us to do – encourage, love, be kind. These simple skills soothe guardedness to replace it with confidence in self and others. It is this simple skill – to reach out from self to others – that sparks acceptance and builds trust among the people. Thanksgiving ceremonies teach stability, trust and belonging through the principle of reciprocal helping which is really a simple way to create relationship between people in a safe, supportive environment. Repeated over time, interaction nurtures self worth and builds trust to share talents and to reach beyond oneself to others.

(Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 2003, p. 12)



Food Addiction

Though popular in the lay population, the concept of food addiction is controversial in the scientific community due to issues of definition and lack of empirical data (Corsica & Pelchat, 2010). The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV-TR) (American Psychiatric Association, 2000) defines addiction, now called dependency, based on seven physiological and behavioural criteria. Since DSM-IV criteria have validated dependency disorders across substances, it may provide the best working definition for food addiction (Ifland

et al., 2009). Food specific indicators of dependence include “craving for and the compulsive eating of food that causes illness, obesity, and [emotional] suffering (Campana, Riglietta, & Tidone, 1998). Obesity is epidemic, world-wide, even as genetics have changed little (Volkow & Wise, 2005). In 2009, 17.9% or 4.4 million Canadians self-reported height and weight classifying them as obese while rates based on direct measurement were 7.4% higher (Statistics Canada, 2009). A sample of 5,600 Canadians, in 2010, indicated 24% were obese and 37% were overweight based on physical measurement (Statistics Canada, 2010). Although associated with the clinical group, obesity, Eating Disorders (ED) include Anorexia Nervosa (AN), Bulimia Nervosa (BN), and particular to this study, Binge Eating Disorder (BED); all appear as separate psychological disorders in DSM-IV-TR since 1994 (Striegel-Moore & Franko, 2003). Most research on food addiction has been conducted by behavioural and medical scientists.

This is their story.

Behavioural research is based on the belief that food addiction links craving and reward reinforcement to compulsive behaviour (Schultz, 2001; Weingarten & Elston, 1990). The bulk of behavioural studies related to food addiction examine effects of neurochemistry (dopamine, opioids, neuropeptides) that activate brain reward circuitry (Wang et al., 2001), neural pathways (Kalra & Kalra, 2004) and compulsivity (Volkow & Fowler, 2000). Causal factors also include; genetic predisposition (Merlo et al., 2009); restriction/binge pattern of eating (Avena, Rada, & Hoebel, 2009); and conditioned learning (O'Brien, Childress, Ehrman, & Robbins, 1998).

Many studies suggest that environmental factors predispose one to compulsive eating and food addiction. Researchers believe that circumstances of race/ethnicity (Ivezaj et al., 2010); stress

(Rosen, Compas, & Tacy, 1993); availability of seductive foods (Wiecha, Finkelstein, Troped, Fragala, & Peterson, 2006); industrial food processing (Ifland et al., 2009); sight/smell triggers (Fedoroff, Polivy, & Herman, 1997); and economic considerations (Epstein, Dearing, Paluch, Roemmich, & Cho, 2007) contribute to the onset of addictive behaviour toward food.

Related causal mechanisms are psychological factors, especially depression and mood and anxiety disorders (for reviews see De Zwaan, 2001; Walsh & Devlin, 1998). Physical effects of food addiction relate to obesity; cardiovascular disease, type-2 diabetes, cancers, osteoarthritis, psychological disturbance, physical impairment, even mortality (for review see Dixon, 2010), and add to binge-eating issues, including; sleep problems, increased alcohol, tobacco and medication use, chronic skeletal and muscular pain and decreased exercise (Bulik and & Reichborn-Kjennerud, 2003). Remedial options include treatment as addiction (Pelchat, 2002); self-help (McAleavey, 2010); drug therapy (Ramos, Versini, & Gorwood, 2007); and behavioural and nutritional therapies (for review see Wonderlich, De Zwaan, Mitchell, and Crow, 2003).

“You see, Doctor,” I say. “I’ve heard this story my whole life; the clinical one. I am the subject of study on deviant behaviour, medical diagnosis and treatment aimed at cure (Tillmann-Healy, 1996). I am the specimen held at arm’s length to preserve expert opinion.

“But there is progress,” the doctor replies. “We ask, now, if overeating is a pathological attachment to food (Gold, Graham, Cocores, & Nixon, 2009) in similar ways that use of drugs and alcohol can lead to substance use disorders.” I believe there is advancement. Over a twenty year period, I scoured books, articles and medical literature in search of the word *addiction*, all the while adding to my collection of lists describing the latest diet and exercise plans.

My story is not a “dispassionate, third-person” (Tillmann-Healy, 1996, p. 80) account but an “emotional” one that draws the reader into the intensity of binge eating experiences. One memory from that time stays with me. I am travelling across Canada as part of a research team collecting data in First Nations communities concerning educational improvements. I have starved myself down to 125 pounds, a loss of 132 pounds over 12 months. Before leaving Ottawa, the headquarters for the national project, I am hospitalized due to body dehydration as I subsist on a diet of 600 calories per day. On a cold winter night, in northern Manitoba, I pass the hotel vending machine on my floor, and with no prior intention, I drop some coins into the snack machine. Three hours later, I lay spent; my muscles rip, remain a single bulimic knot in the hollow of my stomach. In my hand I clutch a dog-eared copy of *The Owl Was a Baker’s Daughter*, by Marion Woodman (1980). It is perhaps the first book published that hints at an underlying theory that eating disorders have a meaning; that is, eating disorders are purposeful symptoms of instinctual suffering (p. 66). I read and re-read marked passages, I read between the lines, I read for answers to my compulsive relationship with food. From a snowy, frozen town 500 miles from Canada’s Arctic Circle, I try to call Marion Woodman in New York City.



A Weekend Retreat

Eating disorder recovery is an overlapping series of learning experiences. I apply knowledge and skills derived from ceremonies and ancestral languages to cultivate a strong mind and healthy body. In parallel, I attend 12-step meetings and related conferences and workshops, even as I study foremost texts associated with eating disorders. Zeroing in on repressed “[emotional] patterns that govern my existence” (Woodman, 1980, p. 56), I begin a new self-care technique to unburden affects of past trauma; yet my compulsion “to seek and take the drug [food]” (Del

Parigi, Chen, Salbe, Reiman, & Tataranni, 2003, p. 493) continues, in spite of loss of control and “onset of a negative emotional state”. A 12-step friend invites me to a weekend seminar; it will take place at a monastery, not an uncommon venue in 12-step circles, but this seminar, she tells me, is offered by an active mission of a Carmelite order. Just overlook the religious aspects she says, it’s all 12-step. This, of course, is a tall order for me given the history of Christianity and Indigenous people. There is no talk of religion; just the 12-steps, she tells me. I can opt out at the least mention of religious doctrine. Such is the extent of my illness; I decide to attend, to reinforce my bond with people allowing for even the tiniest sliver of chance I may become well. I cannot say what contribution of people, events or spiritual forces came together, that weekend, in combination with previous study and learning, but I believe a miracle happened.

I steer my car onto the circular drive. The bare trees of winter line the parking lot then spread at random but easy intervals to the cliff’s edge that overlooks Guyahoga Falls. Quietness hangs over the expanse of lawn and though snow covers the pathways and benches, I notice the symmetry of the grounds, probably well kept in summer. Later, I learn the fieldstone building in the midst of the crested estate is over 100 years old. I approach the wooden doors with unease, aware I am not adequately prepared to meet the Carmelite associates who live here. Instead, a shopkeeper from the gift store welcomes me inside. I tip-toe past the chapel then hurry upstairs to the dormitory.

The rooms are block similes of each other; the same. Bunk beds function well in the sleeping quarters and participants share a large shower room. In the morning, we complete our routines, greeting politely while effectively skirting each other, our minds distant, anticipating the speaker who will impart knowledge. We have come here to become well. It is a pleasant place. We share meals together. The monastery is a tribute to St. Teresa, known for her teaching on mystical

theology and prayer. I do not know this history. The workshop unfolds in 12-step fashion; no religion is pressed upon us. We read passages on addiction and listen to each other's story of hidden compulsion, aware, even as we tell and listen; our inability to regulate emotions mirrors our intake of food (Smith, Shelley, Leahigh, & Vanleit, 2006). The seminar leader, whom I'll call "Fr. Stevens" is an alcoholic, a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, who entered treatment at the infamous Minnesota clinic, Hazelden, to free himself from "human bondage: craving [for his drug of choice, alcohol], obsession, compulsion, and addiction" (Pelchat, 2002, p. 347).

Before lunch on the first day, Fr. Stevens tells his story and how he is recovering, same as us. In the afternoon, we work in groups and then meet in plenary to discuss the day's learning. In his summary statements, Fr. Stevens drafts a diagram onto the whiteboard ~v~ to represent the life line, intact at birth, but interrupted by trauma; we find ways to make the line whole, again. At the bottom of the v, he writes the word *alcohol*. I write the word *sugar*. I have studied and discussed this concept at least a hundred times before, but on that day, the written text plunges me into the interior sensual world of human perception so "understanding is visceral" (Denzin, 1997, p 46). I enter the "the dialogical world" (p. 38) of meaning and experience; "I hear the sound of my own thoughts", their meaning anchors listening and speaking and my voice "creates the public context for [its] articulation". Though I say I cannot name the combining forces, the perfect storm of events that merged on that day, a shift occurs, perhaps explained by visceral understanding. My face flushes, my breathing slows and I identify the object of my obsession; sugar. But can discourse explain what happens next? I leave the workshop side-by-side in easy chatter with participants, whom I now call friends, on our way to supper. At the gift shop entrance, I double back to the book display which I have passed several times since arriving. For bedside reading, later, I chose the yellow book with lime coloured writing; *The Body Knows*, by Kay Sheppard

(1989). After supper, a group of us decide to hike the escarpment path down to view the falls.

Time has passed quickly and the seminar ends the next day, after the breakfast meeting.

I open the book and begin to read. Neurochemicals awry, my brain scrambles its own messages so it responds mistakenly to survival instincts related to hunger and emotion. Craving or “tissue hunger” (Sheppard, 1989, p. 10), a result of garbled messages, originates in my brain, but “it is a physical phenomenon” that sustains it. Ingested carbohydrates drive faulty metabolism of brain chemicals; the more produced, the further compelled I am to use them. As levels decrease, my brain and body chemistry seek fuel to sustain neural activity within the faulty system. The richest source of carbohydrate fuel is food subjected to the refinement process; sugar (p. 10) and wheat and flour products (p. 52). Once ingested, refined carbohydrates start “a chain of bodily events” (p. 44) to upkeep neurotransmitter flow, while it floods my brain with chemicals that trigger cyclic craving for more fuel, more refined carbohydrates. Though faulty in me, instinctual reasoning governs survival and directs cognitive decision-making, thus while captive in its defective grasp, I cannot trust my body and mind. “No matter how great the intellect, it can never be used to change the fact that addiction is relentlessly operating at the physical level” (p. 47). To arrest the disease of food addiction, correct my thought processes and balance my emotions, I must refrain from ingesting addictive substances; sugar and wheat and flour products. “Mating receptors” (p. 44) - Kay Sheppard’s word text and Fr. Stevens’s diagram text - assume “the right shape...like a key fitting into a lock”. But how can I give up sugar – and wheat? The next day, on June 4, 1990, I do just that. The miracle is my freedom from compulsive overeating.

Ribbons of sunshine stream down amongst us, between our tables and across the marble floor. A yellow glow encases us, reflects our image as though we appear on the surface of a fragile glass

ornament. We share our last breakfast together and exchange addresses. From that day, my attitude toward addiction changes from one of servitude to celebratory living and wellness. I determine that my food plan, in hand, will keep me safe, free to eat flavourful foods yet refrain from ingesting addictive substances that will trigger illness at the physiological level, as my body knows. I go on to shed excess weight, slowly, and still today, I measure and weigh my food. Later, I enter treatment with a nutritionist who is herself a food addict. As I appear for my first appointment, Kay Sheppard's book under my arm, she smiles. I see you brought the bible, she says. I learn thereafter, in a workshop with the author, Kay Sheppard, that treatment centers across America; including the infamous Minnesota clinic, Hazelden, use her food plan, as outlined in the yellow book with lime-coloured writing. After breakfast on the last morning, I beg off from my 12-step friend who suggested the seminar. I go into the chapel. In my way, I offer thanks to universal forces for the miracle of freedom. Before leaving the monastery, I stop at the gift shop; I buy a silver amulet, engraved with an etching of St Teresa, the saint of mystic prayer.

○○○

My body and mind

anchored in an ancient world

straddle the divide.

Daily exercise of the middle

alters pathways in my brain;

ravaged first by trauma then by food.

Which comes first?

Beauty surrounds me from both sides,

mind and body choose you; innate power in my brain,

the ability to grow new cells, new visions.
My spirit says to my brain, it's okay to stop now.
I'll show you how; side-step destructiveness,
inspire girl and woman, they will not lose faith.
They will not give up!

Spirit acts on my behalf to assuage
instinctual mind in physical body's rapture,
yet brain encompasses all; innate power in my brain.
I wear instinctual world on my sleeve, intuition, not always voice.
Shocked, they gaze upon me, staring at my difference but
spirit intercedes, mind and body together, a miracle happens.
I see beauty surrounds me from both sides.

◆

Condolence Ceremony 2010

Two days prior to the ceremony

I plan a family meal of favourite foods, anticipating a leisurely day of cooking and tidying, culminating with the telling of the Great Law story as we sip coffee and eat dessert. I forget the conference call arranged by the university and my responsibility to prepare materials needed for the call, so on that day I sprint from computer to stove to telephone. Even so, I manage, and my family enjoys their favourite foods; corn soup, scones and sweet strawberries for dessert.

“We’ll meet as a family,” I say. “I’ll explain to you in English what I’ve learned about Condolence; beyond books, I mean.” Callie and Johanna, my granddaughters, will accompany me to this year’s ceremony. “I attend so I can share with you what I learn.”

“How long will this take, Gram,” Callie asks.

“We’ll do a short version; mainly the highlights, so you can follow along on Saturday. Maybe an hour or so,” I smile then sit down at the table with my cup of coffee.

“An hour?” Callie is surprised. “We’re going to do this for *an hour*?”
My two grown sons settle in to listen, as well.

I tell the Great Law story the way my mother told me; the Peacemaker journeys to each of the five people-states founding the League, linking nations and establishing chiefs. I elaborate on the Mohawk section because my granddaughters are Mohawk, following their mother’s lineage, and I expand Tadá:daho’s segment, as always, so my sons hear about self-change. Approaching the instructional sections, including the structure and function of the League, I concentrate on the Condolence Ceremony, its procedures to install a new chief so as to pacify loss of a fallen one; same as will occur on Saturday. My review quickly highlights the journey through the forest then onward to the wood’s edge and into the Longhouse for installation rites, including the Six Songs and the Requickenings, concluding, finally, with the ritual meal. I explain that on Saturday, we mourn the loss of an Onondaga chief, a title held by Wilfred, whom my granddaughters knew as ritualist speaker for their moiety side – turtle and wolf - vacant since Wilfred’s passing two years prior. The procedures, technicalities and reciprocal unburdening are about restoring the League, its nations and council, but the implication is that the Condolence Ceremony restores the people’s spirit, as well, my granddaughters’ included. I think of the medicine in the wampum strings,

shared amongst nations for purposes of healing, and I realize my research, its self inquiry method interactive with social constructs produces knowledge for similar transformative purposes.



As explained in the opening of this chapter, the interlude, *Condolence Ceremony 2010* recounts Celia's reflections on self-change achieved while writing her dissertation; yet her reflections tie back to healing knowledge within the Great Law narrative. The following two pivotal stories recount the growth of Celia's research and writing process and how she applied her academic learning to understand and transform her personal life. Personal struggle for meaning shared with others through scholarly writing is healing (Ellis, 2009) in the same way that reciprocal sharing of medicine strings in the Condolence Ceremony transforms a common burden.



A Method through Performance

In beginning my research, I faced issues related to the continuum of approaches from “one akin to positivist science to one similar to art and literature” (Ellis, 2004, p. 27). I knew I wanted to examine colonialist outcomes, their impact on cultural, social and political frameworks in the subject of my research, myself, and how I did survive. My anxiety arose from my belief that in order to be accepted as dissertation material, my story, its content and method, had to be *scientific*, inquiry that demonstrated measurable connection between my research question and the answers I seek (Given, 2008). I had no quantifiable data to interpret and report on, other than memory and self observation data generated using Chang's (2008) methods. But I knew about “evocation”, a goal of autoethnography, my chosen method, as “a means of knowing” (Ellis, 1995, p. 318); that is, by describing my experiences I elicit readers' response to examine and to judge validity and generalizability to theirs and others' experiences (p. 319). The struggle to make my story scientific raised unimaginable stress in me in the beginning stages, so much so I felt, at

times, I had abandoned the art of story-telling altogether. Richardson's (2000) "creative analytical practice or CAP ethnography" (p. 929) guided my everyday writing tasks, while I did not realize the method that "displays the writing process and the writing product [including the producer] as deeply intertwined" (p. 930) so precisely described the course of my struggle. I forged ahead in darkness; framing the story of imperialist experience with my academic voice, "calling on authorit[y] (i.e. citation)" (Ellis, 1997, p. 120), voices from other texts, and analysis of "thoughts and feelings I'm having as I write". I learned to "trust the [inquiry] process" (Goodall, 2000, p. 51) until I resolved that mathematical analysis of statistical data is different from examination of lived experience as "introspective data" (Ellis, 1995, p. 7) engaged in ethnographic, self-reflexive texts. I question, now, how I had read Ellis, Bochner, Denzin, and Richardson, foremost advocates of reflexive ethnography, and at such a late stage in my inquiry, I had not fully grasped the concept that reflection upon, and meaning making of, my lived experience is the source of my research data. I had been writing autoethnography without believing in the power of my own stories! Halfway through writing my dissertation, I relaxed and allowed my stories to arise.



The growth of postmodernism prompted a crisis of representation (Denzin, 1997; Van Maanen, 1995) challenging scientific knowledge and truth. Ethnography, prescribed as scientific narrative, along with fixed writing rules, gave way to "new" (Goodall, 2000, p. 9) ethnography, creative personal narratives with new criteria; "evocative, empathetic, caring, therapeutic, emotionally honest, and compassionate" (p. 31). Prominent innovators in narrative ethnography include, Bochner (1997, 2008), Ellis (1995, 2004), Denzin (1997, 2008), Goodall (1989, 2006), and Richardson (1997, 2000). Others such as, Pelias (1999, 2004), and Poulos (2002, 2009) soon followed. Interdisciplinary storylines yield varying definitions, theoretical frameworks and approaches to reflexive ethnography; so much so, each time I eke out my own use of this

material, I manage numerous variables. My head spins and every book and article I own describing the new ethnography lays overturned across my writing space. But I always come back to Carolyn Ellis. Her writing voice, “intimate conversation” (Ellis, 1995, p. 3), positioned between humanities and social sciences, draws me in. Resisting rationalist tendency to observe, categorize and generalize data, she constructs stories and their meaning, as, “accessible and evocative literary and analytical texts” (Ellis, 2009, p. 14), products of an “ethnographer’s eye, a social worker’s heart and a novelist’s penchant for stirring up emotional response”.



Ellis’s nine year journey to construct the landmark text, *Final Negotiations* (1995), is well documented in her research (see Ellis, 2009, pp. 95-120). The text, a central narrative of relationship, illness and loss of life-partner framed by the story of her writing it, documents Ellis’s study of her own emotions as a way to survive traumatic effects. Captivated by her inquiry, I trace in Ellis’s research (1991a, 1991b, 1993, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998), the story of her shaping of the introspective method, resurrected later as autoethnography, her trademark sociological technique. In particular, two articles, published simultaneously while writing *Final Negotiations* to support its self-reflective method, support introspection as a legitimate sociological technique. *Sociological Introspection and Emotional Experience* (1991b) argues that emotions are personal interpretations of contextual rules; introspecting one’s lived experience displays “mental-social complex” (p. 26) not privileging psychology’s private, inner construction of the world, but as enabled by publically shared social forces. Introspection, a social process as well as a psychological one, applied to the researcher’s use of self as subject, moves self-examination to self-ethnography, a legitimate focus of inquiry. The companion article, *Emotional Sociology* (1991a), advocates for the study of emotions and emotional events as “‘raw’ experience” (p. 128) elicited from intentional and systematic introspection. Re-reading an excerpt

from *Final Negotiations*, I understand Ellis's introspective method, "reflectively feeling for our selves, our subjects and our topics of study, and evoking those feelings [in others]" (p. 126), mirrors the procedures of the Condolence Ceremony, the central event of the Great Law narrative.

In the above mentioned excerpt from *Final Negotiations* (1995) Ellis accounts for anticipatory grief concerning the impending death of her partner, Gene. Together, they practice death and grieving in sessions they believe are therapeutic and instructive. Letting go of emotional control, Ellis enters "the abyss of agony" (p. 50), allowing emotions of powerlessness to manifest in body, mind and emotional being. Painful sobbing followed by an "explosion of the emotional ball" building internally, triggers a physical release. "I go deep into my self, where I have never been before", Ellis concludes. Gene interjects the final curative element, acceptance; move beyond practicing "not just death, itself" but "how you will cope...after I am dead" (p. 51), he advises. The moratorium sessions delay impending grief yet illustrate required elements for a therapeutic process; a supportive network, active feeling and expression of the emotion, and acceptance or action moving to clear thinking (paraphrased from Antone, Hill & Myers, 1986, p. 38).

Having glimpsed Ellis's physical and emotional pain, I realize the validity of self-introspection, but more so, I marvel at its power of evocation; through her words, I experience Ellis's emotions as performance, "abstraction [in] human form" (Pelias, 2005, p. 415) that draws me to participate in the text, like "[feeling in] motion" (Denzin, 2003, p. 8). Performance of the elements of the therapeutic process supports introspection as a means to transformative healing; performance embodies healing, such that it *is* the healing process, enacted. Similarly, the ritual of Condolence Ceremony engages grief over the forest to wood's edge; lulls the people's mourning through

melancholy song and speech; then moves nations forward to clear thinking by replenishing leadership. “Performance embodies the ritual. It is the ritual” (Denzin, 2003, p. 7).



Frozen in a Pocket

The episode begins at a dinner gathering to celebrate my uncle’s birthday. Wheels crunch the new layer of snow on the restaurant parking lot as two cars, filled with friends and family members, glide easily into place in front of the steak and seafood bistro. The dinner guests spill out in a flurry and flee the deep freeze seeking warmth inside the restaurant. Low chatter and clinking dinnerware, the clamour of festivity, usher the party into the dining room, lit amber-hued by lido lights suspended high above three open-spaced floors of the restaurant.

“Isn’t this marvellous?” I nudge my cousin seated beside me.

“Much too phony.” Precious sits cross-legged across the table from me. “Ask interesting questions. Get the conversation going.” Precious raps her fingers on the table edge then leans back in her chair to continue monitoring me. “And speak loudly.”

“I’m glad you could make it.” I lean left to Lawrence, a family friend I rarely see, then bend forward and further left to Lewin, the birthday uncle. “Well, did we surprise you? Tell us how you found out about the dinner.” By now, I am animated, near yelling.

The waiter recounts the menu items of rich steak and lobster dishes and concludes his cordial chatter with a recommendation for the Beef Carpaccio special. I enjoy celebratory gatherings with my family; the kinship bond is there, undeniably. For an hour or so, we participate in original family narratives, comfortable and respectful for the most part, in our familiar roles. Yet, it is because of family roles that such gatherings are tension-filled for me, one of last-borne members

of the youngest branch of an extended family, seemingly forever running to catch up, striving to be heard, but mostly, ensuring I am not overlooked. Precious, newly identified in my dissertation research, responds to tension I face in these and other matters. The benefit of Precious's hypervigilant urging is my recognition of impending passive or aggressive behaviour alerting me to make better choices. I survey the long table of empty dishes and crumpled napkins. Two waiters come by and attempt an a cappella version of the birthday song for Lewin.

“Why don't they talk to *you* about work-related issues? Why not initiate a conversation with *you* and then engage with similar interest?” Precious wriggles in her seat next to me.

The car bumps over the icy highway on the long ride home. “It's okay, Precious. Maybe they do, but when I seek, too much, to define myself in others, I misread people's social interaction.” I watch the moon outside the car window. “It is a beautiful night.”

Yes, it is a beautiful night,” Precious says.

That night I dream about a circle of people planning a community event. I approach a group member wishing to connect with her as a friend in hope of joining the group. When rebuffed by the group member, I telephone other members who come to resent the repeated calling which is causing chaos within the group, more so, because my phone calls are anonymous. Though I feel enormous guilt for the disruption, I keep it going; the dubiousness of havoc I cause. I live in the shadows, in shades of secrecy, too guilty to show myself. In the dream, I care for a baby who lives with me; I lavish the baby with toys and food, knowing no one is aware I over-feed the child as means to soothe and calm her. Both child and I are ill-prepared to leave the secretive world.

Though dreams abound with scepticism in the academy, at times, I find my dreams display images, symbols and sometimes whole stories that crystallize “issues [arising] in my research and my writing” (Poulos, 2009, p. 103) and everyday life. Upon awakening, I write my way from the dream into story, and along the way, I find “signs, clues and pathways to follow” (p. 79). All day, I think of the dream, knowing it is the Precious pattern - prompted by threat, Precious plays through me, adult woman; watching and figuring how to meet her needs through passive aggressive behaviour. The dream reveals that the process is secret, hidden by me, I suppress Precious, over-feed her to sedation, locked in a frozen secretive world. However, due to revealing Precious through research, combined with abstaining from compulsive overeating, I am able to stave off isolation and interact more easily in the world. Still, the dream, its surfacing and clarity, alarms me because it is a reminder that the pattern persists and can appear anywhere; in a work environment, in my academic life at the university or at a family gathering in a restaurant.

“Wah!” How do I break the pattern? How do I escape it for good?”

I stop writing and speak the questions out loud. I peer out my bedroom window at the Carolinian forest that stands on the property behind my house. The branches of the trees hang heavy and full with last night’s snow so the brush appears impenetrable during these winter months. Yet, there are mornings when the sun sparkles through the trees from the other side of the forest.

“What does your research tell you?” Precious answers. She stretches her arms long, and drapes them loosely around my neck in a fake hug. Her face presses close to the computer screen to read what I have written. In sing-song voice, she teases, “I want to be free.”

The shadow concept in Jungian psychology represents the hidden, repressed, and unfavourable aspects of the personality (Henderson, 1964). Basic instincts, repressed, “have not disappeared” (Jung, 1964, p. 72), they have merely lost contact with consciousness and are “thus forced to assert themselves in an indirect fashion”. Repressed psychic energy revives what has been disallowed expression in consciousness – insentient moods and emotions, uncontrollable but implicative in everyday life, form “a shadow” (p. 83) to our conscious mind. The “spilt state” (p. 72), protected as unseen, comprises aspects of outer life and behaviour we cannot or will not face (Poulos, 2009). If Precious is my repressed self living in shadow of secrecy what did I repress? Did Precious arise as retaliation to “strict discipline” (Jung, 1994, p. 9) inhibiting actions and a voice of my own? Is Precious a replay of failure to experience in full some aspect of childhood (p. 110) such as gaining self-autonomy in rough and tumble play with other children? Or is it father-relationship guilt I suppressed? I fear Precious is split-off energy, attention-seeking child onset in father-daughter relationship, then turned on self and others, my behaviour resulted in my abandonment. Negative patterns of self-blame converge with dispirited personal and social values related to cultural trauma, and descend, as shadow. I cannot discern if others spurn me due to misbehaviour or if misbehaviour is reaction to abandonment. But I remember the words.

“She is not my responsibility. I’m not raising her.” The words, carelessly bantered about, their impact did not register with me, until now, as I write them. These are words that led to Precious’s uncovering in my research. Revealed to me in a dream, Precious, the feral, unkempt child peeks from behind a doorway and happens upon a private conversation. An event “absorbed subliminally, without conscious knowledge” (Jung, 1964, p 5) arises, later, in the form of a dream, “not as a rational thought but as a symbolic image”. I rest my elbows on the edges of the laptop and raise my hands to cradle my face. Through introspection and evocative writing, I have

unearthed the moment I buried the psychic charge, myself as burden to be dealt with, the pivotal moment that gives rise to Precious, the symbol of my repressed self, hidden and ashamed. Is it coincidence that I am writing, now, only days after the birthday gathering, during which a future family event is in planning? Due to mislaid messages, I am not invited to the second gathering.

Following Ellis's (1995) self-introspection practice, I give in to powerlessness; the feelings of reprise "penetrates body, mind and emotional being" (p. 50) until tears and grief diffuse and I can breathe freely. Physical release is unaccompanied by my usual tracing of psychic angst since its source is, now, uncovered. Though I understand "disassociation" (Jung, 1964, p. 7), a splitting in the psyche, requires many events, my unearthing this pivotal incident of rejection, acts as epiphany, a life-changing moment (Denzin, 1989). "Permanent marks" (p. 22) track the incident in body, mind and emotional being, so I re-experience it as the actual event, not imagined.

"I understand, now," I whisper, "what happened to us was real." Precious raises my face in her hands and smooths my brow. "I won't leave you," Precious says. She leans in close, next to my heart, embracing me in gentle tugs. Precious, the mislaid child has become calming energy inside my body. Examining hidden instincts in light of the present, I reclaim Precious, "as part of constituted past and future" (Ellis, 1991b, p. 128). Our story gives meaning to trauma's inflictions, but "meaning is not permanent" (Bruner as cited in Ellis, 1991b, p. 128); each new telling changes the story. "With bravery," Precious says, "you dismantled shame, unfurled its shadowy grip on me; now, I dance in you as light." Precious taps her feet, points her arms high as if to fly from the frozen pocket that is the past. I commit to own my "buried side" (Poulos, 2009, p. 92), to participate in the present. I decide to use my voice. Into the telephone, I speak, inviting myself to the family fieldtrip in planning; IMAX Theatre, Niagara-on-the lake.



In the silence between recitations for the last wampum strings, I startle from my reverie. Callie leans in against my shoulder; her eyes shutter and she draws her breath in even rhythm. Drawing the shawl to Callie's shoulders, I survey the seating benches, many with empty spaces, as participants step outside to stretch and break from listening. I make note to wrap food, later, for Johanna who didn't attend, after all; the women remind me it is not safe for young children to attend because they sense an abiding presence of past spirits at Condolence ceremonies.

During the Requickening ritual, I fall into introspective musing, similar to a dream-state. With every exchange across the moiety fire, grief-caused symptoms – or *burdens* - unfold, alerting me to a familiar pattern of mourning; discomfort in the body, loss of consciousness, cover of darkness, mind inhibited by compulsive thoughts, and finally, reminder to replace the torch, meaning light or communication (paraphrased from Thomas, 1989, p. 15). The speaker's words lift each burden as it is addressed, and I recognize the familiar pattern of symptoms is that from which Precious emerged. At the same time, I account for how I apply the grieving process in my research, and if combined with my writing practice, I understand I can recover Precious from the shadows of trauma to rejoin me in the present. *Ohsasdehsrawéh*, the power of the ceremony, leads me to reflect on transformative change via autoethnography in light of Requickening; face loss and its affects, grieve loss by interaction with people and ideas, and trust that medicine in words can repair grief. I recall the narrative text I left in progress, today, before leaving for the ceremony. Foreshadowing healing that will occur on this day, I wrote, "I let go of seeking self-acceptance in others. There is only me, with Creator's help, that can provide self-care to me." The silence between recitations of the last wampum strings startles me from reverie.

Synchronicity

“‘meaningful coincidence’ of outer and inner events that are not themselves
casually connected” (von Franz, 1964, p. 226)



Stages of Empowerment

- 1999 document ceremonial language and knowledge as guided by hereditary chiefs
- 2000 awaken language to functionality; Cayuga Immersion for Adults
- 2001 Johanna born, second granddaughter
- 2004 accept new job; Aboriginal Teacher Education Program, Queen’s University
- 2006 enter PhD study; Queen’s University

Finding my way easily with maps, I arrive for the conference and check into the hotel. After a quick lunch, I register in time to hear the first keynote speaker. Linda Tuhiwai Smith (1999, 2000, 2005) speaks with no notes. She tells her story of arrival at LAX, life at the University of Waikato in New Zealand, her complex family system and Maori ceremonies - all in one seamless narrative ending with community as source and direction for Indigenous research. We marvel at the pedagogy; oracy and structured silences impart values, practices and ways of knowing, “a most important way of developing trust” (p. 14) and sharing information, strategies and ideas.



I move myself around the page. A quote, a picture, and then intent.

I seek connections, symmetry in shapes.

The words come to rest.

Let adult woman tell the story.

Tadodá:hoʔ, the sorcerer, echoes autoethnographic “I”

Icon for inhumanity, capable of reformation, thus me.

Will it be too much? My story, too self-indulgent, too revealing –

Will it be believed?

Exposed by public expression

Not too intense. Do I mention suffering?

Or writing autoethnography strictly for scholarly texts?

No lay people, here; Indigenous academics word our world, powerfully

Gregory Cajete (1994); Manulani Meyer (2003); Lorna Williams (2007).

Tom Porter (2008); he knows Tadodá:hoʔ's story by heart

Will I be exposed?

I persevere to examine self on the page, inspect

Human specimen to classify and be done with her.

(I cannot wait!)

I am in search of form.

~Adapted from “The Poet’s Self: Making Someone”.

Pelias (2004, p. 71-79)



I bound down the stairs looking for Dinah; today is the day for our presentation. Fifteen years ago, I met Dinah, also a Six Nations woman, in my quest to learn re-evaluative co-counselling, a method advanced by Dinah and her consulting team. Their book, *The Power Within People* (Antone, Hill & Meyers, 1986) traces colonialist impacts on Indigenous people, particularly, psychological and sociological grief they label “ethnostress” (p. 7), the struggle for place and

self-worth following “[disruption] of cultural beliefs or joyful identity of a people”. Using their critique, as ““view-finder’...I saw though to my own experience, story, [and] perspective” (Brookes, 1992, p. 5); I requested co-counselling, adapted to colonialist wounding, in which participant groups help members recognize then discharge patterns of thinking, feeling and believing that result from ethnostress. In my experience of the method - its trade name, unburdening – I revelled in the promises of the technique “to reclaim humanity and cultural teachings; to discover the self [I am] meant to be” (D. L. Hill, 2011, radio presentation). Fully taken with the technique, I accompanied the team to First Nations across Ontario, where the formula for “rehumanization” (Antone, Hill & Meyers, 1986, p. 38), successful at an individual level, extended to participant-group training for community leadership. Later, Dinah infused re-evaluative co-counselling in a portfolio approach to access and succeed in higher education (see Hill, 2006); a topic she now pursues in her PhD dissertation. We lost contact as our careers diverged, but the benefits of my learning with the team, remain with me today.

Once enrolled in doctoral study, I skip directly to new research to “arrive where [I] started” (Richardson, 1997, p. 215) building on transformative experience I know, already. Maria Yellow Horse Brave Heart-Jordan’s (1995) astounding research uncovers “transposed self” (p. 94), cumulative grief denied expression, operative as “intrapsychic function” (Brave Heart & DeBruyn, 1998, p. 67) of shame passed through generations. In her study, participant groups serve as container for “cathartic release of emotions and the abreaction of trauma” (Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995, p. 122). Elated that Brave Heart-Jordan’s research ties to unburdening, a familiar counselling method, I am intrigued by her caution that Lakota belief in “the capacity to communicate with spirits” (p. 122) as related to grief work, may be mistaken for “hallucinatory episode” since, at times, only spiritual beliefs account for my emotional growth. Indigenous

elders of New Mexico teach that affects of trauma engage as energy - “good and not good” (Duran, 2006, p. 61) - in relationship with those it wounds. My daily routine changes; I acknowledge historical trauma as spirit, I “talk to it” (p. 62) and offer tobacco “as spiritual gift” that stands in for my negative side. It is no mystery my doctoral study led to therapeutic writing, “introspective self-stories, truth akin to emotional [and spiritual] truth” (Ellis, 1991a, p. 128).



Introspective method (Ellis, 1995); study emotion as product of meaning-making,
find emotion in body, then physical/emotional release
is the same as Dinah’s & consultants’ unburdening co-counselling
(identify emotion, feel it, release it, heal it) and

Brave Heart-Jordan’s historical trauma context (identify emotion,
feel it, release it, share it with others, heal with ceremony).

Healing grief in narrative is the same as physical release

I re-live experience in text then let go, accept – release heals.

My thesis functions similarly,

“Scholarship and therapeutic writing [is an] ethical part of what I [write]” (Ellis, 2009, p. 106).



The joint conference presentation, today, stems from a previous visit to our campus by South African scholars, Joan Conolly and Mabokang Mapesela, accompanied by Dinah, who facilitated the meeting. Delighted by our chance encounter and the opportunity to meet Dr. Conolly, scholar of Marcel Jousse’s (1925/1990) oral style theory, I marvelled that Dinah, like me, had sought and consulted at length with Joan about her research. More surprised, I learned Dr. Conolly had extended her research to include self-study as means to access memory stored in the body, influencing Dinah’s consideration of the autoethnographic method. That we share a cultural

framework, Hodinohso:ni:, in which to position our research is understandable but to have arrived at self-study, guided by the same mentor, at similar stages in dissertation study, strikes me as coincidence. Synchronicity probes “inter-relation of psyche and matter” (von Franz, 1964, p. 226); inner and outer events occur simultaneously, as if connected by symbolic meaning. In the case of our chance meeting, common matter in a physical sense may have been the search for understanding that memory, stored in mind and body, is a rich source for study material. That Tadodá:ho⁷, a “collective representation” (Jung, 1964, p. 41) for transformative change, arises as focus for both our research suggests to me – and interpretation of symbols is wholly individual – an archetype manifests symbolically, “activated in the unconscious of the individual[s] concerned” (von Franz, 1964, p. 226). Meaningful coincidence, meeting-up again, incidentally with scholars empathetic to Tadadá:ho’s rise, signalling “symbolically-expressed message” (p. 227), Dinah and I agree to uncover its common meaning in a shared conference presentation.



Clamour settling and bodies packed close floats vaporous layer,
candle-stick dim, hangs low, we breathe the same air.

Academics, most Hodinohso:ni:, graduate students, clever, engaged,

Line from College of Teachers is there; and Lorna.

I am nervous.

“Ka’nikonhriyohtshera, state of being, shared mind

with all living things” Dinah begins (Hill, 2010, pp. 2-6).

First, Jousse (1925/1990), then Pert (1997), our mind grasps senses,

Body shuffles old to new; “thinking-feeling become flesh” (p. 276)

But how? Energy converts to matter, and vice versa (Hawking, 2005).

Particles are knots, waves of energy, inseparable (McTaggart, 2008),

Vibrations like thought change physical cells (Lipton, 2005)

Now here, Dinah quotes Einstein (cited in McTaggart, 2008, p. xxiv),

“The [energy] field is the only [fundamental] reality”.

Pictures flash by vaporous haze refracts colours across white (board)

Circles grow energy-sprouts then web-wired electrical field,

man inside. “Transforming flux”

(Battiste & Henderson, 2000, p. 75)

I see.

“Mystic potence” (Hewitt, 1902, p. 33),

song in all living things. My eyes stare.

The Quantum world names it “energy field”.

“We exist in a natural state of being, positive shared mind

With all of Creation – Ka’nikonhriyohtshera” (Hill, 2010, p. 8), I hear Dinah say.

Our shared state of being, humans and all of Creation,

Not separate; like mindbodysoulbeing (Pert, 1997) and our Brother,

the warrior sun, light-warmth-nourishment, willed by spiritual essence (Henry, 1980)

the only fundamental reality.

“Tadodá:ho⁷ re-forms in ceremony’s energy”, Dinah explains.

I search Gibson’s (1912) re-elicited text;

Chiefs’ arms encircle Tadodá:ho⁷ in spiritual core

“I accept the Good Message and the Power and the Peace,” (p. 234) - Tadodá:ho⁷

A touch; his hair subsides, fingers disentangle

“It has been righted;

your body is that of a human being,” (p. 235) - Peacemaker

Not separate; energy changes matter and vice versa,

inner and outer events; I step to the microphone.

I read Precious’s story as public; audience co-performs with me.

“Dialectic of anxiety and hope” (Denzin, 2010, p. 61) suspends in

Tadodá:ho’s redress; “spiritual essence” introduced, first, by Dinah

is body and mind, like memory and text, not separate.

Tadodá:ho’s message in psyche and matter

“[My]story...told [and performed] ...

Shows how the world can be changed”

(Denzin, 2010, p. 59).



I take the long way back to campus; the fields of early summer bloom full, dotted with green tufts, stands of trees. My mind and body, over-stimulated, immersed in events of the past three days, I drive, uncertain, yet empowered by the experience of a conference presentation. Before leaving, Dinah gives welcome news that others found our presentation useful. I will write about our chance encounter, self-observation data, leading to transformative energy flux; held in common, Tadodá:ho in the lead. I learn quantum energy re-forms, changes me, instantly.



Condolence Ceremony 2010

It has been a long day of interactive activity; our shared journey through the forest to the wood’s edge then participative listening to songs and speeches inside the Longhouse. Callie and I watch,

now, as the chiefs raise, stand up the new leader. The speaker turns to the listeners and introduces the new chief and his kinship helpers. The air is lighter now, since we have travelled through grief to the healing side, the light side. There is even some joking in Cayuga about minor slips or comical incidents that may have tripped up the proceedings; the sacred songs, the high ceremony is done. It is fitting, now, to release held-in intensity to conduct the ceremony as prescribed in the original oral text. The chiefs take off their *gahsdó:waʔs*, their feathered headdress, revealing themselves as men back to earth. The people stand and stretch, chat freely in small groups. Placed side by side with baskets of Indian cookies and donuts, wooden trays, heaped full with deer meat, line the benches in the middle of the Longhouse. The ritual meal is set to begin.

It is customary for each chief to feed his family, so Callie and I, famished, in spite of intermittent snacking in the dining hall, readily accept my brother's handfuls of cooked deer meat. We eat and visit in the festivities of the meal; I think of the first Condolence Ceremony performed to pacify *Tadodá:ho*. "[Peacemaker] and the other chiefs approach him; they speak, delivering [strings of] wampum until they remove all his deformities; cover his body with a garment and put moccasins on his feet" (Norton as cited in Williams, 2003, p. 27). Similar triumph unfolds here, before us, today. Callie and I decide to stay for the social dancing that follows.



Seeing Ahead to the End of the Journey

Each time I tell the dream, its meaning changes; the context varies and I remember a new detail or add to interpretation already there. The dream floats in my memory, arising at times, on its own as if to remind me of its importance; "an artifact" (Linden, 1993, p. x) constructed from thoughts, feelings and interpretation, blurred to seamless, continuous whole.

"It was a simple dream," I explain to my friends.

“But it is significant; the colours, I mean,” Jeanette says. “Purple is the colour of spirit. And white celestial string appears in dreams considered sacred.” Jeanette is a student of dreams. She tells me the symbols for good news, money and hard luck.

At the time the dream arose, I had my own take on the reasons, but I knew it was significant. I kept it clear in my memory, fragments of light, motion and colour. Through critical analysis required for compiling a research paper, I interpreted its deep meaning. As I close this chapter examining turning points in my journey of self-transformation, I tell the dream again.

I am travelling in the black sky above the earth. I move slowly into view from the left, as though I am coming from a long distance, as though I have travelled far, already. My arms, open wide, steer my body effortlessly in a sea of stars. Floating weightless in the arc of a semicircle, I lean right into the next curve and catch unaware, the spectre of a turning great globe. It looks like a planet in muted orange colour lit from inside. There is movement inside. Etchings on its surface act in stark relief to purple bands that form at its edges. I marvel at its immensity suspended by streams of air, not visible; its size and essence speak of infinity in the blue-black space above the earth. White ties, like ribbons, stream from my body and move as I move. Glancing behind, I see my two sons, each attached to me by a single celestial string which encircles my waist. My youngest son wears his baseball cap turned to the side; my eldest peddles his bike in strong circles, as if it is he who rides us into the night sky toward the glowing orange ball. Analysing the dream into research, I conclude that the glowing orange planet is Onondageh, literally, *on the hill*; the place and spirit of the Onondaga people. My sons, travelling with me like good deer clan boys, and I have arrived home (Thomas, 2008a, p. 32).

Figure 8: Onondageh: Arriving Home, is a representative image of Onondageh constructed as a sewing project to coincide with my research (Thomas, 2008a, p. 32),

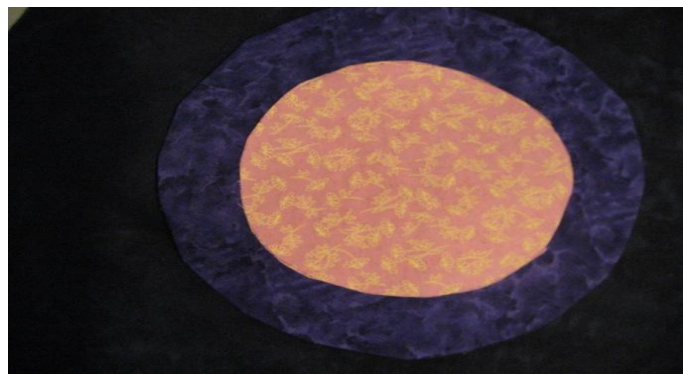


Figure 8: Onondageh: Arriving Home

I complete this chapter with a retelling of the dream because I understand that through inquiry I have arrived home, a place of safety, strength and wholeness in which my identity thrives. My original interpretation of the dream is a powerful metaphor of Hodinohso:ni: as performers of identity. Damasio (1999) explains that identity, “the core you” (p. 191) as mental being, is born only as you tell the story of images in consciousness, and only then; “you are the music while the music lasts” (see also Damasio, 1994) Thus my mother’s telling of the story of Onóndageh was a performative act of identity; in that moment, she *was* my identity. Through her words, she invested the hills of Onóndageh in my consciousness that play as backdrop to my life journey. Audrey Shenandoah (2007), respected Onondaga clanmother, explains we are born with a mission “It’s in our being; we’ve been that way all the time; without realizing it we exercise it without being totally conscious”. Similarly, I understand Onóndageh, the image in my dream, is my identity operating in me, unconsciously, influencing my life goals, without me knowing it.

I review the process of my research unfolding; Tadodá:ho⁷, icon for inhumanity, arises in dialectic tension to Precious, my split-self, through which I trace my path of transformation. As I complete this chapter, the interpretation of my dream has come to include Tadodá:ho⁷, the sorcerer who ruled Onóndageh, his dark essence underlying, steering my mother’s story. Each time she performed it, my mother’s voice changed when she told his hair stopped writhing and his body straightened; his power transformed to good, a protective guiding force. Movement and renewed life stirring within the glowing orange globe signifies Tadodá:ho⁷ has been steering my research, all along. I perform his story for my sons, showing Tadodá:ho⁷’s triumph for our benefit and for Callie and Johanna, I create “*memory... the chain of tradition which passes a happening [remembered fragments] on from generation to generation*” (Benjamin, 1968, p. 98).

Chapter Four A Mnemonic Guide

Over the Forest

The Fieldtrip Journey Home ●

Believing Tadodá:ho⁷ leads her, Celia returns to her homelands,
the landscape where the Great Law narrative unfolds.
She seeks to reclaim ancestral knowledge feared lost or uncovered
that may be
the final key for her recovery from historical trauma.



★Time

Now

★Place

Onóndageh, the original territory of the Onondaga Nation
near what is now Syracuse, New York



Research Themes

Mapping as mode of visual research
Richardson's *crystallization* for data analysis in travel writing
Sensory elements of tradition in a modern world
Three healing principles in the Great Law
Finding Tadodá:ho⁷
"Reconquer[ing] all dimensions which colonization tore away"¹¹

¹¹ Memmi (1965) proposes there are historically two solutions the colonized tries in order to reject his unlivable existence, colonization; this is one solution. The other solution is to become different, "to change his condition by changing his skin" (p. 120).

Chapter Four

Over the Forest

The Fieldtrip Journey Home

Ritual Episode: The ritual, *Over the Forest*, overlaps condolence rites in central healing events, yet it functions as prologue to the conclusion of the ceremonial journey. Intervening in the Six Songs ritual, *Over the Forest*, “laments the loss” (Woodbury, 1992, p. xxxvi) of tradition, once more, while it invokes the ancestors’ guidance to “revitaliz[e] the laws of the Confederacy”, that is to restore peace by installing a new leader. The ritual alludes to rules and charter of the Confederacy, structures that serve for consistent renewal of foundations passed to Hodinohso:ni: by our ancestors. Once installation rites are complete, the Condolence Council ends, and the people prepare to travel home, perhaps to meet obstacles or physical dangers along the way. Traditionally, the ritual is intended to “wish you well” (Alfred, 1999, p. xxiii), to impart knowledge for confronting “challenges you are going to face”. Celia has heard ritualists say, “‘Over the Forest’ sends people home safely” (T. Porter, personal conversation, 1999).

Ritual Principles in Chapter Context: In the theatrical forest of transformative change, Celia identified multi-generational trauma (Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995) as a contributing factor to the development of Precious and she confronted two core issues, addiction and dissociative response, reactions to emotional and psychic wounding. Emerging from the forest, Celia understands Tadodá:ho⁷ has been guiding her research journey from the start, and in fact has led her, through inquiry, to Onóndageh, the place of spirit and identity of her people, the Onondagas, where he waits to reveal to her the final key to reclaim personal peace. In this concluding chapter, Celia embarks on the last stage of the healing journey, a fieldtrip to Onóndageh. As the ceremonial ritual reviews edicts and rules necessary for maintenance and renewal of traditional structures,

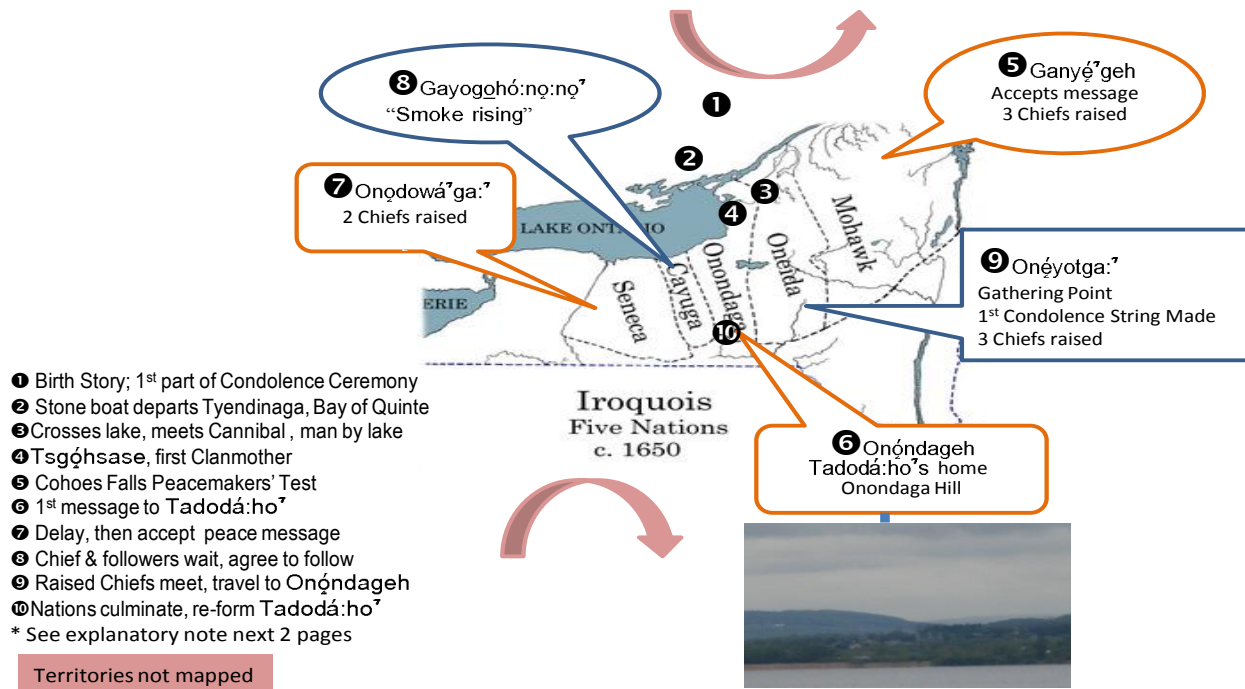
Celia recounts the foundational premise of her dissertation story as reminder of questions answered that pertain to continuity of transformative change through research inquiry.



Figure 9: Finding Tadodá:ho⁷: His home along Onondaga Creek at Onóndageh near present-day Syracuse, New York.

To this point in her dissertation, and through early fieldwork sections in this chapter, Celia understood Tadodá:ho⁷ lived on Onondaga Hill. Through ongoing fieldwork and mapping research while engaged in ethnographic practice at Onóndageh, she learns he lived, here, along Onondaga Creek, where canopies of forest unfold above waters flowing into Onondaga Lake.

**Figure 10: Hodinohso:ni: Homelands: A Cognitive Map*
Peacemaker's Journey of Peace As Told to Celia by Her Mother**



***Figure 10: Hodinohso:ni: Homelands: A Cognitive Map**

The Map as Research Method

Powell (2010) makes the case for mapping as “a powerful mode of visual research that offers a means to (re)present place as lived and embodied” (p. 539). Maps, typically considered a directional tool, a scaled, symbolic representation of place, currently serve various disciplines to record and analyse psycho-socio concepts of social relationships and cognitive processes. While disciplines extend uses for mapping as a methodological tool, the genres of visual maps cross boundaries of art, creative writing and geography, linking cartography with larger social, cultural and political issues. The artistic angle lends new aesthetics to mapping that “involve abstract or metaphoric representation of place and space; reconfigurations of place to address nonlinear perceptions of space and time; the play of scale, borders and symbols; and the cartography of concepts (e.g. identity) rather than physical places” (p. 540). Maps as an aesthetic device invite depiction of multisensory lived experiences of space, time and place in nonlinear ways.

Visuality, as a multisensory experience relates to senses, thinking and action intertwined, embodied, happening in the body, such that “the act of seeing calls forth the act of touching, hearing, tasting, and smelling” (p. 541). Quoting MacDougall (1997, p. 287) Powell contends the multisensory nature of the visual provides a “language metaphorically and experientially close” to the researcher enabling her/him to render elusive or complex forms of experience. Applied to mapping, this concept explains how a researcher may read a measured, scaled aerial-map differently when instructed by stories and experience of the landscape. According to Soyini Madison’s definition, visual mapping is critical ethnography which makes accessible, “penetrate[s] borders and break[s] through confines” (as cited in Powell, 2010, p, 542) in order to make visible “voices and experiences [of places] otherwise restrained or out of reach”.

Figure 10: Hodinohso:ni: Homelands is an example of cognitive mapping, described by Powell (2010) as a tool “to represent how persons perceive [and sense] the relationships between space, place, and social and physical features of the physical and built environment” (p. 540). The map in Figure 10 depicts a standard anthropological view of New York State marking geographic spaces of origin of five Hodinohso:ni: nations, yet when Celia views the map she understands it as the landscape of the Great Law narrative; the theatrical forest she experienced through her mother’s words with each recitation. In Celia’s conception of the map, though ethnocentric, as her friends see it, she hears Tadodá:ho’s voice echo across the landscape calling newly-appointed chiefs to Onóndageh, today’s central fire of the Confederacy, and sees complex travel routes and planning tasks unfold in preparation to confront Tadodá:ho⁷.

Celia’s cognitive map (re)presents and includes features of “invisible dynamics and identity” (B. Myers & D. Rowe, podcast interview, 2010) of the landscape unseen in the arial-map of New York State. She labels place names in the ancestral language her mother used in storytelling, the Indian names Hodinohso:ni: continue to use in Great Law recitations and for community locations in their original territories. Celia maps spaces of important events, such as the meeting at the head of the lake where Peacemaker encounters a woman advancing strife by sheltering warriors from each of the five warring nations; once transformed by realizing inner peace, she becomes Tsgóhsase, the first Clanmother. In constructing the map, Celia retells the Great Law story embodied in the landscape through a sequence of numbers overlying the conventional map, matched by details of the plot in the legend textbox. Taken together, the features of the cognitive map (re)present place as Celia perceives it based on how she experienced the landscape.

In this chapter, Celia uses additional visual maps to (re)present specific aspects of her research.

○○○

Celia began to write this chapter in the usual way. She planned it as the summary chapter for all she learned while writing the dissertation. She explained to her supervisor, this final instalment will review concrete lessons, experiences and sociological concepts contributive to transformative self-change thereby resolving the thesis problematic that all humans are capable of reformation. True to her research method, autoethnography, chosen because it accounts for affect, emotional complexity placing researcher and reader in the presence of the transformative act (R. Pelias, podcast interview, 2011), Celia chose to write the chapter as a personal narrative, more particularly, a travel narrative. To ground her writing in history, tradition and ancestral knowledge she knew existed there, Celia travelled, in the beginning stages of her research, to Hodinohso:ni: original territories in New York State. Once her research neared completion, she decided to return there to vet the summative contents of her dissertation learning. The results of both fieldtrips comprise this chapter. As the narrative unfolded, it became clear that while the above goals held, the chapter extended the dissertation research story from the point in the previous chapter where Tadodá:ho⁷ led the characters to Onóndageh, as if knowledge remained, there, for discovery. Thus, Celia's fieldtrip results that comprise this, the final chapter, yield a dissertation conclusion, yet explore new knowledge requisite to personal reformation.

The search for personal peace is an old theme. Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law narrative is the archetypal story of the search for inner peace; its proper name the Great Law of Peace, its founder, the Peacemaker, encapsulates the message to build peaceful relationships amongst people. Armstrong and Cardinal (1991) believe inner peace is the basis of the creative process, an ongoing transformative course of action “to bring the individual to peace with the rest of the natural world” (p. 38) as means for physical and emotional healing. In her search for ethnographic alternatives related to travel writing – usually written by Europeans about non-European parts of the world as “domestic subject of Euroimperialism” (Pratt, 1992, p. 4) – Celia discovered in Richardson and Lockridge (2004), a book of collaborative travel narratives in

which the authors seek to deepen understanding about themselves and their personal and professional relationships. Blurring genres between ethnography and literature, each narrative conveys “a process of reconciliation and comprehension” (p. 72), their completion “like existing in a place where things feel peaceful and whole and harmonious”. Using travel writing as method to explore lived experience, Celia aims to achieve “a kind of harmony and peace” (p. 72) deepening understanding of research issues uncovered for use to reconcile past trauma.

This chapter was composed in bits and pieces, at first disconnected then joined, as personal experiences pushed against and delineated boundaries of tradition and modernity in the narrative. Described as “a safe space” (Denzin, 2010, p. 69) to risk transforming personal experience into public discourse, this chapter consists of several performance texts, including various kinds of maps, photographs, poems, and travel accounts, combined with critical analysis of scholarly literature. Performance texts, long sanctioned in Denzin and Lincoln’s (2000b) *seventh moment* of qualitative discourse, disrupt racial, sexual and class boundaries, creating spaces for “a politics of liberation” (p. 1048). In that spirit, Celia chose the use of performance texts to replicate “breaks and ruptures” (p. 1047) in transformative movement toward social, political and personal change that resulted from writing the dissertation. Due to the conclusive nature and importance of the final chapter, Celia intended the texts to convey a celebratory break from the past such that voice, previously oppressed or silenced, embodies spirit, even as the texts perform it. Weems et al (2009) explore performance text as an approach to freeing “the heart-mind” (p. 855), a link between thinking and feeling that stirs “passion for our research, for other ways of knowing, [and] for social justice”. Celia draws, particularly, on Weems et al. use of artifacts, photographs, music and voices of research participants to construct performance texts grounded in lived experience “both as researchers and as socially conscious beings in the world” (p. 844).

Research questions, discussed and analyzed in the context of the results, guided both field trips. The first fieldtrip, its account entitled *The Reconnaissance Trip*, occurred in 2009, preceding and preparing for the writing of the dissertation. *The Return Trip* documents the results of the second fieldtrip which took place in the summer of 2011. Research tools used to document experiences and observations included a digital camera, fieldnotes, a fieldnote journal, and for use in the first fieldtrip, only, an audio recorder. In the process of compiling this chapter, Celia enrolled in an online travel writing course, its method relied on sensory and memory stimuli to collect information, thus the audio recorder was not used for the second fieldtrip. Compilation of results was achieved through analysis of issues arising in fieldnotes, the fieldnote journal and photographs. The final products of analysis appear in this chapter as four accounts; Celia's account of the reconnaissance trip, followed by three accounts of the return trip. Chronicles of the return trip include one from Celia's perspective, another from Precious's perspective. Originally planned, the character Tadodá:ho⁷, as spiritual guide, was to facilitate the third account of the return trip but due to protocol of respect for the iconic Onondaga chief, his voice is incorporated into the account of one of the other characters. Thus the third account of the return trip, a reaction and discussion summary, appears as a conversation between Celia and Precious.

○○○

A Poem Inspired by Mary Weems*

*Weems et al. (2009). Heartbeats: Exploring the power of qualitative research expressed as autoethnographic performance texts. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 15(5), 843-858.

In this chapter, I free my voice.
It's the where-I've-got-to-chapter; a celebration of all I've learned.
I free my voice in performance and autoethnographic texts
Break loose, "Write without thinking" Mary calls it,
"From the space between the conscious and unconscious"
Thoughts and ideas flow from passion, my freed-up heart-mind,
Oh how I've longed to do it before, to break from writing
the push
for objectivity
"Anaemic, too pat, as dry as day old, cold bread without butter
...for too many it sucks the life out of us..."

The room is set with scattered chairs, no matching lines
In the midst, a circle comfy and safe, the writers sit.
Candle light, incense purple trails waif up
Black and white photos, postcards...and ribbons
link to everyday life, artifacts prompt to
"Write with a focus on not thinking about what [you] write"
Ride "thinking and feeling...inextricable link"...connect "heartbeat
[to] passion for research, for other ways of knowing and for social justice."
Mary turns on a Miles Davis song
Buddy Goodall writes to music, metallic sounds
How can he think, I wonder...? I am writing in just my first year
Turns out, rhythmic heartbeats in sync construct spaces across race, religion and class.

It's where I've got to
This chapter constructed in a pattern of disarray,
Not perfect, not staying in the lines, I write story in pieces
Prompted by artifacts; photos, conversations, imagined events...and literature.
 "Writing is made painful when I try to control it...
 In a room by myself...
 negative critics sit on my shoulder...
 I am alone, outnumbered."

My voice is free, my heart-mind speaks, I connect to the heartbeat of my research
"I am held in the flow of our vibe,
a vibe so powerful negative critics that stop me can't enter."
Freed from perfectionism, I write without thinking
It's where I prayed I would get to.

○○○

The Reconnaissance Trip

(The first fieldtrip in 2009 preceded and prepared for the writing of the dissertation.)

The Purpose of the Trip

She speaks into the recorder, her voice in halting stops and starts, fills with emotion as she realizes Hodinohso:ni: travel this route through their homelands, once over trails upon which highways are built, and today, between home communities. As Celia drives, she clarifies the purpose of her trip. She is researching the beginning chapters of her dissertation, and often while writing, her thoughts drift to the green and yellow colours of her homelands, its eastern door marked by the St Lawrence River, the center at Onondágeh, near present-day Syracuse, and across New York State to the Alleghenies, its western door. The colours arise in her mind like a mirage and the shapes and textures of the land beckon to her. She believes the land holds knowledge about the topic of her writing project, personal transformation and healing from effects of colonization, so she decides to answer the land's call and take the trip today.

Into the recorder, she notes that she will travel to Onondágeh to look for Tadodá:ho⁷ and knowledge respective to confronting effects of trauma, a disconnection from cultural reality to which ancestral integrity is fitted (Erikson, as cited in Brave Heart-Jordan, 1995). Thus the purpose of her trip is to seek connection to people, places and culture that form and affirm her identify. She thinks of her homelands as a "thin place" (Poulos, 2009, p. 82), where the air is so slight there is barely a parting between this world and the sacred world of spirit, the source of creativity. There are other thin places she knows like the inside of the Longhouse, a calm, still presence when no one is there; a ceremony's mediated space between natural and spiritual realms; and thin spaces, Celia believes, writers inhabit which provide a direct portal into the realm

of creativity. By journeying to her homelands, Celia seeks to enter the thin place where creative energy manifests imagination and inspiration to guide her research.

Preparing for the trip, Celia showers and dresses, hurries around the apartment in the excitement of readiness for the trip. She feels a hint of unease, nameless bits of trauma's shadow that interrupt inner comfort gained through language and ceremonial study. Grounded in her cultural world she risks connection, shares knowledge and traditions of her heritage with global scholars at US and international conferences. Celia struggles with the fact that, at the last Condolence Council, she did not step forward with the other women as protocol demands, though the Chiefs stood her in the Clanmother role at the time of her mother's death. How much did her holding back relate to conception of the role that once finalized she must curtail an interest in global world culture? There is the work and fiscal expense her mother warned about but, more, it had to do with commitment. To meet responsibility in the way she understands it, she must demonstrate ability to withstand the intensity of interchange between forces of her cultural traditions and the contemporary world anchored in modernity. Did she fear she does not possess those skills? The spiritual birthplace of the Confederacy - its council and laws, indeed the Clanmother protocol which emanates from the Great Law - lies in her homelands. She decides a third purpose for her trip is to seek guidance, forgiveness perhaps, for how she handled this grave responsibility.

The Landscape

On HWY 401 from Kingston, the location of her university, to Cornwall, Ontario, the land is flat. Meadows, a rolling carpet of gold mixed with emerald colours of new growth, fold into marshes saturated with reeds that become ponds but only in spring. At the edges of the flatlands, the frame of deciduous forests blooms. Lush flowering billows mark shadows in the crevices between each tree, so together they form a floret, a giant green floret. Celia records her observations while the

sound of her voice on the recorder acts as stimulus, audio text to which she responds. Halting stops and starts fill her senses. She knows Hodinohso:ni: travel this route through Ganyégeh, Mohawk territories, to access their homelands at the north-east entrance. Approaching the US border, the narrow pavement swings into the entrance of the Hill Island Bridge, a lattice of steel like a giant roller coaster ride. Climbing to the top of the bridge, she peers through the rails, until at its pinnacle, she sees it; the St Lawrence River unfolds its expanse of blue magnificence, the islands appear as tiny green dots in the living current of the river. And continuous, always present, the deciduous forest sprouts forth its breath in thick waves; each tree swings its pace, expressing life energy. This land is where her people originated, in figments made from the same trees, river and earth. The energy of this place is in her body and mind, in her blood.

Celia crosses the border into what she knows is Onéyotga:⁷, Oneida territory which is Watertown, New York, today. By car, she tracks the footprints of her ancestors; this, the branching off point where runners cross-cross paths to the Senecas in the west. Peacemaker and newly established chiefs, return here to Onéyotga:⁷, in preparation for the trip to Onondágeh to confront Tadodá:ho⁷, “the Great Witch” (Gibson, 1912, p. 173). She is living in the story now.

The Council Seat

Entering Onondágeh, Celia honours her grandmothers, those that stayed behind unable to endure the trek to Grand River in Ontario, by acknowledging their memory in prayer. They lived in the hills, at the northeast entrance to the Finger Lakes region and west of the Hudson River. In summer, the land refracts the yellow corn hue of their skin but it is really in autumn that the earth breathes their essence; gold, splashed through by red and orange then more yellow. She sees their faces in the hills. Celia ignores road signs that say she has arrived at Syracuse, New York.

Each time she travels through Onondágeh, Celia stops and offers tobacco. She knows the lay of the land because she has travelled west through Onondágeh many times on route from Kingston, Ontario, to Rochester to visit her family. Therefore the experience of entering her territorial home is not new, attachment to this physical space is ever-present; the ancient forests and visible sky strike in her a feeling of belonging, “collective sensibilities” (Basso, 1996, p. xiii) thus Celia stops here at each trip. Today, she comes with purpose to partake in the local knowledge of Tadodá:ho⁷s inhabited spaces, namely, Onondaga Lake and Onondaga Hill, places that *are* new to her. On this, her reconnaissance trip, she intends to investigate attachment to such places through cultural and historical sensibilities often not accounted for in the study of place (Basso, 1996) yet guide Celia’s exploration, today. In a follow-up trip, she will investigate further.

Arriving at Onondaga Lake

The recorder emits static, as Celia struggles to release the hold button. In her excitement, she drops it on the seat when she wheels the car into the gate. Onondaga Lake. A park sign in pine green letters nestles amongst the maple trees that border the gravel lane meandering through the grounds. At the parking lot, she shuffles maps on the car seat to locate her knapsack, quickly exits the car, and rushes to the beach incline at the edge of the lake.

“Agaé! I’m here,” Celia speaks the words aloud to record oral text into the recorder, but also to witness for herself, the incidents of this historic event; her voice resonates from deep inside her throat. “This is the Lake! This place is where the Chiefs arrived, their destination to reform the Great Wizard. It is the lake they crossed to reach Tadodá:ho⁷.”

“Can I see the hill from here; the hill where Tadodá:ho⁷ kept watch and then shouted over the waters to those who came to rehabilitate him ‘Ahsu:u khé netogyé óneh?’ Is it time yet?” She scans the shore line studying the landscape to locate the hill, the overlook.

“Dogéhs oyá:nre! It’s beautiful. Look at it!” Again, she verbalizes amazement; her breath comes in restless starts. She beholds the sight before her, “It is vast, and so calm.”

“I’m here where Tadodá:ho⁷ blew the waters into crashing waves that thrashed Peacemaker’s stone boat, the Oneida and Mohawk chiefs clinging to its sides.” She sees them rocking the vessel as Tadodá:ho⁷ demonstrates his power, his voice rolling like thunder.

“They came to this site in our homelands to establish the Great Law institutions, the council of chiefs and the League tradition. This is the birthplace of the Iroquois Confederacy”, she gasps, so overcome she uses the anthropological name for her people. “This is where it started, right here, and I’m looking at it!” The recorder flickers, and then prompts forward.



Figure 11: Onondaga Lake; at present day Syracuse, New York.

Onondaga Hill appears in the background landscape that encloses the lake.

Celia stops to catch her breath. In her enthusiasm, she circles back to the car to pick up her camera, returns to the shore and scrambles up the beach incline, again. A park ranger has stopped his truck across the lane to inspect fence wiring. She must share this moment with someone.

“Do you know this lake is in our history?” she asks the ranger. “Onondaga Lake is a central theme, a sacred place in the history of Iroquois people.”

“Is that right? How so?” *Otgi*, how can he not know?

“It’s in our stories.” Celia extends her hand in introduction, “I’m from the Onondaga Nation, resettled at Six Nations, Canada. This area is our homelands. My ancestors remain, here, at Onondaga Nation Territory, nearby, as you know. Long ago, five Iroquois nations met, here, on the shores of Onondaga Lake, to bury our weapons of war and to form our government. The Grand Council of the Iroquois Confederacy continues to this day to meet at Onondaga.”

“Yes, I think I heard that.” He shakes Celia’s hand, smiling to match her ardour and to engage with her in the conversation.

“Do you know about *Tadodá:ho*?” she asks. Celia decides to skip the explanation but she does mention that the hill upon which he lived is also significant. “Can you tell me if there is still a place, here, called Onondaga Hill? It may be hidden now, you know, industrialized.”

“Oh yes, Onondaga Hill is here, very much so.” He points his finger to the hills across the lake, extending his arm to explain the complexity of reaching it, naming some of the landmarks.

“No wait,” Celia stops listening. “I’ll pick up a map at the pavilion near the gate.”

“Good idea”, the ranger answers. “And hey, good luck.”

“Thanks for your time,” Celia smiles.

It’s cold today; trickles of winter’s chill mix with spring air. Celia zips her jacket tight up to her neck. She left the apartment without a hat and scarf. Up and down the shoreline she wanders to survey the length and width of the lake, breathing in its splendour and significance. At some spots she offers tobacco into the water, whispering prayers for perseverance of her ancestors; at others she leaves candy, sweet things for her grandmothers to eat. When she is satisfied she has left what she needs to leave; she hikes the pebbly bank up from the shore and leans her back into the tallest tree until she feels its hard, crumbly bark. She likes this feeling because it connects her to the strength in the tree, grounding her to help her think. In the past, she has travelled to *Onondágeh* for ceremonial purposes, but she has never struck out on her own to find the sites that sit always

in her mind. Surveying the lake, she remembers her walks along Lake Ontario in Kingston, peering across the water toward Rochester, a physical marker for her territorial home. Today, she is here. Onondaga Lake is a park, now; the brush is cleared and there is a cement walkway. It's built up. It is a city now. But the lake is here. And Tadodá:ho⁷ and her grandmothers linger here on the surface of the lake and in the blue mist of the Onondaga Hills. In the clouds she sees their coming to meet her. They turn and walk together toward the gate.

Into the Hills of Onondágeh

Back on HWY 81 South heading toward Onondaga Hill, Celia calls out the street names which the kind man at the park explained as landmarks.

“Brighton, yes, take this exit. And onto Cheney Road. Onondaga Community College is near here, and the nursing home, there it is; I'm on the right path.” Celia murmurs aloud to herself, steering through noisy traffic. Stopped at a traffic light, she glances left. “There's a Tim Horton's, today, on Onondaga Hill,” she smiles to herself.

Somewhere in the rush, Celia veers off from the route given by the park staff so she decides to drive onward then circle back to landmarks familiar in her directional notes. Thinking she has reached the top of Onondaga Hill, she looks for a clearing where she can see down to the lake because this would be the spot, the lookout point from which Tadodá:ho⁷ kept guard over the party of chiefs who approached his home from the lake. It is difficult to find a cleared space so she keeps driving only to discover hills and more hills upon hills. What she thinks is the top of Onondaga Hill yields more knolls and inclines to climb, ad infinitum, it seems.

“Onondagehó:no⁷ - we call ourselves People of the Hills for a reason!” She speaks into the recorder. Small glacier lakes fill crevices in the dips and valleys of the landscape. “It is breathtaking here. It feels like a reserve community, a terrain of unbounded spaces.”

A thick canopy of forest casts shadows across homes and winding roads and the moist smell of the earth floats over the breeze. From the driver's side window, she can see the lake through the tangle of dense underbrush. Over billows of trees and layer upon layer of greenery, she peers down at the lake, steering the car forward in search for a clearing to park.

"It is a civilization, here on Onondaga Hill." Houses, old and new, in rows of subdivisions display trash cans at the gate in time for pick-up. "There's also garbage pick-up, now, at Onondaga Hill." She wheels the car into Shadow Hill, a subdivision of shingled and brick houses. Celia is surprised she recognizes land formations like expansive front yards with mounds of cuttings that lay in even lines because at the time of mowing, the grass is too long. The pale yellow-green colours of the hay fields and the way the reeds sway in wispy patterns along wooden fences remind her of the meadows at Grand River or at Cattaraugus, the Seneca reservation east of here near Buffalo. It's all the same landscape.

"It's pretty up here but I don't think I'd want to live here."

"I wonder if they see stuff up here?"

She wheels past a shadowy lane, then stops and guides the car in reverse until she enters the secluded roadway. The lane opens onto a narrow highway, and even here, two lanes of traffic whiz past her, navigating curves, up and down steep hills but Celia determines she will park; from here she can see the lake below. She clicks on the blinkers, grabs her camera and cuts through the underbrush up to the fence.

"It's hard to imagine this is where Tadodá:ho⁷ lived. Perhaps, here, on this hill, Peacemaker and his helpers performed the first Condolence Ceremony, set straight the Sorcerer's body and combed his hair. I made it to this place. Perhaps Tadodá:ho⁷ stood here." She peers down at the lake which looks curiously raised in the distance as though it sits on a parallel hill, high above the city nestled in the crevices below. "I'm standing in the story that I write."

The ethnographic gaze, once capturing the exotic to mediate Eurocentric values, has shifted to a search for “the strange in the familiar” (Neumann, 1996, p. 180). Ethnographers cross social and cultural boundaries into the worlds of others to understand their own, seeking mystery, “looking to ‘solve’ something of himself (sic)” (p. 181). In a twist of reverse, Celia crosses Eurocentric cultural and social boundaries to find Tadodá:ho⁷, seeking meaning in local knowledge of her territorial home to answer questions regarding her identity. What she finds in the physical site at Onondágeh, industrialized in commercial pursuits of the 21st century, is a reflection of her own inner struggle to balance the forces of tradition and modernity. Similar to Neumann, Celia seeks something “unplanned, or mysterious”, a story perhaps, in her fieldwork (p. 181). Instead she discovers that like ethnography’s shift to find self-meaning in worlds of the exotic, the boundaries, once stable, between familiarity and foreignness have collapsed. The mystery of Tadodá:ho⁷ ““out there”” in his home at Onondágeh gives way to inner tension that the site of her homelands, juxtaposed in a modern world “looks a lot like ‘in here’” (p. 182). Grounded in her cultural beliefs, Celia sifts modernity’s trappings to establish her world as familiar, not strange, much the reverse of finding something of herself in exoticism of Eurocentric culture.

Even while she strains to overlies her conception of history and tradition, akin to a cognitive map over the modern site, Celia parses the landscape seeking elements of ritual embedded there from Tadodá:ho⁷s story. She allows to rise in her, the aspects of tradition, nuanced, “not always set forth as spectacle” (S. Madison, 2011, podcast interview), in the sounds, sights and movements of the landscape. She heeds “all sensory effects that are parts of [her]” (Madison, 2011), the stimuli that comprise a space, a tradition. Onondaga Hill in blue haze waits at the edges of the lake; plump, moist foliage breathes coolness through Tadodá:ho⁷s forest; and earth’s black richness floats by Celia, aromas stored in her senses that she associates with the oral history of this space. Understanding that scholarly discourse helps give vocabulary to what she is experiencing empirically, Celia turns to the concept of *place-making*, defined by Basso (1996, p. 5) as “a

universal tool of the historical imagination”. Shared acts of remembering and imagining a certain location and its meaning, dialogically construct a *place-world*, “a universe of objects and events [in which] the past is brought into being” (p. 6). Verbal and visual accounts of places, remembered, (re)present “an expanded picture of how things might have been”. Seeking Tadóda:ho⁷ in the place-world of her homelands recast by her ancestors, Celia “live[s] local history...[re]constructing history itself” (p. 6). Recasting tradition and sensory knowledge in the Great Law landscape, she “imagines them anew” (p. 6), liberated from the ruins of modernity.

Few examples of ethnography exist that document Indigenous construction of place, including ideas and practices related to place-making, place names and stories that lie beneath them. Keith Basso’s (1996) *Wisdom Sits in Places* is one such example. Directed by Western Apaches at Cibecue, Arizona, Basso’s study of places and place names links landscape with language and cultural spheres as “a form of cultural activity” (p. 7), an ongoing social process. Celia began her search for knowledge embedded in the lands from where she originated, armed only with knowing that the Great Law narrative unfolded there. She hesitated to say the land holds knowledge, that it beckons to her and that she sees in it, the places, events and Great Law characters that remain living in her mind. But Western Apache affirm that place names “give a picture [to] carry in our minds” (p. 12), knowledge embedded in the earth’s features, “[where] the past lies” (p. 34). Thus, once spoken, place names for Hodinohso:ni: lands and territories united under the Great Law - Ganyégeh, literally, home/people of the flint; Onéyotga:⁷, place of standing stone; and Onóndageh, home/people on the hill – give rise to virtual pictures, so we remember, clearly, the knowledge in stories embedded there.

Apache elder, Charles Henry, explains place-making, and in his actions Celia recognizes her mother’s story-telling methods. Charles “slips into the past and constructs ancestral place-worlds...speaking in [an] eyewitness voice, he imagines his forbears arriving on the scene,

studying it...assessing it” (Basso, 1996, p. 13). Celia’s mother constructed images of Onondaga Hill, Tadodá:ho’s forest, in the place-world of Onóndageh. In doing so, she spoke “the past into being” summoning Onóndageh with words in dramatic form “to *produce* experience [so that Celia could] participate” (p. 32). Today, Celia acts as witness, recasting ancestral worlds and events as if they are happening, now, so Tadodá:ho and her grandmothers, seen over Onondaga Lake, have presence in the narrative frame. By their example, Celia confirms the spiritual trust linking hereditary titles, including chiefs, clanmothers and faithkeepers to principles of the Great Law. She hears in their words, encouragement, to honour commitment to the clanmother title, passed to female children within families of the deer clan, lest their Onondaga place world is left out and “[modernity’s] interpretations fills the void” (Jocks, 2004, p. 147).

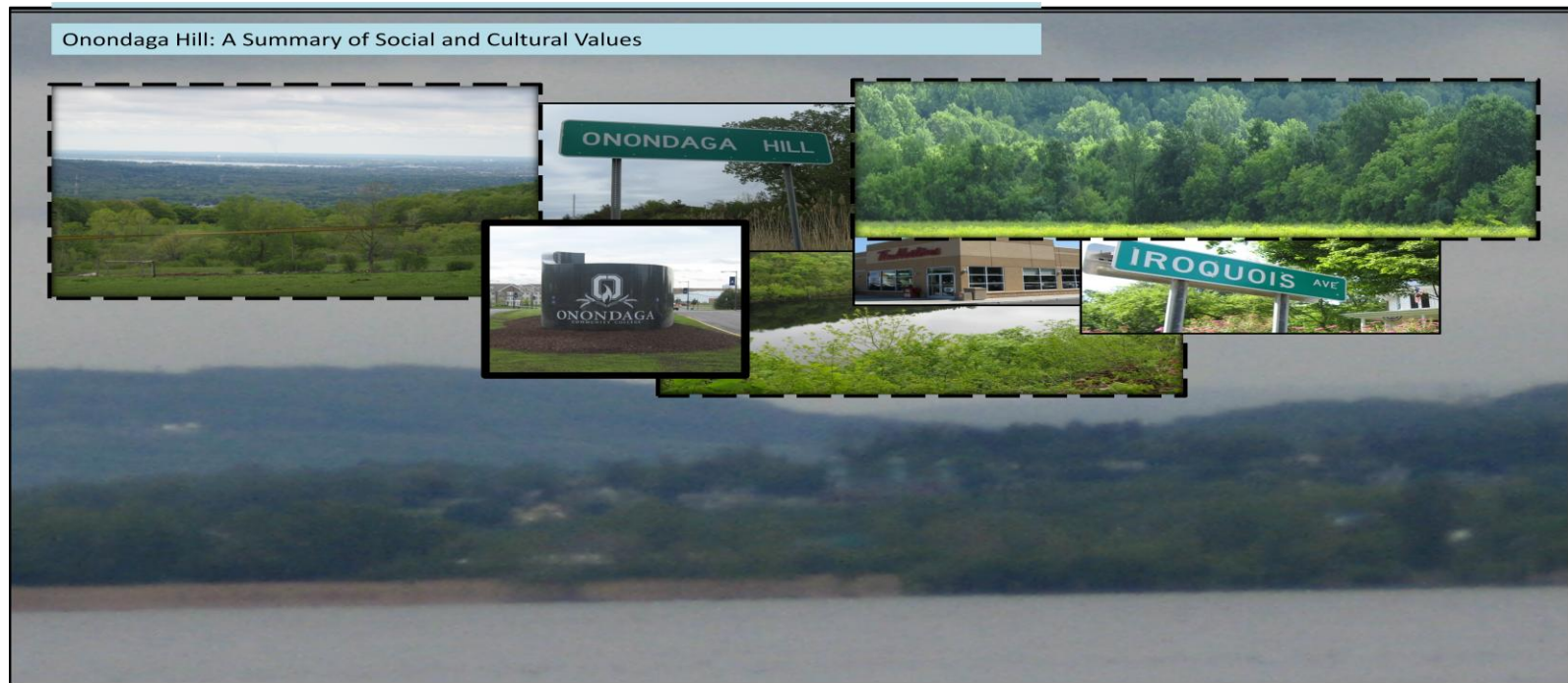


Figure 12: Transect map of Onondaga Hill: A photosurvey inspired by Brian Squires in *Making sense of place: Mapping as a multisensory research method* (Powell, 2010, p. 547). Located on the hill, Onondaga College, framed in bold solid line, offers Indigenous Studies and scholarships for Hodinohso:ni: students.

At Onondaga Hill, Celia realizes her traditions connected to this historic place lack representation and visibility in the modern landscape. To (re)present tradition as visible, Celia confronts a critical, ethnographic problem: configuring sensory stimuli, “sights, sounds and movement” (Madison, podcast interview, 2011) in place that comprise elements of tradition. Using photosurvey methods, Celia constructs a panoramic view of Onondaga Hill depicting objects and images that juxtapose social and cultural values related to landscape. Based on frequency counts in her fieldnotes, Celia frames images of *natural* relationships to landscape in bold dotted lines and *contrived* relationships in a single solid line. Natural and contrived relationships to land came to represent values of Indigenous and Eurocentric worldviews, respectively, while a place of learning, Onondaga College, depicts potential to negotiate values of Indigenous tradition in the modern Eurocentric landscape.

The Return Fieldtrip

(The second fieldtrip in 2011 concluded the writing of the dissertation.)

On the reconnaissance trip to Onóndageh, approximately two years previous, Celia visited Onondaga Lake and Onondaga Hill with a primary focus on physical landscape, seeking to participate in the local knowledge of Tadodá:hoʼs inhabited spaces. At that time, Celia stopped at Onondaga Nation Territory, the community where Onondagas live today on 7,300 acres remaining of their original homelands labelled *reservation* by federal legislation. Arriving there at the end of a busy work day, Celia missed meeting her acquaintances who had retreated home from offices and businesses. She drove quickly across the territory knowing she must return to the community, the cultural stronghold of the Onondaga Nation in their place of origin, a vital connection to her identity. Today marks the beginning of her return trip to Onóndageh, dedicating two days, specifically, at Onondaga Nation Territory.

She organized the first journey to Onóndageh as a reconnaissance fieldtrip, complete with camera, audio recorder and a specific research purpose; to initiate her search for connection to landscape, people and culture as means to personal empowerment. Preparing for the return fieldtrip, Celia generates copious notes to formulate a single research question so as to compliment information gathered previously thereby expanding her inquiry. Instead, perplexed by her inability to isolate specific knowledge she will seek, she develops several questions to guide the second journey. She asks the questions aloud. “Am I seeking knowledge specific to my personal experience of oppression? What knowledge can Onondagas tell me about Tadodá:hoʼ that applies to the healing process in today’s world? Will I learn the steps Tadodá:hoʼ took to become human, again? Is there special knowledge in Onóndageh lands last inhabited by Onondagas that affirm our identity, our link to the forces of our origin? What can Tadodá:hoʼ teach me about inner peace and contentedness?” The final question leads Celia to reflect on the

last instalment of her research story, in which she understands Tadodá:ho⁷ guides her study and leads her to Onóndageh, thus spurring the research fieldtrips. Though the reconnaissance trip yielded understanding of the spiritual nature of place and place-making in her homelands, Celia senses she did not yet uncover specific knowledge Tadodá:ho⁷ intended her to find in Onóndageh lands. At this point, Celia frets that her second trip, which will complete the duology of the travel narrative, lacks the clearly defined research purpose that guided the reconnaissance trip. What she knows for certain is that she seeks knowledge Tadodá:ho⁷ leads her to discover; in these words she articulates a working purpose for the return fieldtrip which includes a stop west of Onóndageh, at Cayuga Lake, the land of her father's people.

To build research tools for the second stage of fieldwork, hereafter referred to as *the return fieldtrip*, Celia enrolls in an online travel writing course. Her course learning influences her decision to forego audio or handwritten note-taking while travelling, relying instead on “sensory stimuli” (A. Sachdeva, 2011, personal communication) in settings and environments recorded at the end of each day to deduce “meaningful social, spiritual or philosophical experiences”.

Richardson and Lockridge (2004) seek “observer reliability, validity and ‘truth’ (with a small ‘t’)” (p. 240) in travel writing by devising an alternative to triangulation of experiences which they label *crystallization*. Each traveler writes separate narratives of places they visit together, reads the other's draft and meet to discuss and record reaction and write the discussion as a conversation. Thus truth is constructed not as a single narrative but as refraction through a prism of both accounts to arrive at newly constructed truth. Supported as well by Madison's (2006) concept of *dialogical performance* in which “ecologies of the self” (p. 320) represent Others in autobiographical writing, Celia decides to construct results of the return fieldtrip as three separate accounts narrated by each character in her research story. Celia's ecologies of self - her researcher persona; the recovered inner child, Precious; and Tadodá:ho⁷, the spiritual guide – “speak in multiple tongues of their own worlds, where the self is a composite of interpenetrating and polyvocal

experiences, intents, and desires within itself and with Others” (Madison, p. 320). Each character writes from a single shared set of photographs comprised on the return fieldtrip. This narrative model shapes literary and ethnographic experiences from different viewpoints so travel is “geographical and emotional, relational and symbolic” (Richardson & Lockridge, 2004, p. 240).



A Visit with a Friend

Celia's Account

The summer sun is bright and hot. Heat radiates through still clouds casting its presence over the hills and foliage of the landscape. I determine to map the roads and landmarks of Onondaga Nation Territory because my disorientation at each visit has become an embarrassment. US Route 11 passes through reservation lands with a split off to US 11A which winds through the village proper then rejoins the main route at Nedrow, proceeding north to downtown Syracuse. I veer off NY 11A following Hemlock Road past the Longhouse and residential areas nestled in the hills. Tree-covered roadways, curvy and angular to steep inclines, mark Onondaga Nation Territory so I know I have arrived. Turning left at the hidden alcove, I cross the bridge onto Quarry Road and follow it north, back to US 11 to complete the circle. I drive the route a few times and once confident I know the main thoroughfare, I relax and explore. The hills cast blue hues in contrast to composite shades of green in the valley of forests where the community sits. At the foot of the hills, white and yellow-tipped shrubs splash tints of lime colour across fields and meadows.

“Will we find answers we seek in the landscape, here?” Precious whispers in my ear.

“The territory is not new to us, like at Onondaga Hill where ideas popped so easily in discovery.

It may be more difficult, here, familiarity and all.”

“Yes, but I feel a sense of home, here.” I breathe in and shake loose the tension in my arm muscles after the long drive from Six Nations. “I think of Onondaga as my home.” We stand at the entrance to Onondaga Nation Territory, its English name shortened to one word, *Onondaga*, implies the whole of Onóndageh original territories, its stronghold protected in the lands where the Onondaga nation lives today.

“When you say that out loud, I wonder what Onondagas think?”

“Precious, you worry too much. Come on, let’s go.” I open the trunk and take out the Zehrs bag filled with boxes of Red River Cereal. “We’ll stop by Amelia’s and drop off her porridge.” Amelia likes Canadian brand cereal, produced in Canada and unavailable in the US.

“Need anything from across the border?” It is a common question Hodinohso:ni ask before setting out to visit family and friends living on either side of the Canada-US border; *an imposed boundary* we call it since our homelands straddle both countries. I let Amelia know I will be coming to Onondaga.

I step from the air-conditioned comfort of the car into the heat. The sun’s intensity illuminates the front yard so trees and grasses appear stark through the humidity. Rows and markers in Amelia’s garden at the foot of the property shimmer in waves of moisture that fill the air. Inside her log home, Amelia’s kitchen is cool and airy. We share coffee and exchange news from home; health and family reports, updates on training of ceremonial speakers and itinerary details for ensemble ceremonies in which communities across the territories participate. Amelia holds a clanmother title for the Onondaga deer clan though her clan is eel; a situation arising from a scarcity of culturally knowledgeable people. Condolences, Chiefs Conventions and Grand Councils are ensemble gatherings of shared medicine, friendship and feasting, their effects lasting between reunions. It is at these times, I meet up with Amelia, and today she tells me she will attend a fall

ceremony at Six Nations, though she doesn't travel as much as when she was younger. I have never asked Amelia her age but I believe she is healthy and well into her eightieth years.

Leaning back into the cushion of her easy chair, Amelia appears concerned I have travelled to Onondaga, alone. I explain the trip is part of my study to map out our homelands seeking knowledge the land holds about how to have a strong mind. I tell her I've travelled already to Onondaga Lake and Onondaga Hill. She stares at me as if to confirm she understands my words then shifts in her chair. Each time I converse with Amelia about ancestral knowledge, she talks of the framework of our world, the balance of the natural order, a cycle of giving and receiving she calls *original instructions*. Today is the same. She says the spirit forces gave us knowledge about how the world works. The knowledge is that the world is connected; everything has a purpose, like the sun and moon, the earth and thunderers, there for the benefit of humans whose reciprocal purpose to offer gratitude maintains balance in the natural cycle. Amelia stares out over the window above the kitchen sink as though she describes a moving narrative in her mind. She says we have the ability to see and believe this knowledge because the spirit forces made us this way; to think of the whole of human linkage to the environment and the universe. Turning her head to meet my eyes, again, Amelia completes her thoughts by telling me that things have been that way since time immemorial back to the creation story.

“I know the beliefs about our worldview by heart but as I listen to Amelia, today, I understand Hodinohso:ni: reverence for the cycle of creation is the whole of our ancestral knowledge.” I lean in close to Precious, who sits beside me at the head of the table.

“It's the reason every discussion you have about Hodinohso:ni: knowledge leads back to relationship with the natural world,” Precious tugs at the laces of the cushion on the hardwood chair, fluffs the pillow and repositions herself to listen more.

“Well, I wouldn’t say that celebration of creation is the only basis for our beliefs; there are the stories and healing rituals but they are linked to creation, as well,” I muse.

Precious sits forward in her chair. “This is important, Celia. Instinct to seek knowledge in place inspired your first trip to Onóndageh and while you learned plenty, Amelia is telling you that landscape is all of creation, an ecology of interdependent knowledge by which we define ourselves.” Precious removes the road map from her knapsack and jots notes in the margin.

“And humans support the ecology of which we are a part, that’s our purpose. We honour creation through ceremony, an expression of gratitude that engenders life forces. Relying on and drawing from our beliefs, we are responsible to care for and celebrate ourselves since we, too, are part of the forces of nature.” I answer.

“And self-care is vital to healing, personal transformation.” Precious nods in agreement.

“I am glad for this visit. Tadodá:ho⁷ leads us, today.”

Amelia laughs when I tell her I thought Tadodá:ho⁷ was the centre of the Great Law story as I heard my mother tell it. She agrees it is an ancient story which she heard in bits, she tells me. It wasn’t until much later in life that she had pieced it all together.

“But it all holds true; every part of it,” she says sipping the last of her coffee.

She hesitates and there is a moment of silence before she proceeds. “But you know, the teachings of the Great Law, they tie to creation, too. In the law, there is the obligation to help each other, to keep balance through efforts of all the components, so nature inspires conduct.”

“It’s natural law,” I interject, “I guess that’s why we call it that.”

“I used to wonder about time. I asked the women why we must complete a ceremony before noon when the sun is highest,” she says. “Their answer was ‘because that’s the way it is’”.

“Like original instructions in natural law, the Great Law reflects cooperative and symbiotic relationships,” I confirm aloud as an aside to myself. “Balance, inner peace, is an overriding principle that permeates our beliefs about how we see the world. That’s the way it is.”

“And it’s so simple,” Amelia concludes.

As we fix lunch together, I tell Amelia about my excursion to find my way across Onondaga Nation Territory. She asks if I walked along Onondaga Creek, a tributary of Onondaga Lake which runs through the community, flows north through downtown Syracuse and empties into the lake at the southern shoreline end. It is the creek, she says, that Tadodá:ho⁷ followed when he walked out to the lake to meet the chiefs upon their arrival at Onóndageh. I learn also that Tadodá:ho⁷ lived not in the hills proper, but at the foot of the largest incline, where foliage unfolds in canopies along Onondaga Creek. That section of the creek, channelled now by concrete abutments, lies off the territory in the residential area of the Valley District. From there, Amelia instructs, it is a straight path out to the lake. Excited by this news, I retrace in my mind the routes and landmarks of my first fieldtrip, to the exact location Amelia reveals. It lies on the main thoroughfare, Seneca Turnpike, US Route 173 at the foot of Onondaga Hill. Just before access to the hill, a bridge carries the turnpike over a canal, which unknown to me, though I crossed the bridge many times, channels Onondaga Creek at the entrance to Tadodá:ho⁷s home. I vow to set off early the next morning to make the Valley District our first stop.

I bid my friend farewell and gratitude for our short visit. Resolved to capture the essence of the main village, I brave the hot sun to photograph structures and sights that mark our journey; Onondaga Nation School, the Medical Centre, and Tsha⁷ Honnonnyeh⁷dakhwa⁷, the new arena. At the Longhouse, children romp on acres of lawn despite the heat. I park under the trees in the front lot of the lacrosse playing fields at the juncture of Hemlock Road and NY 11 A. As I sketch a map of the intersection, where I took a wrong turn yesterday, a truck pulls in beside my car.

“Are you lost?” I tease the young man and his daughter to strike up a conversation.

“No, you?” the driver laughs, not recognizing me as a resident of Onondaga.

After a few minutes, I decide to ask for mapping assistance as to whether NY 11 A runs in a north-south direction, parallel to NY Route 81, the interstate highway which borders the territory. In the course of our conversation, I discover the young man has married into the family of Lovey, my childhood friend. We exchange stories and details about the neighbourhood back home when suddenly the young man, without knowing my name, asks me a question in a curious manner.

“Are you related to Lewis Thomas?”

“Lewis Thomas?” I repeat. “I don’t think I am related to him.”

“You look just like his daughters,” he says.

“We don’t know our relatives here. Though many Onondagas from Six Nations maintain family ties here at Onóndageh, we’ve not been able to trace ours,” I tell him.

“Check it out; Lewis is probably your relative,” he replies.

I glance to my side at Precious who smiles ear-to-ear; her eyes are gleeful wide circles.

“Okay, I will. I’ll tell my family. Nya:wéh:ha,” I thank him in Onondaga.

“Good going” he says and steers his truck onto Hemlock Road.



In the exhilaration of the day, I forget its early start and forgo the heat’s effects, but by late afternoon, my body reminds me and my energy level peaks. Convinced I have completed my plans set for the day, I catch NY Route 81 across the city, pick up supper and settle into the air-conditioned coolness of my hotel room. Note-taking begins with a sketch of the territory, its routes and landmarks, and topography of urban districts surrounding it. I count as an accomplishment among today’s activities, a growing familiarity with the physical setting of Onóndageh, which includes streets and borders, cities, hills, valleys, rivers and lakes in the modern-day landscape. Surely, now I will find my way with confidence.

I empty the contents of my backpack onto the bed and choose several books to discover how I might affirm today's experiences and formulate learning into my own words. Mohawk (1978a) speaks ideas similar to Amelia's concept of inter-reliant relationships in nature in that "our life exists with the tree life...our well-being depends on the well-being of the [plant] life" (p. 85). In pragmatic terms, Mohawk explains evidence of symbiosis exists in material phenomenon of the real world. Hodinohso:ni: believe the spirit of living things is "expressed as energy forms manifested in matter", an unseen force that produces grass matter, for example, "in the form of real [blades of] grass" (p. 85). Thus spiritual forces manifest in creation, all things "real, material", threading life energy through the natural world including humans (p. 86). As does Amelia, Mohawk refers to these principles of natural law as "original instructions" (p. 86).

Building on Mill's (1959) notion of sociological imagination, defined as "quality of mind" (p. 6), Sheridan and Longboat (2006) conceive imagination beyond human enterprise to include spiritual and intellectual relationships with landscape and other beings upon which humans depend. Of particular emphasis in Hodinohso:ni: imagination is interrelationship between Hodinohso:ni: and their territory, such that "sentience that is manifest in the consciousness of that territory...is formalized in and as Hodinohso:ni: consciousness" (p. 366). I read these words and I think of Amelia narrating images in her mind of Onóndageh landscape in response to my statement about seeking knowledge the land holds. The landscape *is* our consciousness; its life force upheld in our minds by a simple commitment to gratitude by which humans "mind everything because everything minds [humans]" (p. 366). I recall my excitement to discover that Western Apache elders treat land as a living entity with knowledge that directs humans, "looks after people", its images and stories "like arrows [that] go to work on you [to] make you live right" (Basso, 1996, p. 38). Guided by inspiration of their words, I scour my memory - and ethnographic accounts - of Hodinohso:ni: teachings about directive knowledge in the land, and not until Amelia's visit do I realize, I've held that knowledge all along. Prodded at ceremonies by impatient questions of their

children, our parents' answer was always the same, "he's talking about the beans," and now "the trees and then the moon" (A. Longboat, personal conversation, 1999). In each ceremony, the ritual speaker retells the quality of mind that directs Hodinohso:ni life. Humans, landscape and other beings share consciousness, "sentience for our thinking and imagining" (Sheridan & Longboat, 2006, p. 366) as ancient reciprocities regenerate natural forces in of all living things.

Today, Amelia recounted original instructions – the way people see the world and how it works – embedded in Hodinohso:ni: imagination (Sheridan & Longboat, 2006) and manifested in reality of the natural world (Mohawk, 1978a). As I listened to her story, the images "stalked [me]" (Basso, 1996, p. 38), as Western Apache believe, and I saw the images she saw, linked by Hewitt's (1902) notions of *gáe:naʔ*, the mystic force inherent in living bodies and beings. Her words revealed not only operation of spirit but merged with teachings of *Gayanehsragówah*, the Great Law, its contents set by nature (Williams, 2003). Considered common knowledge for Hodinohso:ni:, the Great law comprises three principles; peace, power and righteousness, with varying interpretations of each. In reverie of Amelia's words, I realize the natural balance she describes as original instructions, is the same striving for harmony in human relationships contrived by "peace (the [Great] law)" (Wallace, 1980, p. 7) spoken of in terms of its element principles. Heeding Mohawk's (1978b) idea that "some force" (p. 32) inherent in both the natural world and the Great Law constitute "Good Mind" (p. 33), I had bridged the gap, constructed "a conversation" (Goodall, 2000, p. 51) between bodies of knowledge to which I can connect my storyline. In my case, I bridge the qualities and dimensions of Hodinohso:ni: imagination and the foundational Great Law text. I connect my storyline, a search for transformational methods active in healing *Tadodá:hoʔ*, to knowledge of the life force embedded in the Great Law tradition.

The Great Law of Peace signals the founding of the Hodinohso:ni: Confederacy and organization of Hodinohso:ni: society. Nations at war sought harmony to establish a form of government

which allowed for ideas of peace, power and righteousness (Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 2006). I search again, the literature that best describes the implication of the three principles; that societies, like people – and Tadodá:ho⁷ is the key example - can find peaceful resolution to conflict arising from spiritual unrest. But how, specifically, did the principles work in Tadodá:ho⁷'s mind to re-form tyrant to productive human again? Perusing written works, I ruminate aloud, hurrying myself, worrying how to braid multilayered fieldnotes to comprise this chapter. Distracted to the point of anxiety, I realize my thinking is Tadodá:ho⁷'s thinking. I allow negative thoughts to consume me; they form in twists outside my head. What words transformed Tadodá:ho⁷'s mind to harmony and can those words transform how my mind works in the strain of conflict or stress? Supported by relational others, Tadodá:ho⁷ agreed to apply the three principles to his conduct. I understand that warring nations embrace peace through the power of human institutions. But not until I conceptualize Tadodá:ho⁷'s inner condition, “disrelationship” (Kierkegaard, 1954, p. 147) with self and its constitutive power, as a natural cycle arising in humans, do I realize I too can use the three principles to restore my mind to harmony.

Intricacies of Great Law scholarship is beyond the scope of research for usage, here. I briefly mention so much to show authenticity of the Great Law's elemental principles. Three versions of the league tradition recorded by Hodinohso:ni: emerge as foundational; The Confederacy Chiefs in 1900, Gibson in 1912 and Newhouse in 1916 (Williams, 2003). Early scholars of these versions include Hale (1883), Hewitt (1892), Morgan (1851) and Parker (1916/1968). Later ethnologists, such as Fenton (1998) and Wallace (1946/1980) rely on all three versions to compile multiple academic works. In *White Roots of Peace*, Wallace defines the three principles as “Health and Reason (soundness of body and sanity of mind), Law (justice codified to meet particular cases), and Authority (which gives confidence that justice will prevail)” (p. 8). I have read and studied many of the above accounts. Perhaps my day spent on Onóndageh lands in the company of my friend, Amelia, influences my reading, now, as I sit, propped by pillows against

the headrest of my bed. Hodinohso:ni: knew John Mohawk (1978a, 1978b, 1988, 2000), Seneca historian, now deceased, as an endearing friend. His humble words in text reflect the voice of elders; in speech his academic treatise was spellbinding. I read in his essay, *Basic Call to Consciousness*, his version of the Great Law's three principles. I have previously studied Mohawk's work but only at this reading do his words aspire directly to my question; how do principles inherent in the Great Law aspire to "make reason and the peaceful mind prevail" (Grinde & Johansen, 2001, p. 89)? Though Great Law scholarship is extensive, I find in Mohawk's simple words the knowledge *Tadodá:ho'* has led me to discover.

Righteousness is belief in universal others to the best and highest good. "The shared ideology of the people using their purest and most unselfish mind", Mohawk (1978b, p. 33) writes, happens when we align our mind and emotions with "the flow of the universe and the intentions of the Good Mind or the Great Creator". All entities of creation benefit equally, none superior, for all benefits, even talents and ambition of humans are shared gifts of the universe. Mohawk calls *Peace*, the power of reason. Within all human beings, he explains, lies the ability "to grasp and hold strongly to the principles of righteousness" (p. 33), a spark, nurtured within the individual by society so as to reify social justice. The mind's capacity to make righteous decisions about complex issues enables arbitration of difference without the use of force. Defining the principle of *Power*, Mohawk implies that complementary principles, righteousness and reason, together, engender Power to accomplish peace. A united society "on the path of righteousness" (p. 34), he writes, enacts the values of harmony through power of reason. As I read the principles in the context for which Mohawk wrote them, a "message to the world" (p. 21), presented by the Grand Council of the Hodinohso:ni: to the United Nations, in 1979, I am amazed at the strength and application of the Great Law tenants to pursuit of individual peace. I construe Mohawk's analysis to isolate tools specific to personal use – and I write many pages - but the principles stand as they are intended, a universal vision of healing for humankind. Thus, in the thin place of Onóndageh

lands, I uncover in Mohawk's words the remedy that transformed Tadodá:ho's brain. The mind's medicine to cure itself (Hewitt, 1895) lays in its power to resolve human suffering through belief and trust in self and in universal others. By his example, Tadodá:ho instils trust that I too, hold medicine in my brain to release affects of historical trauma, healed finally and forever, on behalf of my children, my family and my people gone ahead to grasp and fully realize peace.



Finding Tadodá:ho

Precious's Account

“Honestly, I could just melt. It is so hot.” I fan myself with Celia's notebook.

The car windows fit snug into the rubber trim to seal the cool air in tight and small patches of condensation form at the bottom of the windshield. At Buffalo, New York, Celia steers into the entrance of NY I-90 East; the New York State Thruway, and cracks the window, only enough to reach the tolling ticket waved at her from inside the booth.

“Precious, you're so dramatic,” Celia says.

For most of the journey, I manage to convey rehabilitative, cooperative behaviour, but my sassiness, I find, breaks the silence of Celia's preoccupation with the success of this trip. Unsettled by loosely set goals to allow knowledge to arise from sensory stimuli, though led by Tadodá:ho's guidance, Celia struggles with feelings of unpreparedness. Perhaps at the root of her anxiety is whether she can divine cultural knowledge in lands, primarily urban, inhabited and travelled since early adulthood. Approaching Onóndageh from the east, we travel the route to Rochester, home to Celia's sisters – and once her own home for a two year period - and its environs in the Finger Lakes region of favourite shopping malls and camp grounds. From here to Syracuse, Celia knows the best Thruway coffee stops, and Onóndageh itself, is familiar territory due to its central location on the ceremonial circuit. For my part, I wonder about Celia's incessant

need to divine knowledge of history and identity in the Great Law landscape since the story, which she knows thoroughly, describes it in magnificent detail. Perhaps what she truly seeks is visionary meaning of the Great Law and the inspired message of Tadodá:ho⁷, prevailing metaphor for self-change, to come alive in her mind and body. Agahtgá⁷, I let go. Relieved of my concerns, I determine to be a good travel companion and support Celia's belief that this fieldtrip will provide answers to resolve her healing journey and complete the travel narrative.

“Quick, pull over. It's time for a Starbucks,” I remove my sunglasses and drop Maclean's Commemorative Royal Wedding issue at the foot of the rubber mat. At Canandaigua Lake, we squeal off the Thruway and into the Manchester exit.

“You drink coffee, now, too?” Celia ogles me over her shoulder.

“Look, ahead! It's the Ithaca turn off to Cayuga Lake. We're still going, right?”

Celia nods. “Sure, on the way back.”

There is a special brilliance of the sun in the month of July. It holds the full life of the tress and their shadows respond in pockets of cool air just out of the heat. Shade collects under the eaves of the roof, a sea of sparkling shingles that act as an awning to protect the windows beneath it. Plots of grass encircling the log structure languish in the sun's rays and stretch to enfold the yard of neighbouring homes. The longhouse at Onóndageh reminds me of ours at Six Nations, one of four and appropriately named, Onondaga Longhouse. Like the longhouse at home, I revere this site as the place of ceremonial practice among the Onondaga Nation but this longhouse is special to me for another reason. Celia says I must be careful not to tell the whole story lest I offend the good nature of spirits that gave me this gift. But I can say, I believe, here in this longhouse, many years ago, I received a sign that the spirit of Tadodá:ho⁷ is an unseen force in the direction of my life. Though Celia experienced the vision, long before she knew of my existence, only at present does its meaning rise in her heart and mind through me. Today, I realize the message, intended

for me, lost and cut-off from Celia, represented a beacon signalling harmony in trauma's dissociative state. In fact, Tadodá:ho's symbolic meaning began with dominance of his character in Celia's childhood stories, its import carrying to the present in her research dissertation. This morning, after hurried activities of mapmaking, Celia and I relax on the benches outside the dining hall adjacent to the longhouse. Celia stares across the yard and describes the radiant day at the height of summer, not unlike today, when she and her friends enjoyed the coolness inside the longhouse shaded by eaves under the graceful slant of the roof.

“Our break is over, my girl. It's time to move!” Celia kicks out her legs and stretches her arms, high up to the sky then down around my shoulders, squeezing me into a tight hug.

“But how did I get the message before you knew I existed in you, only today realizing the full extent of its meaning?” I ask.

Celia gathers the water bottles from the table and swings a knapsack over her shoulder. “You asked for hope on behalf of us both and Tadodá:ho answered your plea. In the quantum world, that's possible; objects separated, communicate in a shared web of information to create coincidences that link mind and matter. Jung calls it synchronicity. You're my hero, P!”

“But why me and not you?”

“We'll find out, I'm sure.”

After a healthy lunch of salad and crunchy French bread, we take our leave from Amelia's house and head straight to Onondaga Creek. So absorbed in finding our way, upon arrival at the territory we barely noticed a creek flows under the Quarry Street bridge, especially not one as significant as Amelia portrays in her directions. Celia turns right, this time, at the bridge and follows the creek for a half mile, peering through the foliage as if to confirm Onondaga Creek truly exists. Parked safely under a copse of white poplar trees, Celia parts the framework of branches so we absorb the treasure hidden in the sounds and colours of the valley below. A bed of rocks border

the creek's edge with boulders to the front and into the stream, white fields of chips and pebbles spread to the crest of the bank and under thickets of ferns. Water bubbles by rocks in mid-stream, over flat sandstone tops and eddies in pools at the foot of a waterfall. Celia fixes her sneakers in the loose dirt of each step until both feet rest firmly on the rock shelf overhanging the creek. I slide down the bank, placing my hands behind my back for support, to join her.

“My next trip to Onondaga will never be the same,” Celia says, “knowing of the creek's existence and its influence on the history of the territory and our people.”

We stand in silence, awed by the spectacle of the creek valley. The plant life of flowering shrubs, grasslands and saplings that line the bank is astounding. “Such a gift,” I breathe deeply, gazing downstream where the creek meanders and widens beyond the bridge.

“Amelia says the watershed is rich with small streams flowing into the creek, some larger branches meet here, in the territory, forming the upper end of Onondaga Valley,” Celia replies.

“*The valley*, Amelia calls it. We're going there, tomorrow, where the canal begins.”

Celia reaches into the knapsack for her cell phone to check the time. “Let's follow the creek as far as we can through the territory. It flows naturally, here.” She stoops low and releases a handful of tobacco into the stream.



We criss-cross heavy lanes of traffic on the turnpike to reach the bridge railing. Heeding Amelia's words, I try to swallow my grief as I ponder the approach of the creek, now muddied and grey, near stagnant and forced into the narrow channel of the canal. Gone are the limestone field beds that nourish the wetlands and filter the stream water. In their place, symmetrical banks of sod line the length of the canal and the morning sun casts shadows through manicured trees across the abutment below. We follow a path down to the creek and watch families of geese floating on the surface of the canal producing wake patterns, the only movement in the still water. Celia collects rocks, I leave tobacco and we turn to make our way back up to the bridge.

“Amelia stressed we can find the *entrance*, here, to Tadodá:hoʷ’s space inhabited centuries ago, that he *set out* from here on a path straight to the lake,” I reiterate to Celia. “It doesn’t mean this place is void of meaning.”

“But there is nothing here; the space is barren.” She suggests the research will document our stop as a visit to a commemorative place. “We’ve done all we can do, here. Let’s go back to the hill; I need to take more pictures.” She turns on her heels and proceeds to the car.

“You go ahead and I’ll follow in a few minutes.”

Each time Celia reaches a point of no progress, her anxiety resurfaces that she did not formulate the exact purpose of her trip. But she knows in her body Tadodá:hoʷ has led her here. Last night, she read aloud Monique Mojica’s (2009) claim that knowledge related to spirit and connection to land, emotions and the healing arts comes from “stories...passed on through [her] blood, encoded through [her] DNA” (p. 97). Mining body for organic texts is a performative research method Mojica calls “blood memory” work (p. 109). Grounded in the physical present, artists “establish a world or a situation and we enter it with a specific question or task in mind to source information about it: what it looks like, smells like, who was there and what was said” (p. 98). That Tadodá:hoʷ, so close under the surface of Celia’s skin, arose from her body “fully referenced in [blood] memory” (p. 97) is clear. Passed through her mother’s telling and ritualists’ recitations, Tadodá:hoʷ’s story stored in blood memory reveals Onóndageh, the mystical world from her dream, re-creates itself here. She enters it now to source Tadodá:hoʷ’s messages, “dormant, awaiting the key that will release them” (p. 97). Celia challenges self-doubt; intuitively, she prepares to examine knowledge arising in her body, so cultural wisdom in stories of Onóndageh and Tadodá:hoʷ “live on [in the mind of readers]. This is blood memory” (p. 109).

I stand on the bridge looking downstream at the brown coloured water that flows with the bend in the canal on its way to the lake. “Tadodá:ho’ followed this route to meet Peacemaker and the party of chiefs.” I wonder aloud, “Why is there no trace of his presence here?”

The early light of morning lingers as the sun climbs higher into full day. Shuffling bits of stone with the tips of my sneakers, I walk the length of the bridge, once more, then stop at midpoint. Out of the corner of my eye, I see a young man lean in and rest his arms on the granite railing.

“Hello Precious,” he smiles, “I’m glad you are here.”

His hair is shiny and black. Deep brown, muted with colours of sunset, his skin is smooth beneath deerskin covering and leggings wrapped from ankle to thigh. A single feather floats by the side of his face and orange strokes sweep the bridge of his nose. My body tingles with anticipation. I know who he is but he appears now as the young man recovered from his twisted, hideous state. I know all the questions, “Is this a vision, as you appeared to Celia before?” “Why am I drawn here to this site and into a search for the role you play in my life?” “What is it you want me to know?” I am ready to speak when beside me, startled; I feel the breath of another, a feminine presence. A woman steps in next to me. Her dress is the same tan deerskin tied with a sash.

The woman strolls to the center between me and the young man. “This woman is your lineage, Precious, she is from your clan. Over the generations, she has passed our stories to her daughters and granddaughters until they reached your mother and you. We have always been with you.” I open my hands to acknowledge the woman but I know that I cannot touch her. Hodino:ni: have strict rules for dealing with beings not of this physical world.

“You have sourced knowledge of us which you have carried in your body since birth to a physical place, here at Onóndageh”, the young man says. “Your blood connects to this land.”

I step back from the railing and try to catch my breath. I reassure myself with teachings from my culture that tell of spirits who travel to work for good. “This is the message you wish me to know? But what does it mean?”

“I appear to you because you carry Celia’s humanity, qualities of being human, split off and hidden in the subconscious part of herself. The origin of her unrest is unknown to her because you carry the affects of injustice, humanity denied.”

“If you mean cruelty and isolation, I’m better, now,” I say. “Celia and I care for each other; I walk more closely with her, now.”

“Once you arose in Celia’s consciousness, your work together began toward her integration of self. But some aspects of cruelty have no words, recognizable to a child, at least.”

“What aspects? Racism? The shame of being different?” I ask.

“You say those words so easily, Precious. It was a process, evident to Celia only by its pain, the distress of imprinting conditions of powerlessness. Her mother, imprinted herself, could only watch in horror as it happened to Celia.”

“Rejecting true self to fit the modern world; Celia understands that.”

The young man raises his hand to interrupt. “Privilege in the modern world affords rights and benefits, humanity, while for others denial of rights sanctions inhumanity. What remains a mystery to Celia, even today, is that she underwent the process of dehumanization.”

“Celia understands colonization, how it works...” I reply.

“I speak of the internal dynamic of anger-fear imprinted by denial of liberty, the right to exalt identity, turned inward to dehumanize self as an object. Anger becomes self-loathing while fear locks one in the cycle of reproach against self. The dynamic generates a state, seemingly, of helplessness. It drives Celia’s obsession with perfectionism and addiction.”

I look toward the car in search of Celia but the parking lot is empty. The branches of the willow trees droop low to shelter their cavernous coolness out of the sun, now raised to heat zenith in the summer sky. In the background, Onondaga Hill casts forth its stately silhouette.

“Celia named the anger-fear dynamic *Killer and Self-Doubt*,” I reason aloud, “they exist in her consciousness; we’ve dealt with that issue.”

The young man interjects, “There is a missing value Celia seeks in her research, thus she actualized Onondageh from her dream as the landscape in which the lost element will arise.” He moves closer toward me and reaches to clasp the hand of the ancestral woman. They can touch because they are from the same world.

“Stories, lost knowledge, repressed, surface here in the physical world of Onondageh, linked by blood to your people. We represent the key Celia awaits to release the memory of self.”

Their arms enfold then slide to a circle around my waist. The woman leans to the ear of the young man. His smile responds and they spin the circle to impulse images that overlap around me. Faster and faster they turn, and they sing into the radiance of the midday sun.

“We are your identity, Precious.”

“By this song, the memory of us arises in you, celebrated and free.”

The white and tan colours of fawn skin blend gradually, until yellow flowers mix with red on the print of the woman’s dress. Shiny circles wrap her waist and her white hair falls, fastened to the side with a silver comb. My grandmother’s white moccasins trim her feet.

“The missing value, confusion, stirring of loss and disconnection is mended. We are your history, your solidarity with faith in culture and your language, the words of love and tenderness.”

With increasing speed, they spin the circle until it ascends into the summer air. “The key Celia seeks is already hers, though you. We exist in you. You hold Celia’s identity, her humanity. Tell her this knowledge is the message I wish her to know,” they whisper and then they are gone.

The breeze whirls in eddies of summer wind across the landscape and through my hair. I ignore the whizzing traffic on the turnpike behind me, survey the lay of the creek valley and allow loose tobacco leaves to slip through my fingers into the water. Salty moisture trickles down to my mouth and I bend to the ground leaving a handful of butterscotch mints at the foot of the bridge.

○○○

“Celia, turn back. Retrace the steps of your first trip to where you entered the valley. There, we’ll find the section of Onondaga Creek where Tadodá:ho⁷ made his home.”

“And how do you know this, Precious?” Celia questions.

“After the experience on the bridge this morning, how can you ask?” I adjust my sunglasses and crank up the volume of the radio. “Trust me, I’m directed.”

We follow South Avenue north from the turnpike and stop at a 7 Eleven for coffee and fruit. Responding to Celia’s request for directions to the Brighton Street Exit off US 81, the clerk suggests we follow Brighton Street - which happens to be the next left turn – a back road into the city which links to the main highway at Exit 17. If we had followed the expressway, as planned, we would have missed Tadodá:ho⁷s home. Into the city, the creek appears as Amelia described. Fenced and channelled, the stream is difficult to access, much of it confined to culverts that pass under residential and commercial areas. We drive in silence, but determined to recapture the creek in its natural flow, we trail it along open park space that ends at a deserted playing field. A metal swing bridge covered in vines extends over the canal and once we cross to the opposite bank, we realize the bridge provides passage through, as though claimed by, canopies of rainforest that tower above the creek. Small woody vines grow against and around trees for support in the dense underbrush while larger vines grow thick as trees that overhang the creek, seemingly independent of inshore vegetation. Though channelled and managed, Onondaga Creek runs deep and swift over the bed of the canal, while canopies of living forests, uncompromised, reject intended annihilation, and mark Tadodá:ho⁷s home inhabited centuries ago.

In jangle of traffic through multilevel interchanges of downtown Syracuse, an itinerant vehicle cuts into our lane with inches to spare. The car windows are open and Celia hums a melody I recognize as Hai Hai, the healing song of the Condolence Ceremony. Since the occasion of our departure is unrelated to the sacred ceremony, Celia sings the melody of the song but uses English words of prayer and thanksgiving for all that we have learned. We bid farewell to our ancestors at Onóndageh and head west to Cayuga Lake, the land of her father's people.

○○○

**Figure 13: Integrating Place, Integrating Spirit
Onóndageh and Six Nations**

A Collaged Reflective Map Inspired by Gillian Speers in *Making sense of place: Mapping as a multisensory research method* (Powell, 2010, p. 550)



Onóndageh

Six Nations of the Grand River Territory

Textures

Built from photographs representing lived environment, cultural knowledge and textual elements in landscape at two Hodinohso:ni: communities

Purpose

Collage depicts subjective, lived sense of places

Observations

Onondagas have a continuous sense of place connecting Six Nations to their homelands at Onóndageh. Celia considers both places her home

- eyagoyaʔdadaiháto:k - longhouses constructed of logs, trees, keep our bodies warm
- Onondaga Creek at Onóndageh and McKenzie Creek at Six Nations hold knowledge and history of our territories
- unbounded terrain of our homelands remains uninterrupted, uniting Hodinohso:ni: territories in reverence for landscape of creation
- women compassionately teach, lead and uphold knowledge of our languages, ceremonies and way of life

Account of a Shared Conversation

Reaction and Discussion

In analysis of separate accounts that report results of the return fieldtrip, Precious and I focus less on finding “‘truth’ (with a small ‘t’)” (Richardson and Lockridge, 2004, p. 240) and more on how different viewpoints shape similar experiences. While it was planned that the character Tadodá:ho⁷, spiritual guide, would act to facilitate the final conversation, the discussion of reactions recorded, here, occurs between myself and Precious, with reference to written accounts provided previously. In keeping with protocol of respect for characters in Hodinohso:ni: stories, Tadodá:ho⁷s role to impart advice grounded in cultural knowledge is accommodated as part of Precious’s account, rather than as contrived caricature. I am responsible for transcribing the conversation, thus I rely, here, on professional literature, as I did in my account, to support both mine and Precious’s learning that resulted from the research. Due to the summative nature of the conversation, discussion reviews results to conclude this chapter, as well as the dissertation research story, thus observations draw from experiences of both fieldtrips to Onóndageh.



We walk our six rounds this morning just before 6 A.M. A mist lingers above the trees. The morning light before the day begins is blue and cool. The trees, hundreds of feet high, tower in the breeze and moist air. In their strength and groundedness, I see their antiquity. They are like my ancestors rooted in the earth here at Six Nations along the Grand River. Lining the horizon, the hardwoods tuck safe, lean in with each other, protected as they protect us. They grow in nature, as they should, untouched, unharmed. My grandfather’s home is located across the creek from the school yard where we walk, in the same green valley, where as a child I breathed the

aura the trees emit. But each morning they reveal more of their beauty and rootedness to me. I notice the sun has risen now. The sky is red streaked which means the day will be hot. I like the morning sun but now as it rises, the landscape colours change. The birds don't sing as loudly, their early dawn singing session is over. It's the sun's turn to rise, now. The brightness hits my eyes so I need to cover them. Mostly, I notice the sun shifts its red hues to the terrain and it is then I realize we have been walking in the cool, dawn breeze before the earth awakens.

The school yard is empty during the summer months. After the third round we head toward the playground equipment, hard yellow plastic, swings and climbing gyms, empty of course, waiting for children to return in the fall. On the sidewalk there is a hop-scotch pattern outlined in white chalk. We find a single picnic table in the vast open yard and I set up the Panasonic recorder.

Celia: This is the idea; let's make a conversation.

Precious: A consistent theme is weather, especially the summer heat, like a character that threads through both of our narratives, fitting for a travel piece on landscape.

Celia: Weather reflects emotional and narrative tone of the story accounts. We travel to and arrive at Onóndageh in the intensity of summer, bright and powerful, similar to experience and knowledge we anticipate we will discover there. And the reconnaissance trip, undertaken two years earlier, occurs in spring, which marks new growth mixed with winter's chill, signifying discovery of knowledge in uncertain, unexplored territory.

Precious: Regarding uncertainty, I sense a goal of your inquiry, though not stated explicitly, is to confirm ancestral knowledge invests itself in the Great Law landscape. In fact, you

mention hesitancy to proclaim as such, despite continuing to do so, while the fieldtrip purpose implies you seek such knowledge in physical sites of our homelands.

Celia: I think you're right, especially regarding the first fieldtrip, thus the use of the term *reconnaissance* in the section title. I wanted to source a feeling of connection, follow ““footprints or ‘tracks’” (Basso, 1996, p. 31) into past narrated place worlds that deepen awareness of the present. But though you perceive uncertainty, the theme of defining identity in context of landscape is strong, even in my account of the first trip. Notice the theme intensifies with study of Basso (1996), followed by Mohawk (1978a, 1978b) and Sheridan and Longboat (2006), in support of Amelia's idea that landscape defines who we are as Hodinohso:ni:. Certainly, your account of the return trip accentuates the theme since *Tadodá:ho'* emerges as Identity, with a capital “I”, from ancestral lands at Onóndageh.

Precious: This chapter is built on instinct for sentience in the ecology of Hodinohso:ni: territorial lands (Sheridan & Longboat, 2006). A vision of our homelands, embedded in your subconscious via oral stories, appeared as you began writing the dissertation. Though “not unusual for us not to know why an image...appears” (Mojica, 2009, p. 98), only later is the reason revealed. The images you saw were raw texts of landscape in which cultural inheritance, the founding of Hodinohso:ni: nations as we know them today, unfolded. Following that instinct into inquiry led to important concepts of decolonization in Indigenous societies and how decolonizing forces operate in context of personal experience.

Celia: Of these, the most pressing and conspicuous issue is the dialectic between tradition and modernity, understood as a form of colonization, and perhaps more important is how Indigenous Peoples regenerate culture as means to break the bond that ties us to a colonial past

(Alfred, 2005). In fact, modernity, defined as both opposition to tradition and the paradigm in which opposition is reproduced (Mignolo, 2002), frames this chapter.

Precious: Tradition covered by modernity is a big topic. Your struggle to find evidence of ritual from Tadodá:ho's story embedded in the modern landscape of Syracuse, New York, epitomizes the legacy of colonization since physicality is visceral; the landscape is our body. Our homelands are now cities, highways and industry; our view of the world as ecologies of relationships competes with Eurocentrism, a theory based on belief in single commitment to "a new heaven, a new earth" (Battiste & Henderson, 2000, p. 22).

Celia: Modernity extends to the academy, for example in disciplines such as anthropology, built on imperatives of empire (Doxtater, 2004, Simpson, 2007), and in this, technologies ascribe to erase traditions of Indigenous people. To reclaim tradition through scholarship, Indigenous academics have moved from relying, solely, on western theories to frame and critique Indigenous ontology. So inspired, in preparing this conversation, by Indigenous scholars theorizing Indigenous issues, I wonder if I had read their work first, if this thesis would have been a different thesis. I've carried this question throughout the writing of the dissertation. In a way, my research reflects the struggle between modernity and tradition; a balance of western theory and theories arising from Indigenous practices, though my definitions may be simplistic. How much should I rely on western theory to support ontology of the Hodinohso:ni: world? Did I rely too much? Do I co-opt cultural knowledge by using western research methodology? These questions remain even now as I approach the conclusion of my research.

Precious: In questioning your chosen research methodology, perhaps your concern is whether autoethnography commits to meaningful political change as does social justice research.

Celia: Yes, but I raise my concern here to stress research imperative to confront directly, modernity's attempt to conquer Indigenous territorial, political, and spiritual realities. Scholars such as Mohawk (2000) expose ideology of "pursuit of the ideal", the search for a perfect society, arising from Eurocentric beliefs, many related to "utopian visions" (p. 1). Colonial expansion sanctioned "rationalization of racial superiority" (Mohawk, 2004, p. 115) thus Indigenous cultural values and religious traditions perceived not "part of this quest for a utopian future...are structurally devalued in the meta-narrative that seeks to rationalize hierarchy, colonization and objectification of nature" (p. 117). To educate from Indigenous perspective in the academy, interrupts Eurocentrism as the centre of world cultures, meaning Indigenous people turn away from the legacy of colonialism toward creating a new reality for ourselves (Alfred, 2005).

Precious: In my account, I refrained from discussing in detail modernity's most striking toll on Hodinohso:ni: tradition; the destruction of the Finger Lakes watershed, a complex system of lakes and rivers that replenishes Hodinohso:ni homelands. Onondaga Lake and its major tributary Onondaga Creek reached by the Seneca River upstream from several Finger Lakes, including Cayuga Lake, form the western portion of the watershed in what is now Central New York State. From the east, the Oswego River – a juncture of the Oneida River and Onondaga Creek - conjoins the Seneca River confluence at the tip of Onondaga Lake then flows north into Lake Ontario, out to the St Lawrence River and empties into the North Atlantic Ocean. Channelized, beginning in 1885, for settler expansion and commercial use, the whole of the river network in the watershed, as well as the Hudson River and Niagara River corridor, comprises the New York State Canal System. Onondaga Lake, fed by chemical waste and toxic dumps since 1880, is today, the most polluted lake in America (Onondaga Nation, 2007b). Onondaga Creek, its main tributary, culverted and piped, flows under downtown Syracuse,

“completely absorbed into the city sewer system” (Onondaga Environmental Institute, 2007, p. 7). In heavy rainfall, combined pollutant runoff and “untreated sewage” empties directly into Onondaga Creek (Currie, Firstenberg, Geartz, Jeffords, Kreider, & Nodine, 2009, p. 7) and enters the watershed through Onondaga Lake. In 2005, the Onondaga Nation (2007a) petitioned the federal court to declare that the State of New York, the City of Syracuse, Onondaga County, and five corporations violated federal law resulting in illegal land takings and damage inflicted on Central New York’s environment. The Onondaga Nation, today, partners with several revitalization projects to improve water quality within the waters network.

Celia: I recall Amelia’s specific details about the location of the renowned meeting on the shores of Onondaga Lake, where “warring nations accepted the message of peace, laid down their arms, and formed the Haudenosaunee Confederacy” (Onondaga Nation, 2007b, ¶ 2). Tracking Onondaga Creek, she said, to the point where the Seneca River and the Oswego River meet at the top of the lake, Tadodá:ho⁷ walked out to meet Peacemaker and newly established chiefs; it is, most likely, the location of the first Condolence Ceremony. Before hearing Amelia’s description of the lakes and rivers network, which mirrors physical maps, exactly, I bypassed historic water routes that mark Hodinohso:ni: tradition and underlie the modern landscape. The Onondagas strive to remain stewards of Onondaga Lake and its surrounding environment.

Precious: The extent of research on the condition of the Finger Lakes watershed, along with major revitalization studies (Haudenosaunee Environmental Task Force, 2010; Onondaga Environmental Institute, 2012; Onondaga Nation, 2007a, 2007c; New York State Department of Environmental Conservation, 2012) warrants further inquiry.

Celia: It’s interesting that you mention Onondaga Creek as controlled and managed, yet you note the underside of its beauty, reflected as well, in my account of the creek flowing

naturally through Onondaga Nation Territory. The creek emerged as a symbol of Hodinohso:ni: vitality, inherent and unexploited in some places, in others, defiant of the channel of constraint, running deep and swift while displaying vibrant canopies of living forests.

Precious: Also related to physicality and movement in the landscape, your concern for sourcing new knowledge in familiar terrain is offset by tracing and recording roads and numbered highways, such NY Route 11A, Brighton Street Exit off US 81, and Seneca Turnpike, US Route 173. Reading your account was at times like following a road map.

Celia: The tags are accurate highway numbers and road names. Naming them gave me a sense of belonging; relationship to the people and physical locale at Onóndageh, on and off reservation, where Onondagas travel. Map features, combined with landmark photographs and topography established my connection to ancestral lands, one of few remaining “place[s] in the world where [Onondagas] talk [Onondaga] language to each other” (Woodenlegs, cited in Rosier, 2006, p. 1300). So much so, I felt I brought Onóndageh home with me to Six Nations.

Precious: In your dissertation proposal, you stated the premise of your research is that all humans are capable of personal change and healing trauma response. Throughout the previous chapters you illustrate elements required for a therapeutic process; a supportive network, active feeling and expression of emotion, and acceptance or action moving to clear thinking (paraphrased from Antone, Hill & Myers, 1986, p. 38). By this fourth and final chapter, you discover that the character, Tadodá:ho⁷, Confederacy chief from your nation, has led you to Onóndageh to resolve the final healing elements for self-transformation. Are you satisfied you have uncovered knowledge for which Tadodá:ho⁷ led you to Onóndageh?

Celia: Yes, definitely. The central learning events at Onóndageh, namely, the visit with clanmother, Amelia, and Tadodá:ho⁷'s appearance on the bridge at Onondaga Creek, impart

conclusive knowledge for this chapter, as well as, for the dissertation. Amelia's narrative of original instructions – human life exists with the natural and spiritual universe for contributive purpose – confirmed landscape is the whole of creation where healing knowledge originates. By celebrating creation, I replenish universal forces, including my own human spirit, thus caring for universal others is an act of self-love, self-healing. Her synthesis of original instructions arising in the Great Law's three principles, as described by Mohawk (1978b), led me to rely on actions intrinsic to those values as personal healing tools which I use in meditation every day. Amelia reinforced my faith in Hodinohso:ni: tradition as a source of healing and empowerment. Moreover, our conversation on that hot summer day, assured me that in my life journey, I am not alone. Akin to the Great Law symbol for unity of five Hodinohso:ni: nations, men, women and children, young and old, stand firmly in tradition through practice, "like five arrows, each fragile on its own but unbreakable when bound together" (Williams, 2003, p. 269).

Precious: Tadodá:ho⁷'s materialization at Onondaga Creek supports Mojica's (2009) idea that blood memory texts arise in an imagined world, established, and bears out Basso's (1996, p. 5) conjecture that "certain localities [prompt] the past transform[ed] and supplant[ed] in...the present". That Tadodá:ho⁷ approached me, once split-off and hidden in your subconscious, is significant. Self-study raised me to your awareness toward integration of personality elements, "like Freud's id, ego and superego, when they all work together, are braided together, we get healing" (D. Moses, 2011, personal communication). The true purpose of Tadodá:ho⁷'s emergence is to facilitate the final element required for personality integration. That is, "to reconquer all the dimensions which colonization tore away from [you]" (Memmi, 1965, p. 120), Tadodá:ho⁷ emerged as identity, reclaimed by you as restorative spirit.

Celia: You asked if I discovered knowledge *Tadodá:hoʷ* led me to find. Beginning the dissertation, back to the proposal stage, I sought pragmatic solutions in the therapeutic simulacrum of *Tadodá:hoʷ* for facing trauma; cause and effect, conditions, healing steps, decision-making - the intricate procedures to replicate my own path of transformation. I struggled “to figure out what these dynamics are and how they shaped [me]. And we’ll never come to the final truth regarding ourselves” (Richardson and Lockridge, 2004, p. 71). But throughout the dissertation, including here in the travel narrative, via shared dialogue of “your vision and representation and my vision and representation”, we created “a new truth between us” (p. 69). A metaphor for truth in postmodern texts, which includes autoethnography, “is the crystal,...[since] crystals are prisms that reflect externalities and refract within themselves” (Richardson, 1997, p. 92). Depending on our angle of vision, *Tadodá:hoʷ* refracted colours, shapes and patterns of identity, emerging as truth that *Tadodá:hoʷ* is identity, light, in “both waves and particles” (p. 92) renewing cultural self at the root of decolonization. In answer to your question, yes, I believe *Tadodá:hoʷ* is spiritual conscience that binds “sources of [Hodinohso:ni:] goodness and power...[with] each other, our cultures, and our lands” (Alfred, 2005, p. 20).

Precious: *Tadodá:hoʷ*'s truth - to embrace identity is to love self, an act resulting in self-transformation, which in turn regenerates culture and recreates society - stands as resistance to modernity in Alfred's (2005, p. 19) “new reality” of Indigenous existences.

Celia: Building on Memmi's (1965, p. 119) “two answers of the colonized” - assimilate or revolt - Alfred (2005) advocates for change through revolt, redefined not as armed resistance but as “non-violent contention” (p. 22); a commitment to cultural, regenerative struggle, while surging against the oppressive state, rejecting “colonial postures of weak submission, victimry and...violence” (p. 20). Altering power relations to recreate Indigenous worlds, results from

attitude, “a courageous way of being in the world”, which Alfred calls *Wasase*, “an ancient [Hodinohso:ni:] war ritual” of unity, strength and commitment to action (p. 19). While *Wasase* symbolizes political and ethical ideals, it is a “spiritual revolution” (p. 27) to remake modernity’s landscape of power and relationship so as to reflect “a liberated post-imperial vision”. The spirit of *Wasase* embodies *Tadodá:hoʷs* message to reclaim tradition, and by doing so I perform the rite of resurgence, a transformative act which is the point of the dissertation.

Precious: I assume reclaiming tradition means “enactment of the relational model of [Indigenous beliefs]” (Jocks, 2004, p. 146), the everyday performance of relationships related to structures of reciprocity, generosity, social provision of material security, gender respect – qualities of the Good Mind – as well as ceremonial, educational and political rituals.

Celia: All of these projects resist modernity and like Jocks (2004), I understand Indigenous resistance is animated by “deeply held convictions about what a good life is” (p. 147). Amelia’s words ring in my ears; “And it’s so simple,” she would have said.

Precious: There is one topic we did not write about; our trip to Cayuga Lake.

Celia: The original plan for the fieldtrips included a complex ceremony of letting go - *agahtgáʷ*, release - of hurts and sorrow implicated by historical trauma. And yes, we did complete the ceremony at Cayuga Lake. Offering tobacco, I spoke to the forces of colonial trauma acknowledging its vastness, too big that it overtook us, leaving tracks within my people. Memmi (1965) explains the “colonized can wait a long time to live. But regardless of how soon or how violently the colonized rejects his situation, he will one day begin to overthrow his unliveable existence with the whole force of his oppressed personality” (p. 120). For me, in the length of time entailed to write the dissertation, I let go, with understanding, of colonization’s hold on me. The process of writing the dissertation revealed the resilience of *Hodinohso:ni:*,

intact, strong and forever committed to our history, lands and culture. I realize, now, the gifts my father bestowed to me, the influence of his Cayuga heritage on my development, and of course his language which I currently study. My research confirmed what I already knew, the dominant Onondaga bloodline of my mother, matrilineal kinship protected, cherished and passed to us, binds our family and clan, perpetually. As my dissertation research progressed, my insight into historical trauma grew, alongside knowledge that my parents, siblings and I belong, united, in a family which challenged and faced down colonial forces. Our ancestors would be proud!



When Precious and I return to the track to complete our walk, it is late afternoon. On our fourth round, we turn with the curve of the track and I notice a small tree near the playground entrance. It is obvious the children have planted it. Though I pass it each day, this is the first time, I really see it. It is a little tree that looks like it has had rough times getting even to the height it is. It stands about 3 feet high. Its trunk is gnarled but thick and I can tell by the bark it is an old tree, not young though it is small. The foliage is hearty and green in full bloom as revealed in the month of July. At the top of the branches, a squiggly growth sprouts from the main trunk so the little tree looks irregular. It is strong I can see that. Perhaps its roughness comes from being in the midst of people-traffic probably trampled many times, knocked over, neglected but not intentionally, just a casualty of being too close to rough play. Yet the little tree survived. I think it represents children, now grown to adults or passed into the spirit world, across the generations. As liberated, empowered participants in society, *our* children, my grandchildren included, will remember their ancestors, as I do today. They will see the trees, their antiquity and the earth to which they are rooted. The knowledge of who they are will remain strong, having triumphed modernity's privileged state. Perhaps, they will walk in the blue pre-dawn hours and think of us.

Epilogue

A Story of Inspiration Assembled from Primary Sources¹²

March 2010: A field journal entry: Omgosh, rereading notes from 2008, the summer I wrote my dissertation proposal. Diagrams of reading concepts and charts with arrows show me trying to figure topic and approach to my research. How far I've come ♥. Will look back at this note and marvel...Like learning language and ceremonies, research and writing is intense. Building my being with new knowledge is intense. I know I'm learning if I examine deeply, my physical, emotional, intellectual and spiritual realms all transforming at once.



April 2010: Note from process journal: Finding my way. Wish I found this book earlier. No, just write what you've read so far; the Buddy Goodall (2000) model. As I read I think I found my place to write from. Reflect on culture; view research as cultural practice, not for how I can use theory, but for patterns of what writing those theories mean. Read patterns as cultural performance. Is my worldview or other realities reflected? Is what's being said - or omitted - evidence of cultural imprints or products of the academy's or the writer's meaning? I learn to read signs and symbols for emancipatory discourses, such as open discussion about goals of critique and resistance, evidence of alternate methods and reflexive texts, sometimes written as stories or poems. Linking research, theories and methods with story hinges on the word *culture*, the study of culture, ethnography. New ethnographers co-opt ethnographic methods, sans desire to possess the world through collecting (yippee ☺), rooted in story form and use of personal voice in writing about lived experiences. To arrive at his conclusions, Dr Bud changed his storyline.



From: [Celia, PhD Candidate](#)
To: elizabeth@vooght.com
Sent: Saturday, July 10, 2010 6:24 PM
Subject: **a paper in Comic Sans MS font**

¹² This concept originates in the research of T. E. Adams, 2011.

Hi Elizabeth: I downloaded your article (Vooght, 2005) from the autoeth list serve. What a delight!! It invokes wonderful memories of first discovering ae and it certainly freed my writing voice again today!! Thanks!!

I'm wondering if you ever published the article. I'd like to reference your paper in my dissertation if that's okay but I don't see a date, journal or conference title where it was presented.

Thanks again.
I hope this note reaches you.

Hi Celia: I presented the paper at the University of the West of England, UK on Friday 24th June 2005.... (Elizabeth responds in Comic Sans MS font).



December, 2010: A professional notebook entry: In the dissertation, the research of H. L. (Bud) Goodall Jr. does not appear to play as significant a part, as say, the work of Carolyn Ellis or Norman Denzin. That's because, I always intended the final chapter to be about Bud Goodall's work; about how *Writing the New Ethnography* (Goodall, 2000) effected the direction and development of my thesis. *The little red book* (Poulos, 2009) offers advice for turning qualitative data and fieldnotes into compelling representations of social life. But it is written as a story. That's what drew me in. Before now, I have never read an academic book I couldn't put down. I'm reading Chapter 2, pg 45: Finding the story in ethnographic words. *Dr. Bud*, his students call him, always a detective (his dad was a spy, for real!), seeks to solve the mystery of how to regain his passion for creative writing (Penn State, rhetorical biography as PhD, writing as method) while remaining a tenured professor in communication studies (subdiscipline -organizational comm). How to do it? Find a new story line...Reread org-comm scholarship to find ongoing conversation in discipline/subdiscipline. Read to find a way in, i.e. a gap in conversation where creative expression might fit. Read for clues. Read a lot. Trust the process. Initial clues led to metaphors: public speaking as *conversation* and forms of *personal address*. More clues pp 49-58. Seek way of connecting clues. Aim to find a gap in conversation re discipline/subdiscipline from which to speak about creative scholarly writing that is credible to peers. Here's process:

Goal: Recapture creative voice in scholarly writing
Inventory what you know already about scholarly forms.
Reread org-comm scholarship, read for clues, find way to connect clues
See emerging scholarly story..."You will have found the basic disciplinary storyline (p. 58).

Find gap in literature that new storyline (creative writing) can connect to.

- Org-comm storyline Dr Bud detects...problem solving model regulates scholarly writing, teaching & research as the proper form of expression, legitimate construction of knowledge.
- GAP in scholarship Dr. Bud uncovers: Representation, the crisis of... voices underrepresented need alternative scholarly forms... Finds Pacanowsky & O'Donnell-Trujillo (1983) article; a study of an organization's *culture* as way to challenge social science paradigm for research *and* the dominant scholarly essay format for reporting it!!
- New story line solved: Human stories of org comm can be accomplished by centring on rituals, rites, use of humour etc, as *cultural performances*, i.e. as studied in ethnography.
- Dr. B takes "the ethnographic turn" (2000, p. 45).
- Bud Goodall contributed the third book length study in his discipline using autoethnographic methods. See *Casing a promised land* (1989).

○○○

July 2010: Response to an interview on Critical Lede, an online podcast: Did 6 turns around track so 1 km and a half. Good job, Cel. Last week sluggish hahaha more than usual. Slept awesome last night. Sky was magical lightening; twinkling electric sky, cool breeze filled with moisture waifed through windows scattering the papers on my desk; it's what woke me up. Focus, energy back today but it's going to be 40 degrees! As I walk I listen to an interview with Dr. Bud. Amazing work! 22 books, many articles. Now he's researching for US military re how tracing counter narratives of Islamic sects determine threat of armed uprising. How cool is that? The study of narratives can change the world!! Love it. CHANGE THE WORLD; GOOD THEME. Investigate. So Dr. Bud for last chapter. His work inspires me!! It always has; not the quantity of writing but how his work speaks to "my soul as a *writer*" (2000, p. 46).

On the last turn of the track, I imagine the struggle Dr. B must have faced to write in the beginning. He honed then used as a platform for his academic work, the skill of perseverance; the goal to become a writer and in that frame of mind, he wrote every single day. But he must have struggled in the beginning; that's part of the process of being a writer. That inspires me. Now, all he's accomplished!! And I contend with my first huge product; my initiation to book writing. But now, it feels good. I will struggle and learn. Listening to the hosts' questioning, I understand Dr. B seeks to contribute knowledge about narrative scholarship. Narrative! My chosen field, my love, what I want to do!! My arms swing, my feet hit the ground, I see deeply what Dr. Bud is doing is creating knowledge about the power of writing!! His scholarly pursuit is contributing knowledge about the power of narrative, writing creativity, and how it applies in the world and in

academia. Right now, to write creatively is the highest goal I have for my work. I didn't aim to be an academic. But now I see the depth and purpose of writing in the academy; how it can change the world as Dr. Bud is doing in his work with the US military studying Islamic narrative. So cool. Of course, it took tons and tons of writing to get there. This morning, I understand the joy, the heights scholarship can take me to. I understand scholarship in a way I never did before.

○○○

August 2010: Note from process journal: I use previous notes re Goodall & storyline to confirm direction for my research. ** Preliminary notes, only. I have a research topic; humans are capable of transformation (the big mystery of my dissertation). But the mystery I search to uncover here is **the gap in new ethnographic methods where I can speak credibly about Tadodá:hoʔ, as simulacrum for self-change.** What scholarship did I read/now reread? Alternate methodologies in qualitative inquiry are now wide ranging, so I narrow my focus to literature re Indigenous research methodologies and new ethnographers.

CLUE: The universe is seen as a “transforming flux” (Batiste & Henderson, 2000, p. 75), ever-changing energy created by the interaction of forces within realms of change.

CLUE: Life is an intricate mystery; part derives from a cosmic kind of order and part evolves from our creative participation in everyday life (Goodall, 2001).

CLUE: Indigenous people believe humans maintain the energy flux by creating relationships with integral forces through ceremonies, stories, songs and dance (Batiste & Henderson, 2000).

CLUE: Spirituality (similar to *creativity* in English) is encased in and manufactured through Indigenous linguistic structures (Battiste & Henderson, 2000).

CLUE: Postmodernist perspective links language, subjectivity, social organization and power. Language is the centerpiece (Richardson, 2000).

CLUE: Language consists of *mntu'k* (*spirit* in Algonquian language) which gives rise to the perceived world; transcends it, energizes it, transforms it (Battiste & Henderson, 2000).

CLUE: Identity is formed by wording my world/my self into being (Bakhtin, 1984).

CLUE: Voice is me calling the ineffable, “call it spirit” (Goodall, 1996, p. 237), into being.

CLUE: Voice according to Hewitt (1902) is spirit, the life force.

CLUE: Spirit exists in me, and by exercising that force as my voice, through writing, I create relationships for change in the flux, the universe and in myself (Thomas, 2008b).

CLUE: Indigenous stories settle in body, mind and spirit (Archibald, 2008).

CLUE: All stories transform experience (Ellis, 1995).

CLUE: Story is theory (Richardson, 2000).

- Storyline for Indigenous methodologies I detect: Research agenda, determined by Indigenous people, privileges approaches grounded in Indigenous contexts, histories and ideals.

- Storyline for new ethnographies I detect: Performative inquiry is emancipatory discourse concerned with new ways of reading, writing and performing culture.
- Gap in scholarship between disciplines I uncover: Interpretive performance theory can work in Indigenous settings if grounded in local meaning, customs, and community relations.
- New storyline that confirms direction of my research: I can speak credibly about Tadodá:ho⁷, the icon of self-transformation from a position of spirit and emancipation.
- Thanks Dr, Bud!! Your model helped trace my research back to spirit in language, the sacredness of writing as method of inquiry toward transformative change ☺☺.

○○○

June 2011: A field journal entry: Facebook status update from Dr. Bud:

Keep me and my family in your thoughts and prayers...

by Bud Goodall on Saturday, June 11, 2011 at 10:32 pm

Friends.... about three weeks ago I was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. I didn't want to make a public announcement but that seems a little beside the point now. I have a great oncologist and an aggressive treatment plan that begins on Monday, so if I am absent from time to time on fb, or don't return emails, now you'll know why. I have the love of my wonderful family, supportive colleagues and friends, and an optimistic attitude motivated by a strong desire to see San [his wife] complete her PhD in history and Nic [his son] complete his BA in psychology. I'll fight this disease as hard and as long as I can. Please don't send me sad notes, but I'll take all the strength, smiles, and good humor you can spare...

June 12 Sending you strength and good energy, Bud, and a great big a hug, too, ♥

June 12 Dr. Bud, you have much more to do!

June 12 Bud, as always, you are a model of dignity...

June 12 Dr. Bud, you are my hero. Love Carolyn

June 12 from Bud Thanks everyone! I feel stronger just reading your words...

June 13 There are lots of people out here willing to help in whatever way possible.

June 13 Sending love and prayers your way, Dr. Bud!!!

88 comments...

My comment: We're pulling for you, Bud!! Much love to you n family!!

(I re-read the news. My everyday world has stopped...)

○○○

August 2011: An excerpt from Morning Pages, a writing journal: Writing from last 6 months!

What healing. I'm glad I kept this journal... How did I begin talking about the energy flux, the life force? Colonial trauma tracks grooves in my spirit. When I get stuck in one, feeling takes over my brain to trump reasoning. So I am overwhelmed by feeeeling!!! My counsellor friend, Melissa, calls it *amygdale hijacking*, a vortex of fear. My mind gets confused, hijacking takes

over and I am lost, locked in the no talk, no feel, no motion, spin. I know it as *desawénye*⁷ - things stirring inside. Van der Kolk (2005) knows it as disassociation. (Believe it or not, it began as a protective measure!) Once stuck in the vortex, I rock my body, my mind to seek relief. I use anger, food addiction, co-dependency, perfectionism to rock my way out of the vortex. If I'm perfect enough, the fear will stop. If I eat sugar I won't feel the fear. If I beg love I will be accepted and the fear will stop. I use these vices to stave off fear. But I'm learning a better way! I am aware. I catch the moment when the vortex activates. I choose not to react. I choose self care; communicate, speak, stand up for myself, decide to act. I am visible, I have rights, oohhh baby steps, each step deflates the fear. So back to the flux. I wonder if *desawénye*⁷ is a pocket, a tangle of energy in the flux, otherwise stimulated by gratitude to renew itself. When hijacked, I can call on thankfulness to free and regenerate the life force. GIVE THANKS!!! I do. Each morning, I offer tobacco to anger, addiction and seeking acceptance to stand in for me, in the vortex, so they turn to something good (Duran, 2006). I'm free ♥ Thx Melissa!!



June 17, 2012: A field journal entry: Dr Bud maintains a blog on his webpage, <http://www.hlgoodall.com/> which I read to check his latest publications and forthcoming books and articles. Blog tags include *narrative, ethnography, family and friendship*, and now new tags appear; *cancer, chemotherapy, Four Directions Cancer Clinic*. We follow Bud's progress through blog posts introduced by a Facebook link; "Greetings, Friends! Here is today's blog post about my continuing adventures in Cancerland..." or some variation of those words.

June 16, 2011: Greetings, Friends! As many of you know, I am entering a new phase of my life. Being who I am, I am committed to writing through the experience as long as I am able to do it. Here is the first installment. Thanks for all your support - my fb family...

June 16, 2011: San brings breakfast; plus fiber additive to combat side effects of chemo.

July 5, 2011: Chemo round two (of twelve, then round four, then five).

July 9, 2011: Achieving routine while still being Bud; celebrating end of first set.

July 31, 2011: Round eight (then ten then twelve). "Miracles happen here."

Nov. 30, 2011: CA-19/9 marker is 32.9. Below 37 is considered "normal" or cancer free."

Nov. 30, 2011: The Happy Dance: tie-dyed tee-shirts, loud and crazy, the spirit of victory.

Nov. 30, 2011: "Rabbit, Rabbit, Rabbit." Say it on 1st day of every month for good luck.

Jan. 22, 2012: I drive myself to work; I do grocery shopping, I write my new book...

Feb. 4, 2012: Blood tests excellent; one of them is not.

Feb. 23, 2012: Second cycle, chemo round two (then three, four...)

Mar. 24, 2012: A gift, the very cool metal Moose, smiles; green eyes always on me.

Apr. 12, 2012: CA-19/9 marker up, back strain may be a pulled muscle....

Apr. 12, 2012: Cycle 3, chemo. Blessed to have San & Nic by my side, my colleagues...

Apr. 20, 2012: One year since I got sick; I'm in a new statistical category.

May 1, 2012. "Rabbit, Rabbit, Rabbit." We are truly blessed each and every day.

May 18, 2012: *Celebrating Bud*, a tribute to my work and life put together by my pals.

May 18, 2012: Norm's email said this year's QI Congress is dedicated to me.

May 25, 2012: More chemo, then radiation for my back, but "another day of li-i.i.i.fe!"

June 16, 2012: I choose not to make getting to the end easier. Keep on cheering!

○○○

June 18, 2012. Violet Post-It note on memo stick: Desawénye⁷ has become a quick depot stop for transformative tweaking in the life force. There, Corn Woman is my protector. She arose from the husk that was me, she is part of me; my identity. But we are a trio! Precious, I know as my spirit, the girl I was born to be; pale blue, cotton crisp dress, shiny black braids. Tadodá:ho⁷ can meet us, again, if needed, at the bridge in Onóndageh. We can always find him there.

○○○

July 1, 2012: Another Morning Pages excerpt: Writing that emerges from the confluence of deep, personal self-reflection and epiphany relies on rhetorical sources of creativity (Goodall, 2000). But what is creativity and where is its source? Bruner (1990) says the "push" to create narrative" (p. 77) is innate, there before we speak, in fact, orders the priority in which we master language. Inherent, even "in social interaction" (p. 77), the push to creative expression is inborn to all human beings! So it's come to this: the yearning to express art as writing is a natural, aesthetic curiosity. It is real! In my being, I hold a natural desire to seek mystery, express beauty and find truth, my own, even now after the struggles to write this dissertation. So how does Bud Goodall influence my research and writing? He reclaimed "creativity and passion [in his] writing" (2000, p. 46), confirming the narrative push exists. Follow it. Trust the process. "Find a book (it's usually a book that does it) that has some analogical application" (p. 56) to your work. That book for me was Bud Goodall's (2000) *Writing the New Ethnography*. Redefining ethnographic writing to solicit aesthetic experience as means to reach new understanding about self and the world, he affirmed it is an honourable goal in scholarship. As I persevered to complete my

research, it was his book that gave me confidence, belief in what I was doing! His life work inspired me. And what inspiration! Writing creatively will get me there. Thanks Dr Goodall!!

○○○

July 13, 2012: A second violet Post-It note: Thinking of Dr. Bud today. Our absolute hero. Sending love Dr. Bud. I am praying for you ♥♥. I really don't know you but I know the work you do. I cannot imagine a world without you in it. We're cheering, Dr Bud xoxo.

○○○

August, 26, 2012: Note from personal journal: In the early morning of August 24, 2012, Bud Goodall passed away. *Peacefully*, his wife, Sandra wrote on his blog. Happy travels, Buddy!! I know the roads you journey are all good ♥ xoxo. We will surely miss you...

A Statement of Methodology

Epitaph

The poisonous fire that had burned in his brain had so distorted his features that he became hideous to behold; his long glossy hair fell from his head and in its stead there grew serpents that writhed and hissed when he brushed them back from his face and coiled around his pipe in rage when he smoked. (Converse, 1908, pp. 118-119)

His lodge was in a swale and his nest was made of bulrushes. His body was distorted by seven crooks, his fingers and toes terminating with hissing snakes twisting continually in all directions and in all manner of shapes. He could kill by projecting his mind, he could read minds and could foretell the future. Moreover, this monster was a devourer of [flesh] even of human flesh. He was also a master of wizardry and by his magic he destroyed men but he could not be destroyed. Adodarho was the name of this evil man. (Converse, 1908, pp. 128-129)

Opening Statement

I place the epitaph at the opening of the statement because Tadodá:ho⁷ is a stunning icon for inhumanity, a descent into madness, with a powerful message that any man, even “a Great Witch, a man of the greatest evil” (Gibson, 1912, p. 173) is capable of reformation no matter how great his descent into irrationality. I view Tadodá:ho⁷'s image as “*punctum*” (Barthes, 1980, p. 43) a detail in a photograph, for example, that attracts attention but its source cannot be named. Straight on, Tadodá:ho⁷'s head of serpents is certainly the detail that disturbs me apart from and not attributed to his crooked body and mind. I feel initial fear and shock, for I believe that is the intent, but in addition, “I recognize, with my whole body” (p. 45) sympathy, “almost a kind of tenderness” (p. 43) for his condition. Perhaps his image, like his story is intended to elicit feelings of opposites which settle in my mind and body as I contemplate the many messages Tadodá:ho⁷ represents; a struggle for good from evil, unity arising from chaos, peace as justice not merely

absence of violence and much more. At least, it is my experience when I view his image or hear it described, I discern truth from a source not named in the obvious message.



Figure 14: Tadodá:hoʔ, The Evil Sorcerer
Onondaga Nation Website, 2009

Problematic

Before evil befell him, Tadodá:hoʔ dwelt as a mild-mannered youth among his people, the Onondaga - one of five, and later six Hodinohso:ni: nations - who lived at Onondaga Hill, the present location of Syracuse, New York. His story sits in what Hodinohso:ni: consider the standard source for cultural knowledge, the oral literature of Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law: a message to promote peace among all humans. The Great Law is based on the premise that self is a rational being and a belief that others are also capable of rationality. In this way, “rational minds seek, create and maintain peace” (Williams, 2003, p. 154). When I tell Hadiwaedihs, the old people, I want to write about Tadodá:hoʔ, his distorted then later transformed self, they tell me his story is not just about him. Indeed, the oral literature comprised of Hodinohso:ni: cosmology, portions of which converge with ceremonial texts and protocol, is complex. “But it is all a part of the same thing”, the old people say.

Recited orally in one of five Hodinohso:ni languages, the Great Law is transmitted as story, “symbolic literac[y]” (Battiste, 1984, p. 18), about nations transformed from a state of war to a union of peace. Simply put, the Great Law of Peace “is the founding constitution of the Haudenosaunee [sic] Confederacy and is the underlying basis for Haudenosaunee [sic] society” (Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 2006). But it is also a story of individual struggle for rationality thereby contributing to a common peace, a common mind; this is the message enfolded in “the Great Law [that] explains itself throughout the whole law” (Thomas, 1989, p. viii). I open with Tadodá:ho’s story because it represents an existential theme in the context of my culture which is the intent of my dissertation. Though it sits in a larger story of humans seeking peace in the face of mortality, “the secret cause of all suffering” (Campbell & Moyers, 1988, p. xiii), at the same time it is the story of an individual who triumphs suffering “not denied if life is to be affirmed”. I understand Tadodá:ho’s story is not just about him; certainly, it is my story. Perhaps it is everyone’s story.

When people in my community ask me the topic of my dissertation I say, “It’s about Tadodá:ho and reformation of being”. I leave out the suffering part. But I think of his knotted body; “his eyes sh[aking] in horror [so] he could not focus them” (Mohawk, 1987); his matted serpent hair and I know suffering, his and others’, is involved. While the premise of my dissertation is that all human beings are capable of change, I cannot speak of reformation while denying the binary with suffering, otherwise what is a human being re-formed from? Campbell and Moyers (1988) stress that research must describe human beings “in all their imperfections” (p. 4), including suffering. Rollo May (1983) describes suffering as “angst”, an “ontological characteristic of man, rooted in his very existence” (p. 109). While I cannot deny suffering, I choose to think of it in a different way. In my research, I use autoethnography and writing as

methods to create an autoethnographic novel to examine dimensions of self-change, identity, language, story and critical theory; all this is layered with philosophical perspectives from my culture denoting transformation and creativity. But suffering is outside the text, always there, functioning as “other”, a tension against which self-change works and against which I write. I clarify, then, that I aim to focus my research on “true wisdom” more than on “reach[ing it] through suffering” (Campbell & Moyers, 1988, p. xii) and on “rationality [of Tadodá:ho’s thinking]” (Williams, 2003, p. 2) more than on “his entangled mind and spirit” (p. 151). As I talk with my neighbours about Tadodá:ho⁷ and his reformation related to my work, they don’t ask many questions. The mention of his name implies suffering, but it also implies triumph.

The speaker – *storyteller* is not used much in Hodinohso:ni literature – reciting the text neither instructs nor interprets Tadodá:ho’s story. The obvious lesson is rational thinking restores humanity, displaced by irrational mind, no matter how great the descent into irrationality. The image of writhing hair and twitching fingers rivets my brain and thoughts shuffle past fright to immediate questions: What conditions cause this to occur in a human being? What happens in a person’s brain when he loses humanity, loses self? What tool is so powerful that it can transform a mind? If the condition for Tadodá:ho’s suffering is “loss of being [in] a lost world” (May, 1983, p. 118) is the context for my existential struggle the colonization of Indigenous mind and body? Though Hodinohso:ni maintain cultural, political and spiritual self-determination, how much does colonization narrate my personal experience, my memories, my identity and sense of self? By writing my dissertation, will I uncover new bits of struggle and moving through it, understand how I process and analyze its manifestations? In doing so, will the act of writing transform me, tell the workings of my being and awaken it to resources in my culture to re-form itself? I admit I like Tadodá:ho’s story, first of course because he is Onondaga, same as me, but

more since his story “hides no illusion of objectivity” (Pelias, 2004, p. 1): instead it “open[s] spaces for dialogue, heal[ing]” bringing forward an emotionally vulnerable, evocative and poetic voice to examine anomaly and reformation close up.

Statement of Purpose

As an Hodinohso:ni: scholar, I wish to reclaim knowledge embedded in my language and cultural heritage to investigate transformative experience, “researching back” in the same tradition as “writing back” or “speaking back” that characterizes post-structuralist literature (Leiris, as cited in Clifford, 1988, p. 255). In Hodinohso:ni: knowledge, I find clues to “spiritual potentialities of the human life” (Campbell & Moyers, 1989, p.5) as simulacra to explore themes linked to “deep inner [tensions], inner mysteries, inner thresholds of passage” common to all human beings. Within an Indigenous paradigm, I locate my inquiry as “narration with additional dimensions” (Shacklock & Thorp, 2005, p. 156) in social, historical, and political contexts so subjective mapping of lived experience in Hodinohso:ni: social systems is meaningful, visibly constructed and transmittable within and across societies. Inquiry grounded in Indigenous thought and post-structuralist theory advances research by liberating practice and discourse to move understanding of Indigenous people and culture beyond the experience of colonization (Battiste, 2000).

Rationale

It is important to contribute research in which Indigenous scholars use our own voices and methods to tell about ourselves. It demonstrates Indigenous people validating knowledges to make space for our traditions in scholarship by reclaiming language, belief systems, and ways of constructing meaning. Philosophical methods derived from language and cultural mores are the

means for addressing central issues in research where Indigenous people and communities are concerned (Smith, 1999). I strive to develop these methods supported by tools gleaned from an Indigenous research paradigm supported by theoretical and post-structuralist critique for the purpose of advancing a new agenda in the Indigenous peoples' project. While Indigenous people, ourselves, analyze the affects of colonization, my research contributes to social justice, autonomy, and cultural identity for Indigenous nations and for individuals apart from the Eurocentric model and its beliefs about the natural world and human nature (Battiste & Henderson, 2000). My research contributes to an agenda that conceptualizes self-determination as a journey moving Indigenous people and individuals through decolonization toward transformation and healing.

Methodology: Approach to the Text

A research methodology is a theory and analysis of how research does or should proceed (Harding, 1987). Methodology entails theoretical approach and perspective (ontology and epistemology) while thinking through method, information collection strategies, analysis techniques and production and presentation of results (Mayan, 2009). I view methodology, set within an over-arching research paradigm, as the whole of my research plan, wherein this statement, I provide an account of the structure, design and process of writing the dissertation.

An Indigenous Research Paradigm

I situate my research within an Indigenous research paradigm (Wilson, 2008). Shawn Wilson seeks to develop a foundation for an Indigenous research paradigm answering Smith's (1999) call to decolonize western practices while at the same time develop "approaches to research that privilege indigenous knowledges, voices and experiences" (Smith, 2005, p, 87). Upon discovering it, I critiqued his book, heralded by Indigenous scholars as instructive - finally, an

attempt to define Indigenous methodology - but well into my dissertation writing, I set the book aside, believing too much time would be required to incorporate Wilson's ideas. Now, as I write this statement, one of the last sections I write to complete the dissertation, I turn again to Wilson's book and confirm that in completing my project, I have used the guidelines and principles of "an Indigenist research paradigm, [a] part of what makes us Indigenous peoples, and its philosophy is reflected in everything that we do, think, and are" (Wilson, 2007, p. 193). I draw on those principles and guidelines to discuss the methodology that frames my inquiry.

Wilson (2008) defines a research paradigm as a set of beliefs that guide the actions of a researcher. Citing Guba and Lincoln (1994), he explains beliefs in dominant paradigms consist of views about reality (ontology), ways of thinking and knowing (epistemology), ethics and morality (axiology) and the study of methods (methodology). Moving beyond "Indigenous perspective" (Wilson, 2008, p. 38), an interpretive *slant* on dominant paradigms, means leaving behind western beliefs about research to follow an Indigenous paradigm, "an ontology, epistemology, methodology and axiology that is Indigenous". The interplay between these four interrelated elements or sets of beliefs about research marks an Indigenous paradigm, such that; "1. the shared aspect of an Indigenous ontology and epistemology is relationality [and] 2. the shared aspect of an Indigenous axiology and methodology is accountability to relationships" (p. 7).

First, in this section, I briefly discuss the principles of *relationality* and *relational accountability*, along with the theoretical perspective for my inquiry. The next segment, a focus on relationality in practice, is a detailed description of the research product, the autoethnographic novel which is the dissertation text, its purpose to clarify structural concepts and chapter organization. Finally, the last sections show relational accountability through choice of methods, procedures and analysis techniques, infused by attention to narrative voice and relational ethics.

Relationality: Ontology and Epistemology

Worldview, defined by Kawagley (2006) as “a cognitive map” (p. 7) we acquire to make sense of the world around us, answers many questions about research ontology and epistemology. Indigenous worldview is a relational worldview (Hart, 2010); all life forms in creation, “spiritually linked”, serve a function to the whole (Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 1992, p. 3, see also Battiste & Henderson, 2000; Shimony, 1961/1994; Foster, 1974). Knowledge in an Indigenous research paradigm is shared “not just with research subjects but [in] relationship with all of creation” (Wilson, 2001, p. 177). In Indigenous ontology, reality, in itself, is not as important as the relationship one forms with people and objects in the world around us. Ancestral languages, which are verb-based, bear out this idea since one names an object through one’s relationship with it. For example, a chair translates in Cree as “the thing that you sit on” (2008, p. 73) demonstrating that “Indigenous ontology is actually equivalent to Indigenous epistemology”; a seamless blend of research entities based on relationship. In a similar way, ideas and concepts are not as important as one’s relationship to an idea or concept.

I frame my dissertation, a story of personal pursuit for inner peace, inside the story of the Great Law. Via oral recitation, Hodinohso:ni: form relationships with characters, physical landscape and ritual such that story is understood as a way of teaching and remembering laws applicable to human behavior embedded in ancient history. But more so, story as “performance vehicle” (Denzin, 2006, p. 333), engages teller and audience in “verbal performance” (Fine, 1984, p. 78) such that listeners experience the journey of Peacemaker to establish a law for personal and global peace and a structure and ritual to maintain that peace. Through writing it, my personal search for healing enacts relationship to the world of the Great Law and how I see it (Denzin, 2006), so much so, its characters, landscape, songs and rituals become my story, as well.

Relational Accountability: Axiology and Methodology

It stands that axiology, ethical principles in an Indigenous paradigm, is built on the concept of relational accountability. Value judgments about statistical worthiness subside and it is more important to fulfill a role and obligation in the research relationship, “that is, [to be] accountable to [my] relations” (Wilson, 2008, p. 77). Above all else, axiology, the ethics or morals that guide research, weighs uppermost in my mind. Attentive to Smith’s (1999) complex linking of European imperialism to research about Indigenous people, I determine my inquiry will benefit my community and uphold integrity of Hodinohso:ni: values, beliefs and views of culture and ancestral languages (Wilson, 2001). Boundaries of constraint set by the Confederacy Council at Six Nations guide my research concerning public disclosure of ceremonial practice and use of Hodinohso:ni: symbols and artifacts for personal or financial gain. To friends and family members, I circulate copies of chapters for their review of fictionalized characters that may implicate them; a topic, along on relational ethics (Ellis, 2007) I discuss in further sections.

A methodology, or research plan, that is of any use in the Indigenous community yields knowledge interpreted as respectful of and helpful to research relationships built through the process of finding out information (Wilson, 2008). Leading from these ethical principles, an Indigenous methodology supports the relational nature of worldview and ways of knowing implicit in research. Respect, reciprocity and responsibility, “the 3 R’s of Indigenous research and learning” p. 77) define the features of an Indigenous methodology. “For Indigenous people research is a ceremony” (p. 69) in which specific rituals invite a state of mind – shared thinking about the same thing at the same time - allowing the extraordinary to take place. Similarly, the four elements of an Indigenous paradigm, inseparable and inter-related, effect “a raised state of consciousness” (p. 69) allowing insight, efficacy and reason into the world of humans.

Theoretical Lens

Included in methodology, a theoretical perspective/position provides a particular lens, philosophy, or underpinning theory to qualitative writing (Mayan, 2009). I discuss, here, reference to poststructuralism in my project. Poststructuralism is a particular kind of postmodern thinking (Richardson, 2000) delineating construction of realities, “socially and experientially based” (Guba and Lincoln, 1994, p. 111) as criteria to evaluate and interpret qualitative research. For myself, poststructuralism marks a critical turn in dominant social theory, a “legitimatization crisis” (Denzin & Lincoln, 2000a, p. 17) spawning blurred genres in which “no research method has privileged status” (Richardson, 2000, p. 928). Instead creative analytical practices and scientific method exist side by side as approaches to knowing and telling. Combined with the crisis of representation (Geertz, 1988; Marcus & Fischer, 1986; Van Maanen, 1988) calling into question issues of gender, class and race, the predicament of legitimization opened the field to emancipatory and Indigenous discourses. Poststructuralist theory, however, is “not new to indigenous peoples” (Smith, 1999, p. 29) who articulate non-essentialist concepts of research within the framework of “the struggles for decolonization” (p. 73). My specific interest in poststructuralism as it relates to my research is the notion that language creates reality (Berger & Luckmann, 1966; Bruner, 1990; Weedon, 1987) and influences how humans understand that reality (Sapir, 1929/1949; Whorf, 1939/1964), ideas central to an Indigenous research paradigm.

The Autoethnographic Novel

Arts-based research merges “knowing, doing, and making” (Pinar, 2004, p. 9) in “a kind of consummation” (Sullivan, as cited in Irwin, 2004, p. 27) of meaning, emotion and practical function exemplified in a work of art. Such projects often consist of a creative work, for example a book of poetry, a memoir or a visual journal, followed by an exegesis, “a critical explanation or

interpretation of [the] text” (Armstrong, 2006, p ix). Though I consider the autoethnographic novel an arts-based project, I include critical analysis within the novel script, not as a separate text. I weave my literature review with methods and findings, choosing “not to separate story from theory, personal experience from research, practical application from abstract thought” (Adams, 2008, p. 54). Ongoing reflection and critical gaze, both with my process as a writer and through research literature, helped me to engage story-making and creative product as a single enterprise (Armstrong, 2006), such that “my process, then is my methodology” (p. 5).

The novel, organized as a metaphorical journey through ancient forests, explores the research problematic that all human beings are capable of change. The main character Celia, Hodinohso:ni:, adult woman and PhD student, decides that self-transformation, including her personal search to heal effects of colonial trauma will be the topic of her dissertation. Through initial research, Celia uncovers two characters, Precious, her child self, and Tadodá:ho⁷, a cultural symbol for self-reformation, who accompany her on the journey. Since I as author of the dissertation, use autoethnography as method, I narrate much of my own lived experience through the character Celia, a topic I discuss in more detail as related to research methods.

I describe the dissertation as Celia’s story that unfolds inside the Great Law story. In oral tradition, the Great Law narrative is set in the original homelands of the Hodinohso:ni:, in what is now, New York State. Though Goodall (2008) describes framing a story as placing it “within a larger social, political or institutional issue or research question” (p. 34), I am certain he intends a concept much more complex than story setting. My dilemma in describing the setting for Celia’s story comes in understanding that her story has two settings, two institutions, against which the novel’s characters act out events to resolve the thesis problematic. The Hodinohso:ni: Confederacy and its physical essence in traditional lands and the Great Law narrative determine

the entire action of the novel, so much so, Hodinohso:ni: landscape and the Great Law text become characters, though they do not speak as other characters, they are equally as compelling.

Hodinohso:ni:, a Cayuga word meaning people of the Longhouse, are a matrilineal confederacy of five, and later six, nations originally situated from east to west in their homelands below Lake Ontario. The term *Longhouse* signifies a functioning institution for ceremonial practice, as well serving as a symbol for governance structure and physical layout of the Confederacy in original lands. The Mohawk territory extended from the Delaware River north to the St. Lawrence and included most of the Adirondack Mountains, while The Oneidas occupied the foothills including the Unadilla River Basin and south to the Susquehanna River. Central to Confederacy homelands, the Onondaga territory bordered the Tioughnioga River, the Otselic River and Chittenango Creek. The Cayuga landbase outspread between Rochester and Syracuse, New York, while Seneca lands stretched from the Genesee River to the Niagara Peninsula and southwest to Lake Erie and the Alleghany Mountains. The Tuscarora, originally located in North Carolina, later joined the confederacy. Hodinohso:ni: originally occupied tens of thousands of square miles of land across present day, New York State (Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs, 2006).

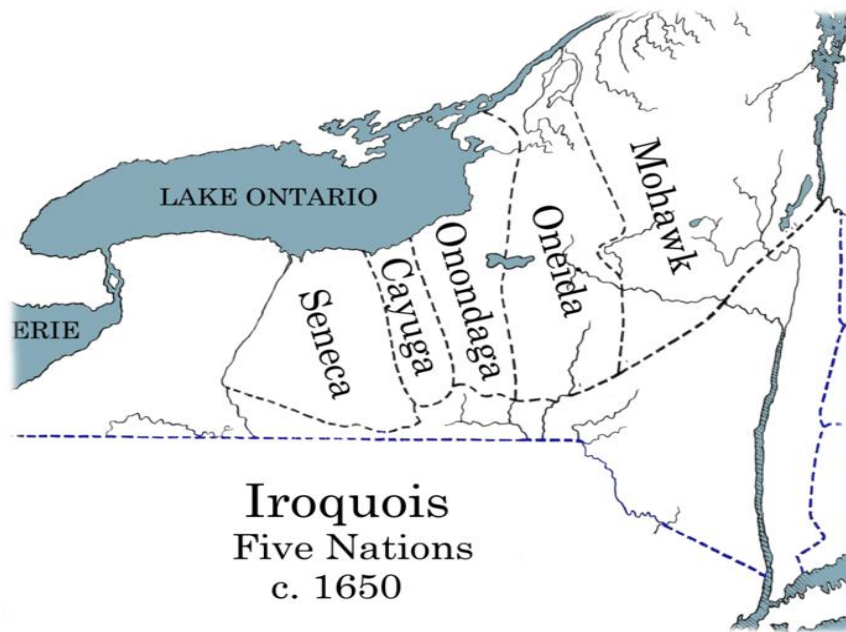


Figure 15: Hodinohso:ni: 5 Nations Territories, Wikipedia, 2010. Note: Due to archaic labeling in historical maps, a simple line map, depicted here, and previously in Chapter 4, best suits research purposes.

The Great Law of Peace is a message by which five nations trapped in cycles of war established tranquility, but more than instituting order, the law advocates for full establishment of peace upheld by the active striving of humans for universal justice. “Peace is the product of a society that strives to establish concepts [correlating] to the English words, power, reason and righteousness” (Mohawk, 1978b, p. 33). Framed within Hodinohso:ni: cosmology, an order of universal forces linking all creation as animate energies toward life renewal, the Great Law draws its principles from natural law, “the structures and conduct the people see in the natural world around them” (Williams, 2003, p. 87). The Great Law tradition, rich with “metaphoric and symbolic expressions” (Hewitt, 1892, p. 131) conveys both founding story and legislative authority and structure. The first part of the text describes the messenger, Peacemaker, mobilizing nations to accept notions of peace, detailing obstacles faced, along with formation of ceremony, ritual and song relevant to establishing the law. The second part, more technical, sets in place the

Confederacy Council of fifty Chiefs, a government with purpose to uphold the established peace, including decision-making procedures for internal and external political relations in service to benefit and protect the people. (For a full description of law-making elements, see Muller, 2008; Parker, 1916/1968; and Williams, 2003.)

From among allegory, symbols and ceremony, the Condolence Ceremony is considered the heart of the Great Law tradition. The first condolence ritual reformed *Tadodá:hoʔ*, “rearranged his body” (Gibson, 1912, p. 234) restoring humanity, literally “to the manner of human beings”. *Tadodá:hoʔ*’s pacification set in law a ceremonial pattern designed to revive spirit resulting from personal and cultural loss, which in terms of stabilizing the Confederacy, means mourning the death of a titled Chief and installing a successor. The most complex of *Hodinohso:ni*: rituals, the ceremony, sometimes called a Condolence Council, is an elaborate series of reciprocal acts between Confederacy moieties – the mourners and the condolers. Framed by the principle that “all human beings possess the power of rational thought” (Mohawk, as cited in Alfred, 1999, p. xix), the Condolence Ceremony is a way of bringing the people back to the power of reason by which to negotiate positions of peace. In this spirit, my research draws from the themes of condolence to frame Celia’s story of transcending colonialist experience.

A ritual set within the Peacemaker’s expedition for peace, the Condolence Ceremony, too, is organized as a journey, focused specifically on providing comfort to those who suffer. Understood as an articulation (Grossberg, 2010) of renewal, a restoration of hearts and minds, the Condolence Ceremony heals loss by embracing complexity, “making, unmaking and remaking relations and contexts” (p. 21) of collective and personal peace. The act of condolence is an approach to healing shaped by five fundamental rites, a relationship of 16 rituals enabling nation moieties to “construct a context [of peace] within that [ritual] context” (p. 8). Performed as an

actual procession through the forest to the fire of the bereaved, then into their Longhouse, the ceremony culminates in a requickening rite, an exchange of wampum strings, to alleviate grief-caused symptoms followed by elevating the new chief. Historically, the Condolence Ceremony, minus the installation rite, set conditions for kinship relations among peoples, including bereaved families, other Indigenous nations and colonial officials (Muller, 2008). As the ritual served to “strengthen the house” (Fenton, 1998, p 136) by upholding political alliance and restoring society, its principles underlay the early treaties of Hodinohso:ni:, acts to establish diplomatic relationships with England, France and the Netherlands. Today, the paradigm of the ancient ceremony has come to represent the archetype for pacification of personal loss.

Five essential rites comprise the structure of the Condolence Ceremony and its complex ritual elements, explained here according to Hewitt (as cited in Fenton, 1998). I outline only so much to illustrate the ceremony as a journey toward healing. The five rites include (1) *On the Journey*, the forest procession during which the condolers chant Hai Hai, the roll call of the founders of the Great law; (2) *Welcome at the Wood’s Edge* when the hosts receiving the condolence greet the visitors; (3) *The Requickening Address*, part one consists of “Three Bare Words” (meaning minimal essentials) and part two consists of the remaining 12 grief-caused *burdens* each embodied in a string of wampum reciprocally exchanged to initiate pacification of grief; (4) *Six Songs of Farewell* to the dead chief, (“a kind of invocation” of tradition [Woodbury, 1992, p. xliii]) and (5) *Over the Forest*, a recitation to the founders of the law.

The structure of the novel is inspired by and draws from concepts of the ritual journey, its chapters titled to reflect the terminology for each of the five rites taken from the ceremony, itself. Chapter 1, entitled *Enter the Forest*, combines the first two rites to affect a sense of beginning the research journey, and introduces the fictive characters, including Celia’s struggle with colonialist

effects, the source of dramatic tension in the novel. As the Six Songs invoke participants implicated in the success of the ritual, Chapter 2, *The Six Songs*, reviews the development of cultural and social unconscious, societal influences and dimensions of personality that shape the growth of Celia's character. The crux of the novel unfolds in Chapter 3, *The Requickening: Turning Points in the Forest*, a chronological timeline of Celia's experiences that mark decisive events toward self-reformation. Chapter 4, titled *Over the Forest*, concludes the research journey with a fieldtrip to the homelands of Celia's people, the Onondaga, where the final element essential to inner peace is revealed to the characters. To guide readers, a summary of research themes introduces each chapter and distinguishing fonts mark spoken dialogue of characters Precious and Tadodá:ho⁷, apart from Celia's voice as central character, story narration and voices of minor characters. As well, a literary device, denoted as *Ritual Episode* and *Ritual Principles in Chapter Context*, explains the framing ritual and its application in each chapter, while providing a sense of time and place weaving the research story as a seamless journey through obstacles, crossroads and ideas to arrive at peace, a deliberate end.

Research Methods

Wilson (2008) suggests relationality, the context for inquiry in an Indigenous paradigm, is enacted by applying relational accountability to research. "Method exists within methodology" as a collection of strategies and techniques shaped by assumptions toward a particular approach to research (Mayan, 2009, p. 31). Although Wilson supports this idea, he clarifies that research assumptions can be specific to an Indigenous paradigm. For example, objectivity and its measures, reliability and validity, common in western approaches, may not uphold relational accountability as well as authenticity or credibility. Credible and authentic research reflects and builds on relationships between ideas and participants such that analysis is true to voices, goals and

understanding of topic shared by contributors and researcher. “In other words, [research] has to hold to relational accountability” (Wilson, 2008, p. 102). Inquiry that is accountable to all relations benefits community; is inclusive, participatory and proactive; reflects Indigenous traditions and ways of looking at the world; and retains in researcher an “internal sense of knowing” (p. 105) what is right and how to convey that trust toward self and others.

According to Wilson (2008) relational accountability evolves from the concept of natural justice; that is, humans uphold natural law by accounting for their actions within the universal order of life processes. Indigenous people, including Hodinohso:ni:, believe that ceremony, an expression of gratitude, creates ecologies of changing energy which sustain life, a sacred order which must be renewed and maintained by humans (Battiste & Henderson, 2000). Research as ceremony means the researcher, also, has a role to sustain natural law, to uphold their actions in the relational universe. Wilson insists researchers can put relational accountability into practice in “four different ways” (2008, p. 107). The first is through how we choose research topics; second is in the methods we use to collect information; third is the way we analyze what we are learning; and finally, we are accountable in the way we present research results.

A research topic, community-directed and beneficial, chosen to impart history, skills and traditions upholds relationality. I chose my research topic, knowing it is controversial in my culture to speak openly of personal trauma and how that relates to family and community. To investigate colonialist effects on me, personally, I could have oriented my study in the “vast middle ground” (Ellis, 2004, p. 27) of the qualitative inquiry continuum, where elements of both positivist science and art and literature are present. But rather than produce hypothetical knowledge to generalize to specific populations, and eventually apply to my experience, I chose to conduct my research as a self-study, examining trauma close-up (Pelias, 2004). Compiling the

results of self-study as a fictional account explores intense emotions, the inside effects of colonial oppression that may help others understand their own experiences of intergenerational trauma, culturally, sociologically and personally. My aim in choosing and framing my topic as such is to relate to Indigenous people they are not alone in their struggle to triumph colonization's effects.

Researchers uphold relationships with participants and ideas by applying culturally syntonic ways of knowing to research strategies, including intuitive sensing, dreamwork, prayer and deep listening. Development of Indigenous methods indicates that as late as 1999, research techniques were often a mix of existing approaches and Indigenous practices (Smith, 1999), though methodological framework sets “the broader politics and strategic goals of Indigenous research” (p. 143). Wilson (2008) concurs, stating that so long as methods fit the ontology, epistemology, and axiology of an Indigenous paradigm, “they can be borrowed from other suitable research paradigms” (p. 39). However, Wilson insists that certain methods, such as talking circles, personal narrative and storytelling, attract Indigenous researchers because they fit the relational style of research so easily. Archibald (2008), a Sto:lo Nation scholar, advances design of Indigenous methods, coining the term *storywork*, to define use of First Nations stories for educational purposes, including teaching and research. Sto:lo teachings hold that important knowledge and wisdom contain power, and once realized, one “must be ready to share and teach it respectfully and responsibly” (p. 3) honouring cultural principles while building reciprocal relationship between teachers and learners and between writers and readers.

My research is not a study of stories as is Archibald's, but I embrace the concept that stories hold wisdom and power, particularly as related to Tadodá:ho⁷'s story. Like “medicine” (Wilson, 2008, p. 111), a method chosen to meet a specific research need, Tadodá:ho⁷ is the organizing concept for self-change in the Great Law text through which I trace purpose and

meaning of transformation. Intuitive sensing, described by Wilson as “gain[ing] knowledge and power from the universe around us...from a flash of inspiration...from putting form to a bundle of relationships....previously invisible” (p. 111), plays a large part in my research. While not cited as such, I rely on the telling process of Tadodá:ho’s story I learned from elder Six Nations people and ritualists that comes to fore, I believe, because I receive “extra-intellectual” (p. 111) direction in how to tell and write the dissertation novel. Through the act of writing, I re-establish a relationship with ideas, concepts and, indeed, spirit of the Great Law text and the people of my community from whom I learned the story. Rapport and trust already established with Hadiwaedihs, the knowledgeable people who were my teachers, anchor my writing in an accountability of respect and responsibility for cultural knowledge they imparted to me.

In the last sections of this statement, I conclude the discussion of methodology, framed by Wilson’s (2008) ideas about how to put relational accountability into practice. There, I close with review of the final two strategies, analysis and presentation of research, which Wilson suggests uphold natural laws of relationality in research. Before proceeding, I discuss, first, several issues related to methods which clarify my research process and how I undertook that process to produce the autoethnographic novel that comprises the main dissertation chapters.

The method closest to Indigenous storywork I discovered is autoethnography, an approach to research and writing that seeks to describe and systematically analyze personal experience in order to understand cultural experience (Ellis, Adams & Bochner, 2011). The performance turn in the human disciplines privileges methods such that researchers are part of the world they investigate, while “invit[ing] audiences to enter actively into the horizons of the human condition” (Ellis & Bochner, 1996, p. 4). Denzin (2001) declares autoethnography is performance inquiry, “evocative, reflexive, multi-voiced [texts]” (p. 36) with “narrators, drama, action, shifting

points of view” (2000, p. 905). By 2005, Denzin confronts resistance to the postmodern turn through critical pedagogy and the call to decolonize positivist methodologies in an approach he labels “indigenist” (2005, p. 942). Citing Battiste (2000) and Smith (2000), Denzin argues that indigenist pedagogies contest complicity with “neocolonizing postmodern global formations” (2005, p. 942) linking resistance discourses with performative ethnography (see also, Denzin & Lincoln, 2008). I frame Archibald’s (2008) concept of storywork with Ellis’s (2004) autoethnographic method in view of Denzin’s notion that performance texts, which include critical personal narratives, are emancipatory discourses (see also Brodkey, 1987a, 1987b).

Critical personal narratives are counternarratives, testimonies, autoethnographies, performance texts, stories, and accounts that disrupt and disturb discourse by exposing the complexities and contradictions that exist under official history (Mutua & Swadener, 2004). The critical personal narrative is a central genre of contemporary decolonizing writing. As a creative analytical practice, it is used to criticize “prevailing structures and relationships of power and inequity in a relational context” (p. 16)...The utopian counternarrative offers hope, showing others how to engage in actions that decolonize, heal, and transform...The critical democratic storytelling imagination is pedagogical. As a form of instruction, it helps persons think critically, historically, and sociologically. It exposes the pedagogies of oppression that produce injustice (see Freire, 2001, p. 54). It contributes to reflective ethical self-consciousness. It gives people a language and a set of pedagogical practices that turn oppression into freedom, despair into hope, hatred into love, doubt into trust (Denzin, 2005, also cited in Sameshima, 2006, p vii).

Drawn to personal narratives, I knew immediately the autoethnographic method fit my approach to analyze lived experience as a way to investigate my research problematic toward a revised sense of self and life history. In the novel script I discuss the method in several contexts, grappling with complexity of definitions due to intersecting histories and aspects of other methods used to build it, as is common with every qualitative method (Mayan, 2009). Using stories to conceive of and represent experience, narrative inquiry is similar to autoethnography in that the researcher’s story is intrinsic to his or her study, though autoethnographers engage “intense and transparent reflection and questioning of their own position, values, beliefs and

cultural background” (Trahar, 2009, ¶ 19). Narrative inquiry, like autoethnography, troubles scholarly traditions “in which principles of objectivity authorize knowledge claims” (Brodkey, 1987a, p. 83) to embrace complexity of lived emotions through evocative stories (Bochner, 2001). In autoethnographic representations, more specifically, “‘the research text’ is the story” (Ellis & Bochner, 2000, p. 745) and writing is the method (Richardson, 2000), at once creative and analytical. To examine colonization’s impacts on me, I chose autoethnography to construct my experience as stories and by producing them, I came to understand that writing, as method, is “a personal quest, a way into my self, and into my culture” (Goodall, 2000, p. 39).

Procedures

In my attempt to undertake scholarship as an arts-based project, I aimed for a “pedagogy of parallax”, (Irwin, 2007, p. xix) to exemplify discussion for analysis through multiple layers of perception. I strived to represent all aspects of research methodology within the text of the autoethnographic novel. Therefore, many technical issues discussed in this statement, I tried to *display in use* those concepts to create “a space of personal artful yet scholarly inquiry” (p. xx). Although research procedures appear as part of the story text, I briefly provide a practical description of tools and strategies I used to collect information with which I built the novel.

I recorded autoethnographic information using strategies developed by Heewon Chang (2008), mentee of ethnologist Harry Wolcott. From a variety of techniques designed as writing exercises, I chose inventorying, chronicling, and visualizing self for collecting personal memory *data* (pp 71-88), a term I define as “information bits” due to narrative genre of my research. To avoid overstepping procedural ethics, explained in the next section, I use the term *data* only in reference to use of Chang’s methods, which she identifies as a social scientific approach (p. 46). Information gathered relates not only to me but also landscape, *past* events and relationships with

people drawn into my life. I collected information from my *present* using systematic self-observation (pp. 89-102), including occurrence recording, a field journal and techniques for self-reflection. Self observation strategies proved crucial to my project allowing me to identify behaviour patterns resulting from traumatic experience and how these patterns recur in my present life. External sources (pp. 103-112), such as professional literature, photographs, textual artifacts (personal diaries, early stories, newspaper articles) and non-textual artifacts (oral stories, wampum beads, stones and trinkets collected at specific research sites) provided contextual information to support memory-based and self-observation material. Utilizing the writing exercises, excluding the field journal, I generated 82 pages of primary source information.

A researcher uses an ethnographic field journal to record “private and personal thoughts and feelings pertaining to their research process” (Chang, p. 95). Modeled on Goodall’s (2000) version of the field journal, I recorded everyday events, “dates, details, conversation strangely meaningful, an episode ecstatic or troubling, and [deliberate] reflections on what it all means” (p. 87). Due to its analytical nature, the field journal became a central tool I used to deconstruct lived experience in social, emotional and political environments. So successful was its use, I adapted three additional journals, two specific to my writing process; a journal labeled *Morning Pages* (Benson, 1999) and a *Process Journal* (DeSalvo, 1999) which helped me “understand [my] relationship to [my] writing and to the act of creativity” (p. 86). In a *Professional Notebook* (Goodall, 2000) I recorded concepts I read in literature to produce a personal record “of how what [I] was reading influenced” (p. 88) development of research methods and analysis of results to create a product. From four fieldwork journals, I generated 131 pages of primary source records for a total of 213 pages of autoethnographic material for use to develop the novel.

Life stories represent and comprise an individual's life (Adams, 2008; Bruner, 1987, 1991; Jago, 2002). As such, life texts are selective representations of experience that "constitute an author's life *and* the lives of readers" (Adams, 2008, p 43). Life stories, written by Indigenous people who confront colonial oppression, present patterns of reclaiming and foregrounding indigenous voices (Mutua & Swadener, 2008). To examine issues of personal empowerment related to dissertation inquiry, I found approximately 15 Indigenous life texts but chose to analyze three book-length autobiographies - memoirs of Indigenous scholars – that speak to anti-colonial approaches to life writing thus provided direction for my research.

Out of Muskoka (2002) by James Bartleman, former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, describes his family disconnected from Ojibwe culture and community because his mother married a non-Native man. Bartleman focuses on natural desire to learn and improve as a way to confront conditions of poverty and discrimination. In a second memoir, *Raisin Wine: A Boyhood in a Different Muskoka* (2007), Bartleman depicts boyhood scenes, both dark and humorous, to interpret multiple perspectives of experience that stem from being part of a culture and possessing a particular cultural identity (Ellis, Adams & Bochner, 2011). Centering on private life as means to resolve alienation from Coeur d'Alene heritage and kinship-based systems, Janet Campbell Hale (1993) writes "for therapeutic, not artistic reasons" (p. 5). *Bloodlines: Odyssey of a Native Daughter* narrates, in Indigenous storytelling tradition, a compelling life text of reclaiming voice silenced by childhood and adolescent disruption. Bartleman and Hale (re)present Indigenous experience using life stories to write themselves beyond racism and dysfunction foregrounding family and community as crucial to identity development. In doing so, their work provided an analytical framework to guide information gathering and reflect "anti-colonial sensibilities" (Mutua & Swadener, 2008, p. 31) in my own autoethnographic stories.

While I collected information in field journals related to personal experience, I also noted incidents of experiences of others, for example bingo players' rituals, women's storytelling methods and various approaches to spiritual practice. In doing so, I aimed to achieve an "inward/outward balance of [information bits]" (Goodall, 2000, p. 90) connecting my story to experiences and accounts of cultural others. Mindful that autobiographical history is embedded within social organizational contexts (Atkinson, 2005), I reflected in my fieldnotes socially shared principles of Indigenous experience that construct everyday life (Geertz, as cited in Warren & Karner, 2005). I attended community events, on and off reserve, aimed at; collective decision-making; social and political awareness-raising; and historical and cultural celebrations. In effort to balance the inward/outward foci of my fieldnotes, that is, to center self-reflection in analysis of social contexts, I developed a research manual organized by the five ritual episodes of the Condolence Ceremony which I later merged into four segments that became my dissertation chapters. In relevant sections of the manual, I created dialogue and scenes using memory and self-observation bits, along with concept diagrams of research literature, all of which I storied into autoethnographic texts appropriate for each section. With use of the manual, I began to interpret my fieldnotes as "*evocative representation*" (Goodall, 2000, p. 121), foregrounding my research journey and research question in theoretical framing and inward/outward collection and analysis of information "by dictates of [the] narrative weave of the tale" which is the novel text.

Relational Ethics

Through storytelling, we build identity in relationship with others by finding meaning in and understanding of our individual and collective experience. Yet writing about personal relationships, especially those with or about intimate others, presents "the most complicated ethical issues [of research life]" (Ellis, 2009, p. 315; see also Adams, 2006; Freedman, 2004). By

definition, when I write my story, I write the story of intimate others with whom I am in relationships. Relational ethics are ethics of care, “mutual respect, dignity” (p. 308) and recognition of interpersonal bonds to others while being faithful to tell a truthful story. There are no rules for relational ethics, not met in procedural guidelines mandated by Institutional Research Board (IRB) committees, a dimension of ethics I did not seek to complete my research. When faced with issues of relational ethics, I could have tried strategies to “omit things, use pseudonyms or composite characters....write fiction” (311), which is the option I chose to lessen potential risk to relational others in my research. In doing so, I sought to bridge the issue most complex in autoethnographic research; that is to meet my responsibility to intimate others who may be implicated as characters in the stories I tell about my life (Ellis, 2007).

Fictionalized autoethnography enables life-derived relationships and events to be told and interpreted without endangering actual individuals (Hilton, 2004; Kettle, 2004). To achieve this, autoethnographers may alter plot and scene or collapse events to tell engaging stories, yet self-revelations, though fictionalized, always involve revelations about others (Ellis, 2007). Though I did not interview or engage intimate others as research participants, their relationship to me as writer risks interpretation of them as relational identifiable others. To protect family members, acquaintances and friends, I discussed sensitive issues with those I felt implicated then revised passages that may have been problematic. I had many conversations with friends and family members about our shared childhood history often reflected in experiences of the character, Celia, and then I changed identifying information about setting and locale. By quoting poetry, music, speech texts and literature, I used multiple voices and interpretations to convey details about sensitive issues. To gauge if depictions of interpersonal relationships were too revealing or self-indulgent (Coffey, 1999), I used participant reaction I had entered into my field journal at

research presentations to determine difference between inquiry considered narcissist and meaningful research (Bochner, 2001). Autoethnographers fictionalize research, with added attention to protect others, thus we may not need to call it fictionalized; we may call it “good ethical ethnographic/autoethnographic practice” (C. Ellis, personal conversation, 2011).

In writing autoethnography as fictionalized truth, I "live the experience of doing research [implicit of] intimate others, think it through, improvise, write and rewrite and feel its consequences" (Ellis, 2009, p. 309). I write to "seek the good" (p. 310). But there is one episode I wrote, such that by writing Celia's story based on my experiences, I wrote about implicative others, such as my family members (Ellis, 2007). The episode occurs in Chapter 3 when Celia recalls an incident that confirms, in her mind, others' abandonment of her as a young child. She overhears a conversation in which she interprets participants choose not to be responsible for her care and well-being. The incident occurs in the context of Celia's family, though characters, situation and locale are fictional what isn't fictional are the feelings associated with loss I, as writer, experienced in particular relationships with intimate others. I chose to tell it framed within a family system because families disrupted by colonial trauma represent perhaps the most poignant circumstances in which to examine feelings of emotional loss. I decided not to omit the incident because evocative stories of families in colonialist struggle (see Hale, 1987; Bartleman, 2002, Johnston, 1999) have taught me, more than other kinds of research, the deep impairments of cultural oppression on Indigenous social systems, as well as the resilience of human spirit to reclaim cultural identity and vibrant social practices. By writing Celia's experience, signifying matters she is trying to work out for herself, I, as autoethnographer, learn more about *my* place in family and community, "who I've been and can become" (Ellis, 2009, p. 343) and how I can

revise my own story. Thus the incident speaks more about me, the writer, than Celia's fictive family or implicitly, my family members.

Narrative Voice

Calling for a common model of narratological critique, Barthes (1997) states "the narratives of the world are numberless" (p. 79). Mainstream critical approaches, which Fludernik (1996) characterizes as analytical and non-organic, chronicle a methodology of formal features, structure and functions of narrative. Moving from "narratology's structuralist heritage" (p. 338), Fludernik forges a *natural* paradigm, tracing parameters of oral storytelling evident in the most basic narrative genres as guides for critique of more complex forms of literature. For purposes of my research, I "step outside" (Myers, 2009, p. 77) formal aspects of narrative theory towards a cognitive frame "equating narrativity with experientiality" (Fludernik, p. 12), namely evocation of real life experience. In a paradigm allowing narrativity defined as "anthropomorphic [in] nature" (p. 26), that is, a reader experiences a story dependant solely on his/her interpretation attributed to the text; Fludernik extends the theory to ideas of narrative voice and perspective. Beyond familiar referential frames, Fludernik prompts readers to "re-cognize" (p. 223) the category of person. For example in experimental texts, a protagonist's inner self projects from the surface structure *you* - to propel readers into narrated action, or use of odd personal pronouns such as *one* or *it*, enriches storied presentation of consciousness in an infinity of narratives.

To decide on narrative voice and perspective in my dissertation, I rely on Fludernik's (1996) encyclopedic survey of the literature for study of first, second and third person texts (pp. 222-268). I count myself as fortunate, considering the complexity of issues that determine person, or "pronoun *alternation*" (p. 236), that I have chosen the classically distinct first-and-third-person text with reference to the same protagonist, Celia. By this I mean, my text juxtaposes Celia's

first-person voice in Chapter 2 and Chapter 3 with a third person omniscient narrator in Chapter 1 and Chapter 4 that denotes her as the story referent. Applied in a natural frame, however, I attribute the referential combination as “external and internal viewpoint” (p. 238) of Celia, appearing as both omniscient narrator, interpreted through “raced, classed, aged, gendered” lens (Goodall, 2008, p. 24) of her character self, and as internal first person referent. In postmodern texts, first-third person alternation occurs sometimes with no frame to mediate between these viewpoints, or at other times appears within the same sentence or section. On this point, I retain the standard narratological strategy, distinguishing alternation by chapter, with dialogue, research journal inserts, poems, and songs to affect first-third person referential shifts.

Analysis and Presentation of Research Results

An Indigenous style of research analysis links closely with the method and strategies used to gather information, in that it is intuitive. “Intuitive logic” (Wilson, 2008, p. 119) examines topic pieces in “relations as a whole”, considered all at once rather than in small manageable pieces. Examining aspects of research in synthesis builds relationships with ideas, simultaneously, in various and multiple ways to reach new understanding. Rather than report research outcomes, as a result of linear analysis, intuitive interpretation encourages understanding such that readers experience and discover for themselves the complexity of ideas in relations of a whole. Elders, for example, conceptualize knowledge, such as aspects of ecological integrity, in real life discovery projects or in accounts of personal experience to “trigger something in [learners so their] thoughts [take them] to a place...like revelation...insight” (p. 118). Such analysis, says Wilson, holds to accountability for the relational nature of research. It is no coincidence I chose as my research method, autoethnography, an intuitive strategy which orders fragmented experience to wholeness; “experiencing the experience” in narrative form (Ellis, 2009, p. 212).

As Wilson advocates for analysis that intuitively interprets experience, Ellis (2009) evokes meaning in personal stories examining truth from relationally accountable perspectives.

Analysis in autoethnographic research is similar to analysis in an Indigenous paradigm in another way. Wilson's circular, interrelated model (2008, p. 70) blends information gathering and analysis in continuous process to gain understanding of complex ideas. A researcher checks in with people seeking mutual understanding of a new idea as means to share and build the idea at the same time. Autoethnography, a creative analytical practice, displays writing product and process "as deeply intertwined" (Richardson, 2000, p. 930). The researcher positions self as knower and teller, always present in his/her writing, such that product is inseparable from process in a continuous mode of production. I traced my path of transformation in Tadodá:ho's world, engaging all elements of methodology at once; Indigenous ontology, epistemology and axiology guided me to articulate and analyze ideas, building the novel as I critiqued new knowledge. Collaborating with others, historical and ancestral knowledge and academic ideas, I built an understanding of my experiences as inseparable from the healing traditions of Hodinohso:ni. Indigenous methodology framed intuitive analysis while autoethnography helped me re-experience and analyze my past, simultaneously, in order to reproduce it (Ellis, 2009).

Because research inquiry is an overlapping process of collecting and analyzing information, a researcher may present results in the same non-linear fashion it was created, focusing on a central organizing concept or image from which ideas may flow. Use of "metaphor and symbolism" (Wilson, 2008, p. 124) is the easiest way for an audience of readers to form a relationship with an abstract idea. Tadodá:ho, as metaphor, cannot be separated from ideas or ideals he represents thus the relationship between culture, experience and belief in self change is as real as what Tadodá:ho stands for. Aided by a lifetime of intuitive practice and training, I

enacted “the climax of the [research] ceremony” (p. 122), analyzing and presenting results refracted through Tadodá:ho⁷, where all ideas came together to strengthen relational connections. “[Research] ceremony is about a story” (p. 125), liable to all relations, researcher and others for methods, analysis and transferring knowledge in order to claim a voice. Through Tadodá:ho⁷, the icon from which words flow, I learned “to put [my] own true voice” (p. 123) into my research process, honouring his story that has become more a part of who I am.

Narrative genres connected to ethnographic writing, have been blurred, altered and enlarged (Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005) to include autoethnography, fiction stories, poetry, visual representation, layered accounts, writing stories, mystories and cultural criticism (Denzin, 2011). Following the performance turn in the human disciplines, ethnographers stage reflexive autoethnographic practices in accounts shaped by “performance writing” (p. 19). To represent information from fieldnotes, literary and historical documents and autoethnographic observation, I used a number of performative writing strategies mentioned above, particularly, a layered text. If I had to choose one strategy that describes how I generated and presented the material for my dissertation, I choose the layered account. Perhaps I am partial to that technique because in discovering it, I first realized the interplay of reading, writing and analyzing words and ideas - that is, my research process - could be represented on the page. In Ronai’s (1995) compelling text of childhood sexual abuse, I discovered performative writing. Coined by Carol Rambo Ronai (1992), layered writing employs “multiple layers of reflection-a layered account-shifting forward, backward and sideways through time, space, and various attitudes in a narrative format” (p. 103). Freed from restrictive linear representation, the layered account conveys “the blurred and intertwined quality” (p. 104) that life writing entails (see Ellis & Flaherty, 1992, for additional

issues related to subjectivity and writing human lived experience). My dissertation text moves among theoretical discussion of Indigenous knowledge, concepts of historical trauma and its effects, reflection on my chosen methodology (Tracy, 2004), non-fiction vignettes, reflexivity and multiple voices (Adams, 2008) and introspection (Ellis, 1991b). I use three circles ○○○ to denote a shift from one to another of these rhetorical spaces, along with additional signifiers identified within specific chapters. Similar to other postmodern ethnographic techniques that comprise narrative genres, layered writing “embodies a theory of consciousness and a method of reporting in one stroke” (Ronai, 1995, p. 396) to converge a writer’s multiple views and identities.

I conclude with reference to a writing strategy I used to ease readers’ understanding of Cayuga language, one of six Hodinohso:ni: languages I employ throughout the dissertation text. To show possession in Cayuga language entails the use of several words, thus when I speak of Tadodá:ho⁷s story, for example, I simply add *s*, leaving off the three additional Cayuga words.

Ganohonyohk Farwell Speech¹³

...The Great Power came from up in the sky, and now it is functioning,
the Great Power that we accepted when we reached consensus.
So now our house has become complete.
Now, therefore, we shall give thanks, that is,
we shall thank the Creator of the earth, that is,
he who has planted all the kinds of weeds
and all the varieties of shrubs
and all the kinds of trees;
and springs,
flowing water, such as rivers
and large bodies of water, such as lakes;
and the sun that keeps moving by day,
and by night the moon,
and where the sky is, the stars, which no one is able to count;
moreover, the way it is on earth in relation to which
no one is able to tell the extent to which it is to their benefit, that is,
the people who he created and who will continue to live on earth.
This, then, is the reason we thank him, the one with great power,
the one who is the Creator,
for that which will now move forward,
the Good Message and the Power and the Peace; the Great Law.

¹³ The speaker addresses the assembled crowd to listen again to the speech given by the Creator to celebrate our well being. He encourages the people, with gladness in thought, to bring our minds together in farewell (paraphrased from Henry, 1981, p. 1). *Dá:netoh, now that is all*, closes the ceremony/event.

References

- Adams, T. E. (2006). Seeking father: Relationally reframing a troubled love story. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 12(4), 704-723.
- Adams, T. E. (2008). *Learning, living, and leaving the closet: Making gay identity relational*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of South Florida, Tampa.
- Adams, T. E. (2011). *Narrating the closet: An autoethnography of same-sex attraction*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Acoose, J. (2001). "A vanishing Indian? Or Acoose: Woman standing above ground?" In A. G. Ruffo (Ed.), *(Ad)ressing our words: Aboriginal perspectives on Aboriginal literature* (pp. 37-56). Penticton, BC: Theytus Books Ltd.
- Alfred, T. (1999). *Peace, power, righteousness: An indigenous manifesto*. Toronto, ON: Oxford University Press of Canada.
- Alfred, T. (2005). *Wasase: Indigenous pathways of action and freedom*. Orchard Park, NY: Broadview Press.
- American Psychiatric Association. (2000). *The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV-TR)*. Washington, DC: American Psychiatric Association.
- Antone, R. A., Hill, D. L., & B. A. Meyers. (1986). *The power within people*. (Available from GoodMinds.com, 188 Mohawk Street, Brantford, ON N3S 2X2)
- Archibald, J. (2008). *Indigenous Storywork: Educating the heart, mind, body and spirit*. Vancouver, BC: UBC Press.
- Armstrong, J. (1993). Editor's Note. In J. Armstrong (Ed.), *Looking at the words of our people: First Nations analysis of literature* (pp. 7-8). Penticton, BC: Theytus Books Ltd.
- Armstrong, J., & Cardinal, D. (1991). *The Native creative process: A collaborative discourse between Douglas Cardinal and Jeannette Armstrong*. Penticton, BC: Theytus Books Ltd.
- Armstrong, L. A. (2006). *The ecology of identity: Memoir and the construction of narrative*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of British Columbia, Vancouver.
- Atkinson, P. (2005). Qualitative Research-Unity and Diversity. *FQS Forum: Qualitative Social Research*, 6(3), Art. 26. Retrieved December 1, 2011 from <http://www.qualitative-research.net/index.php/fqs/article/view/4/9>

- Avena, N. M., Rada, P., & Hoebel, B. G. (2009). Sugar and fat bingeing have notable differences in addictive-like behavior. *Journal of Nutrition*, 139(3), 623-628.
- Bakhtin, M. M. (1984). *Problems of Dostoevsky's poetics*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota.
- Barthes, R. (1975). *The pleasure of the text*. New York, NY: Hill and Wang.
- Barthes, R. (1977). *Roland Barthes*. New York, NY: Hill and Wang.
- Barthes, R. (1980). *Camera lucida*. New York, NY: Hill and Wang.
- Bartleman, J. (2002). *Out of Muskoka*. Manotick, ON: Penumbra Press.
- Bartleman, J. (2007). *Raisin wine: a boyhood in a different Muskoka*. Toronto, ON: McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
- Basso, K. H. (1996). *Wisdom sits in places: Landscape and language among the Western Apache*. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press.
- Battiste, M. (1984). *An historical investigation of the social and cultural consequences of Micmac literacy*. Stanford University UMI Dissertation Publishing AAT 8408385
- Battiste, M. (1995). Introduction. In M. Battiste, & M. Barman (Eds.), *First Nations education in Canada: The circle unfolds*. Vancouver, BC: UBC Press.
- Battiste, M. (1998). Enabling the Autumn Seed: Toward a Decolonized Approach to Aboriginal Knowledge, Language, and Education. *Canadian Journal of Native Education*, 22(1): 16-27.
- Battiste, M. (2000). Maintaining Aboriginal identity, language and culture in modern society. In M. Battiste (Ed.), *Reclaiming indigenous voice and vision* (pp. 192-208). Vancouver, BC: UBC Press.
- Battiste, M. (2002). *Indigenous knowledge and pedagogy in First Nations education: A literature review with recommendations*. In National Working Group on Education, *Our Children: Keepers of the Sacred Knowledge*. Ottawa, ON: Indian and Northern Affairs Canada,
- Battiste, M., & Henderson, J. Y. (2000). *Protecting Indigenous knowledge and heritage: A global challenge*. Saskatoon, SK: Purich Publishing.
- Benjamin, W. (1968) *Illuminations: Essays and reflections*. New York, NY: Schocken Books Inc.
- Benson, E. (1999). "A Little Thing Called 750 Words". Retrieved March 20, 2010 from A Little Thing Called 750 Words website <http://750words.com/>

- Berger, P. L. and Luckmann, T. (1966). *The Social Construction of Reality: A Treatise in the Sociology of Knowledge*, Garden City, NY: Anchor Books.
- Berridge, A. M. (2006). *Re-picturing my life: Tissue*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Canberra, Australia.
- Bird, G. (1998). Breaking the silence: Writing as witness. In S. J. Ortiz (Ed.), *Speaking for the generations: Native writers on writing* (pp. 26-48). Tucson, AZ: University of Arizona Press.
- Boas, F. (1966). Introduction. In F. Boas (Ed.), *Handbook of American Indian Languages* (pp. 1-79). Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Bochner, A. P. (1997). It's about time: Narrative and the divided self. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 3(4), 418-438.
- Bochner, A. P. (2001). Narrative's virtues. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 7(2), 131-157.
- Bochner, A. P. (2008). Fathers and sons. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 14(7), 1321-1328.
- Bohm, D. (1980). *Wholeness and the implicate order*. London, UK: Routledge and Kegan Paul.
- Brave Heart-Jordan, M. Y. H. (1995). *The return to the sacred path: Healing from historical trauma and historical unresolved grief among the Lakota*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, Smith College, Northampton.
- Brave Heart, M.Y.H. (1998). The return to the sacred path: Healing the historical trauma response among the Lakota. *Smith College Studies in Social Work*, 68(3), 287-305.
- Brave Heart, M., & DeBruyn, L. (1998). The American Indian Holocaust: Healing historical unresolved grief. *American Indian and Alaska Native Mental Health Research*, 8(2), 60-82.
- Brodkey, L. (1987a). *Academic writing as social practice*. Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.
- Brodkey, L. (1987b). Writing critical ethnographic narratives. *Anthropology & Education Quarterly*, 18(2), pp. 67-76.
- Brookes, A.-L. (1992). *Feminist Pedagogy: An autobiographical approach*. Halifax, NS: Fernwood Publishing.
- Bruner, J. S. (1987). Life as narrative. *Social Research*, 54: 11-32.
- Bruner, J. S. (1990). *Acts of meaning*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.

- Bruner, J. S. (1991). The narrative construction of reality. *Critical Inquiry*, 18(1), 1-21. Retrieved November 21, 2007 from JSTOR Arts and Sciences III Collection.
- Bruner, J. S. (2001). Self-making and world-making. In J. Brockmeier & D. Carbaugh (Eds.), *Narrative and identity: studies in autobiography, self and culture* (pp. 25-37). Amsterdam, NL: John Benjamins Publishing Company.
- Bulik, C. M., & Reichborn-Kjennerud, T. (2003). Medical morbidity in binge eating disorder. *International Journal of Eating Disorders*, 34(S1), S39-S46.
- Cajete, G. (1994). *Look to the mountain: An ecology of Indigenous education*. Skyland, NC: Kivaki Press Inc.
- Campana, M., Riglietta, M., & Tidone, L. (1998). S15-3 - food and addiction. *European Psychiatry*, 13, Supplement 4(0), 150s.
- Campbell, J., & Moyers, B. D. (1988). *The power of myth*. Toronto, ON: Doubleday.
- Campbell, M. (1973). *Halfbreed*. Toronto, ON: McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
- Canton, N. (Producer), & Hill, W. (Director/Producer). (1993). *Geronimo: An American Legend*. United States: Columbia Pictures.
- Cardinal, D. & Armstrong, J. (1991). *The Native creative process: A collaborative discourse between Douglas Cardinal and Jeannette Armstrong*. Penticton B.C: Theytus Books.
- Chang, H. (1999). *Re-examining the rhetoric of the "Cultural Border"*. Retrieved March 08, 2012 from <http://www.edchange.org/multicultural/papers/heewon.html>
- Chang, H. (2008). *Autoethnography as method*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Clifford, J. (1986). Introduction: Partial truths. In J. Clifford & G. Marcus (Eds.), *Writing culture: The poetics and politics of ethnography* (pp. 1-26). Berkley, CA: University of California Press.
- Clifford, J. (1988). *The predicament of culture twentieth-century ethnography, literature, and art*. Cambridge, MS: Harvard University Press.
- Coffey, A. (1999). *The ethnographic self*. London, UK: Sage Publication Ltd.
- Conolly, J. (2001). [Marcel Jousse and research methodology]. Unpublished raw data.
- Converse, H. M. (1908). *Myths and legends of the New York state Iroquois*. Albany, NY: University of the State of New York.

- Cook-Lynn, E. (2008). History, Myth, and identity in the new Indian story. In N. K. Denzin, Y. S. Lincoln & L. T. Smith (Eds.), *Handbook of critical and Indigenous methodologies* (pp. 329-346). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Corsica, J. A., & Pelchat, M. L. (2010). Food addiction: True or false? *Current Opinion in Gastroenterology*, 26(2), 165-169.
- Currie, S., Firstenberg, M., Geartz, T., Jeffords, T., Kreider, T., & Nodine, D. (2009). *Onondaga Creek restoration project report*. Retrieved July, 26, 2012, from <http://www.oei2.org/Downloads/Onondoga%20Creek-%20Trolley%20Lot%20Design%20Report.pdf>
- Damasio, A. R. (1994). *Descartes' error: emotion, reason, and the human brain*. New York, NY: G. P. Putnam.
- Damasio, A. R. (1999). *The feeling of what happens: body, emotion and the making of consciousness*. New York, NY: Harcourt Brace & Company.
- Del Parigi, A., Chen, K., Salbe, A. D., Reiman, E. M., & Tataranni, P. A. (2003). Are We Addicted to Food? *Obesity Research*, 11(4), 493-495.
- Denzin, N. K. (1989). *Interpretive biography*. Newbury Park, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (1991). *Back to Harold and Agnes*. *Sociological Theory*, 9(2), 280-285.
- Denzin, N. K. (1997). *Interpretative ethnography: Ethnographic practices for the 21st century*. Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (1999). Two-stepping in the '90s. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 5(4), 568-572.
- Denzin, N. K. (2000). The practices and politics of interpretation. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (2nd ed., pp.897-922). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2001). *Interpretative Interactionism* (2nd ed.). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2003). *Performance ethnography: Critical pedagogy and the politics of culture*. Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2005). Emancipatory discourses and the ethics and politics of interpretation. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (3rd ed., pp.933-958). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2006). Pedagogy, performance, and autoethnography. *Text & Performance Quarterly*, 26(4), 333-338.

- Denzin, N. K. (2008). *Searching for Yellowstone: Race, gender, family, memory in the postmodern west*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2010). *The qualitative manifesto: A call to arms*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. (2011). *Custer on canvas: Representing Indians, memories, and violence in the new West*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K., & Giardina, M. D. (2008). Introduction: The elephant in the living room, OR advancing the conversation about the politics of evidence. In N. K. Denzin & M. D. Giardina (Eds.), *Qualitative inquiry and the politics of evidence* (pp. 9-51). Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K., & Lincoln, Y. S. (2000a). Introduction: The discipline and practice of qualitative research. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (2nd ed., pp.1-28). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K. & Lincoln, Y. S. (2000b). The seventh moment: Out of the past. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (2nd ed., pp.1047-1063). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K., & Lincoln, Y. S. (2005). Introduction: The discipline and practice of qualitative research. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (3rd ed., pp.1-32). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Denzin, N. K., & Lincoln, Y. S. (2008). Introduction: Critical methodologies and Indigenous inquiry. In N. K. Denzin, Y. S. Lincoln, & L. T. Smith (Eds.), *Handbook of critical and Indigenous methodologies* (pp. 1-20). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Derrida, J. (1966) Structure, sign, and play in the discourse of the human sciences. *Writing and Difference* (pp 278-294). Retrieved November 20, 2008 from <http://www.rlwclarke.net/courses/LITS3304/2007-2008/07CDerridaStructure,SignandPlayintheDiscourseoftheHumanSciences.pdf>
- DeSalvo, L. (1997). *Vertigo: A Memoir*. New York, NY: Penguin Books.
- DeSalvo, L. (1999). *Writing as a way of healing: How telling our stories transforms our lives*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press.
- De Zwaan, M. (2001). Binge eating disorder and obesity. *International Journal of Obesity*, 25, Supplement 1(0), S51–S55.
- Dillard, A. (1989). *The writing life*. New York, NY: Harper & Row.

- Dixon, J. B. (2010). The effect of obesity on health outcomes. *Molecular and Cellular Endocrinology*, 316(2), 104-108.
- Dewey, J. (1934). *Art as experience*. New York, NY: Minton, Balch & Company.
- Dos Passos, J. (1937). *U. S. A.: I. The 42nd parallel; II. Nineteen nineteen; III. The big money*. New York, NY: Modern Library.
- Doxtater, M. G. (2004). Indigenous knowledge in the decolonial era. *American Indian Quarterly*, 28(3/4, Special Issue: The Recovery of Indigenous Knowledge), pp. 618-633.
- Duran, E. (2006). *Healing the soul wound: Counseling with American Indians and other Native peoples*. New York, NY: Teachers College Press.
- Eastman, C. A. (1916). *From the deep woods to civilization: Chapters in the autobiography of an Indian* Boston, MA: Little, Brown, & Co. Retrieved April 25, 2011, from North American Indian Thought and Culture database.
- Ellis, C. (1991a). Emotional sociology. *Studies in Symbolic Interaction*, 12, 123-145.
- Ellis, C. (1991b). Sociological introspection and emotional experience. *Symbolic Interaction*, 14(1), 23-50.
- Ellis, C. (1993). "There are survivors". Telling a story of a sudden death. *The Sociological Quarterly*, 34(4), 711-730.
- Ellis, C. (1995). *Final negotiations: A story of love, loss, and chronic illness*. Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.
- Ellis, C. (1996). Maternal connections. In Ellis, C., & Bochner, A. P. (Eds.), *Composing Ethnography: Alternative Forms of Qualitative Writing* (pp. 240-243). Walnut Creek, CA: AltaMira Press.
- Ellis, C. (1997). Evocative autoethnography: Writing emotionally about our lives. In W. G. Tierney & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.). *Representation and the text: Re-framing the narrative voice* (pp.116-139). Albany, NY: SUNY Press.
- Ellis, C. (1998). I hate my voice: Coming to terms with minor body stigmas. *The Sociological Quarterly*, 39(4), 517-537.
- Ellis, C. (2004). *The ethnographic I: A methodological novel about autoethnography*. Walnut Creek, CA: AltaMira Press.
- Ellis, C. (2007). Telling secrets, revealing lives: Relational ethics in research with intimate others. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 13(1), 3-29.

- Ellis, C. (2009). *Revision: Autoethnographic reflections on life and work*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Ellis, C., Adams, T. E., & Bochner, A. P. (2011). Autoethnography: An overview. *FQS Forum: Qualitative Social Research*, 12(1), Art. 10. Retrieved December 12, 2011 from <http://www.qualitative-research.net/index.php/fqs/article/view/1589/3095>
- Ellis, C., & Bochner, A. P. (Eds.). (1996). Taking ethnography into the twenty-first century [Special issue]. *Journal of Contemporary Ethnography*, 25(1), 3-5.
- Ellis, C., & Bochner, A. (2000). Autoethnography, personal narrative, reflexivity. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *The Handbook of Qualitative Research* (2nd ed., pp. 733-768). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Ellis, C. and Flaherty, M. (Eds.). (1992) *Investigating Subjectivity: Research on Lived Experience*, Newbury Park, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Epstein, L. H., Dearing, K. K., Paluch, R. A., Roemmich, J. N., & Cho, D. (2007). Price and maternal obesity influence purchasing of low- and high-energy-dense foods. *The American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*, 86(4), 914-922.
- Erasmus, G. H. (2011). Keynote speaker. In D. Worme (Chair), *Sharing truth: Creating a national research centre on residential schools*. Symposium conducted at National Research Forum: Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada, Vancouver, BC.
- Fedoroff, I. D. C., Polivy, J., & Herman, C. P. (1997). The effect of pre-exposure to food cues on the eating behavior of restrained and unrestrained eaters. *Appetite*, 28(1), 33-47.
- Fenton, W. N. (1952). The Training of Historical Ethnologists in America. *American Anthropologist*, 54(3), 328-339.
- Fenton, W. N. (1983). *The roll call of the Iroquois chiefs: A study of a mnemonic cane from the Six Nations Reserve*. Washington: Smithsonian Institute. Reprinted by Irocrafts, Ohsweken, Six Nations Territory, ON. (Original work published 1950).
- Fenton, W. N. (1998). *The Great Law and the Longhouse: A political history of the Iroquois Confederacy*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.
- Fine, E. C. (1984). *The folklore text: From Performance to Print*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- Fludernik, M. (1996). *Towards a 'natural' narratology*. New York, NY: Routledge.
- Foster, M. K. (1974). *From the earth to beyond the sky: An ethnographic approach to four Longhouse Iroquois speech events*. (The Mercury Series, Ethnography Division, Paper 20). Ottawa, ON: National Museum of Man.

- Foster, M. K. (1985). Another Look at the Function of Wampum in Iroquois-White Councils. In F. Jennings, W. N. Fenton, M. A. Druke, & D. R. Miller (Eds.), *The History and Culture of Iroquois Diplomacy: An Interdisciplinary Guide to the Treaties of the Six Nations and Their League* (pp. 99–114). Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press.
- Foster, M. K. (2005). Jacob Ezra Thomas: Educator and conservator of Iroquois culture In R. Darnell & F. W. Gleach (Eds.), *Histories of Anthropology Annual*, 1, 219-245. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Freadman, R. (2004). Decent and indecent: Writing my father's life. In J. P. Eakin (Ed.), *The ethics of life writing* (pp. 121-146). Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press.
- Freire, P. (2006). *Pedagogy of the oppressed* (30th anniversary ed.). New York, NY: Continuum. (Original work published 1970).
- Froman, F., Keye, A. J., Keye, L., & Dyck, C. J. (2002). *English-Cayuga, Cayuga-English Dictionary*. Toronto, ON: University of Toronto Press.
- Gallop, J. (1987). Reading the mother tongue: Psychoanalytical feminist criticism. *Critical Inquiry*, 13(2), 314-329.
- Geertz, C. (1973). *The interpretation of cultures: Selected essays*. New York, NY: Basic Books.
- Geertz, C. (1988). *Works and lives: The anthropologist as author*. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press.
- George-Kanentiio, D. M. (2006). *Iroquois on fire: A voice from the Mohawk nation*. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Gibson, J. A. (1899). Gayanehsragówah, the Great Law. Unpublished manuscript in Hewitt, SINAA ms 2316 and ms 1517-a; ms. 1517-b, 1517-c, 3478, 3689.
- Gibson, J. A. (1912). Gibson-Goldenweiser manuscript. In H. Woodbury (Ed. and Trans.), *Concerning the League: The Iroquois League tradition as dictated in Onondaga by John Arthur Gibson*. Winnipeg, MB: Algonquian and Iroquoian Linguistics Department, University of Manitoba.
- Given, L. M. (2008). *The Sage encyclopedia of qualitative research methods*. Los Angeles, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Goffman, E. (1963). *Stigma*. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster Inc.
- Gold, M. S., Graham, N. A., Cocores, J. A., & Nixon, S. J. (2009). Food addiction? *Journal of Addiction Medicine*, 3(1), 42-45.

- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (1989). *Casing a promised land: The autobiography of an organizational detective as cultural ethnographer*. Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois University Press.
- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (1996). *Divine signs: Connecting spirit to community*. Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois University Press.
- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (2000). *Writing the new ethnography*. Lanham, MA: Alta Mira Press.
- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (2001). Writing the American Ineffable, or the Mystery and Practice of Feng Shui in Everyday Life. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 7(1), 3-20.
- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (2006). *A need to know: The clandestine history of a CIA family*. Walnut Creek: CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Goodall, H. L. Jr. (2008). *Writing qualitative inquiry: Self, stories, and academic life*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Graymont, B. (1972). *The Iroquois in the American Revolution*. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press.
- Grinde, D. A., Jr., & Johansen, B. E. (2001). *Perceptions of America's Native democracies*. Retrieved April 13, 2011 from <http://www.mesacc.edu/dept/d10/asb/anthro2003/glues/iroquois.pdf>
- Grossberg, L. (2010). *Cultural studies in the future tense*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
- Guba, E. G., & Lincoln, Y. S. (1994). Competing paradigms in qualitative research. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (pp. 105-117). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Guba, E. G., & Lincoln, Y. S. (2000). Paradigmatic controversies, contradictions, and emerging confluences. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (2nd ed., pp. 163-188). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Hale, H. (1883). *The Iroquois Book of Rites*. Philadelphia: D.G. Brinton. Reprinted by Irocrafts, Ohsweken, Six Nations Territory, ON.
- Hale, J. C. (1987). *The jailing of Cecilia Capture*. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press.
- Hale, J. C. (1993). *Bloodlines: Odyssey of a Native daughter*. New York, NY: Random House.
- Harding, S. (Ed.). (1987). *Feminism and methodology: Social science issues*. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.

- Hart, M. A. (2010). Indigenous Worldviews, Knowledge, and Research: The development of an Indigenous Research Paradigm. *Journal of Indigenous voices in social work*, 1(1), 1-16.
- Haudenosaunee Environmental Task Force (2010). *HETF accomplishments*. Retrieved from Haudenosaunee Environmental Task Force website <http://hETF.org/index.php/about-us?showall=&start=7>
- Hawking, S. W. (2005). *A briefer history of time*. New York, NY: Bantam Books.
- Hayano, D. (1979). Auto-ethnography: Paradigms, problems, and prospects. *Human Organization*, 38, 99-104.
- Henderson, J. L. (1964). Ancient myths and modern man. In C. G. Jung (Ed.), *Man and his symbols* (pp. 95-156). New York, NY: Dell Publishing.
- Henry, R. (1980). *Ganhónyohk: Thanksgiving Ritual*. (Available from Woodland Cultural Centre, 184 Mohawk Street, Brantford, ON N3S 2X3)
- Henry, R. (1981). *Ganhónyohk: Farewell Speech*. (Available from Woodland Cultural Centre, 184 Mohawk Street, Brantford, ON N3S 2X3)
- Henry, R. (1991). [Cayuga language for beginning speakers]. Unpublished raw data.
- Henry, R., & Mithun, M. (1984). *Wadewayesdanih: A Cayuga teaching grammar*. (Available from Woodland Cultural Centre, 184 Mohawk Street, Brantford, ON N3S 2X3)
- Hewitt, J. N. B. (1892). Legend of the founding of the Iroquois League. *American Anthropologist*, 5(2), 131-148.
- Hewitt, J. N. B. (1895). The Iroquoian concept of the soul. *Journal of American Folklore*, 8(29), 107-116.
- Hewitt, J. N. B. (1902). Orenda and a definition of religion. *American Anthropologist*, 4(1), 33-46.
- Hewitt, J. N. B. (1944). The Requickenning Address of the Iroquois Condolence Council. *Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences*, 35: 301-315.
- Hill, D. L. (2006). Prior Learning Assessment and Recognition: PLAR. Retrieved March, 20, 2011 from <http://www.fnti.net/prior-learning-overview/>
- Hill, D. L. (2010). Presentation outline: The oral transmission of Indigenous knowledge and its contemporary applications. In P. Sherman (Chair), *Celebrating Indigenous knowledges: Peoples, lands, cultures*. Symposium conducted to commemorate Indigenous Studies, 25th year at Trent University, Peterborough, ON.

- Hilton, P. B. (2004). *Fictionalized autobiography as curriculum*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of Illinois, Chicago.
- Hodinohso:ni: Resource Centre. (2001). *Gaiwiiio: English Translation*. (Available from Hodinohso:ni: Resource Centre, RR#2, 2634 6th Line, Ohsweken, ON N0A 1M0)
- Hopkins, S. W. (1883). *Life among the Piutes: Their wrongs and claims*. Privately published. Retrieved April 24, 2011, from North American Indian Thought and Culture database.
- Huggan, I. (1989). Afterword. In M. Laurence, *A bird in the house* (pp. 192-197). Toronto, ON: McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
- Ifland, J. R., Preuss, H. G., Marcus, M. T., Rourke, K. M., Taylor, W. C., Burau, K., et al. (2009). Refined food addiction: A classic substance use disorder. *Medical Hypotheses*, 72(5), 518-526.
- Ingold, T., & Bradley, R. (1993). The temporality of the landscape. *World Archaeology*, 25(2), 152-174.
- Irwin, R. L. (2004). *A/r/tography: A metonymic métissage*. In R. L. Irwin & A. de Cosson (Eds.), *a/r/tography* (pp. 27-38). Vancouver, BC: Pacific Educational Press.
- Irwin, R. L. (2007). Foreword conversations. In P. Sameshima, *Seeing Red: A Pedagogy of Parallax* (pp. xix-xx), Amherst, NY: Cambria Press.
- Ivezaj, V., Saules, K. K., Hoodin, F., Alschuler, K., Angelella, N. E., Collings, A. S., et al. (2010). The relationship between binge eating and weight status on depression, anxiety, and body image among a diverse college sample: A focus on Bi/Multiracial women. *Eating Behaviors*, 11(1), 18-24.
- Jago, Barbara J. (1996). Postcards, ghosts, and fathers: Revising family stories. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 2(4), 495-516.
- Jago, B. J. (2002). Chronicling an academic depression. *Journal of Contemporary Ethnography*, 31(6), 729-757.
- Jago, Barbara J. (2006). A primary act of imagination: Women's narratives of fatherlessness. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 12(3), 398-426.
- Jocks, C. (2004). Modernity, resistance, and the Iroquois Longhouse people. In J. K. Olupona (Ed.), *Beyond primitivism: Indigenous religious traditions and modernity* (pp. 139-148). New York, NY: Routledge.
- Johnson, E. P. (1998). *The moccasin maker*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press. (Original work published 1913).

- Johnston, B. H. (1988). *Indian school days*. Toronto, ON: Key Porter Books.
- Johnston, B. H. (1999). *Crazy Dave*. Toronto, ON: Key Porter Books.
- Jones, S. H. (2005). Autoethnography: Making the personal political. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of Qualitative Research* (3rd ed., pp. 763-792). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Jousse, M. (2000). *The Anthropology of Geste and Rhythm* (2nd ed.). (J Conolly, Trans & E. Sienaert, Ed.). Durban, ZA: Mantis Publishing. (Original works published 1931-1952).
- Jousse, M. (1990). *The Oral Style*. Garland: USA. Original work published 1925.
- Jung, C. G. (1964). Approaching the unconscious. In C. G. Jung (Ed.), *Man and his symbols* (pp. 1-94). New York, NY: Dell Publishing.
- Kalra, S. P., & Kalra, P. S. (2004). Overlapping and interactive pathways regulating appetite and craving. *Journal of Addictive Diseases*, 23(3) 5-21.
- Kawagley, A. O. (2006). *A Yupiaq worldview: A path to ecology and spirit* (2nd ed.). Long Grove, IL: Waveland Press, Inc.
- Ketelle, D. (2004). Writing fiction as truth: Administrators think about their work through a different lens. *The Qualitative Report*, 9(3), 449-462.
- Kierkegaard, S. (1954). *The sickness unto death*. New York, NY: Doubleday Anchor Books.
- King, T. (2003). *The truth about stories: A Native narrative*. Toronto, ON: Anansi Press Inc.
- Lamott, A. (1994). *Bird by bird: Some instructions on writing and life*. New York, NY: Anchor.
- LaRocque, E. (1991). Emma LaRocque interview. In L. Hartmut, *Contemporary Challenges: Conversations with Canadian Native Authors* (pp. 181-202). Saskatoon, SK: Fifth House Publishers.
- Laurence, M. (1970). *A bird in the house*. Toronto, ON: McClelland & Stewart Ltd.
- Legters, L. H. (1988). The American genocide. *Policy Studies Journal*, 16(4), 768-777.
- Lewis, C. S. (2002). *Surprised by joy: The shape of my early life*. London, UK. HarperCollins Publishers. (Original work published 1955).
- Lewis, M. G. (1993). *Without a word: Teaching beyond women's silence*. New York, NY: Routledge.

- Linden, R. R. (1993). *Making stories, making selves: feminist reflections on the Holocaust*. Columbus, OH: Ohio State University Press.
- Lipton, B. H. (2005). *The biology of belief: Unleashing the power of consciousness, matter & miracles*. New York, NY: Hay House, Inc.
- Little Bear, L. (2000). Jagged worldviews colliding. In M. Battiste (Ed.), *Reclaiming indigenous voice and vision* (pp. 77-85). Vancouver, BC: UBC Press.
- Lugo, A. (1997). Reflections on border theory, culture, and the nation. In D. E. Johnson & S. Michaelson (Eds.), *Border theory* (pp.43-67). Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota.
- MacDougall, D. (1997). The visual in anthropology. In M. Banks & H. Morphy (Eds.), *Rethinking Visual Anthropology* (pp. 276-295). New Haven, MA: Yale University Press.
- Madison, D. S. (2006). The dialogic performative in critical ethnography. *Text & Performance Quarterly*, 26(4), 320-324.
- Malinowski, B. (1922). *Argonauts of the western Pacific: An account of Native enterprise and adventure in the archipelagoes of Melanesian New Guinea*. New York, NY: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Maracle, L. (1994). Oratory: Coming to theory. *Essays on Canadian Writing*, (54), 7-11.
- Maracle, L. (1996). *I am woman: a native perspective on sociology and feminism*. Vancouver, BC: Press Gang Publishers.
- Marcus, G. E., & Fischer, M. M. J. (1986). *Anthropology as cultural critique: An experimental moment in the human sciences*. Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press.
- May, R. (1983). *The discovery of being: writings in existential psychology*. New York, NY: W.W. Norton and Company.
- Mayan, M. J. (2009). *Essentials of qualitative inquiry*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- McAleavey, K. (2010). Short-term outcomes of a 12-step program among women with anorexia, bulimia, and eating disorders. *Journal of Child and Family Studies*, 19(6), 728-737.
- McTaggart, L. (2008). *The Field: The quest for the secret force of the universe*. New York, NY: HarperCollins.
- Memmi, A. (1965). *The colonizer and the colonized*. New York, NY: Orion Press.

- Merlo, L. J., Klingman, C., Malasanos, T. H., & J. A. Silverstein. (2009). Exploration of food addiction in pediatric patients: A preliminary investigation. *Journal of Addictive Medicine*, 3(1) 26-32.
- Meyer, M. A. (2003). *Ho'oulu: Our time of becoming: collected early writings of Manulani Meyer*. Honolulu, HI: Ai Pohaku Press.
- Myers, M. J. (2009). Accommodation through different lenses. *JoLIE*, 2(1), 77-90.
- Mignolo, W. D. (2002). The enduring enchantment: (or the epistemic privilege of modernity and where to go from here). *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 101(4), 927-954.
- Million, D. (2008). Felt theory. *American Quarterly*, 60(2), 267-272.
- Mills, C. W. (1959). *The sociological imagination*. NY: New York: Oxford University Press.
- Mohawk, J. C. (1978a). A basic call to consciousness: The Haudenosaunee address to the Western world. In Akwesasne Notes (Ed.), *Basic call to consciousness* (pp. 79-125). Summertown, TN: Native Voices.
- Mohawk, J. C. (1978b). Thoughts of peace: The great law. In Akwesasne Notes (Ed.), *Basic call to consciousness* (pp. 31-40). Summertown, TN: Native Voices.
- Mohawk, J. C. (1987). Cultural Encounter: Europe Meets the Indian Mind. *Northeast Indian Quarterly*, 4(1-2), 10-17.
- Mohawk, J. C. (1988). The Indian Way is a Thinking Tradition. In J. Barreiro (Ed.), *Indian roots of American democracy* (pp. 20-29). Ithaca, NY: Akwe:kon Press, Cornell University.
- Mohawk, J. C. (2000). *Utopian Legacies: The history of conquest and oppression in the Western world*. Santa Fe, NM: Clear Light Publishers.
- Mohawk, J. C. (2004). Tribal religious traditions are constantly devalued in Western discourse on religion. In J. K. Olupona (Ed.), *Beyond primitivism: Indigenous religious traditions and modernity* (pp. 111-117). New York, NY: Routledge.
- Mojica, M. (2009). Stories from the body: Blood memory and organic texts. In S. E. Wilmer (Ed.), *Native American performance and representation* (pp. 97-109). Tucson, AZ: University of Arizona Press.
- Momaday, N. S. (1976). *The names: A memoir*. New York, NY: Harper and Row.
- Morgan, L. H. (1851). *League of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee*. Rochester, NY: Sage & Brother.

- Moses, D. D., & Goldie, T. (1992). Preface: Two voices. In D. D. Moses & T. Goldie, T. (Eds.), *Anthology of Canadian Native literature in English* (pp. xii-xxii). Don Mills, ON: Oxford University Press.
- Moses, D. D. (1998). How my ghosts got pale faces. In S. J. Ortiz (Ed.), *Speaking for the generations: Native writers on writing* (pp. 118-147). Tucson, AZ: University of Arizona Press.
- Muller, K. V. (2008). *Holding hands with wampum: Haudenosaunee council fires from the Great Law of Peace to contemporary relationships with the Canadian State*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, Queen's University, Kingston, ON.
- Mutua, K., & Swadener, B. B., & (2004). *Decolonizing research in cross-cultural contexts: Critical personal narratives*. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press.
- Mutua, K., & Swadener, B. B., & (2008). Decolonizing performances: Deconstructing the global postcolonial. In N. K. Denzin, Y. S. Lincoln & L. T. Smith (Eds.), *Handbook of critical and Indigenous methodologies* (pp. 31-43). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Nash, R. J. (2004). *Liberating scholarly writing: The power of personal narrative*. New York, NY: Teachers College Press.
- Neuman, M. (1996). Collecting ourselves at the end of the century. In C. Ellis & A. Bochner (Eds.), *Composing ethnography: Alternative forms of qualitative writing* (pp. 172-198). Walnut Creek, CA: AltaMira Press.
- New York State Department of Environmental Conservation. (2012). *Onondaga Lake superfund site*. Retrieved August 1, 2012 from <http://www.dec.ny.gov/chemical/8668.html>
- Newhouse, S. (1968). The Dekanawida legend. In W. N. Fenton (Ed.), *Parker on the Iroquois: Book Three* (pp. 14-60). Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press. (Original work published 1916).
- Ngũgĩ wa Tadóda:ho⁷: Thiong'o. (1993). *Moving the centre: the struggle for cultural freedoms*. Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann Educational Books Inc.
- Oates, J. C. (2003). *The faith of a writer: Life, craft, art*. New York, NY: HarperCollins.
- O'Brien, C. P., Childress, A. R., Ehrman, R., & Robbins, S. J. (1998). Conditioning factors in drug abuse: can they explain compulsion? *Journal of Psychopharmacology*, 12(1), 15-22.
- Olsen, T. (2003). *Silences*. New York, NY: Feminist Press at the City University of New York. (Original work published 1978).
- Onondaga Nation. (2007a). *Land rights legal briefs*. Retrieved August 16, 2011 from Onondaga Nation website <http://www.onondaganation.org/land/briefs.html>

- Onondaga Nation. (2007b). *Onondaga Lake: The most polluted lake in America*. Retrieved August 16, 2011 from Onondaga Nation website
<http://www.onondaganation.org/land/olake.html>
- Onondaga Nation. (2007c). *Onondaga Nation vision for a clean Onondaga Lake*. Retrieved August 16, 2011 from Onondaga Nation website
http://www.onondaganation.org/lake_vision.html
- Onondaga Nation. (2009). *Wampum: Tadadaho Belt*. Retrieved November 16, 2009 from Onondaga Nation Website
http://www.onondaganation.org/culture/wpm_tadadaho.html
- Onondaga Environmental Institute (2007). *Geography - Onondaga Creek fact sheet*. Retrieved August 18, 2011 from Onondaga Nation website
http://www.onondaganation.org/mediafiles/pdfs/onondaga_watershed.pdf
- Onondaga Environmental Institute (2012). *Environmental injustice in the Onondaga lake waterscape, New York State, USA*. Retrieved August 1, 2012 from Onondaga Environmental Institute website http://www.oei2.org/OEIResources_publications.html
- Ortiz, S. J. (1990). Simon Ortiz. In L. Coltelli (Ed.), *Winged words: American Indian writers speak* (pp. 103-119). Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Ortiz, S. J. (1993). The language we know. In P. Riley (Ed.), *Growing up Native American*. New York, NY: Harper.
- Pacanowsky, M. E., & O'Donnell-Trujillo, N. (1983). Organizational communication as cultural performance. *Communication Monographs*, 50, 126-147.
- Parker, A. C. (1968). The Constitution of the Five Nations or the Iroquois Book of the Great Law. In W. N. Fenton (Ed.), *Parker on the Iroquois: Book Three* (pp. 7-118). Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press. (Original work published 1916).
- Parks, S-L. (2000). In the blood. *American Theatre*, 17(3), 31.
- Pelchat, M. L. (2002). Of human bondage: Food craving, obsession, compulsion, and addiction. *Physiology & Behavior*, 76, 347– 352.
- Pelias, R. J. (1999). *Poeticizing the Researcher's Body*. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press.
- Pelias, R. J. (2004). *A methodology of the heart: Evoking academic and daily life*. Walnut Creek, CA: Alta Mira Press.

- Pelias, R. J. (2005). Performative Writing as Scholarship: *Cultural Studies <=> Critical Methodologies*, 5, 415-424.
- Pelias, R. J. (2011). *Leaning: A poetics of personal relations*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press.
- Pert, C. (1997). *Molecules of emotion: Why you feel the way you feel*. New York, NY: Scribner.
- Pinar, W. (1988). Autobiography and the architecture of self. *JCT*, 8(1), 7-36.
- Pinar, W. (2004). Foreword. In R. Irwin & A. de Cosson (Eds.), *a/r/tography* (pp. 9-25). Vancouver: Pacific Educational Press.
- Porter, T. S. (2008). *And Grandma said--Iroquois teachings: as passed down through the oral tradition*. Philadelphia, PA: Xlibris Corporation.
- Poulos, C. N. (2002). The death of ordinariness: Living, learning and relating in the age of anxiety. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 8, 288-301.
- Poulos, C. N. (2006). Dreaming, writing, teaching: Stories from within thin places. In W. Ashton & D. Denton (Eds.), *Spirituality, ethnography, & teaching: Stories from within* (pp. 167-81). New York, NY: Peter Lang Publishing, Inc.
- Poulos, C. N. (2009). *Accidental ethnography: An inquiry into family secrecy*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Powell, K. (2010). Making sense of place: Mapping as a multisensory research method. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 16(7), 539 – 555.
- Prah, H. A. (2010). *Voice and visibility: The claiming of one Black woman's education*. Unpublished master's thesis, Queen's University, Kingston, ON.
- Pratt, M. L. (1992). *Imperial eyes: Studies in travel writing and transculturation*. New York, NY: Routledge.
- Ramoz, N., Versini, A., & Gorwood, P. (2007). Eating disorders: An overview of treatment responses and the potential impact of vulnerability genes and endophenotypes. *Expert Opinion on Pharmacotherapy*, 8(13), 2029-2044.
- Raudsepp, E. (1980). A new look at the creative process: Part 1. *Creative Computing*, August pp. 46-51. Retrieved January 27, 2010 from IEEE Xplore database.
- Reed-Danahay, D. E. (1997). *Auto/Ethnography, rewriting the self and the social*. New York, NY: Berg.
- Reichl, R. (2009). *For you, mom, finally*. New York, NY: Penguin Books.

- Richardson, L. (1997). *Fields of play*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press.
- Richardson, L. (2000). Writing: A method of inquiry. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. (Eds.), *The Handbook of Qualitative Research* (2nd ed., pp. 923-948). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Richardson, L., & Lockridge, E. (2004). *Travels with Earnest: Crossing the literary/sociological divide*. Walnut Creek, CA. AltaMira Press.
- Richardson, L., & St. Pierre, E. A. (2005). Writing; A method of inquiry. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (3rd ed., pp. 959-978). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Ronai, C. R. (1992). The reflexive self through narrative: A night in the life of an erotic dancer/researcher. In C. Ellis & M. G. Flaherty (Eds.), *Investigating subjectivity: Research on lived experience* (pp. 102-124). Newbury Park, CA: Sage Publications.
- Ronai, C. R. (1995). Multiple reflections of child sex abuse. *Journal of Contemporary Ethnography*, 23(4), 395-426.
- Rosen, J. C., Compas, B. E., & Tacy, B. (1993). The relation among stress, psychological symptoms, and eating disorder symptoms: A prospective analysis. *International Journal of Eating Disorders*, 14(2), 153-162.
- Rosier, P. C. (2006). "There are ancestral homelands?": Race, place and politics in cold war Native America, 1945-1961. *Journal of American History*, 92(4), 1300-1326.
- Said, E. (1979). *Orientalism* (25th anniversary ed.). New York, NY: Vintage Books.
- Saldana, J. (2011). *Ethnotheatre: Research from page to stage*. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, Inc.
- Sameshima, P. (2006). *Seeing Red - A pedagogy of parallax: An epistolary bildungsroman on artful scholarly inquiry*. Unpublished doctoral dissertation, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C.
- Sapir, E. (1949). The status of linguistics as a science. In D. G. Mandelbaum (Ed.), *Selected writings of Edward Sapir: in culture, language and personality* (pp. 160-178). Berkeley, CA: University of California Press. (Original work published 1929).
- Sarris, G. (1993). *Keeping Slug Woman alive*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.
- Schultz, W. (2001). Reward signaling by dopamine neurons. *Neuroscientist*, 7(4), 293-302.

- Shacklock, G. & Thorp, L. (2005). Life History and Narrative Approaches. In B. Somekh & C. Lewin (Eds.), *Research Methods in the Social Sciences* (pp. 156-163). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Shanley, K. (2001). Metacritical frames of reference in studying American Indian literature. In G. M. Bataille (Ed.), *Native American representations: First encounters, distorted images, and literary appropriations* (pp. 224-226). Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Shenandoah, A. (2007). *Indigenous Native American prophecy: Elders speak part 4*. Retrieved December 14, 2007 from http://youtube.com/watch?v=Z57zs_Q67Ng&feature=related
- Sheppard, K. (1989). *Food addiction: The body knows*. Deerfield Beach, FL: Health Communications, Inc.
- Sheridan, J., & Longboat, D. R. (2006). The haudenosaunee imagination and the ecology of the sacred. *Space and Culture*, 9(4), 365-381.
- Shimony, A. A. (1994). *Conservatism among the Iroquois at the Six Nations Reserve*. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press. (Original work published 1961).
- Showalter, E. (1981). Feminist criticism in the wilderness. *Critical Inquiry*, 8(2), pp. 179- 205.
- Sienaert, E. (1990). Marcel Jousse: The Oral Style and the Anthropology of Gesture. *Oral Tradition* 5(1): 91-106.
- Sienaert, E., & Conolly, J. (2000). Marcel Jousse on Oral Style, Memory and the Counting-necklace. In P. Denis (Ed.), *Orality, Memory & the Past. Listening to the Voices of Black Clergy under Colonialism and Apartheid* (pp. 1-12). Pietermaritzburg, ZA: Cluster Publications.
- Silko, L. M. (1981). *Storyteller*. New York, NY: Arcade Publishing.
- Silko, L. M. (1990). Leslie Marmon Silko. In L. Coltelli (Ed.), *Winged words: American Indian writers speak* (pp. 135-153). Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Silko, L. M. (1996). *Yellow woman and a beauty of the spirit: Essays on Native American life today*. New York, NY: Simon and Schuster Inc.
- Simpson, A. (2007). On ethnographic refusal: Indigeneity, 'voice' and colonial citizenship. *Junctures: The Journal for Thematic Dialogue*, 9, 67-80.
- Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs. (1968). The tradition of the origin of the Five Nation's League. In W. N. Fenton (Ed.), *Parker on the Iroquois: Book Three* (pp. 61-113). Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press. (Original work published 1900).

- Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs. (1992). *The sacred trust*. Unpublished Manuscript. (Available from Hodinohso:ni: Resource Centre, RR#2, 2634 6th Line, Ohsweken, ON N0A 1M0)
- Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs. (2003). *Ongwehowehneha: Using our ways: Language and cultural preservation project*. (Available from Hodinohso:ni: Resource Centre, RR#2, 2634 6th Line, Ohsweken, ON N0A 1M0)
- Six Nations Confederacy Chiefs. (2006). *Formation of the great law*. Retrieved August 8, 2011 from Haudenosaunee Confederacy website
<http://www.haudenosauneeconfederacy.ca/index2.html>.
- Smith, A. D. (2004). *House arrest and piano*. New York, NY: Anchor.
- Smith, B., Shelley, B., Leahigh, L., & Vanleit, B. (2006). A preliminary study of the effects of a modified mindfulness intervention on binge eating. *Complementary Health Practice Review, 11*(3), 133-143.
- Smith, L. T. (1999). *Decolonizing methodologies: Research and Indigenous Peoples*. New York, NY: Zed Books.
- Smith, L. T. (2000). Kaupapa Maori research. In M. Battiste (Ed.), *Reclaiming Indigenous voice and vision* (pp. 225-247). Vancouver, BC: University of British Columbia Press.
- Smith, L. T. (2005). On tricky ground: Researching the Native in the age of uncertainty. In N. K. Denzin & Y. S. Lincoln (Eds.), *Handbook of qualitative research* (3rd ed., pp. 85-107). Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.
- Stairs, A. (1992). Self-image, world-image: Speculations on identity from experiences with Inuit. *Ethos, 20*(1), pp. 116-126.
- Statistics Canada. (2009). Overweight and obese adults (self-reported), 2009. Retrieved January 1, 2010, from <http://www.statcan.gc.ca/pub/82-625-x/2010002/article/11255-eng.htm>
- Statistics Canada. (2010). Canada Health Measures Survey. Retrieved January 1, 2010, from <http://www.statcan.gc.ca/daily-quotidien/100113/dq100113a-eng.htm>
- Striegel-Moore, R. H., & Franko, D. L. (2003). Epidemiology of binge eating disorder. *International Journal of Eating Disorders, 34*(S1), S19-S29.
- Thomas, G. J. (2002). A critical approach to Louise Erdrich's "The Antelope Wife" and other emerging Native literature as a step towards Native ways of learning and teaching. *McGill Journal of Education, 37*(3), 439-449.
- Thomas, G. J. (2008a). *Comprehensive examination*. Unpublished manuscript, Queen's University.

- Thomas, G. J. (2008b). *Finding Tadoá:ho?*; His story constructed as my/self: Dissertation proposal. Unpublished manuscript, Queen's University.
- Thomas, J. E. (1989). *The constitution of the confederacy by the Peacemaker*. Ohsweken, ON: Sandpiper Press. (Available from the Jake Thomas Learning Centre, R.R. # 1 Wilsonville, ON, N0E 1Z0)
- Thomas, J. E. (1994). *Teachings from the Longhouse*. Toronto, ON: Stoddart Publishing Co. Limited.
- Thomas, J. E., & Thomas, Y. (1989). *Illustrations & descriptions of wampum belts*. Ohsweken, ON: Sandpiper Press. (Available from the Jake Thomas Learning Centre, R.R. # 1 Wilsonville, ON, N0E 1Z0)
- Tillmann-Healy, L. M. (1996). A secret life in a culture of thinness. In C. Ellis & A. P. Bochner (Eds.), *Composing ethnography: Alternative forms of qualitative writing* (pp. 76-108). Walnut Creek, CA: AltaMira Press.
- Tooker, E. (1963). The Iroquois defeat of the Huron: A review of causes. *Pennsylvania Archaeologist*, 33(1-2), 115-23.
- Tooker, E. (1970). *The Iroquois ceremonial of midwinter*. Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press.
- Tracy, S. J. (2004). The construction of correctional officers: Layers of emotionality behind bars. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 10, 509-533.
- Trahar, S. (2009). Beyond the Story Itself: Narrative Inquiry and Autoethnography in Intercultural Research in Higher Education. *FQS Forum: Qualitative Social Research*, 10(1), Art. 30. Retrieved May 20, 2012 from <http://www.qualitative-research.net/index.php/fqs/rt/prINTERfriendly/1218/2653>.
- Van der Kolk, B. A. (1987). *Psychological trauma*. Washington, DC: American Psychiatric Press.
- Van der Kolk, B. A. (2005). Developmental trauma disorder: Toward a rational diagnosis for children with complex trauma histories. *Psychiatric Annals*, 35(5), 401-408.
- Van Maanen, J. (1988). *Tales of the field: On writing ethnography*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Van Maanen, J. (1995). An end to innocence: The ethnography of ethnography. In J. Van Maanen (Ed.), *Representation in ethnography* (pp 1-35). Thousand Oakes, CA: Sage Publications, Inc.

- Volkow, N. D., & Fowler, J. S. (2000). Addiction, a disease of compulsion and drive: Involvement of the orbitofrontal cortex. *Cerebral Cortex*, 10(3), 318-325.
- Volkow, N. D., & Wise, R. A. (2005). How can drug addiction help us understand obesity? *Nature Neuroscience*, 8(5), 555-560.
- Von Franz, M.-L. (1964). The process of individuation. In C. G. Jung (Ed.), *Man and his symbols* (pp. 156-254). New York, NY: Dell Publishing.
- Vooght, E. (2005, December 13). *Researching self*. Article posted to Autoethnography LISTSERV archived at autoethnography@yahoogroups.com; on behalf of Elizabeth Vooght [elizabeth@vooght.com].
- Walker, A. (1983). *In search of our mothers' gardens*. New York, NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers.
- Wallace, A. F. C. (1958). The Dekanawideh myth analyzed as the record of a revitalization movement. *Ethnohistory*, 5(2), 118.
- Wallace, P. A. W. (1980). *The white roots of peace*. Saranac, NY: Center for Adirondack Studies. (Original work published 1946).
- Walsh, B. T., & Devlin, M. J. (1998). Eating Disorders: Progress and Problems *Science, New Series*, 280(5368), 1387-1390.
- Walter, C. A. & McCoyd, J. L. M. (2009). *Grief and loss across the lifespan: a biopsychosocial perspective*. New York, NY: Springer Publishing Company.
- Wang, G., Volkow, N. D., Logan, J., Pappas, N. R., Wong, C. T., Zhu, W., et al. (2001). Brain dopamine and obesity. *Lancet*, 357(9253), 354-357.
- Warren, C. & Karner, T. (2005). *Discovering Qualitative Methods: Field Research, Interviews, and Analysis*. Los Angeles, CA: Roxbury Press.
- Watson, J. (1995) Guys and Dolls: Exploratory Repetition and Maternal Subjectivity in the Fort/Da Game. *American Imago*, 52(4), 463-503.
- Weaver, J. (1997). *That the people might live: Native American literatures and Native American community*. New York, NY. Oxford University Press.
- Weber-Pillwax, C. (2001). Orality in northern Cree indigenous worlds. *Canadian Journal of Native Education*, 25(2), 149-165.
- Weedon, C. (1987). *Feminist practice and poststructuralist theory*. New York, NY: Basil Blackwell.

- Weems, M. E. (2003). *Public Education and the imagination-intellect: I speak from the wound in my mouth*. New York, NY: Peter Lang.
- Weems, M. E., White, C. J., McHatton, P. A., Shelley, C., Bond, T., Brown, R. N., et al. (2009). Exploring the Power of Qualitative Research Expressed As Autoethnographic Performance Texts. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 15(5), 843-858.
- Weingarten, H. P., & Elston D. (1990). The phenomenology of food cravings. *Appetite*, 15, 231-246.
- Wiecha, J. L., Finkelstein, D., Troped, P. J., Fragala, M., & Peterson, K. E. (2006). School vending machine use and fast-food restaurant use are associated with sugar-sweetened beverage intake in youth. *Journal of the American Dietetic Association*, 106(10), 1624-1630.
- Whorf, B. L. (1964). The relation of habitual thought and behavior to language. In J. Carroll (Ed.), *Language, thought and reality: Selected writings of Benjamin Lee Whorf* (pp. 134-159). Cambridge: M.I.T. Press. (Original work published 1939).
- Whorf, B. L. (1964). Science and linguistics. In J. Carroll (Ed.), *Language, thought and reality: Selected writings of Benjamin Lee Whorf* (pp. 207-219). Cambridge: M.I.T. Press. (Original work published 1940).
- Williams, L. & Tanaka, M. (2007). Schalay'nung Sxwey'ga Emerging cross-cultural pedagogy in the academy *Educational Insights*, 11(3). Retrieved July 29, 2011 from <http://www.ccfi.educ.ubc.ca/publication/insights/v11n03/articles/williams/williams.html>
- Williams, P. (2003). *The Great Law*. Unpublished Manuscript, Six Nations of the Grand River Territory, Ohsweken, ON.
- Wilson, S. (2001). What is indigenous research methodology? *Canadian Journal of Native Education*, 25(20), 175-179.
- Wilson, S. (2007). Guest editorial: What is an Indigenist research paradigm? *Canadian Journal of Native Education*, 30(2), 193-195.
- Wilson, S. (2008). *Research is ceremony: Indigenous research methods*. Winnipeg, MB: Fernwood Publishing.
- Wilson, A. C. (2004). Knowledge Recovery is Indigenous Empowerment. *American Indian Quarterly*, 28 (3-4), 359-372.
- Wolcott, H. F. (1999). *Ethnography: A way of seeing*. Walnut Creek, CA: Alta Mira Press.
- Womack, C. S. (1999). *Red on red. Native American literary separatism*. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.

- Wonderlich, S. A., De Zwaan, M., Mitchell, J. E., Peterson, C., & Crow, S. (2003). Psychological and Dietary Treatments of Binge Eating Disorder: Conceptual Implications. *International Journal of Eating Disorders*, 34(S1), S58-S73.
- Woodbury, H. (Ed. and Trans.). (1992). *Concerning the League: The Iroquois League tradition as dictated in Onondaga by John Arthur Gibson*. Winnipeg, MB: Algonquian and Iroquoian Linguistics Department, University of Manitoba.
- Woodman, M. (1980). *The owl was a baker's daughter: Obesity, anorexia nervosa and the repressed feminine*. Toronto, ON: Inner City Books.
- Wright, R. (1992). *Stolen continents: Conquest and resistance in the Americas*. Toronto, ON: The Penguin Group.