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10. INDIGENIZING IVORY TOWERS

Poetic Inquiry, Métissage, and Reconcilia(c)tion

Last year we gathered on unceded ancestral Anishinaabeg territories of the Algonquin (Omaamiwininii) First Nations people at least once a month to share stories. We discussed our progressive struggles in relation to our respective programs, positionality as Indigenous and non-Indigenous colleagues. We shared conversations about different Indigenous readings and witnessed the sustenance of our collegial relationships transform into valued friendships. During that time together, we noticed recurring themes in our conversations such as, but not limited to, the complexity of settler identities and responsibilities; the paradox of Indigeneity within the academy; and, the habitual manifestation of institutionalized racisms and ensuing microaggressions within our daily lives.

Deeply inspired by the praxis—and aesthetics—of literary *métissage*, we attempted to represent these conversations, first, to each other during our gatherings. Like Blood, Chambers, Donald, Hasebe-Ludt and Big Head (2012), we sought to “provoke collective wondering” (p. 48). Their work inspired us to write counternarratives in juxtaposition “to the grand narratives of our times,” to play within “the interval between different cultures and languages, particularly” within and against colonial contexts, and to merge and blur “genres, texts and identities,” where we each take up writing as “an active literary stance, political strategy, and pedagogical praxis” (Hasebe-Ludt, Chambers, & Leggo, 2009, p. 9). How might Indigenous and settler colleagues braid their stories as a praxis of reconciliation?

In preparation for the writing of our *literary métissage*, we each wrote three narrative strands. The interpretation, style, presentation, and interconnectivity of the strands were left deliberately open to encourage an organic engagement with the narrative representations of our lived experiences as Indigenous/settler academics. Although each strand and collective narrative is distinctly personal in respect to its authorship, collectively the strands in this chapter represent a different way of re/member-ing. This re/member-ing is not only for us, but also for both Indigenous and settler readers to transform how they think of themselves in relation to each other (Dion, 2009). Here, we present not only a juxtaposition of our individual

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Indigenous/settler identities as academics, but we also propose our ‘living testimonies’ and poetic inquiries as a means of provoking a complicated conversation toward reconceptualizing our subjectivities (Pinar, 1995), and our respective responsibilities as Indigenous and settler peoples.

We first presented this work on Blackfoot territory at the University of Calgary during the 2016 annual Canadian Society for the Study of Education (CSSE) conference. As such, we felt a deeper connection with Narcisse Blood’s concept of *Aoksisowaato’op* and his storying of Blackfoot territories. In the closing moments of the conference, Leroy Little Bear’s¹ address on Blackfoot metaphysics brought us into the multidimensionality of our relationships with the land, our ancestors, and our present selves. In a way, our modest attempt at performing and living a pedagogy of *literary métissage* beckons us to plunge intuitively into the watery knowledge of possibility and connect our lived experiences to our stories of this place.

STRAND I

Relating to the Land and My Ancestors

(Tricia McGuire-Adams)

Living in the Belly of a Whale

(Nicholas Ng-A-Fook)

Leave

(Keri-Lynn Cheechoo)

Pierres

(Julie Vaudrin-Charette)

The Night We Met

(Kiera Brant)

Relating to the Land and My Ancestors

The Anishinaabe past is written on our landscape and each time we are on the land, we are reminded of this. (Patricia McGuire, 2013, p. 208)

The blood memory of Animbigoo Zaagi’igan (Lake Nipigon)

Pulses through my body

My dreams

I know your waters

I seen your cliffs
I remember the sky above
Which one of my ancestors is calling out to me?
Demanding that I remember her.
Praying that I will connect with her by hearing her stories.
So she may live on. So I may live on
It is my responsibility, my gratitude, my honour
To learn, to hear, to live ancestral stories
I am being called by aki, my ancestors, and by Animbigoo Zaagi'igan

Living in the Belly of a Whale

Jonah hurry up
Eat your food
We need to get to school
You are not living
In the Belly of a Whale

Dad slow down
Hang out
Come Join Me
In the Belly of a Whale

Jonah hurry up
Get dressed
We need to get to school
You are not living
In the Belly of a Whale

Dad slow down
I have a story to share
Come Join Me
In the Belly of a Whale

Jonah hurry up
Bike faster
We need to get to school
You are not living
In the Belly of a Whale

Dad slow down
Listen
Come Join Me
In the Belly of a Whale

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Leave

Squaw, they said
Sit down
Shut up.

Colonial rule
Are you cold?
Take this blanket.

Your child
Let us have it
It's still Indian.

We'll create
Children
In God's image.

Mind you,
They will lose
Sanity and souls.

Your business
Is ours
Your ovaries, too.

Shush
Don't speak
Unless you're spoken to.

You can't
Eat or sit here
Leave.

Leave your ancestors.
Leave your home.
Leave your land.

Pierres

A stone.

As a settler, I stood uninvited on someone else's land. Still am.

I remember my people throwing stones at Mohawks, their grandfathers, grandmothers, mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters at Kanesatake in 1990. Our people vandalised the Kitigan Zibi Cultural Center in 2007 with racist Fascist Nazi signs.



Source : Kitigan Zibi Cultural Center, with permission.

Seven stones. During an Indigenous and non-Indigenous collaborative project on the unceded ancestral land of the Anishnabeg Algonquin First Nations I picked up seven stones. Each represented a sacred learning moment within their community. Elders Celine and Judy Tusky welcomed us to their sharing circle.



A Skip. Acknowledging the unceded ancestral land where our college sits is a very small step.

Yet, this is how we are learning to walk the land together.
Students sat, in circle, listening to the teachings of Elders.

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Without interrupting.
In silence!
But, what did they hear?
One cannot assume proximity means presence.

An impulse. Attending a class in our doctoral program. The pseudo-documentary *Nanook of the North* deconstructed and reconstructed for us educators-in-becoming. Everyone in class has an opinion and is in a hurry to share it. Your hand is raised, patiently waiting to talk. It has been raised, but not acknowledged. I become impatient. My hand is raised. “Yes, Julie, what do you say?” I respond, “I would like to hear what she has been meaning to say.” You say, “I forget.” I only remember asking for your voice, with the intention to hijack such exclusions on day one. But I didn’t hear your voice.

An absence. I assumed one wants to voice as part of a critical pedagogy that works to disrupt such recurring colonial patterns. I need to begin here. By this Ivory Tower which is standing in front of me, steeped in Settler ancestry, French, English, etc. Am I, an Indigenous-wannabe? Indigenous-hungry? Indigenous-fashionably? Beyond appearances, craving a part of history, which has been crushed by me.

Coming to terms with being “non-Indigenous” seems strange. Where else would I be defining myself by what I am not?

Non-Asian!

Non-Black!

Non-Male!

Non-Anglophone?

Come to think of it, is becoming “non” the norm of reconciliation?

The “norm” of exclusion, sweeping/whiplashing, erasing, and crushing.

Throwing stones.



Sinking in. I am reminded of Coulthard (2014)...

In his more prescriptive moments, Taylor suggests that, in Canada, both the Quebecois and Indigenous peoples exemplify the types of threatened minorities that ought to be considered eligible for some form of recognition capable of accommodating their cultural distinctiveness. (p. 30)

Is my cultural distinctiveness threatened?

The Night We Met

I vividly remember my first week of grad school. I spent most of my time trying to convince myself that I belonged there, and to convince others that I, too, knew the definition of “epistemology” and who or what an “AERA” was. I recall the moment of dread when I would get the syllabus and flip through trying to find something (anything!) that resonated with my Indigeneity and consequent ways of learning, knowing, and being. I also recall finding another Indigenous sister in that class—who happened to be Keri. I didn’t know her well at the time. And yet, her mere presence reassured me that I won’t be alone during the uphill battles against the microaggressions and offhanded racialized comments we often experienced in every university classroom.

Still, my fondest memory from that first day of graduate school actually took place that evening. Our Education Graduate Students’ Association (EGSA) hosted an orientation night. In an attempt to be social, I decided to attend. As it turned out, attending the EGSA orientation happened to be one of the most memorable decisions of my life. That night I met my best friend, personal chef, faithful spider-killer, and now fiancé, Anton. I’m so fortunate that out of the 20+ seats he could have chosen that night, he decided to sit beside me. Who knew that post-Soviet Union Russia where Anton was raised, and my home community of Tyendinaga Mohawk Territory would have so much in common? Turns out, a lack of clean drinking water can truly bond two people! Nevertheless, a dear Anishinaabeg friend and leader once told me, “To be Indigenous is to be inherently political.” I didn’t appreciate the weight of this statement when she first shared this with me, but I’ve come to realize that even in life’s greatest moments you never escape this reality. As Indigenous women, the legacy and normalization of settler colonialism permeates even our fondest memories, as it comes knocking on our door even when we don’t want to answer.

STRAND II

It Never Stops
(Keri-Lynn Cheechoo)

To Be a Fad
(Kiera Brant)

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Chut!

(Julie Vaudrin-Charette)

1, 2, 3, 4 I Declare War

(Nicholas Ng-A-Fook)

Settler Normativity in Academia

(Tricia McGuire-Adams)

It Never Stops

I asked her
to describe decolonization
and Indigenization
She said:
first thing I did was
recognize my colonial identity, understand how I've become
Understanding my role
Acknowledging how colonized I was
is a hard thing to do
second part
is to then ask yourself, "Now what? How am I going to regenerate myself?"
learn
about my true identity, my Anishinaabe self, my Anishinaabe teachings, my
connection to land, my connection to ceremony
I'm deconstructing my colonial identity
rebuilding myself
this is the hard work of decolonization
we
must ask hard questions
about how our traditions, our knowledge
it will never stop

To Be a Fad

The night I met my partner, Anton, I mingled among my new peers and colleagues with whom I would be taking class. After a few minutes of speaking to two other doctoral students about their research, the conversation took the inevitable turn where I am cornered into explaining my entire life story that lead me to Indigenous education. There is something to be said about the ways in which a settler can speak about their upbringing and 'call' to academia in a way that can be as impartial or as passionately in-depth as they wish. In contrast, I am often interrogated into explaining my 'fascinating' upbringing on a reserve, the quality of education I received, and

more often than not I am informed by my colleagues as to how “exceptional” I am for attending grad school.

Nevertheless, *to be Indigenous is to be inherently political*, and even a conversation as mundane as simply explaining where my reserve is quickly turned into a textbook display of White privilege, ignorance, and settler colonialism. This one doctoral student in particular—we’ll call him John A. Macdonald—in the name of *curiosity* openly asked me, “I hope you don’t take offense to this... but I’m curious, how does it feel to be a fad?” Within fewer than five minutes of meeting me, a presumably educated, 20-something White man thought it would not only be appropriate but also *necessary* to ask me how it felt to be an Indigenous woman, and consequently a *fad*. In other words, he asked how it felt to *know* that my identity, perspectives, and academic contributions were nothing more than a trend—a fleeting and quickly fading *crave* in the permanence and legacy of Canadian identity, history, and academia during such times of reconciliation.

Chut!

Circles on water.

Racing against race.

My invisible threads are there.

And unintentional invisible threats.

A strong connection to land.

A stream of consciousness within intuitive Indigenous languages

A lost story of ancestry.

That keeps reinventing itself.

Through dreams, blood stream, bones, water.

Do not pretend to be one of us.

You are...

Oppressor! Privileged!

I am.

Unlearn the privilege, not granted, but assumed, that I always should interject. Easier said than done. Still working on it. I cannot escape the current historical colors of my skinned ancestral identities. How can I stop raising my hand and being granted permission to speak before you? I can transform such ancestral privileged hand-raisings into movement, by choosing to be pedagogically quiet in the classroom. And see how it bounces elsewhere, sinks, and re-lives *autrement*, like the silent movement of circles on the water.

A skip. Students learn about the Sacred Seven Grand-Fathers. They design a structure, as a space to relate to Anishinabeg land within our institution.²

Their plans are shared with Algonquin Elders,
And students at Kitigan Zibi Kikinamadinan School.

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They have to go back to the drawing table.
Initial drafts are too square, too black.
Slowly learning to be humbled.
The structure will remain there.
The students will carry some of their learnings within.
As educators, we are aware it will take more than a symbolic display at our college
to reconcile.

Autre rebond. We record the voice of Elders naming and describing the grandfather
teachings, so that, at our college instillation their words will be heard.

Back to square one.

Giving voice is not reconciling.

Mino-Bimaadiziwin, the Elders say, connects us with all of creation.

Where do we start and stop connecting?

How do we, like skipping stones on water, begin sinking beneath the rippled layers
of consciousness?

Circles on the water

In the layers within this circle, spreading, also, sinking.
Am I reconciling?

A stone...sinks in.

One, Two, Three, Four,

I Declare War on Your Land!

At six I'd walk the back lanes down to Bowman Park,

And, meet up with the other boys

Jamie, John, and Steven.

If the season was right,

I picked raspberries protruding from the edges of our neighbours' fences.

With a found stick in the hand,

We would divide the Sandbox.

Two lines in the sand crossed each *Other*

Dividing the earth into four equal parts...

Germany, Japan, the United States, and Great Britain.

I remember my feet touching the edge of the box.

Jamie, myself, or one of the other boys with a

Stick in the hand shouted,

1, 2, 3, 4 I Declare War

On Your Land!

Each of us would run as fast as we can,
While one of us stepped on the stick,
For it was now on *our* land.
Now with the stick under our foot on the sand,
We would yell, stop!
And freeze the invading boys running away from our land.

From the edge of the box,
Stick in the hand,
A boy took three leaping steps toward anybody
who still had some land.

The Trick was to throw
The stick at a boy as hard as you can,
So he could not catch it with his hands
To take back some of your land.

If you hit a boy's body,
Or they caught the stick with their hands,
You could draw a small circle
To place your hand on their land.
And then using the stick,
With the power of your other hand,
You encircled their country
Making it part of your land.

Settler Normativity in Academia

Academia
can test your limits
make you question
if you can endure
I endure
because
I am an Anishinaabekwe
Colonial institution
steeped in settler normativity
intellectual battleground
my Anishinaabe teacher said
"education can be a violent process."
it seeks to suppress my identity
Anishinaabekwe, me
I persevere

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because
I know
I am not on this academic journey for myself
I ask
to become trained
in Anishinaabeg intelligence
I choose
academia
a Ph.D
I carry a greater responsibility
to continue
learning from the land
my Elders
and through ceremony
I use my Anishinaabeg intelligence

STRAND III

Silences. (Negotiating an Ethics)
(Julie Vaudrin-Charette)

[de]construct my [de]colonized self
(Keri-Lynn Cheechoo)

Oh Boys! Profiteering from Old Stock Canadians
(Nicholas Ng-A-Fook)

Anishinaabeg Stories of Running on the Land
(Tricia McGuire-Adams)

Fighting the 'Good' Fight...and All the Other Fights
(Kiera Brant)

Silences

An absence. Tensions between reciprocity, intentionality, and engagement sometimes slip and become appropriation. I need bravery to unsettle the watery depths of our Canadian settler historical consciousness.

Skipping stones of reconciliation

Apologies need reciprocity.
Inappropriateness needs apologies. Yet both are paralyzing forces.
Appropriating paralyzes Indigenous and non-Indigenous ethical relations.
The word appropriation hides behind translated etymologies.

Propriétaire, s'approprier la terre.

Appropriating the land.
An Ancestral landslide.

A stone.

I know imposes
The *K* of knowledge to the present of *now*.
Know-how
Brings us closer
To know
For now
To know-how to relate to
Where we inhabit
Living within the hyphen of relations?
Such living has implications for research, in particular, co-constructing an ethical-
relational praxis of reconciliation.
How do we become Indigenous and non-Indigenous allies within such ethical-
relational spaces?

[de]construct my [de]colonized self

Settlers
minus education
plus bluster
equals
whitewashed
programming
meant
for Indigenousness
becomes palatable
becomes unusable
Settler person
reconciles
appropriated clothing
mélange of First Nations
Settlers move to innocence
Hollow,
I am only one person
Yet
my ancestors
speak
through my blood

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Settler Allies
position themselves
and I[we] realize
decolonization is an ongoing process
they toil alongside their Indigenous colleagues
struggling
to rewrite distorted history
to reposition Indigeneity
one fragment at a time
I am no perfect entity
I labour
[de]construct my [de]colonized self

Oh Boys! Profiteering from Old Stock Canadians

He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. (Psalm, 72:8)

A few years ago, my mother-in-law gifted us with an unpublished family history written by a distant relative named Margaret Hunter Ziolkowski titled *Stories of Mother's Family*. While reading her stories, I learned that part of our son's grandfather's family settled Canada during the 1830s. Robert M. Croll initially worked as a teacher in a rural area just outside of Ottawa, and what remains the unceded ancestral Anishinaabeg territory of the Algonquin (Omaamiwininii) First Nations people. In 1867, he graduated from Knox College in Toronto, which is still situated on the traditional territories of the Haudenosaunee and, more recently, the territory of the Mississaugas of the New Credit First Nation. For the next 40 years, he served different congregations in Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan.

He eventually settled in Winkler, Manitoba, where his youngest son, Robert Croll, Jr., had a farm. Before he retired from active ministry in 1904, he and his son secured entry to a homestead in the Togo district, near Yorkton, Saskatchewan, on June 16, 1902. Both he and his son "obtained entry" respectively to the southeast and northeast quarter sections of section 22 (160 acres), township 28, range 30, west of the first Meridian. On September 13, 1909, at age 72, Robert Sr. successfully "obtained entry" for a second purchased homestead in the southeast quarter of section 28 (160 acres), townships 30, range 18, west of the third Meridian. Both he and his son were able to fulfill their obligations and receive titles for their parcels of allotted land (Ziolkowski, n.d.). And yet, how might we re-story this historical family account as an early Judeo-Christian pioneering narrative of "old stock Canadians" profiteering from one of the earliest and largest government sponsored real estate transactions in North American history.

Our sons, Aidan, Ezra, and Jonah, have profited from the hard work of their settler ancestors and institutional privileges, which were settled and put in place for

them, by the Canadian government a 150 years ago. On July 1 of 1867, the British colonies, which settled the provincial territories we now call Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, united under the constitutional Dominion of Canada.³ Shortly after, in 1870, the Canadian government purchased Rupert Land, almost 8 million square kilometers, from the Hudson Bay Company. And yet, according to some, like the Métis of the Rouge River region, the land was never this company's to sell. This mythology about settlers pioneering economic progress is often put forth in our history classrooms, and in turn, becomes common sense within a Canadian public's historical consciousness.

Between 1871 and 1877, the newly formed Federal government signed the first of seven numbered treaties with different Indigenous communities who were living across what later became the provincial territories of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta (Taylor, 1985). Such treaties were signed as an integral part of John A. McDonald's plan to complete the transcontinental railway. It cleared and cultivated the way for Europeans like Robert Milne Sr. and his sons to fully settle the territorial state boundaries of what we non-Indigenous settlers now call Canada. Indeed, in 1872, this newly formed Confederation sought to extinguish any future land claims Indigenous peoples might put forth that contested the appropriation of their territories under the banner of the *Dominion Lands Act*, or more specifically, the *Act Respecting the Public Lands of the Dominion*.⁴ It was a more "peaceful" way for implementing an old schoolboy's game, of drawing lines in the sand, where we throw sticks, and declare war on other people's traditional lands.

Their grandfather was able to use the revenue generated through the sale of their historic family farm located within the territories, which are now known as Treaty 4, to purchase land among the shifting sand dunes of Georgian Bay, Ontario. Each summer, our sons now travel from Ottawa to Wasaga Beach and spend time with their grandfather who is also named Robert Croll. And as a family, we continue to profit from living on the traditional territories of the Anishnaabeg people both here in Ottawa and in Wasaga Beach (see McGregor, 2004; Peace, 2012). Part of a praxis of reconcilia(c)tion, is our capacity to actively re-story our relations with the past, present, and future as Indigenous and settler Canadians. Such restorying, as Donald (2009) reminds us, involves the purposeful juxtaposition of mythic historical perspectives with Indigenous historical perspectives that challenge the ongoing dominion of Euro-Canadian mythologies.

Anishinaabeg Stories of Running on the Land

The Odawa Native Friendship Centre has a running group, led by my friend, Maria. In early May we had a community engagement meeting where the idea to run on trails came up. Maria was instrumental in making it happen. Borrowing the Friendship Centre van, she put out the following call on our Odawa Facebook page: "We will be going to Pink Lake for the running club tonight. We will meet at Odawa Healthy-Living for 5:15 pm." Pink Lake is in Gatineau Park. While running,

I began to think about how the Anishinaabeg ancestors must have created and used this extensive trail system. I wondered what the Anishnaabeg name for Pink Lake is? While running I linked my physicality mindfully to that of our ancestors. My spirit became regenerated, connecting it to a power source, an ethereal physicality, a spirituality connected to the land.

Anishinaabeg women choosing to run together resonated with my doctoral research. Rachael, a research participant, shared that a group of her friends enter community-running events under the team name I Am Anishinaabeg. The group provides a place for each person to be part of a family. Running together creates an ethical-relational space for them to motivate and support each other as a community of Indigenous women and runners.

The act of running as a group on trails is an example of representing our bodies on our land and challenges settler colonialism, which is relentless in attempting to secure our erasure. Running on trails fosters our personal decolonization and directly connects us to our ancestors, as our ancestors may have run on these very same trails. As we run, we engage in decolonized physical activity by mindfully connecting our physicality to creating healthy and strong bodies, rather than reproducing the effects of colonialism on our bodies, as seen in the high rates of chronic diseases often experienced in our communities.

On my inaugural trail run at Pink Lake
I ran
Breathing hard
Legs hurting
Yet, I smile
I celebrated in the representing of my body on the land.

Fighting the 'Good' Fight...and All the Other Fights

As a Mohawk woman, I have to walk a very delicate line when addressing microaggressions. Far too often without even realizing it, our peers undermine the validity of our arguments on the basis that they simply see *another* angry Indian. To echo the words of Thomas King (2013), when Indigenous peoples demand justice, settlers in frustration ask: *what more do they want?* When we engage debates, we are no longer perceived as informed discussants in an academic conversation, but rather through a racialized-colonized haze where we are 'transformed' into the Complaining Indian. And trust me, you don't want to be the Complaining Indian.

Out of necessity, I spent a great deal of my educational career in to fight the *good fight* in a way that is more palatable to settler Canadians. In an attempt to right the wrongs, I am expected to offer composed and emotion-free arguments, accompanied by lighthearted anecdotal stories, and a easy smile that fools you into thinking I am not the hostile and Complaining Indian you wish me to be. When I am transformed into the Complaining Indian my words are merely an emotional opinion. Without

this lens, however, settlers would be forced to engage in a debate with a well-informed Indigenous academic whose words carry a weight which forces you to reconsider your positionality and ethical responsibilities. No wonder they prefer the Complaining Indian. This being said, emotions are still a necessary facet of this process, where we as Indigenous peoples must continue to embrace and harness the emotional outrage that reconciliation and decolonization demands. So long as we as Indigenous peoples are expected to negotiate settler colonialism in the academy (i.e. speak your words, but don't become emotional), this constant negotiation becomes yet another process of (re)colonization whereby settler expectations once again dictate my realities.

So *why* are we so emotional? The reality is that the discourse we discuss in class is not just something we *study*, but something we *live* every day. When students such as John A. go home at the end of class, they neatly tuck away their textbooks and “curiosity” until the next week. Whereas I am left with the realities of what was (un)spoken. While they check their privilege at the door to engage in an objective debate, I am left to grapple with the fragments of discussions that hit too close to home. I leave class only to return to the realities that exist outside of the assigned readings. Instead, Indigenous graduate students are expected not only to attend class, but also attend our ceremonies, receive teachings, offer presentations, sit on panels, support family and community, and save our languages that our ancestors fought so hard to save...and, all the while, doing *everything* you can to not be another statistic—as if it's a bad thing.

Entering graduate school, I naively thought that it would be a space where I would be safe to express my Indigeneity. I promised myself that things would be different in the world of academe, and that John A.'s comment would be a one-off comment—a fluke—and should not taint my optimism for higher education. Yet, as I have learned now with institutionalized racisms, such racisms do not exist in isolation. These racisms are deeply engrained in our every day structures that perpetuate and encourage normalized exclusions (Stanley, 2014), where they are often masked as ‘critical discussion,’ ‘playing devil’s advocate,’ or ‘just being curious.’ Consequently, I am asked to *not* take offense. And, if I do, I’m being overly sensitive. I’m being too brash. I’m being “intimidating” as one student in a seminar told me (all 4’11” of me). At least once a day in academe I am reminded of my minority status. Not in an overt way that is obvious to an outsider, but rather in a subtle manifestation that few settlers are actually witness to. As long as we trivialize Indigenous lived experiences, thereby rendering Indigenous contributions to the academy as a “fad” or an emotional overreaction, we not only re/marginalize Indigenous peoples within academe but we also perpetuate and legitimize settler normativity.

Despite such unsettling experiences, when Anton and I are asked how we first met, we both take turns recounting the night, poking fun at who added whom on Facebook first. And yet, like so many other occasions in my life, the impact of settler colonialism shadows my memories. *What does it feel like to be a fad?* But, when we

tell our story, I bite my tongue and I put on a smile—as I’ve learned to do—because nobody likes a Complaining Indian.

NOTES

- ¹ Leroy Little Bear’s address can be retrieved on line at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o_txPA8CiA4
- ² For more information see <http://kopiwadan.ca/a-propos-du-projet/>
- ³ For more information see <https://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/confederation/023001-2700-e.html>
- ⁴ For more information on the act see <http://www.bac-lac.gc.ca/eng/discover/land/land-grants-western-canada-1870-1930/pages/land-grants-western-canada.aspx>

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