Voicing identity: cultural appropriation and indigenous issues

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2 At the Corner of Hawks and Powell: Settler Colonialism, Indigenous People, and the Conundrum of Double Permanence

KEITH THOR CARLSON

I was a graduate student at the University of Victoria in 1988 working towards my Masters of Arts degree when on October 5 my sister interrupted my class to tell me that my brother Kerry had died. He had been speeding the wrong way down Powell Street in Vancouver, a one-way road that intersects with Hawks Avenue, with the police in pursuit. He had died instantly. He hadn't suffered.

Kerry might not have suffered in his final moments, but he did face challenges throughout his short eighteen years of life. His story, though distinct and his own, is also in many ways representative of the larger tragic story of Indigenous people's historic and ongoing struggle with Canadian settler colonialism. And, as a non-Indigenous person – a settler Canadian who benefits from the displacement of Indigenous people from their lands and resources, and who carries the advantages of white privilege wherever I go – I am part of Kerry's story. But the influence goes in both directions. Kerry's story also profoundly shapes my own, and, I believe, speaks to the wider story of non-Indigenous Canadians. For despite anything an earlier generation may once have thought, wished, or tried to do, Indigenous people and settler Canadians are both here to stay; this is the conundrum of double permanence.

The permanence of both Indigenous people and settlers is a conundrum because neither Canada's economic and political systems, nor our national narratives, are set up to deal with this truism. Rather, as a settler colonial state, the Dominion of Canada was premised on the convenient assumption that Indigenous people would either die off or be assimilated. Nineteenth and early twentieth century politicians determined that, as a "vanishing people," Indigenous long-term interests need not be a priority.[1] As such, Canadian federalism was never set up to acknowledge or accommodate distinct spheres of Indigenous governance and authority – despite Aboriginal and Treaty Rights being recognized in our common law traditions and more recently enshrined in our Constitution. It is little wonder, therefore, that many Canadians continue to be surprised and frustrated when Indigenous people rightly demand that

certain economic developments or political initiatives not occur without their informed consent. An even greater wonder, it seems to me, is that Indigenous people continue to show patience for settler colonial society and continue to seek, as well as offer, peaceful ways to build genuine reconciliation. Through my scholarship, I aspire to contribute to this process.

My brother and I grew up in a town that was named after Dr. Israel Wood Powell and my brother died on a street in Vancouver that was named for that same man – the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs in British Columbia. While Powell was personally more sympathetic to Indigenous people than most of his contemporaries, he was also the overseer of federal assimilation policies on Canada's Pacific coast. Under Powell's leadership, the process of alienating Indigenous people from their lands and restricting them to Indian reserves was standardized and systematized. My hometown of Powell River emerged instantly in 1912 in the middle of Tla'amin Coast Salish territory, where no more than a handful of white people (almost all transient loggers or British remittance men) had been living previously. The Powell River Company selected the location because of the Powell Lake watershed's hydro-electric potential. The electric turbines produced such huge amounts of power that the Powell River Company became, and remained for more than half a century, the world's largest pulp and paper mill. But in damming the river and building their mill, the Powell River Company destroyed ancient salmon foodways and displaced the Tla'amin people living in the settlement of Tees'kwat.[2]

My story, and my brother's story, are intrinsically linked to sites associated with Dr. Powell and to settler colonialism. And as Indigenous scholar Thomas King says, "the truth about stories is that that's all we are."[3] In deciding what to share and what to hold back, we are not only expressing our identity, we are also shaping our relationship with others. King says "you have to be careful with the stories you tell. And you have to watch out for stories that you are told."[4] In the subsequent print version of his Massey lectures King decided to add a chapter titled "Personal Stories," where he shared tragic stories that were not present in his original oral tellings, including an account of his friends' struggle with their adopted daughter's Fetal Alcohol Spectrum Disorder.[5]

Like King, I too have wrestled over the course of my life and career with how much of my story, my brother's story, and my family's story to share in print – to make a part of my public statements of positionality. Perhaps, it's my Swedish cultural heritage (the most emotion my paternal grandfather ever showed me was a firm handshake, yet I knew that he loved me dearly and I had a close and lovingly supportive relationship with him). I have never been comfortable displaying my emotions. Sharing makes me feel vulnerable. But as my wife Teresa (who is most definitely neither Swedish in ethnicity nor character) says, sharing, even if it makes you feel vulnerable, is the way to build understanding. Right now, I think the world needs more understanding, and so I'm making

myself vulnerable and I'm sharing. Additionally, in the past I've never wanted to discuss the Indigeneity of my adopted brother to avoid the perception I was using him and his story to legitimate and validate my work as an academic historian who has made a career studying and publishing about Indigenous Peoples' history. This is the first time I've shared this story in print.

On my brother's tombstone my parents arranged for the words "Your path was difficult, our love walked with you." I was only four years old when Kerry came into our lives, but I remember vividly the trip my parents, my little sister Stormy, and I took from our home in Powell River to Vancouver on a hot July day in 1970 to pick him up. We went into a big office building where my little sister and I were ushered into a small waiting room and each offered a lollypop while Mom and Dad followed a woman down the hall. What seemed like forever finally ended when my parents came back into the room and Mom was holding in her arms my new twenty-one-day-old little brother. He was beautiful.

The ride home took the typical eight hours (two ferries and a lot of winding highway to travel a mere 100 km as the crow flies). I got to hold Kerry on my lap for part of the way. There were no seatbelts or baby seats in our lives back then.

A few years later, when I asked my parents questions for a school project on "family and community," Dad explained to me that he and Mom had decided to adopt my brother because they felt that the world was getting too heavily populated and so they should restrict themselves to just two biological children. Mom explained that by adopting Kerry we were helping a mother who had been unable to keep and raise a child of her own. As per the rules and policies of the BC provincial government at the time, my parents were provided with no background information about Kerry's mother.[6] But, my mom explained to me, as she and Dad were finalizing the paperwork on the day we picked Kerry up, the social worker took her aside and told her that Kerry's birth mother was "part Native" and that "she had been having a pretty rough time." That was all I have ever learned about my brother's biological family.

There was, and remains, a lot to unpack in that sentence about my little brother. Today there is a robust and growing body of scholarship examining and debating the meaning of Indigenous identity and the assumptions (both affirmative and redemptive, as well as exploitative and colonial) behind what it means to be "part" anything. Likewise, the extent to which either ancestry, blood quantum, and DNA, on the one hand, or community affiliation and recognition, on the other, are the better arbitrators of "authenticity" in Indigeneity also remains the subject of much discussion.[7] But back in 1970, from my perspective, Kerry was simply my little brother. We shared a bedroom and we shared our toys. Mostly we shared time together. As we grew up, he did all the things that little brothers do to annoy their big brothers, and I know I did things that annoyed him too.

Seven months after we adopted Kerry our family grew again. I came home from pre-school one afternoon and there was a girl sitting in our kitchen with my mom. To protect her privacy, and her birth family's, I won't reveal her real name. I'll just call her Sharon. Sharon was from the nearby Sliammon (Tla'amin) First Nation. Mom explained that Sharon was going to live with us for a while; that Sharon and I were now foster brother and sister. I didn't know what "foster" meant, and it would be two decades before I would learn about the federal-provincial constitutional disputes over Indigenous child welfare funding in the 1960s and 1970s that had facilitated the tragic assimilative policies associated with removing Indigenous children from their mothers and communities and placing them with non-Indigenous settler families (what came to be known as "the '60s Scoop").[8] All I knew then was that I had an additional sister and I was thrilled. Sharon was five or six years older than me and from my perspective was incredibly smart and strong. She shared a bedroom with Stormy. She gave me piggy back rides, she taught me what hockey is, and when I started kindergarten in September of 1971 we walked to and from school together.

By the time she came to live with us Sharon had been betrayed and hurt many times. As I came to understand it, her mother had left her when she was seven or eight. After that she had been living with members of her extended family. But something had gone wrong. Sharon explained to me that there was a scary man who lived in that house. Sometimes Sharon went back to spend a weekend with her relatives on the reserve, but on those days the scary man wasn't supposed to be there. I remember one time when we drove the ten kilometres north of town to drop Sharon off, that a big, scary looking, angry man was standing on the porch shouting at a woman. My mom stopped the car, and she and Sharon spoke in quiet voices which I couldn't make out from the back seat. I just remember my mom turning the car around and driving us all back to our house. Then Mom sent me and my little sister outside while she and Sharon sat at the kitchen table and drank tea, and talked. Sharon stayed with us for over two years before she returned again to live on the reserve. This time, I think, she went to live with her birth father. Sadly, years later I heard that while under his care she experienced additional hurt and trauma.

I remember walking home from school with Sharon one day, and she was crying – softly without sound, but with tears. I asked her what happened. She said a girl in her class had called her a "wagon burner." When I asked her why the girl had said that, Sharon didn't answer me. She just kept crying. I was confused. I thought she was referring to wagons like the little red wagon that Sharon and I used to pull Kerry and Stormy around in; Sharon and I also used it as a sort of go-cart to ride down the hill located farther up our street. Made of metal, that wagon couldn't burn even if someone tried to set it on fire, that much I knew. And besides, Sharon never set things on fire.

At that time I wasn't yet aware of the way early Hollywood portrayals of Indigenous people burning the covered wagons of hardy, white, westward-moving pioneers had reinforced the notion of First Nations as wild and heartless savages who perpetrated acts of cruelty on innocent white settlers. And

Hollywood was merely tapping into an even older literary tradition. Historically, such images depicted in fiction and newspaper accounts had served to justify in settler colonial minds both violence and the taking of lands from Indigenous people through duplicity.[9] Such images have served to justify resisting Indigenous efforts to secure recognition of their rights in Canadian courts and the activation of their rights in Canadian legislation and public action.[10]

At the dinner table that night Dad told Sharon that she should stand up to the girl who had called her a wagon burner, and maybe even punch her antagonist if she didn't apologize. Dad said the girl was a racist. When I asked what that meant, he said something to the effect that a racist was someone who didn't like other people just because of the colour of their skin; a person who said and did things with the purpose of hurting. The words seared into my heart, and my memory of that conversation still stings me today. I remember thinking at the time of how one of my own classmates had earlier that week told a joke with a racist slur that hurt the feelings of the twin sisters who had recently joined my class after their family had fled Uganda's dictator Idi Amin. As I listened to my father, I felt ashamed that I had not said anything to support the girls (indeed, I had laughed along with other of my classmates). But, even with that new self-awareness and recognition, I was still a long way from coming to understand the way racism was in fact more than just an intentionally hurtful word or purposeful action designed to denigrate people with darker complexions.

As a child I came to appreciate that racism shaped people's behaviours. My family had a close relationship with Eva Mosely – an elderly woman who was a member of Powell River's first Black family. We visited Eva regularly and I remember fondly listening to her stories about how her grandparents had escaped from California during the American Civil War and been welcomed to British Columbia by Governor James Douglas – a man with African ancestry whose wife was Cree/Métis. In BC Eva's family found new opportunities, but they also found racism. They eventually ended up in Powell River, but the mill refused to hire her father, telling him point blank that "they did not employ Negros." In her grade twelve year, despite earning the highest grades in graduating class, the principal denied Eva the scholarship that was annually awarded the summa cum laude to enable them to attend university. And when Eva met and fell in love with a white man, she and her fiancé were told by both the United Church minister and then the Anglican priest that they were sorry, but they just couldn't let the couple be married in their churches. Eva and her partner Jack instead lived "common law" in a house just outside the city limits (and despite all this they later donated land to the school board so the expanding municipality would have property to build a new elementary school).

Similarly, one of my closest friends all through high school was South Asian, born in Fiji. His name was Ron. Ron used humour to deflect racist slurs. Sometimes, however, that strategy didn't work. I remember vividly a night at the

recreation centre when a gang of older thugs called Ron a "Paki." When he tried to laugh it off, they just got more aggressive and jumped us. Both my friend and I got beat up that night. But that wasn't entirely new for either of us. Ron was literally assaulted out of the blue at least half a dozen times during our high school years by racists while Ron and I were walking down the hallways of our school, or when he and I were swimming at the local beach. These boys called him racist slurs and then started shoving and punching him until Ron fought back. Sometimes, when I'm back in Powell River visiting, I bump into those guys. They act like they don't remember me or the altercations. I wonder if their consciences bother them. I wonder if they realize the extent of the emotional hurt they caused Ron beyond the physical hurt they inflicted. We've had several high school reunions, but Ron has never returned to Powell River to attend, and he and I have lost touch over the years.

Not all the violence in Powell River was racially motivated. A lot of it was ethnic- or class-based. Our home town was divided into class-based neighbourhoods. And these were often further subdivided into discernable ethnic enclaves. Cranberry (where I lived) and Wildwood were working-class neighbourhoods consisting mostly of descendants of Italian and Irish immigrants with a smattering of Ukrainian, Scandinavian, and working-class Scottish and English families. Westview was where the professional families lived – especially south Westview. Doctors, lawyers, accountants, teachers, RCMP officers, senior administrators and managers from the pulp mill, government office administrators, and small business owners made up the majority of the people in the mosaic of the Westview neighbourhood. Each of these communities were physically separated by slowly shrinking undeveloped forest lands. If you were from Cranberry or Wildwood you resented Westview. But most of the physical violence and emotional bullying took place within, not across, these communities.

I got badly beat up in my math class in grade eight by a boy who was one or two years older than me (I guess he had failed math one or twice already). He punched me in the head from behind as I was sitting at my desk. Then he kicked me after I fell onto the ground. He was white and so was I. But we both came from working-class families, and in our working-class neighbourhood violence was a regular part of life. I think he just needed a target and I was available. The torment was repeated several times over the coming months whenever the teacher decided to leave the classroom and go have a smoke in the staffroom. I was thirteen, tall, skinny, and insecure. I started telling my mom I was sick so could stay home from school on days when my math class was scheduled for third period because I knew on those days the teacher would inevitably go and smoke cigarettes in the staffroom (his addiction wouldn't let him go three classes straight without a smoke break). When I finally told my mom why I was afraid to go to school, she told me to talk to the teacher and the

Vice Principal. When I did, they suggested that I try to make friends with the bully. They never held the bully accountable. And they rejected my idea that the teacher be required to stay in the classroom for the duration of the class time.

These accounts and experiences were part of my story growing up, but I'm embarrassed to say that it was not until after I met my wife that I began to recognize the true breadth and depth of racism and cruelty in British Columbia. Teresa had originally come to Canada from the Philippines at the age of six with her widowed mother to escape martial law under the dictatorship of Ferdinand Marcos. Nothing in my childhood experiences compare to the stories she's told me describing how she was picked on and bullied from the moment she first set foot in a Nanaimo elementary school. The story of her first winter jacket in particular impacted me deeply. Coming from a tropical country Teresa had never experienced cold, let alone a Canadian winter. Her mother saved for months to be able to buy a cheap orange coat from the Zellers department store. Teresa wore it proudly to school, but within just a few minutes of class starting, the boy who sat behind her used a Jiffy marker to pen the word "chink" in bold black letters across her back. Unable to wash the ink away and unable to afford another coat, my six-year-old future wife had no choice but to wear the jacket with the racial slur for the rest of the winter season. The boy was never held accountable, but what still bothers me more is that nobody in the class, including the teacher, offered to help buy Teresa a new coat.

And still, despite these proxy glimpses into racism, I can honestly say it was not until I accepted a position as historical research coordinator for the Stó:lō Tribal Council in 1992 that I began to appreciate the ways in which the concept of "whiteness" created white privilege (unearned advantages), which in turn sustained the structures of systemic racism that continue to characterize many aspects of Canadian institutions and society.[11]

A few minutes after Dad had suggested that Sharon confront her antagonist, Mom provided her perspective. She said fighting wouldn't solve anything and would only make things worse for my sister. "Just ignore the girl. *She* is the one with problems." That was Mom's stock advice for almost all situations involving interpersonal conflicts. As a white woman Mom had never experienced racism, but growing up she had experienced prejudice and bigotry of other kinds, and some of these experiences were scarring. In the hyper-class-conscious company town where she was born and raised (where a person's position in the mill hierarchy determined which house on which street their family lived), she and her widowed mother had years earlier been required by the Powell River Company to leave their home after my grandfather had died. Mom, an only child who was eleven at the time, henceforth lived with my grandmother in poverty in a small house outside the company town in the neighbourhood of Cranberry where their only income came from taking in boarders (several of whom were drunk and abusive) and selling chicken eggs and garden produce.

Several of the children whom my mom had regarded as friends when her father was alive shunned her after she became poor. The rejection clearly had a profound impact on my mother. This was a story she told me several times as I was growing up. And during my own youth, Mom made it a priority to inculcate in her children behaviours and manners that she felt would indicate to others that we had transcended working-class poverty.[12]

In the end, I think Sharon listened to Mom, not Dad. At least, I don't remember hearing about Sharon getting into a fist fight with the girl who called her a wagon burner. But I do remember that Sharon was disappointed when a couple of months later she hosted a party to celebrate her birthday. She was turning twelve I think (maybe eleven) and wanted to have a dance for her birthday. Mom baked and decorated a cake and sent out invitations to all the kids in Sharon's class at our local school, as well as to her friends and relatives who lived out of town on the Tla'amin First Nation reserve. All her friends from Tla'amin showed up. Only one boy from her school class came. All the other neighbourhood kids stayed away. Mom was angry, ostensibly because none of them had let her or Sharon know they weren't coming. "They were probably really busy and couldn't make it," I remember her telling Sharon, though we all were pretty sure that wasn't the real reason. The next day, over breakfast and before our chores, Dad told Sharon to try and not let it bother her. He said something to the effect of, "It's their loss. Your true friends showed up, and you have family who love you." Sharon's friends played records and danced, and they ate a lot of cake and ice-cream. I watched these big kids doing all these cool dance moves, but I didn't dance myself. I was too young and too shy. I do remember feeling really good, though, when one of Sharon's friends from Tla'amin came over and sat beside me and talked to me, telling me that he didn't want to dance either.

When Sharon returned to live full-time with her birth father a year or so later, my mom gave her a recipe card with my mom's name, our address, and our phone number. Over the following years Mom occasionally got phone calls from Sharon. Once, I remember the phone waking us up late at night. Sharon was in the neighbouring province of Alberta. She was at a party and she was drinking. She just wanted to say hi, she said. Another time, she called to talk to Mom in the middle of a Saturday afternoon. Sharon was still in Alberta. Her boyfriend had left her, and she thought she might come home to Powell River – to Tla'amin. She wanted to know if Mom thought that was a good idea. Mom said it was. She told Sharon that it would be a chance for her to go back to school and get her grade twelve diploma.

I'm not certain, but I don't think Sharon ever came back to finish school. At least, I never saw her again. But Mom did. Sharon apparently dropped by our house once or twice when she was in town visiting her birth family, but those visits were incredibly brief and Sharon didn't even stay long enough to accept Mom's invitation to come into the house for tea. She just rolled down the

window of the car she was in and spoke in the driveway. But the phone calls did continue off and on over the years, getting less and less frequent as time when by. One call, however, stands out in my memory. I wasn't home when it came, as I was already in Victoria attending university. But my dad phoned to tell me about it afterwards. It had been from a doctor in Alberta who had found the old recipe card with my mom's contact information in Sharon's purse. He was calling to say that Sharon had tried to commit suicide. A gun was involved. She was going to live, but she needed help. I believe Mom and Dad sent some money, and then helped coordinate with social workers and medical staff.

About twenty years later my dad took a phone call from a man in Vancouver. At the time I was working as a faculty member in the history department at the University of Saskatchewan. My research focus was on the history of the Coast Salish of British Columbia and Washington State. The man who called Dad explained that he was Sharon's partner, and that they had been together for several years. He was calling with the sad news that Sharon had been sick for quite a while and had recently died. The man said he had found the old recipe card in Sharon's purse. The paper was tattered, faded, and torn, but at some point, Sharon had had it laminated. Dad explained to me that the man had said that Sharon had spoken fondly of the time she had spent living with us. The man added that Sharon had told him that she had wanted to become a teacher like my mom (before she married my dad, Mom had taught in Catholic Day Schools in Port Hardy, Whitehorse, Grand Prairie, and Kamloops where the classes consisted of a mix of Indigenous and settler youth). But I guess life, and the systemic oppression that Indigenous people face, had gotten in the way of Sharon's dream. Sadly, when news came of Sharon's death, my mother was suffering from dementia and was not able to understand the message my father tried to relate to her.[13]

My brother Kerry's life involved struggles too, especially as he got older. He had a gentle heart and a creative mind, but he was impulsive and appeared unable to understand consequences. His primary school report cards said he was bright and got along well with other children. Then, when my brother was ten years old, a new family moved into our neighbourhood, with a boy who was Kerry's age. This boy was charismatic – a "born leader." He was also manipulative and mean. He soon had a clique of followers, and he got them to do things that hurt others. My brother seemed to be under a spell.

In grade six, Kerry's class went on a weekend camping trip. On the morning of the second day there was a knock on our front door. The teacher was standing there with Kerry. Kerry and two other boys had been sent home from camp, and the teacher was explaining to my mom that Kerry would be suspended from school for two weeks. At the camp, Kerry and the other eleven-year-old boys had been caught smoking marijuana and drinking beer. They had repeatedly shouted profanity at the teacher and chaperones. They had started fist

fights with other boys. They had used bug repellent to spray obscenities onto the inside walls of the cabins, and then lit the spray on fire so the words were permanently burned into the walls. One of the cabins had caught fire and was only just extinguished before the other children's possessions had been burned up. The teacher explained that children could have died.

My dad, a four-year navy veteran who spent the rest of his life working in the hyper-masculine field of construction, thought more discipline was what was needed. Mom was devastated, but her response was to shower my brother in love. Love fixed things, Mom had repeatedly explained as we were growing up. The school principal arranged for Kerry to see a psychiatrist once a month, and Mom arranged for all of us to go to family counselling with a social worker. Mom tried hard. We all did, including Kerry, but trouble seemed to stalk Kerry.

By grade eight Kerry had been picked up several times by the RCMP for shoplifting. He skipped school regularly and failed almost all of his classes. He smoked and sold pot; he drank excessively on weekends after sneaking out of the house; and he stole money from me, my sister, and my parents. There was a suicide letter, and at least one failed suicide attempt. The drugs kept getting harder. He spent a night in the hospital having his stomach pumped after taking pills he had stolen from a cabinet in the doctor's office during a routine check-up. He dropped out of school, and my dad used his connections in the construction world to get Kerry jobs with various roofing companies and contractors. But Kerry inevitably failed to show up for work on time, and when he did show up he was often hungover. He stole from the cash registers when the bosses weren't looking. He got fired, repeatedly.

It was the year Kerry should have entered grade nine that I left Powell River to attend university in Victoria. Kerry and I stayed in touch. I wrote him letters (he didn't write back), but he did occasionally talk with me on the phone. Twice, Mom provided Kerry with ferry and bus tickets to travel down to Victoria so we could spend a few days together. On occasions like that, when it was just the two of us, we could talk. He would confide in me, and I would confide in him. He didn't know why he stole, he explained. He did drugs because it was fun. He meant it when he told Mom that he was sorry, and he meant it when he said he wouldn't do whatever-it-was-that-he-had-done again. But inevitably, his friends would call and the promises were forgotten; partying was the priority. To party, one needed money, and one needed time, and Kerry took these two things whenever he could from whomever he could.

It was September of 1988 when my dad and Kerry worked out a plan for what Dad called a "another fresh start." I was still in Victoria at the time, recently married and in the first term of my MA program, researching the history of the decolonization in the Philippines. Dad had always been of the opinion, and I shared it, that the challenges facing Kerry were mostly associated with the friends he kept, and in particular, the same boy who had joined Kerry's

grade-four class so many years earlier, who continued to coax Kerry into "doing things." Through his work contacts, Dad arranged a labourer's job for Kerry on the yard crew of a hotel in Lake Louise. Two days before the job was scheduled to start, Kerry climbed onto an early morning bus headed to Vancouver. He would have a four-hour wait in Vancouver before his scheduled connection took him on the bus ride to Lake Louise – just enough time, Dad said, for Kerry to get a haircut and grab a lunch.

But, Kerry didn't go for lunch and he didn't get a haircut. Instead he went to the "No. 5 Orange" – an exotic dancer club on the edge of Gastown in Vancouver's skid row district near the infamous corner of Hastings Avenue and Main Street. I guess he stayed there all afternoon and into the evening. The next day when the coroner spoke to my father, he said Kerry had such a cocktail of drugs and alcohol in his system that it was amazing that he could walk, let alone ride a motorbike. Alcohol, pot, hash, crack, and if memory serves, speed.

I rushed home from university after learning of Kerry's death and remember my dad telling me that the bartender told the coroner that Kerry had been at the pub all day watching the dancers, drinking, and occasionally "stepping outside" with the guys he was with. Whether my brother knew these guys before he arrived at the club, or whether he just connected with them once he got there, I don't know. What I do know is that Kerry somehow acquired the keys to one of the guy's motorbike and took it for a spin. The owner later told the police that Kerry had stolen it. The bartender said it looked like the guy had given Kerry the keys – that maybe Kerry was supposed to go out and "do the guy a favour."

Whatever the backstory, Kerry started driving the motorbike around Gastown around midnight. The Vancouver Harbour Police spotted him speeding and swerving near the statue celebrating "Gassy" Jack Deighton (a pioneer Vancouver saloon owner, bootlegger, and steamboat man, who also happened to be a pedophile who took a twelve-year-old Squamish First Nation girl for his wife) and they gave chase. Kerry sped the bike at between 90 and 120 km per hour, and headed the wrong way down Powell Street – a one-way street. The police followed with their lights flashing and siren blaring. According to the coroner, when Kerry got to the intersection of Hawks Ave and Powell Street he drove directly into a concrete barricade, flipped over the handlebars, and was thrown against a brick wall. When my father arrived in Vancouver to identify my brother's body, the coroner told him that Kerry had died instantly. He had been wearing a helmet, but when he hit the wall at that speed, and on that angle, his brain was severed from his spinal cord.

Roughly two hours before Kerry died, back in Powell River, as my Mom and Dad were watching the late-night news on TV, something hit the living room window. Dad got up to look on the porch and there he found a dead sharp-shinned hawk.[14] It had flown into the window and broken its neck – it too had died instantly.

Years earlier the psychiatrist who had worked with Kerry had told my parents that they thought my brother's behaviour was likely linked to his birth mother probably having drunk alcohol while pregnant – what today is called Fetal Alcohol Spectrum Disorder. The symptoms included trouble adapting to changing circumstances, impulsive behaviour, a compromised ability to weigh consequences, complications staying on task, problems conceptualizing time and keeping to schedules, and difficulty planning or working towards a goal.[15]

The family counsellor, meanwhile, had earlier given our parents a different diagnosis. Back when Kerry first started getting into trouble with the police, she had said that she thought Kerry's problems stemmed from my mother having shown him excessive love, affection, and forgiveness, and insufficient discipline. She had, to use a phrase that was common in the 1970s and '80s, "spoiled him." Either way, according to the both the social worker and the psychiatrist, the fault for my brother's "problems" – and by extension the responsibility for his death in a high-speed police chase – could ultimately be traced back to one, or both, of Kerry's mothers.

Blaming mothers for the actions of their sons has a long and troubling history that is intimately linked to patriarchy and colonialism. It's part of a larger societal practice of blaming women generally for the behaviour of men. Women who are the victims of rape have too often been told and made to feel that it was their fault for leading the attacker on – for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, for wearing the wrong clothes, for dancing provocatively – for simply being female.

Women have been, and are still today, blamed for shaping men's behaviour and character, regardless of whether they treat men well or poorly. In my family history, blaming mothers for their son's failings has a long history. Similar to the way both my brother's birth and adoptive mothers were blamed by medical professionals and social workers (and certain friends and relatives) for my brother's unwelcome behaviour, my great-grandmother had been blamed for her son's (my maternal grandfather's) lack of manliness during the First World War. My maternal grandfather Sgt. William Vint Wightman's official Canadian military records show him as having been diagnosed with "shell shock" in 1916 after he had been physically injured, partially buried alive, and left for three days in no-man's-land during the Battle of the Somme.[16] He "recovered" and continued to serve for the remainder of the war. He later died of lung cancer in 1944, following more than two decades of illness and suffering resulting from his having also been repeatedly exposed to poison gas in the trenches of Flanders. Family oral histories describe how he additionally endured vivid nightmares and anxiety in the years following his military service. The official *Canadian Medical History of the Great War* described shell shock "as a variety of conditions ranging from cowardice to maniacal insanity." In fact, military medical practitioners at the time determined that shell shock was not caused by exploding shells, but

rather by mothers who had excessively pampered and feminized their sons: "'Shell-shock' is a manifestation of childishness and femininity. Against such there is no remedy."[17]

I've always felt a special closeness and affinity to my grandfather Bill even though he died long before I was born. I've likewise often wondered how his mother, my great-grandmother, dealt with the fact that she lost one of her sons (Hurbert) to a German bullet and had two of her other boys (my grandfather Bill and his brother Brice) return home with damaged psyches and carrying the stigma of "childishness and femininity," implicitly due to her poor skills as a mother.[18]

In settler colonial states like Canada, a host of rationales have been deployed in attempts to dismiss Indigenous mothers as unfit to raise their children. Nearly all of these can be boiled down to definitions of *what* Indigenous mothers are in terms of their relationship to settler colonialism, rather than *who* they are as people. That is to say, Indigenous mothers have long represented to the Canadian and American governments the source of future opposition to settler colonial control. As women, Indigenous mothers give birth to children with Aboriginal Rights. Unassimilated Indigenous children are reminders that the settler colonial process of displacing Indigenous people from their ancestral lands, alienating them from their resources, and assimilating them into Canadian societies so that settler society can have unfettered access to those lands and resources remains unfinished and incomplete – an ongoing process.

The children of Indigenous mothers inherit a perspective that decentres and disrupts American and Canadian national myths by challenging the idea that North America's colonial histories ended in 1776 and 1867 respectively. Moreover, they expose the self-serving interests of those who fought for responsible government and then falsely declared victory while simultaneously working to deny Indigenous people the ability to participate in federal elections until the 1960s – by which time Indigenous populations had declined so greatly in relation to settler communities that they no longer posed a political threat.[19]

The children of Indigenous mothers inherit world views that challenge the idea that Indigenous people are best understood as minor characters *in* the early chapters of the unfolding story of nation states, and instead situate Canada and the United States as *things* (events, ideas, and structures) that occur *within* the unfolding of multiple Indigenous histories. The children of Indigenous mothers inherit memories across generations that through their retelling expose the betrayals behind broken treaty promises, reveal the consequences of unfulfilled common law protections, and highlight the hollowness of constitutionally protected rights that though listed remain undefined and non-operationalized.

Indigenous people have not been colonized and displaced from their land because of their race or ethnicity (though alleged racial inferiority and assumed cultural simplicity have often been used to justify the actions).

Rather these things have been done to them because Indigenous people were (and remain) "in the way." It was while working with the Stó:lō in the early 1990s that I first heard Ernie Crey (who would later become Chief of the Cheam First Nation) explain that "Aboriginal rights and title are not based on race. We could be white, or we could be purple, and we'd still have Aboriginal rights to our ancestral land and resources. We have these rights because we were here first."

Kerry's ancestors were here first, long before any of my own. It is that presence that causes problems for settlers. Initially Indigenous people were "a problem" for settlers because they impeded access to land and resources. Later, once they no longer posed a military threat, settlers reclassified them as people 'with problems' because they struggled to live within settler colonial society. The assumed solution to the *Indian problem* was to remove them from their land and place them on reserves. The assumed solution for *Indians with problems* was to remove them from their reserves and from their mothers so they could be assimilated. Indian residential schools, the '60s Scoop, and the ongoing crisis of Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls all send a clear message to Indigenous women that Canadian society considers them unfit mothers, unfit daughters, and unfit spouses, unworthy of the respect and protections accorded to white settler men and women.

After Kerry died, Mom went into a deep depression. Losing the gift child that had been entrusted to her to love and raise made her feel like a failure. For nearly three months she hardly spoke to anyone and spent many days just lying in bed. Then one morning just days before Christmas 1988, she came downstairs and walked into the kitchen and greeted us with a smile and a cheerful "good morning." I remember we all commented that she looked great, and that we were happy to see her smile. Without prompting, she explained that during the night Kerry had appeared to her, standing at the foot of her bed. "It was real," she asserted; "it wasn't a dream." She went on to explain that Kerry had looked relaxed and content. Mom said my brother had told her that he wasn't suffering anymore; he was in heaven. He had been suffering earlier, but then Mom's mom (my Grandma Marie) had come to him and taken him by the hand, and brought him from purgatory into heaven.[20]

I didn't know what to make of Mom's story. I still don't. I don't know if I believe what she believed, but I've tried. Over the course of my life I've found that, regardless of how hard I try, belief and non-belief both tend to be somewhat situational. It is easier for me to believe in what my childhood catechism teacher referred to as "the communion of saints" when I am in a church celebrating mass (it's also easier to believe this when I'm in a longhouse attending a Coast Salish winter dance); it is easier for me to believe in the physical reality of sasquatch when I am out in the mountains and forests with one of my Coast Salish friends sharing stories around a campfire and watching the

moon rise above the trees; and it is easier for me to believe that all people are inherently kind and generous on those occasions when I witness selfless acts by others.

Not believing can also be situational. I know it's easier for many of my non-Indigenous friends to *not* believe that settler colonialism is an ongoing system of oppression when they are not informed about Indigenous history, have not spent time talking with and learning from Indigenous people, have not become educated about the constitutional protections (recognized by the Supreme Court in numerous decisions) of Aboriginal Rights, and have not taken the time to recognize and acknowledge the invisibility of their white privilege.[21]

As a university professor (since 2001) I have had many privileges, such as being largely free to choose the research projects that interest me. Since 1992, when I started working for, and with, the Stó:lō ("People of the River") Coast Salish people of the lower Fraser River watershed, my scholarship has been driven by questions and conversations that have emerged from within communities.[22]

To this day I remain deeply intrigued by, and respectful of, the way the Coast Salish people attribute active agency to ancestral spirits in their lives and in the unfolding of their history, as well as in the revelation of historical knowledge.[23] With my Indigenous research partners, we integrate ceremony and ritual into our research methodologies. I remain as interested in Indigenous historical consciousness (what people think about the past and how they come to know and re-interpret that past over time) as I am in settler history.[24]

Sitting in a prominent place on the shelf in my living room is the hawk that flew into my parents' window the night my brother Kerry died. My father arranged for a taxidermist to preserve it. Hawks are one of several raptor birds that in Coast Salish cosmology are understood to be messengers. Hawks, like owls, bring messages from the spirit world that help guide people and encourage them to be reflective and cautious so as to enable them to better steer clear from danger. Seeing a hawk swoop past your car as you travel, for example, is widely recognized as an invitation to slow down and assess one's direction and speed.

That hawk reminds me of my brother and his death at the corner of Hawks and Powell. Some roads (like Powell Street in Vancouver) are designed only to permit traffic to travel one way – efforts to challenge that direction are dangerous and potentially deadly. Powell Street honours Canada's settler colonial past and reminds us that it is still with us. Other roads (like Hawks Avenue in Vancouver) are two-way streets. In my mind, Hawks Avenue represents the possibilities and potential of nascent reconciliation in Canada. Importantly, Hawks Avenue does not run parallel to Powell Street. As my brother tragically discovered on the night he was being chased by the police, Hawks runs perpendicular to Powell. Hawks Avenue neither requires people to travel in a single direction, nor does it prevent them from turning around, if after a while they determine

that they have been travelling in the wrong direction or have travelled past their desired destination.

In her will, Mom requested that she and Kerry be buried together. Located in Coast Salish territory are not only the graves of my brother's Indigenous birth ancestors, but also those of his adoptive mother and father, all four of his adoptive grandparents, and two of his adoptive great-grandparents. I often reflect upon the fact that all of these bodies have returned to earth and literally become part of the ancestral territory of the Coast Salish people.

In the traditions taught to me by Coast Salish Knowledge Keepers Andy Commodore, Wes Sam, Tilly Gutierrez, Nancy Philips, and Bill Pat-Charlie, my own ancestors' spirits are believed to remain active in the places they frequented during their lives, as well as in those places where their bodies are interred. According to these Elders, my ancestors are able to communicate with the ancestors of the Indigenous people of this territory. According to both my mother's epistemology and that of my Indigenous friends and colleagues, there exist ways to enable dialogue and to build cross-cultural understanding that go beyond face-to-face meetings and government-sponsored reconciliation initiatives. In their traditions, the heavy lifting of building reconciliation may well be being done by the deceased – who in turn are believed to inform the living in ways the living do not always fully appreciate.

Today, as a society, I believe we are at a juncture not unlike Powell Street and its intersection with Hawks Avenue. As settlers we have been following the one-way path of Powell Street for too long (and dragging Indigenous people along with us). The single-minded and unidirectional thrust of settler colonialism harms Indigenous people, while it violates our own settler legal traditions, ethical sensibilities, and moral codes. Many Indigenous people have tried to resist this movement, as have a growing number of Canada's non-Indigenous population, but driving against the flow of settler colonialism is inevitably fraught with dangers.

So how do we turn? When I consider my extended family, I see the conundrum. Both my parents were explicitly anti-racist, but their working-class struggles rendered them blind to their white privilege. They were sympathetic to Indigenous people and tried to be empathetic, but were inevitably patronizing in their application of allyship and support. Likewise, my wife Teresa is perhaps an exemplar of the more recent immigrants of colour who are not directly implicated in the historical actions of displacing Indigenous people, but who are nonetheless beneficiaries of the ongoing structures of settler colonialism despite suffering from racism themselves alongside Indigenous people. Across generations settler Canadians have lived lives that have created stories that link them to the land and give their presence here meaning. These stories are authentic and legitimate. But they have been composed and recited in ways that have for too long worked to eclipse Indigenous people's own much deeper

stories and allodial connections to the land. Settlers' personal stories have for too long been informed by, and integrated into, the larger nation state's narrative that incorrectly and self-servingly depicted Indigenous people as inevitably, eventually, disappearing. They are not. We are all here to stay.

Working together, I believe we can develop and share the knowledge, creativity, and vocabulary necessary to dismantle settler colonialism and build something new in its place – to transform the conundrum of double permanence into shared opportunity with mutual advantages.

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NOTES

1 See Brian W. Dippie's classic work, *The Vanishing American: White Attitudes and U.S. Indian Policy* (Middletown, CN: Wesleyan University Press, 1982). For the Canadian context, a good place to start is Daniel Francis's *The Imaginary Indian: The Image of the Indian in Canadian Culture* (Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press, 1992).

2 For an account of the displacement of the Tla'amin People from Tees'kwat, see my PhD student Colin Osmond's recently completed dissertation "Paycheques and Paper Promises: Economics, Family Life, and Canadian Settler Colonialism in Two Indigenous Communities" (PhD diss., University of Saskatchewan, 2020). The colonization of Tees'kwat mirrored a process that had earlier occurred repeatedly, with minor derivations, all across British Columbia – and was one that I worked with Stó:lō people to document in the Fraser River region: Keith Thor Carlson, *The Power of Place, the Problem of Time: Aboriginal Collective Identity and Historical Consciousness in the Cauldron of Colonialism* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2010). See also Keith Thor Carlson, "Toward an Indigenous Historiography: Events, Migrations, and the Formation of 'Post-Contact' Coast Salish Collective Identities" in Bruce Granville Miller, ed, *"Be of Good Mind": Essays on the Coast Salish* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 2007), 138 [Carlson, "Toward an Indigenous Historiography"].

3 Thomas King, *The Truth about Stories: A Native Narrative* (Toronto: Anansi Press, 2003), 2.

4 *Ibid* at 10.

5 *Ibid* at 155–67.

6 It was only on 1 January 2020, that *An Act Respecting First Nations, Inuit and Métis Children, Youth and Families*, SC 2019, c 24 (Bill C-92), came into effect which

recognized Indigenous communities' inherent jurisdiction over children in their communities.

7 For examples of some of the best scholarship on this subject, see Chris Andersen, *"Metis": Race, Recognition, and the Struggle for Indigenous Peoplehood* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 2015); Kim Tallbear, *Native American DNA: Tribal Belonging and the False Promise of Genetic Science* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2013); Adam Gaudry, "Becoming Indigenous: The Rise of Eastern Metis in Canada" (25 October 2015), online: *The Conversation* <https://theconversation.com/becoming-indigenous-the-rise-of-eastern-metis-in-canada-80794>.

8 See Ernie Crey & Suzanne Fournier, *Stolen From Our Embrace: The Abduction of First Nations Children and the Restoration of Aboriginal Communities* (Vancouver: Douglas & McIntyre Press, 1998); Allyson Stevenson, *Intimate Integration: A Study of Aboriginal Transracial Adoption in Saskatchewan, 1944–1984* (PhD diss., Department of History, University of Saskatchewan, 2015); Raven Sinclair, "Identity Lost and Found: Lessons from The Sixties Scoop" (2007) 3:1 First Peoples Child & Family Review 66. For insights into the cause and expression of the constitutional contestations between the federal and BC governments in the 1950s and early 1960s over funding, programing, and citizenship for First Nations people, see Byron Plant, "The Politics of Indian Administration: A Post-Revisionist History of Interstate Relations in Mid-twentieth Century British Columbia" (PhD diss., University of Saskatchewan, 2009).

9 In Canada, the best example of scholarship exploring the myths of aggressive Indigenous male masculinity and dangerously lascivious Indigenous female femininity are Sarah Carter's *Capturing Women: The Manipulation of Cultural Imagery in Canada's Prairie West* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1997) and her more recent book, *The Importance of Being Monogamous: Marriage and Nation Building in Western Canada to 1915* (Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 2008). For critical assessments of the Hollywood manipulation and use of images of Indigenous people, see Jacqueline Kilpatrick, *Celluloid Indians: Native Americans and Film* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1999); R. Philip Loy, *Westerns and American Culture* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 2001); Edward Bushcombe, *Injuns! Native Americans in the Movies* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2006).

10 In my hometown of Powell River, the Tla'amin People only recently secured a treaty with the federal and provincial governments of Canada and British Columbia in 2016. By then most of their territory and resources had been altered and/or alienated through industrial and urban developments.

11 I first became aware of the idea of whiteness and white privilege when reading Veronika Strong-Boag et al, eds, *Rethinking Canada: The Promise of Women's History* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986). For additional scholarship on this subject see Louise Keating, "Interrogating 'Whiteness,' (De)Constructing 'Race'" in Maryemma Graham, Sharon Pineault-Burke & Marianna White Davis,

eds, *Teaching African American Literature* (New York: Routledge, 1998); Noel Ignatiev, *How the Irish Became White* (New York: Routledge, 2008); Thomas K. Nakayama & Robert L. Krizek, "Whiteness: A Strategic Rhetoric" (1995) 81 Quarterly Journal of Speech 291; Zeus Leonardo, "The Souls of White Folk: Critical Pedagogy, Whiteness Studies, and Globalization Discourse" (2002) 5:1 Race Ethnicity and Education 29; Eric Arnesen, "Whiteness and the Historian's Imagination" (2001) 60 International Labor and Working-Class History 3.

12 Mom insisted, for example, we set the table and used our eating utensils "properly"; she made us take the laundry back in off the clothes line and "do it again" if we failed to hang the clothes on the line in proper order of pants followed by shirts followed by socks followed by underwear, explaining "I don't want the neighbours thinking we just put our clothes out all higgly piggly"; she did not tolerate swearing or foul language of any kind, etc.

13 In the spring of 2019, after being diagnosed with terminal cancer, and with my mother in a care home with advanced dementia, my father asked me to assist him in setting up a scholarship in my mother's name at the local Powell River high school. He endowed the scholarship with $20,000 so that it could provide $2,000 annually for ten years to "a female First Nation student heading into higher education."

14 *Accipter straitus* – a bird that does not normally fly at night in the dark.

15 Mayo Clinic, "Fetal Alcohol Syndrome," online: https://www.mayoclinic.org/diseases-conditions/fetal-alcohol-syndrome/symptoms-causes/syc-20352901.

16 Several months later, top officials in the Canadian military declared that field physicians, medics, and standard field officers could no longer use the diagnosis of shell shock to describe men whose minds and emotions had been destroyed by industrial conflict and by their witnessing of, and participation in, the slaughter of other human beings. "In no circumstances whatever," the order ran, "will the expression 'shell-shock' be made use of verbally or be recorded in any regimental or other casualty report, or in any hospital or other medical document except in cases so classified by the order of the officer commanding the special hospital for such cases." Once the term was prohibited, the top brass could boast to Canadians that soldiers were no longer being diagnosed with the condition (as though shell shock no longer existed).

17 Sir Andrew MacPhail, *The History of the Canadian Forces in the Great War: The Medical Services* (Ottawa: F.A. Acland Publishing, 1925), 170.

18 My great-uncle Herbert Wightman was a sniper who was killed by a German sniper only a few short days after arriving on the front. My great-uncle Brice Wightman served in the North Irish Medical Corp and was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government. Like my grandfather Bill, great-uncle Brice was diagnosed with shell shock during the war and struggled with post-traumatic stress for the remainder of his life.

19 In the United States the Fifteenth Amendment of 1870 granted all US citizens the right to vote, but it was not until the passage of the 1924 *Snyder Act* (a.k.a. *Indian*

Citizenship Act) that Indigenous people could, in theory, exercise that right. In practice, individual states continued to block Indigenous people from exercising the franchise for decades. It was not until the 1960s that the last state removed the conditions that prevented Indigenous people from exercising their right to vote. In Canada, it was not until the 1960s that First Nations secured the right to vote in federal elections.

20 Mom was a Roman Catholic who had a crucifix on her bedroom wall and who prayed the rosary at home, even though at the time of Kerry's death she had not attended mass more than half a dozen times over the previous two decades. She had, in fact, originally been raised in the United Church and only made the denominational shift after she started working as a nineteen-year-old teacher in remote Catholic Indian day schools. Her German mother, Anna Marie Kammer, had been born and raised Catholic but had changed her last name to Cameron to better avoid anti-German racism during the Great War, and then shifted to Protestantism when she married my Northern Irish grandfather. Mom had first clashed with the priest when (as Mom prepared to adopt Kerry) he told her that artificial birth control was a sin. Her fissure with the Church hierarchy (but not her faith) came when the same priest told her that her mother (who had died six months before Kerry was adopted) would not get into heaven because she had abandoned the true faith when she converted from Catholicism to Protestantism after marrying my Northern Irish grandfather.

21 It is a unique feature of privilege that it is generally only invisible to those who carry it. White privilege is only invisible to whites, male privilege is only invisible to men, class privilege is only invisible to the wealthy, etc., and as a result those with privilege also carry comfort. To those outside the various bubbles these comfort-providing privileges are clear and apparent, and, thanks to this, settler colonialism and racism are sustained without critique from those who benefit from them for as long as their privileges remain invisible.

22 I have sought to co-create projects, and then work with Indigenous community representatives and members to determine how best to balance the emotional and intellectual labour and responsibility we will share as we collaborate to co-execute the project, co-analyse and co-interpret the evidence, and co-mobilize and co-translate the results into language and formats that will achieve the goals that the community and I have together identified as priorities. My scholarly activities exist on a spectrum of shared responsibility and authority that adapts to the shifting needs, priorities, and capacities of my Indigenous partners. Sometimes my partners invite me to do much of the research and analysis on my own (especially on expert witness reports where we need to demonstrate to a judge that my analysis was without prejudice). On other occasions, I am less centrally involved and play a role more akin to that of support personnel. More typically, "the work" of designing, researching, analysing, interpreting, and communicating are shared, thus rendering the research outcomes products of numerous and

sustained conversations. In our collaborative, community-engaged scholarship, my Indigenous partners and I aspire to contribute to the critical process of documenting and interpreting the history of settler colonialism, but we situate it, not as a single-minded, unidirectional process that has unfolded *on* Indigenous people, but rather as a system of colonial displacement and control that has been unfolding *within* the history of Indigenous people. Thus situated, its continuance need not be seen as inevitable.

23 See, for example, Keith Thor Carlson, "Orality About Literacy: The 'Black and White' of Salish History" in Keith Thor Carlson, Kristina Fagan, & Natalia Khanenko-Friesen, eds, *Orality and Literacy: Reflections across Disciplines* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2011) 43; Keith Thor Carlson, "Aboriginal Diplomacy: Queen Victoria Comes to Canada, and Coyote Goes to London" in J. Marshall Beier, ed, *Indigenous Diplomacies* (New York: Paulgrave MacMillan, 2009), 155; Keith Thor Carlson, "Born Again of the People: Luis Taruc and Peasant Ideology in Philippine Revolutionary Politics" (2008) 41:82 Histoire Sociale/Social History 417; Keith Thor Carlson, "Rethinking Dialogue and History: The King's Promise and the 1906 Aboriginal Delegation to London" (2005) 16:2 Native Studies Review 1.

24 See, for example, Carlson, "Toward an Indigenous Historiography," *supra* note 2; Keith Thor Carlson, "Reflections on Indigenous History and Memory: Reconstructing and Reconsidering Contact" in John Lutz, ed, *Myth and Memory: Stories of Indigenous-European Contact* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 2007), 46; Keith Thor Carlson, "The Indians and the Crown: Aboriginal Memories of Royal Promises in Pacific Canada" in Colin MacMillan Coates, ed, *Majesty in Canada: Essays on the Role of Royalty* (Toronto: Dundurn Press, 2005), 68; Keith Thor Carlson with Naxaxalhts'i (Albert McHalsie), "Indigenous Memoryscapes: Stó:lō History from Stone and Fire" in Sarah De Nardi et al, eds, *The Routledge Handbook of Memory and Place* (London: Routledge, 2020), 138; Keith Thor Carlson, "'Don't Destroy the Writing': Time- and Space-based Communication and the Colonial Strategy of Mimicry in Nineteenth Century Salish-Missionary Relations on Canada's Pacific Coast" in Tony Ballantyne & Lachlan Paterson, eds, *Indigenous Textual Cultures, the Politics of Difference and the Dynamism of Practice* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2020), 101.