Abstract

Commentary on Inuit language, culture and traditions, has a long history, stretching at least as far back as 1576 when Martin Frobisher encountered Inuit on the southern shores of Baffin Island. The overwhelming majority of this vast collection of observations has been made by non-Inuit, many of whom spent limited time getting acquainted with the customs and history of their objects of study. It is not surprising, therefore, that the lack of Inuit voice in all this literature, raises serious questions about the credibility of the descriptions and the validity of the information. The *Unikkaaqtuat: Traditional Inuit Stories* project is presented in complete opposition to this trend and endeavours to foreground the stories, opinions and beliefs of Inuit, as told by them.

The *unikkaaqtuat* were recorded and translated by professional Inuit translators over a five day period before an audience of Inuit students at Nunavut Arctic College, Iqaluit, Nunavut in October 2001. Eight Inuit elders from five different Nunavut communities told stories, discussed possible meanings and offered reflections on a broad range of Inuit customs and beliefs. What emerges, therefore, is not only a collection of stories, but also, a substantial body of knowledge about Inuit by Inuit, without the intervention of other voices. Editorial commentary is intentionally confined to correction of spellings and redundant repetitions.

A detailed account of the editing process highlights some of the problems of translating from Inuktitut to English. This is followed by a discussion on the possibility of developing a theory of Inuit literature, based on remarks about *unikkaaqtuat* made by the elders. The appendices provide background information on the subject of traditional stories and the development of Inuktitut in written form.
Acknowledgements

There are many people to thank for all kinds of assistance in bringing this project to a conclusion. First, the elders who spent five days telling stories and talking about them in the unfamiliar setting of a classroom, without one word of complaint:

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Sarah McDermott BA, LLB, read the manuscript with a forensic eye, adding and deleting commas, correcting spellings and other inconsistencies. All errors that remain are mine.


Finally, to my dear family, I owe all the best things in my life: Kate, Simon, Sarah and Jane. Thank you. Qujannamiik. ᖁᔭᓐᓇᑯᔨ
A Note on the Use of Inuit, Inuktitut and Italics

Inuit, meaning people, (singular inuk), is used throughout the text as a collective noun, such as Irish or English, which refers to the people as a whole. In Inuktitut, the word inuk literally means a person, as opposed to an animal, and can be used to refer to any man woman or child, Inuit or non-Inuit.¹ Inuit is the word Inuit use to distinguish themselves from other groups. This meaning is retained here in phrases such as, the Inuit people and an Inuit person. To an Inuktitut speaker, the use of “Inuit” together with “people” will sound odd, as will the use of the plural “Inuit” with the singular “person.” However, the precision gained by the use of the plural form “Inuit,” and avoidance of the less precise inuk, should be helpful for non-Inuktitut speakers, for whom the use of the collective noun is normal practice. Inuktitut words that are retained in the text are written in italics, for example, qajaq and ulu, with the exception of proper nouns, the names of people and places, as in, Kiviuq, Nuliajuk, Iqaluit and Qamanittuaq. Words not translated in the text are to be found in the Glossary. In this way, I hope to encourage the reader to make an effort to find the meaning for him or herself. The translation for place names is given after its first usage only, as in Kangiq&iniq (Rankin Inlet). Again, this is intended to have the reader pay more attention to the Inuktitut than to the English. Italics are also used to distinguish between the questions and comments of the moderator and students, and those of the elders. This should allow the reader to be aware of who is speaking at all times. This may be particularly helpful in the longer sections, where there are fewer interruptions and questions.

¹. Inuktitut is the generic name given to the language of Canada’s Inuit. Dialectical variations include, Inuttitut, Inuttut, Inuktun and Inuinnaqtun.
Table of Contents

Abstract ii
Acknowledgements iii
List of Photographs, Elder Biographies and Maps.
(All photographs property of Noel Mc Dermott)
Photographs of Mariano Aupilaarjuk and Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk viii
Photographs of Henry Isluanik and Ollie Itinnuaq ix
Photographs of Barnabus Pirujuaq, Herve Paniaq and Simon Tookoomee x
Photograph of Uquutaq Qaunnaq xi
Photographs of the Whole Group and The Elders xii
Map 1 Nunavut Territory in Canada (Nunavut Tunngavik Incorporated 1993) xiii
Map 2 Inuit Nunangat Inuit Homeland (Inuit Tapariit Kanatami 2011) xiii
Map 3 Different Inuit Groups of Nunavut (Bennett and Rowley 2004) xiv
List of Inuit Comments on Stories: Unikkaaqtuat Miksaanut xxiii
Glossary of Inuktitut Terms xv

Chapter 1 Introduction. 1
Chapter 2 “The real meanings are hard to understand.” Aupilaarjuk Opening remarks and talking about stories. 12
Chapter 3 “I believe in the Unikkaaqtuat, and I take them as truth.” Itinnuaq 48
Uinigumasuituq, Nattiqsuituq, Akturaarnaq, Aninga
and Aliqqa, Aliqagiiit, Akiliktuarjuk, Iluutaajutuq.
Chapter 4 “This is not a tale, it actually happened.” Paniaq 81
Asasa, Kupaatannguaq, Kiviuq 1, Nakasungnaituq.
Chapter 5 “They made a difference in our lives.” Tookoomee 122
Kaugjagjuk, Inukpaujaq, Ijurait 1, Illimiaq, Nuliajuk.
Chapter 6 “Should I start the Kaugjagjuk story?” Qaunnaq 157
The Man on the Moon, Ilimagusugjuk, Origin of Mosquitoes,
Tuniit, Inukpasugjuit, Qungalukkakkiit, Origin of Fog, Kiviuq 2,
Owl and Siksik/Lemming, Fox Dens.
Chapter 7 “Nobody else really told stories, except my mother.” Tulimaaq 191
Skeleton in the Cave, Walrus and Muskox, Caribou and Fox, Nanuluarjuk, Iglugaarjuk and Alukaqtugjuaq, Pullaqsat, Kiviuq 3, Pretend Husbands, Uqsuriak, Stars.

Chapter 8 “It’s what’s inside the mind that is still alive.” Pirujuaq 226
Qallupilluit, Amajurjuit, Ulikappaalit, Ijirait 2, Amautaliit 1, Inugarulliit, Aarlurjuit, Qungalukkakkit/Mahaha, Aautaliit, Amautaliit 2, Scary Old Man.

Chapter 9 “We should do this more often.” Isluanik 244
Bestowing qualities on newborns, Arranged Marriage, Pittailiniq, Aarnguat, Importance of Storytelling.

Chapter 10 Methodology: Editing and Translation. 263

Chapter 11 Towards an Inuit Literary Theory. 272

Bibliography 317

Appendix A: A General Introduction to Unikkaaqtauat 343

Appendix B: Inuktitut in Written Form 356

Appendix C: “My Breath” by Orpingalik 361

Appendix D: Ethics Approval Letter 365
Photographs, Elder Biographies and Maps

Mariano Aupilaarjuk was born on July 22, 1919, at a place called Avalatitquarjuk, near Arviligjuaq, now known as Kuugaarjuk (Pelly Bay). He and Marie Tulimaaq were married in 1942 and together they had six children, one of whom was adopted according to Inuit custom. Aupilaarjuk has had a full and remarkable life during which he was: a noted carver, a mapping informant near Naujaat (Repulse Bay), a DEW-Line worker (Distance Early Warning system), a Roman Catholic lay preacher, a drum dancer and singer. Aupilaarjuk was much in demand as a speaker at local, national and international meetings, where he impressed his listeners with the depth of his traditional knowledge and the wisdom of his observations. He was chosen to represent the district of Kivalliq (Keewatin) during the official Nunavut celebrations in April, 1999. He received an Aboriginal Achievement Award in 2000, for his commitment to the preservation of the Inuit language and culture. Aupilaarjuk was a major contributor to the volume Perspectives on Traditional Law, published by Nunavut Arctic College. He received an honorary doctorate from the University of PEI in 2011. Aupilaarjuk passed away in 2012.

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk was born on September 27, 1927, near Arviligjuaq, which is now called Kuugaarjuk (Pelly Bay). In 1942, Tulimaaq married Mariano Aupilaarjuk and together they had six children, one of whom they adopted according to Inuit custom. Tulimaaq frequently accompanied her husband on his many trips but she also spent a great deal of time at home sewing, for which she was noted. Although very modest about her abilities and knowledge, Tulimaaq was known as a singer and storyteller in her community of Kangiqsualujjuaq (Rankin Inlet). Tulimaaq predeceased her husband on February 13, 2011.
Henry Isluanik was born in 1925, at Tavani, between the communities of Arviat and Kangiq&iniq (Rankin Inlet), on the west coast of Hudson’s Bay. In 1954 he married Akuppirniq and together they had seven children, four adopted according to Inuit custom. Isluanik hunted, trapped and carved to support his family. He also worked for many years as a Community Health Representative in Arviat (Eskimo Point). He was well-known for his knowledge of unikaaqtuat and his commitment to Inuit culture and traditions. Isluanik worked with the curriculum division of the Nunavut Department of Education, writing about, and advising on Inuit traditions and values. He was one of the few elders who took formal teacher training, which helped him in devising teaching lessons and materials for use in schools. Isluanik died in 2012.

Ollie Itinnuaq was born on January 15, 1921, at Igluligaarjuk (Chesterfield Inlet) on the west coast of Hudson’s Bay. He married Naniqtaq (Lizzie) on March 10, 1949, and together they had a large family of fourteen children, eight of whom they adopted according to Inuit custom. Itinnuaq had a long and distinguished history of service to his community, and to the preservation of Inuit traditions. He has been: a hunter, a carver, a high school teacher, an RCMP Special Constable, and President of the Inuit Cultural Institute (ICI). Itinnuaq took part in workshops on shamanism and traditional Inuit culture. He especially liked working with youth, and contributed to the volume entitled *Surviving in Different Worlds: Transferring Inuit traditions from Elders to Youth* (Laugrand and Oosten). In 2009, Itinnuaq was the first person in Nunavut to be awarded the Order of Military Merit, from the then Governor General, Michelle Jean. Itinnuaq was the oldest serving member of the Canadian Forces at the time, having joined the Rankin Inlet patrol at the age of 60. Itinnuaq passed away in 2013.
Barnabus Pirjuuaq was born on May 8, 1925, at a place called Qikiqtajuk. Pirjuuaq and Betty Inukpaaluk were married in 1943 and together they had a large family of children. Pirjuuaq provided for his large and growing family mainly by hunting and trapping. In the 1960s he assisted in the efforts to control the population of wolves, which were thought to be contributing to the decline in the numbers of caribou in the Kivalliq. Pirjuuaq was active in promoting interest in traditional Inuit culture and practices in his community of Qamanittuaq (Baker Lake), for which he received a number of awards. Pirjuuaq passed away on April 29, 2012.

Herve Paniaq was born on October 7, 1933, in Avvajja, a traditional Inuit camp in the Igloolik area of Baffin Island. Paniaq and his wife Yvonne Tuurngaq had no children of their own but they have a large family of children adopted according to Inuit custom. Paniaq grew up learning how to live on the land and how to hunt the various animals the Inuit depended on for survival. He was a contributor to the story line of the film Atanarjuat and to the introductory volume of the series Interviewing Inuit Elders, published by Nunavut Arctic College. Four of his stories are published in The Arctic Sky: Inuit Astronomy, Star Lore, and Legend. Today, Paniaq lives in Igloolik where he is actively engaged in teaching the young about Inuit traditions.

Simon Tookoomee was born in December, 1934 in the Back River country around Chantry Inlet in the central arctic. He was a member of the Inuit group known as Utkusiksalingmiut. Simon lived the traditional life, learning to hunt the caribou which were the mainstay of the Utkusiksalingmiut. Because of starvation amongst inland Inuit groups in the 1960s, Simon moved to Qamanittuaq (Baker Lake), where he lived until his death in November, 2010. Simon was an internationally renowned artist, printmaker and
storyteller. His prints, drawings and carving have been displayed in galleries from Nova Scotia to
Vancouver and in many countries around the world, notably the USA, France, Germany and
Israel. Tookoomee was a founding member of the Sanavik Co-op in Qamanittuaq. He was also
well known for his skill with the whip, and he often gave demonstrations, removing a cigarette
from a person’s mouth and other such tricks.

Uquutaq Qaunnaq was born in November, 1932 at Nuvujuaq, a day’s journey
from Kinngait (Cape Dorset). She was adopted into another family for a while
but later returned to her natural parents. Her father was the renowned artist and
ethnographer Pitseolak. Qaunnaq married Uquutaq, also a well-known artist, and they raised
eight children, one natural son and seven adopted. Uquutaq is a frequent visitor to the schools in
her home community where she teaches traditional games, songs, and Inuktitut. A well-known
artist, Uquutaq works in soapstone and printmaking, like so many other Kinngaimiut. She also
was involved in jewellery making and many of her pieces are in private collections throughout
Canada. Uquutaq is a throat-singer and she travelled both inside and outside Canada, notably to
Paris and London, promoting her art and giving throat singing demonstrations. Qaunnaq and her
husband Uquutaq live in Kinngait.
The Whole Group

The Elders from left to right: Henry Isluanik, Ollie Itinnuaq, Herve Paniaq (kneeling), Barnabus Pirujuaq, Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk, Mariano Aupilaarjuk, Qaunnaq Uquutaq and Simon Tookoomee (Source: Noel McDermott)
Source: Nunavut Tungavik Incorporated (pamphlet 1993). Reproduced with permission.

The map shows different Inuit groups of Nunavut. The ending, *miut*, in Inuktitut indicates a person or persons from that place. For example, Sallirmiut means the people from Salliq (Coral Harbour). Source: Parks Canada and McGill-Queen’s University Press (*Uqalurait: an Oral History of Nunavut*). Reproduced with permission.
Unikkaaqtuat Glossary

Aallaarjuq (pl. aallaarjuit): a being with clothes that don’t have any seams, perhaps because they don’t have needles. They put holes in their clothing and tie them together.

Aaluaarjuk (pl. aarluarjuit): a small harmless being who never looks at one directly. They seem to be looking at something beyond a person. Their hands and eyes are always facing up.

Aarluq: when one’s eyes and head are facing upwards.

Aarnguaq (pl. aarnguat): an amulet used to protect the wearer against harm. It is also called atataq, something attached.

Aggaarjuquti: my poor little hands.

Aglirniq (pl. aglirniit): the Paallirmiut term for a tirigusuusiq, an injunction imposed on a person that one had to follow.

Ajaaja: the refrain found in traditional songs which are sometimes referred to as Ajaajas. Variations are; ijajaq, ijaaju, ijaajuqii.

Ajaruaq: an open lead in the ice.

Ajupiaq: a walking stick.

Aklak: a grizzly bear.

Aliqa: a male’s older sister (archaic).

Aliqagiiit: older sisters.
Aliuqtuuq: one with a strong rope for catching big game such as whales.

Amajurjuaq (pl. amajurjuit): a being similar to a qallupilluq which snatches children and carries them away in its amauti.

Amaqqut: an archaic form for wolves, amaruit, (s. amaruq).

Amauligaq: a snow bunting. (Dialectal variants: amauligannuaq, amauligakuluk).

Amauti: traditional woman’s parka with a large hood and a pouch for carrying babies.

Amautalik: the one with the amauti, who, like the qallupilluq takes children away.

Anaana: mother.

Anautalik (pl. anautaliit): a malevolent being that carries a bearded seal bat which it uses to beat people.

Angakkuq (pl. angakkuit): a shaman.

Angakkuuniq: the practice of shamanism.

Aniqagiit: older brothers.

Anuri kavittuinnait: small twisters or whirlwinds.

Apsaqqunaut: from the cache?

Asuq really; you don’t say; that’s it.

Aulajaqtuq: someone or something that moves around continually.

Avvaq: one who shares the same name with another.
Iglu (pl. igluit): snow house; also any dwelling.

Iguptigaptit: let me untie you.

Ijiraq (pl. ijirait): an invisible human-like being that shows itself as a caribou.

Ikpiarjuugait (s. ikpiarjuugaq): phosphorescent jellyfish.

Iktuuq: a being like a dog with feet that face backward, which was reputed to run very fast.

Iljaqaqtuq: one who mistreats an orphan.

Illivarijaujuq: one who is ill-treated because s/he is an orphan.

Illuu: a bird’s foot.

Inniaqpajjujuq: a visitor staying over.

Innummarik: a true Inuit.

Inugahulligahujuk: a being larger than a human but smaller than a giant.

Inugarrulik (pl. inugarulliit): a small human-like being said to live near the shore. Looked at from the feet up it would appear very large. It is very strong and suffocates people with its groin.

Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit: Often translated as Inuit traditional knowledge, it more accurately refers to Inuit ways of knowing and doing.

Inuk (pl. Inuit): a person.

Inukpasugjuk (pl. inukpasugjuit): a giant human-like being.
Inuksuk (pl. inuksuit): a stone figure with many functions, such as serving as a beacon for travellers, to mark a good fishing area and as an aid in hunting caribou.

Inurallaq: a legendary giant (Dialectal variant, inuragulligaq).

Ipiraalit: hunting equipment, particularly the harpoon and harpoon head.

Irinaliutit: incantations.

Itittuq (pl. itittut): a caribou calf.

Kakivak: a three-pronged spear used for fishing.

Kalliq: thunder.

Kamiik: a pair of sealskin boots or any footwear.

Kitingujaak (pl. kitingujaat): valley/s caused by river erosion.

Kumak (pl. kumait): lice.

Kuniktuqtuq: when an animal sniffs looking for a scent.

Miqquligaq (pl. miqquligait): kamiik that are made with the hair on; also called niururiaq in some communities.

Miqquliit: refers to animals with much hair or fur.

Nipisat (pl. nipisait): small reddish salt water fish usually found around the beach at low tide.

Nisiuqagsarsivasi: (they/he) wants you to be with them/it.

Niururiaq: kamiik made with the hair on; also called miqquligait.
Nukaruniq: a young polar bear.

Nuvaqsiiq: a jellyfish (Dialectal variant, nuvasirruq).

Paalirmiut: people from Paaliq. The affix miut, singular miutaq, means people from that place, as in Arviarmiut, people from Arviat or Arviarmiutaq, a person from Arviat.

Pinngausaaq: possibly a name?

Pisiq (pl. pisit): a traditional song; term now used for hymns.

Pittaliniq: refraining from doing something that was forbidden. Breaking a pittaliniq could result in serious consequences for an individual or the whole camp.

Pupiaq: part of a kamik.

Puugannuaq: small hill?

Putuurniq: an underground river; also putuqtuq and putuq.

Qaggiq: a large meeting house.

Qajaq (pl. qajait): a one person skin boat.

Qallunaaq (pl. qallunaat): A generic term for a non-Inuit person, usually translated as “white man.”

Qallupilluk (pl. qallupilluit): A human-like creature that lives under the ice and carries children away on their backs; also called qalupalik (pl. qalupaliit).

Qammaq (pl. qammait): a sod house or a snow house covered by canvas.
Qamutiik: a sled; literally, two sled runners; also qallariiq.

Qaqulluk: northern fulmar.

Qikirrarnannigniq: the sound of footsteps outdoors when all else is silent.

Qingaugat: water flowing underground.

Qugjaq (pl. qugjait): the gill of a fish.

Qugjauna: the white one.

Qulliq: a traditional stone lamp, usually fuelled by seal oil.

Qungalukkakkiit: beings that smile from ear to ear and can cause one to die from laughing too much; also called mahahaa. They were used to discipline children.

Qupiqruit (s. qupiqruq): insects or worms.

Sanaji: literally one who creates or makes; the midwife at a birth or someone who helps form the characteristics of a child.

Siksik: ground squirrel.

Sivullialuk: the one who goes ahead or the first one.

Sukkujiaq: one who is ill-treated, especially an orphan.

Suluktuuq: a howling wind.

Sungajuq: the velvet on a caribou’s antlers.

Suvaguuq: what did s/he say?
Talliqarmit: have long disappeared out of sight.

Taluraaniq: behind the rock blind/wall.

Tarniq (pl. tarniit): the soul; also described as a bubble.

Tarriasuk (pl. tarrtasuit): an invisible human-like being that occasionally is seen by Inuit; also known as the shadow people.

Tau: the word for a person in the language of the angakkuit; also taulujuat.

Taungilak: the smell of a tau or human; also tausunik.

Tigujat: kamiit made from sealskin.

Tiriaq: weasel.

Tujja: rough walking terrain.

Tuniq (pl. tuniit): the people associated with the Dorset culture, who inhabited the land before the Inuit.

Tunnuq: caribou fat.

Tunnuujaq: something resembling caribou fat.

Tupilaq (pl. tupilait): an evil tuurngaq (spirit) in human form, visible only to the angakkuit; perhaps the soul of an unhappy diseased person.

Tutiriaq (pl. tutiriat): a knapsack for carrying a knife, file, string when going hunting.

Tuurngaq (pl. tuurngait): an angakkuq’s helping spirit.
Tuutalik: a female sea creature.

Ujaraq: stone.

Ulikappaalik (pl. ulikappaalit): small mud-covered turtle-like scavenger found in the lakes and ponds of the barren lands.

Ulu: a crescent shaped woman’s knife.

Unikkaaqtaq (pl. unikkaaqtuat): a story, fable or legend, passed from generation to generation. (Dialectal variant Unipkaaqtaq).

Uqsiiut: dog harness toggle.

Uqsuaq: water so calm it looks like a mirror; literally, like oil.

Uugisiut: a fork-like utensil for removing meat from a pot.

Uujuq: stew; boiled meat.
Unikkaaqtuat Miksaanut: About Traditional Stories

In the very first times there was no light on earth. Everything was in darkness, the lands could not be seen...both people and animals lived on the earth, but there was no difference between them...A person could become an animal, and an animal could become a human being.

Naalungiaq (Grimes 39)

Legends are very old stories that have been passed orally from one generation to the next. This means that the stories are told from memory, not read from a book. Inuit children learned about who they were and how to behave when they listened to these legends. There is a moral to these legends that individuals have to figure out for themselves and gets them thinking. Traditionally, stories were told to amuse listeners, pass on ancestral history, provide lessons in moral conduct, communicate spirituality, and explain the existence of objects in nature. Pelagie Owlijoot (13)

Inuit legends and stories are not mere superstitious musings. What they contain is far richer and more profound than what a superficial glance can grasp. Jay Arnakak (6)

They didn’t necessarily make someone live a better life. They made each one of us think, made us think hard. Imaruittuq (Aupilaarjuk 179)

We have different versions of these stories. People think the story [of Kiviuq] originates from wherever they are from. But I’ve heard this story from Igloolik to Alaska.

George Agiaq Kappianaq (Itinnuaq 250)

If there were no stories to go by to learn to survive, to hunt and live, there would be nothing to learn from. Eli Kimaliadjuk (Van Deusen 114)
Some unikkaaqtuat are from way back, and include things we have never seen before. We don’t live like that anymore and we don’t do these things. We could think they are just dreams. They can make you want to think that way. 

Barnabus Pirjuuaq (McDermott 32)

They were real. They would tell younger people stories if they thought they could handle it. If they thought they wouldn’t be able to handle it, they would avoid telling them a certain story and they would just give them information.

Herve Paniaq (McDermott 33)

Even if they were just stories, they made a difference in our lives. They would make us imagine, even if we were just little children.

Simon Tookoomee (McDermott 33)

I often think the stories were used as teaching tools. We didn’t see it that way, well, I didn’t. What I realized is that they made me beware of dangers and taught me to lead a good life.

Mariano Aupilaaq (McDermott 33)

Stories for children are usually short. Their themes consist of how and why we should act, how animals came to be and the magical and the miraculous...longer stories teach knowledge of geography, community, history and survival.

Jay Arnakak (5)

If we were to tell a story about something that happened to people that didn’t know us, they wouldn’t know if it were true or not. That is why I believe these stories are true. We believe in what we don’t know; I still believe in the unikkaaqtuat and I take them as truth.

Ollie Itinnuaq (McDermott 119)

Ever since I was a child I have believed the story of Nuliajuk [the woman who controls the sea mammals] even though I’ve never seen her. I still believe that she is real.

Mariano Aupilaaq (McDermott 136)
We have to keep our language, our stories, and our identity alive... The world has to learn about the Inuit and their culture and traditions, so that they will not be forgotten.

Uriash Puqiqnak (Hessel 185)

If I died and young people knew nothing about the story of Kiviuq, it would hurt me in my heart.

Samson Quinangnaq (Van Deusen 53)

People in Igloolik learned through storytelling who we were and where we came from for 4000 years without a written language... Can Inuit bring storytelling into the new millennium? Can we listen to our elders before they all pass away? We want to show how our ancestors survived by the strength of their community and their wits, and how new ways of storytelling today can help our community survive another thousand years.

Zacharias Kunuk (Grimes 31-32)
Chapter 1 Introduction

“Everything was told as a story. Everything was given meaning through stories.”

Naniqtaq Itinnuaq (227)

The Inuit are among the most studied peoples on earth and many reputations, both within the academy and without, have been made recording, describing, evaluating and representing all aspects of Inuit life. Works by anthropologists such as Henry Rink, Franz Boas, Knud Rasmussen, Peter Freuchen, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Kaj Birket-Smith, Diamond Jenness, Asen Balikci and Jean Briggs, have come to be viewed as sites of authority and knowledge, in a manner that has served to define and shape the field of Inuit Studies. Most critical commentary about Inuit, whether in terms of political development, material culture, social organization, language, or art, including unikkaaqtauat, traditional stories, comes from non-Inuit and may be collected into veritable mountains of material. Inuit commentary about Inuit is however, grossly underrepresented, especially in the academy (Keavy Martin 69, and Michael Kennedy 192).

The creation of Nunavut in 1999 caught the attention of Canadians and gave an impetus to the political aspirations of other indigenous peoples both here and abroad (Coleman and Soubliere 120). But the euphoria felt by the Inuit has given way to a sense of desperation as living conditions deteriorate, food prices escalate and young people take their lives at eleven

2. Unikkaaqtauat refers specifically to those stories which have been handed down through the generations and comprise a body of stories many of which are well known to Inuit from Alaska to Greenland. When Inuit children ask their mother, “Anaana, unikkaaqtauatuarmgu!” they know the kind of story they will hear comes from the oral tradition and is not a contemporary tale. It is these stories that I refer to as traditional.

3. Well known exceptions are: Mary Simon, Piita Irniq, Sheila Watt-Cloutier, Nellie Courmaya and the late Jose Kusugak. Kennedy’s bibliography lists such Inuit writers as: Arlooktooq Ipellie, Anthony Thrasher, Markoosie, Michael Kusugak, Zebedee Nungak, Alice French, Minnie Audla Freeman, Mark Kalluak etc.
eleven times the national average.\textsuperscript{4} There is a sense of urgency felt in Inuit communities as elders witness the weakening of traditional values and practices. They see their families struggling to balance the demands of an invasive and unrelenting consumerism with its emphasis on immediate and individual gratification, against the traditional Inuit familial and sharing ethic. Inuit elders, such as, Mariano Aupilaaqjuk, Elisapee Ootoova, and Taamsi Qumaq, for example, are constantly seeking ways, both formally and informally, of communicating their knowledge before they too are no more: one of the ways in which they actively do this is by telling stories.\textsuperscript{5}

The objective of this project, therefore, is to respect the wishes of the elders by making a group of traditional stories available for all to read. And while this is a laudable aim itself I further contend that traditional Inuit stories, being interesting and entertaining both to Inuit and non-Inuit alike, have a further and more important function: they are a site in which Inuit express themselves as a unique and distinct people. They affirm Inuit social, philosophical and cultural values and in doing so they help to define and to shape Inuit identities. The primary intellectual concern of this dissertation rests in its making available a body of traditional Inuit stories together with rich critical commentary by the elders that directs the reader’s attention to the complementary process by which Inuit cultural identity is shaped by the \textit{unikkaaqtaqtua} and by which understandings of the \textit{unikkaaqtaqtua} and particular clarifications of the stories are structured and outlined by the Inuit who tell them. The stories gathered here are not

\textsuperscript{4} See \textit{Inuit Approaches to Suicide Prevention}. Retrieved from \url{http://www.itk.ca} 2010.
\textsuperscript{5} Qumaq singlehandedly compiled a dictionary of Inuktitut (Nunavik) of more than twenty four thousand entries. Elisapee Ootoova is the main force behind the creation of a dictionary of North Baffin dialect. Aupilaaqjuk is renowned for his knowledge of Inuit traditions and his willingness to share it with Inuit and non-Inuit alike. The Nunavut Arctic College publications, \textit{Interviewing Inuit Elders} and \textit{Inuit Perspectives on the 20\textsuperscript{th} Century} are excellent sources of elder contributions. See primary sources for details of these publications.
new; it is the reflection and discussion by the elders that is. These reflections touch on a broad range of topics, contextualizing the stories and providing a point of entry into the *unikkaaqtuat* and into Inuit beliefs and discursive practices, based on how Inuit define themselves. My role and intention as a non-Inuit scholar has not been to define this reciprocal process but to facilitate an occasion in which the elders can shape and elucidate it for themselves. I endeavour to highlight their definitions as respectfully as possible, and to explore and extend the resonance of their reflections by placing them in conversations with other critical work on Inuit stories. In keeping with the desire to mute my presence and to foreground the *unikkaaqtuat* and the observations of the elders, I have deliberately striven to build these objectives into the structure of this dissertation by placing the stories before the critical commentary.

The manner of elder participation in the discussions reflects Inuit social practice in which the autonomy of each person is recognised and each speaker’s contributions are equally valued. Each elder freely offers his or her contribution without the risk of having its veracity, meaning or significance overturned by an interjection from his or her colleagues. When the elders do make personal statements it is often to claim that they do not know something or that someone else may have more insight than they do. Such disclaimers are a staple of Inuit social interactions and emphasise the collaborative and consensual nature of their social organisation. This configuration of social intercourse is contrary to the western academic premise which is based on the idea of a central, fundamental argument in support of which all elements of a discussion must contribute. In opposition to this notion, the design of the *unikkaaqtuat* project, seeks to emulate the example and discursive style of the elders themselves, which may be elucidated by considering the Inuit concept of *isuma*. Briefly, one displays *isuma* by exercising good judgement, reason, and emotional control, which leads to the person being granted full and
unquestioned autonomy in decision-making and behaviour. In this way, no single voice or opinion may claim privilege over any other, which is clearly demonstrated in the interactions among the elders. Quite literally, while taking part in this project, the elders are enacting their oral traditions, showing *isuma* in practice and ensuring that their thoughts and values as Inuit are honored and preserved. The present dissertation seeks to extend this ethical imperative methodologically by refusing the impulse to intervene in any way—whether to gloss, expand upon, critique or explicate—in the storytelling process of the elders as it unfolds.

The purpose of this project, therefore, is neither to investigate a particularly novel corpus nor to produce identifiably *new* knowledge: rather my goal is to affirm the critical expertise of these and other Inuit elders and writers as the front line of literary criticism with relation to Inuit traditional stories. What makes these particular recordings so valuable is that the elders analyze the stories throughout, discuss meaning and variation, ask questions of each other, and reflect on significance. The stories are presented as they were recorded, so that the questions asked and the answers given foreground and honour Inuit voices and intellectual traditions. The commentary and the questioning by the elders, reflect culturally specific modes of thought and artistic practices. A guiding principal for this enterprise is that each of the Inuit expressed the same desire: that their stories should be published and made available to readers, especially younger Inuit. The elders repeatedly stressed their approval of the project and its importance in recording and preserving *unikkaaqtuat*, and stated clearly their interest in taking part in any future such

6. A detailed account of the meaning and application of *isuma* will be found in Chapter 11, pgs. 290-297.
7. Here is a sample of elder comments from McDermott (2001): “They have to be known by the next generations. We have to keep them alive. Now they will be able to read about them” (Itinnuaq 117); “Now this story will be known. It will be written here.” “I encourage you to keep going and I support you” (Aupilaarjuk 259); “We should do this more often. It would be good to do more storytelling like this” (Isluanik 256); “I want this to keep going. I’m grateful I was able to participate here” (Uquutaq 260).
meetings. There is a sense of urgency in some of their comments, which makes this endeavour even more meaningful.

The primary audience for this work is younger Inuit, whose contact with the lives of their elders becomes more tenuous, as English carries on its relentless march across the arctic, weakening and in some areas completely uprooting the Inuit language, Inuktitut. However, the completed text will make a body of traditional Inuit stories accessible to both Inuit and non-Inuit readers alike. As each elder passes away, a whole archive of Inuit knowledge, including stories, is lost. This is a modest attempt to help to preserve and to promote an integral part of what Jose Kusugak calls “First Canadian” (4) culture for generations of Inuit and other Canadians.

While not intended as the primary audience, readers in the academy who are new to unikkaaqtuat, as well as those more familiar with them, will hopefully find the organisational structure of the dissertation both interesting and instructive. By placing the unikkaaqtuat in the foreground before the discussion of critical theory and background information, the project encourages the reader to engage with the stories and elder commentaries first, thereby recognising them as the primary locus of meaning creation. In this way, the critic is urged to find alternative centres of meaning and to interrogate the place of academic knowledge; the experts in this instance are not in the academy but are the elders themselves. Highlighting the culturally generative ideas of the elders is the central purpose of this dissertation. That is my argument; although not an argument in a traditional academic sense, it is one, I hope, that resonates with the aspirations of the elders and with the trust which they have bestowed on me. Inuit literature and unikkaaqtuat in particular, are so under-represented in the academy that there is very limited discussion about how one may begin to approach the critical task of explicating and analyzing individual texts. I suggest, therefore, that a combination of reflections by the elders on the
purposes and meanings contained in the stories, together with a consideration of the concept of 
isuma, forms the basis on which a critical theory of Inuit literature may plausibly be built. The 
practice of isuma places the onus squarely on the listener, reader, or critic to come to considered 
opinions about how he or she may begin to engage with the stories. This approach, based on the 
example and practice of the elders and informed by the application of isuma, may serve as a 
springboard from which a discourse around unikkaaqtuat may fruitfully take place.

The stories were audio-recorded in Iqaluit as part of a course on Inuit literature which I 
taught for the Nunavut Teacher Education Programme (NTEP), McGill University and the Inuit 
Studies Department of Nunavut Arctic College. Eight elders from five different Nunavut 
communities were invited to take part and they readily agreed. They are: Mariano Aupilaarjuk, 
Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk and Ollie Itinnuaq (Kangiqsualujjuaq), Herve Paniaq (Iglulik), Henry Isluanik 
(Arviat), Simon Tookoomee and Barnabus Pirujuaq (Qamanittuaq) and Qaunnaq Uquutaq 
(Kinngait). All were well known in their respective communities for their knowledge of 
traditional life, and some were established figures who regularly addressed meetings and 
conferences in Canada and internationally. Travel, accommodation and an honorarium for each 
elder were provided by a grant from the Department of Culture, Language, Elders and Youth 
(CLEY) Government of Nunavut. During the first week of the three week course, the students 
and I were engaged in reading a variety of traditional stories and preparing a list of questions that 
might be asked of the elders about their stories. The elders had each been briefed about the 
objective of the gathering; to tell stories, to respond to questions and to discuss any other matter 
related to storytelling. The second week the students and I spent listening, asking questions and 
recording as the elders told stories. The whole group met each day from 9 a.m. to 12 a.m. and 
from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. The sessions were tape-recorded and professional Inuit interpreters
provided simultaneous translation into English for those who did not speak Inuktitut. The third week, the students and I reviewed the recordings and compared the elders’ versions of stories with others that we had studied. We also began transcribing the tapes, which I and my colleague, Rebecca Hainnu, later finished.8

Having made the point that so much of what non-Inuit Canadians know, or think we know, about Inuit comes from non-Inuit, the question must be addressed: how can a non-Inuit, Irish Canadian, elderly white male, graduate of four universities on two different continents, specializing in English renaissance drama, even begin to understand traditional Inuit stories? Clearly the question must be answered, if this project is to have any value and not merely add another foreign voice to the canon of non-Inuit commentary on Inuit. I address this question in detail later in the “Methodology” section of this dissertation, but here I wish to stress the collaborative nature of the project, which, with funding from the Nunavut government and support from Nunavut Arctic College, brought together, elders, students, translators and instructors, both Inuit and non-Inuit. The recording, transcription and translation of the unikkaaqtaq, and the discussion among the elders, are much more than an accompanying appendix to this community-based project-they are the project. Everything that is written here, including the critical apparatus and discussion, is intended to illuminate the collaborative nature of the logistical and intellectual work described. Paniaq succinctly puts it this way, “we cannot just start telling a story” (42).

After the introductory chapter, the text (Chapters 2-9), is organised so that the stories

8. Rebecca Hainnu has worked on other projects with me. She is one of my former students, a B.Ed. (McGill) graduate and member of a prominent Baffin Island family. Her knowledge of Kivalliq dialects was particularly useful as six of the elders are from that region. Rebecca currently teaches in her home community of Clyde River.
come first followed by commentary about them (Chapters 10 and 11). The unikkaaqtuat are foregrounded because they are the focus of the study. In this way the reader is encouraged to engage directly with the stories without the intervention of other material. The comments and discussion by the elders provide a rich vein of insight, which helps the reader to understand the stories and their context. There is much here to interest the reader, apart from the unikkaaqtuat themselves, for the students ask questions about various aspects of traditional culture, and the elders are eager to share their experiences and knowledge. For example, the elders clearly state their displeasure with modern teaching pedagogy, in contrast to traditional Inuit teaching and learning practices. Noting that children learned by watching, Tookoomee says that the elders “don’t like the way children are taught” (18). Aupilaajuk is blunt in his assessment that education today does not provide a “good foundation” for life (23). Paniaq explains that children were traditionally excluded from adult conversation until such time as they were able “to handle it” (31). The elders bemoan the fact that, because the children are in school all day, they are forgetting the Inuit way of life. The unikkaaqtuat told here, together with the comments of the elders, contain some of the very knowledge that Inuit are struggling to maintain.

Chapters 10 and 11 are titled, “Methodology,” and “Towards an Inuit Literary Theory,” respectively. In Chapter 10, I explain the project’s approach, and seek to answer questions the reader may have about areas of possible contention, such as the editing process and translation. Under the title of “Editing,” I attempt to establish my suitability as the editor of this project. This is based on my knowledge of Inuit culture and language acquired from having lived and taught in Nunavut for thirty-five years. During this time, I lived in small villages, as well as in the capital, Iqaluit, where I taught courses in Inuit literature and language to Inuit and non-Inuit students.
As the elders spoke only Inuktitut and as some of the students did not speak or understand Inuktitut, the unikkaaqtuat had to be translated into English, a process that is described in the “Editing” section. Among the difficulties that arise when translating from Inuktitut are differences in dialects, which often make the language of the elders difficult to understand, even by fluent speakers of the language. In this case, we had the benefit of experienced and competent translators. However, the question still remains: is it possible to adequately translate from Inuktitut to English when the two languages have little culturally or structurally in common, and especially when dealing with such a specialised genre as the unikkaaqtuat? In the section on “Translation,” I briefly explore the syntactic structure of Inuktitut, to show how words and sentences are formed in contrast to English. I also examine the use of taimnaguuq, “that one a long time ago it is said,” a stylistic feature characteristic of unikkaaqtuat and show how it is difficult to render it adequately in English.

Chapter 11, “Towards an Inuit Literary Theory,” is divided under the following headings: “Literary Theory,” “Inuit and the Academy,” “Inuit Literary Theory,” and “Acknowledgment and Recognition.” In this section, I attempt to articulate an Inuit theory of literature by examining the work of non-Inuit scholars, both indigenous and others, who are struggling to articulate and develop principles of literary criticism that foreground non-western ways of thinking. This is followed by a consideration of the comments of prominent Inuit writers like Zebedee Nungak and Michael Kusugak, who speak with authority about Inuit literature in general. From here I give an account of the critical theory and practice of the Inuit scholar-poet Orpingalik, who discoursed at length with Rasmussen about his theory of composition and the creative process. I then describe the Inuit concept of isuma as discussed by Jean Briggs, and employed by Keavy Martin in her discussion of how one might read unikkaaqtuat. Briefly, one
shows *isuma* by behaving appropriately according to one’s age, experience, and position in the community. The way to understand the *unikkaaqtuat*, therefore, is to learn from one’s experience and listen to the advice of the elders. There is no prescription for getting to know the meanings of the stories, for as Aupilaarjuk says, understanding does not come right away. The elders seldom give precise meanings to the *unikkaaqtuat* because each person is at his or her particular level of *isuma*, and must engage with them in his or her own way. This is not to suggest that anything goes, clearly not; for the elders stress that the *unikkaaqtuat* teach and delight. It is up to the reader to explore just how they do so.

The final section, “Acknowledgement and Recognition,” is placed here to round off the discussion of *unikkaaqtuat* by focusing on the achievements of the Inuit politically, in realising their dream of an Inuit homeland. This was gained through the confidence they have in the strength of their language and culture, which is directly related to, and comes out of, the oral tradition. The vast majority of Inuit in Nunavut and Nunavik speak Inuktitut fluently and have no need to seek beyond it for affirmation of who they are. For many First Nations peoples in Canada, the struggle to assert their political and cultural autonomy is ongoing, just as it is for the Inuit. Inuit showed in their negotiations with the federal government, that they are not merely one of a growing number of cultural groups within a multicultural nation, but rather are an autonomous people, who recognize the existence of Canada. Jose Kusugak coined the phrase “First Canadians” to help define the Inuit position in relation to Canada, and suggested that a familial partnership, based on Inuit cultural practices, would serve both Inuit and non-Inuit well. The elders express no doubt about their cultural and political autonomy, and the *unikkaaqtuat* recounted here, and the elders’ reflections on them, indicate a clear site where the Inuit sense of national identity may be located.
The “General Introduction to Unikaaqtuat,” found in Appendix A, is intended to inform the reader, new to unikaaqtuat, of some of their characteristics and themes, and show how they are related to Inuit traditional beliefs and practices. For example, knowledge of the role and powers of the angakkuk will allow the reader to accept the predicaments in which Kiviuq finds himself, and how he finds a solution. Likewise, an understanding of the importance of marriage, and the mutual cooperation, and dependence of husband and wife on each other, will help the reader to understand why Kiviuq is so anxious to find a partner. However, it is important to stress here, as it is in the “Introduction,” that what is offered is not meant to be definitive, rather the opposite is true. Just as the elders refrain from ascribing a particular meaning to a story, each reader is invited to do the same and to bring her or his own level of isuma to the readings, just as the present writer has done.

Appendix B gives a brief account of the development of Inuktitut in written form, beginning with the introduction of a syllabic orthography by Anglican missionaries, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. This writing system quickly spread through the agency of Inuit catechists who travelled hundreds of kilometres to Inuit camps teaching their people how to read the scriptural tracts prepared by the various missionaries. Today the syllabic system is the preferred one for Inuit in Nunavut and Nunavik, and both use the Standard Orthography sanctioned by the Inuit Cultural Institute, which over saw the updating and refining of the original system in 1976. Rasmussen’s translation and arrangement of a song by Orpingalik, “My Breath,” is given in Appendix C.
Chapter 2 Opening remarks and talking about stories

Moderator: Please note that we will be speaking only in Inuktitut because the students want to improve their language skills by listening to the elders. First of all I want to thank you for coming here and being willing to answer our questions. My name is Uvinik Qamaniq and I am from Iglulik (Igloolik). I will be the moderator for our sessions. Maybe you can introduce yourselves and tell us where you are from, so that we can know who is who. Who wants to start?

Herve Paniaq: I'll start. My name is Paniaq and I am from Iglulik. None of the others are from my community.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: My name is Qaunnaq. I am from Kinngait (Cape Dorset).

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: I am from Kangiq&iniq (Rankin Inlet). My name is Marie Tulimaaq.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I am also from Kangiq&iniq; I come here often so you probably know me.

Simon Tookoomee: My name is Simon Tookoomee. I am from Qamanittuaq (Baker Lake), but I was born on the coast at the end of the fiord at Uqsuqtuuq (Gjoa Haven).

Barnabus Pirujuaq: I'm Barnabus Pirujuaq from Qamanittuaq (Baker Lake).

Ollie Itinnuaq: Maybe you've heard of Ollie Itinnuaq. I am from Kangiq&iniq (Rankin Inlet). This is my first time in this building.

Henry Isluanik: (Editor’s note: Henry, who is from Arviat, joined a day later.)
Moderator: Some of the students here are studying to be teachers, and others are in the Language and Culture Program. They will introduce themselves.

Della Ootoova from Mittimatalik (Pond Inlet).

Mavis Kowtak from Qurluqtuq (Coppermine).

Tommy Amaroalik from Iglulik.

Kitty Arlootuk from Kimmirut (Lake Harbour).

Oopetee Kovic from Iqaluit.

Nancy Makpah from Kangiq&iniq.

Rhoda Peterloosie from Mittimatalik.

Louise Ujarak from Iglulik.

Annie Manning from Iqaluit.

Marjorie Haviyak from Qurluqtuq.

Anna Nakasuk from Iqaluit.

Caroline Appaqaq Sanikiluaq (Belcher Islands).

Celine Petit from Iqaluit.

Serapio Ituksarduat from Iqaluit.

Noel McDermott (Umiligjuaq) from Iqaluit.

Moderator: And the interpreters, can you introduce yourselves?
Leah Idlout from Iqaluit and Micah Arreak from Iqaluit.

**Moderator:** We asked you to come here to tell your stories, and to share your knowledge and life experiences with us. We are going to record the stories you tell us and put them together into a book.

*They say that the stories are not consistent from region to region. For example, the story of Kiviuq is told a little differently in Kivalliq than here in Baffin. Although they are not consistent with each other, we would like to hear different versions. We would like to have the different versions side by side.*

*We want to look deep into the stories and try to understand what they mean. Even when a story is short, it has a meaning. We have heard it said that there are deeper meanings we can find if we think about the unikkaaqtuat carefully. While you are here with us we want to try to understand the deeper meanings these stories hold. We also want to have a better understanding of how and when the stories were told as well as their meanings and purposes.*

*We also want to know who told the stories: was it one person in particular or could anyone tell stories? When did they tell stories, was it during the day, in the morning or at night time? Was it when they were eating or at bedtime? Was it when the weather wasn't good, when they were stuck in igluit, or qammait? When did they tell the stories?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** If it's okay, I want to ask if we can open this with a prayer, so we will have better conversations.

**Herve Paniaq:** Yes. I agree with that. One of you go ahead and open it.
**Simon Tookoomee:** Let us pray. Our father in heaven I thank you for giving us a chance to be here. We couldn't do it ourselves, but we are here because of you. And Lord, for the people here that want to learn and for us who are going to tell the stories, I pray that we will be able to do it right. I know that you have said, “I am the same yesterday and today.” You are still that same one. We ask for your help. Without you we can't do it alone. Lord we ask you to grant us these things. These students are open to us, Lord, and we ask you to be open to them: In your son Jesus's name, Amen.

**Herve Paniaq:** Thank you.

**Moderator:** Thank you. I just want to add to what I was saying earlier. We want to use these stories to teach younger children and teenagers. We want to make a book of them and make it available in schools. Some of you are in books already and we have seen your names printed there.

Children and young people alike are not familiar with these unikkaaqtuat. People don’t tell them anymore and some children never really heard about them. We have heard a little about them. We want them to be recorded so they will be accessible, not only to children in schools but to all people, both Inuit and non-Inuit. The children and adults who hear these stories for the first time will probably enjoy them. Our goal, therefore, is to make these sessions into a book in Inuktitut and English. Perhaps you won't mind if we ask you questions?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** We don't mind. I would prefer it if we were asked questions.

**Moderator:** We will start at nine each day and go until lunch at noon. After lunch we will start at one and finish at four. The recorder will always be on throughout that time. When it stops we can go for coffee break. That's what we plan to do. Does that sound alright? Good. Then let me
First of all I would like to ask you when storytelling took place. When would somebody tell stories to you?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Let me answer that. For me it wasn't just anytime. We used to have lice. My mother would pick them and tell me a story at the same time. It was during the night, usually at the end of the day.

It didn't necessarily have to be because she was picking the lice off our heads. I didn't like it when she was doing that as a child. Maybe they would tell us stories because we enjoyed listening to them. They would do that so we would relax, and they would pick those unwanted lice at the same time.

Also, I want to add a little bit more to this. The *unikkaaqtuat* make you glad, and you think you understand and you use them in your life. They make you want to avoid dangers that could happen. That's how I understand this.

**Simon Tookoomee:** To me it was at bedtime that my mother would start to tell me stories. When I was listening to them telling stories I would get so relaxed and sleepy. It was usually during the evenings when they started to tell their stories. There weren't very many people back then. Sometimes it was when the weather wasn't good, maybe to keep us entertained so that we wouldn't get bored. We didn't go to school then. I used to hear these things and experience them.

**Barnabus Pirjuuaq:** I was an adopted child. I wasn't my parents' biological child. I don't remember them passing on stories like these to me. They never told me stories. I was their servant. I fetched water for them, and I was more like an extra hand until I got married.
I was then living with people from Utkusiksalik (Back River) when I was a young man. I finally started to hear bits and pieces of these stories from the people in Qitirmiut (western Nunavut). I can't really tell you the meaning, and I am not very good at telling them either. These people are my friends. I want you to be aware of that.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Is it my turn now? When I was growing up there weren't very many people around. There was my mother and my father, well, he wasn't my biological father, but I considered him as my father, who was from the Natsilik area around Uqsuqtuuq (Gjoa Haven), Talurjuaq (Spence Bay) and Kugaarjuk (Pelly Bay). My mother was also from Natsilik.

My younger sister is a lot younger than I am; there's an age gap between us. There were four others before my sister was born.

When I was thinking about the unikkaaqtuat I made drawings of them. I didn't go to school. They were the only things I had, so when I was thinking of those, I wrote them down. When I knew that I was coming here I drew everything that I knew about, everything that I heard about. I have twenty-four stories that I wrote down from the ones that I knew. They are also translated into English. But I don't want to give them out just yet, until someone makes copies. I want to give them out to the schools when I have copies. These are not the only ones that I have, there are a lot more, I thought that they could be used in schools. They are written in Inuktitut and are about Inuit traditions.

There are nine stories that are typed in English and Inuktitut now. Those are things that I'm working on. Some of the stories that I could tell you about are quite long. Don't worry! I won't tell all of them. I could tell you about Akturaarnaaq, and Kiviuq; and there are many more.
I'll tell you some stories, but not everyone I've written down, when the time has come for us to talk about them. Thank you.

**Herve Paniaq:** Is it my turn? I'm not quite prepared. I came here not really knowing that we were going to have storytelling here.

We would be given chores. During the daytime when we finished what we were doing, our mother would start to tell stories. I just loved listening to them. That's how I learned. I enjoyed them so much I would make sure that I didn't forget them. Because of that, I have some stories that I could share with you.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I also heard stories that were told back then. The little children would be in the same bed with their mother, and their grandmother.

I love to tell stories even today. I work with pre-school children as their elder. They really enjoy playing Inuit traditional games. I tell them the story that starts with, “Grandmother, tell me a story. Please Grandmother, tell me a story. I don't have a story to tell right now, try to get some sleep.” They kept asking for stories and they turned into ptarmigans. I like telling this story.

I'm not going to tell you about that now, but I will when the time is right. I am going to sing a short song. The children really enjoy this song too. It's not a hymn, though. (Singing)

Over there, there is an inuksuk

He will tell you a story

Out there in the wilderness, you will meet him in the wilderness

If I am told to fetch some water I might want to leave
Hitting me with a strap

Down that way, down that way, down that way.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: The only storytelling I heard was from my mother. There wasn't anybody else. I would always listen to her. I just enjoyed this very much. While she would be picking the lice out of my hair, I would picture what she was telling me with my eyes closed. Then I would fall asleep. I even remember that. I used to love it when my mother was telling me a story.

Moderator: It sounds like they would tell stories when picking lice out of your hair and at bedtime. Is there anybody who wants to ask a question?

Student: I do. Were there times the older people exchanged stories and the younger people weren't allowed to listen?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I will answer that. It's not the first time I've heard this. We will all probably have different answers. That has happened before. We are all going to have different answers.

They used to tell us not to listen to what they were talking about. People ask why they did that. I feel the same way, too. But I know that they used to talk about real issues. There weren't very many people, but they, too, would talk about things that were not very pleasant. We didn't quite understand because we were just children, but we still could think about them.

We might tell our parents something we heard and we could make them misunderstand because it meant something different to them. Words can be dangerous, and it's been that way for a long time.
I can say that we weren't allowed to listen when the adults were talking. They would even tell us to go outside. I went through this. I can answer it this way, and the others, too, can probably answer your question.

I appreciate the questions that you want to ask. We are going to tell stories that are not exactly the same, although we will be telling the same story. I believe that they are going to be brought up and I am happy with that, personally. I believe that the importance of unikkaqtuat is going to be recognised again. This has never been done while I have been involved with the Inuit Studies Program. This is what I wanted to say about it. You are doing something really worthwhile.

**Simon Tookoomee:** My turn? He already said most of the answer, but from what I've experienced sometimes men and women would be separated when they were going to talk about a serious situation, whether it was confidential or not. The women would meet. They would either be whispering or the children wouldn't be present at all.

Children can pick up things very quickly. They learn right away, and they have a tendency to talk about what they heard. We elders don't like the way children are taught. Back then they would only allow us to listen when we were old enough to think and understand maturely. When we were able to take care of ourselves, then we were finally allowed to listen. This is how it was.

Today they teach the young people things they shouldn't even be exposed to yet. They even talk to their children about things that would never be told to us. For instance her question was, would they be behind closed doors with no children around, or with no men around, or with men and women together. They would have the children go outside. Did I answer your question?
Barnabus Pirujuaq: As for myself, I was a child with no playtime. What I was most familiar with was, every morning when I woke up I would be told to put my clothes on right away. I was trained that way because I wasn't their biological child. When I become able, I was destined to be their servant. They were preparing me like that. I would work with heavy objects that needed to be fixed to get me to be used to this, even when it was very cold. They trained me to be used to being outside.

When I was starting to know what was going on I would think about this as training. That was my life. The cycle is still in my system. When I wake up in the morning at 6:00 or 7:00, I would like to go back to sleep when I don't have anything to do, but I can't. A person is stuck with what he was trained to do right from when he learned how to walk, especially with what was crucial. They didn't tell me that.

They would have to make houses to live in then. If I was to be making an iglu, my father was quiet and I was just watching what he was doing. But he was teaching me. I had to be able to do that. I would watch him working on the snow. And going on a dog team, I would ride with him, when I still didn't have my own dogs. I was taught just by watching how it was done. Just through using my imagination, I learned how it was properly done, when I was still a beginner. Just like Qallunaat train people to work in offices and in the army, and all kinds of different things like that, Inuit did as well.

A person who is taught from a very young age to be independent, like lifting heavy objects, is more likely to be that way all of his life, up until old age. The body gets used to what it was trained to do. Not necessarily the mind itself, but the physical body is trained to get used
to whatever it is trained to do. Because of that, I'm not used to thinking about making plans. I'm going to pass it to Itinnuaq now.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** The question you asked was about not being allowed to listen to conversations, when they were talking about real issues. That's when we weren't allowed to listen.

Concerning storytelling, I don't mind you asking questions. It is very important for us. When we are not around anymore, you younger people can pass the stories on, by reading them and telling them to others. You are going to be able to do that now. Young people don't know these stories anymore. You are going to be able to pass them on, from now on and I'm very happy with that.

Also when we are finished talking about stories and legends, I want to share with you what I have written down about Inuit traditional law before we started to follow Qallunaat law. When we are done telling stories, I'll talk about that. I wrote down information on Inuit traditional laws before our ancestors had any police, judges, and doctors. It is very interesting. Today, it makes you think, they're not even practised anymore. Some of them are used in the court system. I will be telling you about these. A worker from the courthouse in Yellowknife came to me asking me to write down Inuit traditional laws so that they could be used in the court system. He said that the Indians were writing their own traditional laws. I submitted those to him and they are translated in English and Inuktitut now. When the storytelling is over I will talk about some of them. I really want to do that. Thank you.

**Herve Paniaq:** Can I say something? Although I'm a little shy! I have been going to the school to tell stories some days. The thing is, we don’t get enough time. They want to hear more, but the day is already done. It's always like that.
I had no idea that I would be invited to this gathering. I was told that I would be part of a group of elders that were going to be meeting to tell stories. I wasn't aware of what kind of stories we would be telling. Although I know quite a few of them, I hadn't planned what I was going to say.

I just agreed to do this because I was curious and wanted to hear what others would be talking about. What kind of stories would the people from other communities tell? Also we have different stories, too. I have kept the unikkaaqtuat with me and I just love them. I am still learning from them. I have not forgotten them and I don't think I will. They won't be slipping away from me. That's all.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: I, too, was excited when I was told about this. I know some stories that are from way back. I was born a long time ago now. I was born in an iglu and everything we needed for a comfortable life was available to us. Our mothers and fathers worked very hard to provide for us. Now we hardly ever see our children. They are at the school all day, being taken care of while they are learning.

We were always told not to just try to have an easy life. We learned from watching our mother; girls learned from their mothers and boys learned from their fathers. They weren't told, "Try to learn this." We weren't told that. We learned from just watching. Now we are not even taking care of our children. We are now too dependent on the teachers. That's all.

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: You said exactly what I was going to say. When we were younger, well, when we were at a young age, our family and our mothers taught us. When you were able to think wisely about it, you become grateful for it. You become very thankful your mother was this way. You thanked her for teaching you with her wise words. I always think
about this. My mother taught me many things. She did her best to teach her children when we were growing up. Everything from lighting the qulliq: she taught us everything. Following her example, and what she taught us, we learned. I try not to forget her words although you are not trying to think that particular way. We were taught how to sew out of anything.

**Moderator:** *Does anybody have any questions about what was just said?*

**Student:** *You mentioned a little bit about children not being taught enough at schools. Can you specify what they are not being taught enough of?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** They weren't allowed to listen to conversations about girls and boys, about being married, when they weren't old enough for that yet. When they were going to talk about these issues children would be told to go outside. Today at school they are told detailed information that is harmful to them. They absolutely weren't allowed to listen to talks about marriage. Now in the communities, well, in my hometown children are being taught these things and when we hear about them we can't forget about them. Most of us are concerned about our traditions. They would only start to tell children things about being married when they were old enough to marry. Then the parents would finally open up. When this type of information is being told to very young people, it is troubling. Little boys, little girls start to say, "I can do this, I can do that". For this reason, we elders are not happy about this. Did I answer your question?

**Student:** *Yes. The younger people know a lot about this now, at a very young age. They are being exposed to way too much. It is causing problems for us, we who don't follow this teaching. Yes, it causes problems when they are taught about this too early.*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Perhaps he can answer it more clearly.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Is it my turn? We certainly were taught that way. For instance when a man had no pants on, and he wanted to put them on, nobody was even allowed to look at him while he was doing this. If we saw that at a young age and started to think about it, we would always be reminded of that and something could start going wrong from there.

Like he was saying, it's not that we don't want this taught, but there should be a way to make corrections to that. They are studying and learning. They have learned all that there is to learn, but they are not taught a good foundation for life beforehand.

When our parents were teaching us, they first planted a seed to have a foundation for our life. They didn't tell us anything that was too unpleasant for our young minds.

They would finally start to tell us about unpleasant things, and about marriage and other things when we got older.

That is how it was with us. I personally didn't realize that it was like that until now. Now things are very different at school. Now when I look back at how our life was, on the Inuit traditions, there didn't seem to be very many of them, but they were very powerful. But if you never went through these you wouldn't know, it's just going to be a belief, not experience.

You have to go through this until you experience it. I say these things although I don't really like to, because there's is fine line between faith and experience. Belief is what you've never seen before although you believe in it. Experience is what you have seen you are aware of the dangers so you avoid them. I always say that belief is what you never went through, and experience is what you've seen, I say this although I don't like it when I say that, but I understand how we are. This is my opinion.
Ollie Itinnuaq: I really like what he is saying. It is better for you to have your questions answered. I haven't seen what you are working on now, and of course you can't tell what the results are going to be yet. But we will be able to say, “Okay that's how it is” when things that we don't understand are explained. This is true even for us who are older as well as for you, too.

Moderator: What they are being taught is not enough, maybe because they watch too much television. These young people learn from what they watch on television and when they go to school they learn more about what they saw on television.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: It is like that. Even me, although I'm an adult now, I see people and other things that I have never seen before on television. It's not like I'm going to do what I saw on television because I know better. I'm old enough now. I'm not going to follow their example, but I know I will remember these things. In time I'm going to forget about them, but I know I will be reminded of them. The young people probably don't mean to do what they saw.

Even myself at this age, I'm just using myself as an example, I don't think I can tell you what I saw when I was at home, but I'm still reminded about it. I don't want to know about this. Television is a powerful thing, but the young people are strong.

Simon Tookoomee: Don't think that we are talking about you young people here, because we, too, need to be informed about what you are working on. It's not you that we are talking about. Please don't stop asking questions. Just tell us what your questions are.

Student: You said something about marriage. Did they teach you about these things when you were growing up?
Simon Tookoomee: When I said that, I was comparing the time I was a child to the children today. When we are just children we easily start to talk about what we see. For instance, Pauktuutiit (Inuit women’s organization) started a project on marriage, and although I'm embarrassed about it, I'll tell you about it.

I didn't really like slim women and I thought that women who were bigger were better. I was like that, and I was a shy person. Pauktuutiit states that older men abused young girls and this caused problems afterwards. This had taught several men something.

He had a good answer to your question. I agree with what you said. We watch too much television. Even shows are rated for adults that are not good for us. I am not saying that all of them are not good, but some are bad. We were not taught this way, but children are not being taught our way now. Did I answer your question?

Moderator: Yes. Thank you. We should move on now. Let's try to get into storytelling. If you have questions about stories please just come forward. Thank you for answering the previous questions.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I was thinking that we were going to be telling stories. I was expecting to do that. We keep referring to the present situation. The stories that are from way back and the recent ones keep developing, so there are older ones and more recent ones.

What I would like to do is discuss the stories from way back first. Then we can turn to the Inuit customs and discuss them and compare them to today’s life style. That would be a lot better. I'm not saying that you should do this, but I think that we are talking about too many things at the same time. You can't understand, and it's confusing.
**Barnabus Pirjuuaq:** They won't be understandable when you are trying to listen to them and trying to write them down. I agree with him. Please just specify what we're going to talk about. You invited us to be here.

**Moderator:** Please be assured that you will tell stories. We just wanted to ask you these questions. Are there any more comments you would like to add about storytelling?

**Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk:** I don't think there was really anybody else that would tell stories other than my mother.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** That's true. Because the women stayed behind at home, they would tell stories most often. The reason for that is our fathers were always out hunting. They hardly told stories. That's how it was.

**Herve Paniaq:** We inherited our stories from the women. Men were always on the move, waiting at seal holes. We were quiet when we got ready for bed and I would ask my mother to tell a particular story. From them we have these stories. The men were already making a story out there on the land. They didn't tell stories, except when the weather wasn't good. Those are the only things I wanted to say.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I think we are all different. Some women carry many stories with them. Some men don't have many stories to tell. My mother did tell stories but not very many. It could have been due to me. I didn't trust her enough and didn't listen to her. I didn't really inherit stories from her. It was mainly from my father that I heard stories. He would tell me stories to help me fall asleep. I feel bad that I lost some of them. So, some women don't have very many stories and some men don't have many either. I think that's how it is.
Moderator: Did they tell stories only during the winter?

Simon Tookoomee: Whenever. During summer or winter, whenever.

Student: Were the fictional stories all sad?

Simon Tookoomee: Well, they were all different. Some were real life stories and some were just fictional. From what I know they used to tell these stories. Some were for fun and some were bedtime stories. Most times when we were younger they were bedtime stories, that is, if they didn't sing ajaaja. I would say to my mother, “Anaana tell me a story.” So she would start telling me a story. They weren't sad, bedtime stories. Sometimes they were scary. Does that answer your question? Somebody could tell you more about stories.

Moderator: If you want to answer a question just do it. It's not like we have to go in order from person to person. Whenever you want to say something about a question or story, please do so.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I would like to say something about the question she asked. She asked whether they were just fictional stories. Yes, some legends have power from passing them on. They came from way back. Some may have actually happened although they are legends. For me, they helped me with my life, and helped me to be aware of dangers. From hearing the stories, that is how I was. I believed them although I wasn't too sure if they were true. That's how it was.

Student: Which one of the legends do you really believe in?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: The only one that I really believe in is the story of Akturaanaaq. My mother often told that story. I can say that I believe that one. There's a great yellow whale (bull whale) I rarely saw. When I saw that kind of whale I would be reminded of Akturaanaaq. I know
that it's really not that particular whale. Personally I'm proud of these legends. Once in a long while I see great yellow whales, and they always remind me of that story.

Another one that I really like is Nuliajuk (Sedna). I can say she exists. Up to today, I like it. I still believe she exists. I think she is out there, although I've heard different stories. I know her as Nuliajuk. That's what I would call her because of the fact that I'm from Natsilik. Those are the two unikaaqtuat that I really believe in, Akturaanaaq and Nuliajuk.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I really enjoy listening to stories. They are non-fiction. I enjoy listening to them. I'm more interested in listening to Inuit traditions from when Inuit lived according to their own customs and traditions, before they lived the way Qallunaat live.

**Student:** Would they tell stories outdoors, outside the house?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Very rarely. Storytelling was usually done when my mother was picking the lice off my head. But once in a while I would see men having discussions amongst themselves and telling stories, too. I would sometimes hear them talking about deceased people who they thought were great, and were proud of. I would hear the men telling stories, but I didn't hear them telling stories very often.

My mother would always tell stories while she was getting the lice out of my hair. We used to have lice because our clothes were made out of caribou skins. She didn't want those lice on my head, and I just loved listening to the stories. She would pick the lice at the same time she would be telling stories. It was no fun when there wasn't anybody telling a story when she was trying to pick those lice. It was like that.

**Student:** Did you get tired of sitting?
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Yes. I didn't enjoy it.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: And their pinky would always go here when they were picking at lice. Unintentionally, the pinky would go here.

Student: Were the stories mainly for women or mainly for men, or were they for everybody?

Ollie Itinnuaq: I don't think I can give you the right answer. They used to be for everybody, both women and men when they were telling a story. I always think that it was like that. Some were not intended for everyone. It was okay for them to tell them anytime. They are from way back. They are just for fun now.

Aupilaarjuk said that he believed certain stories. They might have actually happened a long, long time ago. With more recent stories we know that they actually happened. We who were born earlier in time, we know that they are true, but they are not taken very seriously anymore. You younger people are going to experience that. You won't take them as seriously. The things that you hear won't be as serious. The importance of them will change because there will always be new things coming.

Everything is always changing. They were important. Even Qallunaat start to laugh about what was important for them in the past. Many things we had and used in the past used to be important but not anymore. Our stories as Inuit are probably just the same.

Aupilaarjuk thinks that Nuliajuk exists. I, too, think so because of my mother's grandfather, Qakutik, who was from the Natsilik area. After my mother was born he saw Nuliajuk come out the water at Natsilik. She lives in the water and can transform into anything. Nuliajuk was a shaman and she allowed people to see her. There was only my grandfather and
his son and she came out through a hole and she was facing backwards. He shot her with a 
harpoon in the back, between the shoulder blades. She started pulling them. The ice was slippery. 
He told his son to let go and when he did, she stopped. Nuliajuk got free. There's a song about 
that. I know about this because it might have actually happened. There's a lot more about 
Nuliajuk, but I'm going to stop right now. I do believe that some stories are factual, and some are 
just for fun. That's my opinion on stories.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** We know that we came here to tell stories. I told my friends beforehand 
that if I don’t understand what they are saying or they don't mean anything, or if I don't quite 
believe them, to try and convince me by telling me more. Some unikkaaqtauat are from way back, 
and include things that we've never seen before. We don't live like that anymore and we don't do 
these things. We could think that they are just dreams. They can make you want to think that 
way. They could have been actual life stories. Don't be afraid of what you want to tell them, or 
what they are looking for. Don't hesitate if any of you know anything, my fellow elders. Thank 
you.

**Student:** Did they tell these stories to try and teach something?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Probably. They told us these things so we could learn from them, just like these 
children who are going to school are being taught. It's because we were taught with these stories 
that we have stories to tell you. It turns out that we were learning. There are young people who 
have heard these stories, but there are others who never learned them, so they don't know these 
stories. We elders have stories to tell because we learned them. That is the way I understand it.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** You younger people should be proud.
**Herve Paniaq:** They were real. They would tell younger people stories if they thought they could handle it. If they thought they wouldn't be able to handle it, they would avoid telling them a certain story and they would just give them information. If they could handle it they would tell the story. That's all I can say.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** The reason I said to be proud of your elders was because although the stories are not written, it's because of the elders' wide knowledge from way, way back that they never forgot them. If they were asked how they were written, it's not like that. It's what's inside the mind that is still alive, although it's very old.

Please, young people show your gratitude to the elders.

**Simon Tookoomee:** Even if they were just stories, they made a difference in our lives. They would make us imagine, even if we were just little children. It was hard to try to picture some of the stories. Some made differences in our lives to help us. That's how they were.

You also heard earlier that we didn't have anything written down, and yet we never forgot anything. This is what I would like to say about it. Because we didn't have papers to write things down on, we have a good memory. If we used papers to remind us, just like you, if we were to be asked a question we would have to look it up in our notes.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I often think that the stories were used as teaching tools. We didn't see it that way, well, I didn't. I'm talking about myself. I didn't see it like that. That's what I think now. What I realized is that they made me be aware of possible dangers and taught me to lead a good life.
I don't think that the stories are just stories, because there used to be *ijirait*, way back then. *Ijirait* are not just in stories. Not too long ago when I was on my way from Tikirarjuaq (Whale Cove), I saw what seemed like an *ijiraq* in a bull caribou form. I have never seen anything else like that since. This is the particular reason why I think that they are still out there. Although we don't see them, they are probably still out there in the wilderness.

The real Inuit way is not taken for granted anymore. It's like that nowadays. Inuit lived according to their beliefs. They didn't have nurses, or doctors, or other things.

The bull caribou that I saw had big antlers. They were like this. The ends of the antlers didn't spread out. They were just down like that. I saw it from quite a distance. It was eating and very cautious because it was afraid. I experienced that. I was watching it from a distance through a scope. That's one reason that I'm convinced they are still out there. Soon after that my son, my adopted son, was running from that particular caribou in about the same area that I saw it in. If he didn't see a person, he would have panicked.

For this reason I believe in them.

We say that there are legends from way, way back, perhaps from when people first existed. When you think about it, they have always been around.

Our lives started to change after the missionaries, the Catholics came, and the police. I also believe that when the ships and the whalers started to arrive, Inuit adopted foreign goods. When you think about it, that's when we started to turn away from our traditional ways. When religion came, we were slowly losing it, but not completely.
We are starting to forgive, because we are now living with these standards. That is how I've been looking at it. We became what we are now.

If we think twice about it, right from the start, we have to have more respect for our traditions today. This has always been in my mind, so I'm saying something about it now. But we have to have faith, we have to pray now. When you pay attention to this there is no doubt that it does exist. They proclaim that Jesus came here on earth to help. Our lives were changed when we got baptized. There wasn't anything else like that. This is the only thing that has a good effect concerning change. Some traditions could be taken back. There are some that we could take back, but we just don't think about them anymore. There are good principles in the traditions, too.

I am not trying to lecture everybody here, but I think about this. I have realized that our land came late to the modern world. This is what I have been saying. It's not keeping up. You probably hear about that, too. It took a while until Qallunaat took over.

There was already a store before I was born, but they didn't get independent right away. Iglulik was exposed later than Aivilik (Repulse Bay) to Qallunaat, ships and houses. I lived through the real Inuit way of life in the last stages of that culture. My father still lived that way. Then when the Catholics arrived I was baptized. I was told that I would have to forget the Inuit way of life because it was evil. I would have to forget about it. I was told that, and I got convinced of that right away because I was just a child. Then I realized that I lived an empty life until the time I looked back at my Inuit traditions. I didn't want to live the way my mother and my father expected me to, and I didn't want to listen to them anymore. I didn't really understand what was going on. I should have been like that to God instead, but I didn't because I was lost.
I know that I went through that stage. I should not have forgotten the Inuit way of life. I should have lived their customs, but it's as if I just threw them all away. When I look back I regret that happened to me. I was like that then but not now.

**Student:** What you are saying is very touching. You said that the Inuit traditional way is reliable and today we have no foundation. Can I go off the storytelling topic? Is that okay? You said before we went for coffee break, that the Inuit way of life is reliable. It makes me think, could it be because we have no solid foundation that today our young people are taking their own lives? That is very touching. It hurts when you see it. Is it something else? Is that why this is happening, because there is no solid foundation?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I can answer that from my own experience. At that time I didn't think it was a matter of having a solid foundation. I didn't think about it that way at all. I believe now it's a matter of not having a solid foundation, because they didn't provide us with a foundation. At school the students are not told about life in the first place; how to have a good life, how to have a good wife, how to have a good family, so they could have a peaceful life. I don't think that they are being taught these things.

We were taught these things from our fathers firsthand. I didn't realize our foundation was being built. This is so we would be in a good position. The first thing that I learned from my mother and father was that I had to be good to people who were younger than me. They are the ones who will be helping me. Then they started to teach things about having a wife, even when I wasn't thinking about having a wife. They used to say, "When you get a wife, help her with these things. You should be like that." My mother used to tell me those things. It turns out that she was building a foundation for me beforehand. You can't forget those words. Also, she told me that
when I started to live on my own, not to be vengeful about anything whatsoever. We all know this. This is so things won't go wrong. We are like that.

I think that a solid foundation is not being built first in the schools. All these things, like numbers they are learning are fine, but a good solid foundation for life has to be taught first.

Looking back on my life and the way life is now, many changes have taken place. That is my opinion. Somebody else could talk about what I am saying other than me. The thing that I'm talking about is very simple, although it's coming from me. Somebody could say something more. If somebody adds something, this can grow. Although it's just my opinion, I think that it's a fact. I think it's true. It is going to grow if somebody adds to it.

I believe that's how it is regarding what you asked. When young people think of themselves as unworthy, when they are going through too many hard times, they start to hate themselves and put themselves down. Maybe that is why they can't get themselves out of problems like that. Back then, when somebody did something bad, it was impossible to hide it. People would deal with it and straighten it out. It was still like that in my time. If I did something bad that wasn't allowed, it would be impossible to hide it. I would have to face people and confess everything on my own. That is not practiced anymore. That's what I can say about it.

**Student:** *Did they take their own lives back then, too? Is there anything about this in any stories?*

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Take their own lives; I can't say that it's in the stories, but I was always told not to ever take my own life, because if I did I might just become evil. I would become evil and I would look for humans. I could be taken as a *tupilaq*, an *angakkuq's* helper. They used to tell me these very shocking things and I believed them. I believe it's like that.
**Student:** They never really committed suicide back then, so it's not in the stories?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I don't think they did. Others could tell you more about it.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** About what he is saying, you wondered about what Inuit customs were, and what they meant? It seems that's what Aupilaarjuk is talking about now. What were Inuit laws on marriage, or on wanting to take one's own life; about divorce? All these things, what do they mean? How would people deal with them? If we follow these guidelines we could answer what he is asking now. I have them written down. Just ask the questions and we could give you some answers, one by one. Are they going to differ from each other? Let's see how it's going to turn out. It might be better that way. We are just going to keep running into a wall. It would make more sense to talk about what the legends and the Inuit ways mean. The days might be too short. We can talk and tell stories for a long time.

We will be leaving on Friday. We might not have enough time, which is okay. As I said earlier, I think it would be good if we just worked on the stories and then asked questions about them afterwards. For example, ask questions, like what does this word mean? Like that. That is what I think.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I, too, have a question now. Are you looking for information about the old way of life from us who are still alive, or are you looking for stories that happened ten thousand years ago? Are you looking at a hundred years ago? I'm asking this so we will understand. Tell us specifically what you are looking for.

**Moderator:** Thank you. Is there anyone who would like to answer? Did they tell you stories about angakkuit when you were growing up? Are there any stories about angakkuit?
Simon Tookoomee: I can say that *angakkuit* told me stories once in a while. They, too, might have been told stories. I was told not to think about being an *angakkuq*. They say that they have a shorter life expectancy. They used to tell me this, and tell me stories. Did I answer your question?

Herve Paniaq: I wanted to say something about what Aupilaarjuk said about the *ijirait*. I agree with what he said. I have seen them myself and I can say that *ijirait* still exist today. They can take different forms. They could be in caribou form, or they could be in wolf form; they could look like either one.

When I was a young man I was told that I killed an *ijiraq*. I saw a bull caribou and I went after it. My mother and my uncle used to warn me if I caught a caribou, to look at the appearance of its legs. They used to tell me to do that, and to look at the whiskers and the mouth. They would tell me to look out for that first. If it was like that, I was to cut the throat or just take the whole head off. After all that, I would be told I caught a bull caribou. We have a tendency to observe caribou and while I watched it that caribou would look down on its legs. It wasn't looking sideways to look around. Its head would go under its legs to look around. That's how it ate, too.

I don't think it ever saw me, and when I got close to it I shot it. After I shot it I put my rifle down and I went towards it. After I cooled down from sweating, I went to go see it. The whiskers were moving and it kept opening its mouth wider. Then suddenly I remembered what I was told, and I just took my rifle and started to run back home. I kept running towards my home. When I was able to see people I finally stopped running.
My uncle Ituksaarjuat was an angakkuq. We called each other avvaq. When I got home he said, “Avvaq, what did you do?” “Nothing! I didn't do anything,” I said. Then he didn't say anything. A second time he asked again, “Avvaq, what did you do?” I just told him that I didn't do anything. And for the third time he asked me, “Avvaq, you did something. What did you do?” After he asked me that he started saying “Avvaq, did you kill an ijiraq?” He was an angakkuq and he did something about it because he didn't want to have anything happen to me. Here he was sitting down inside the tent, and I was way out on the land.

The next day we went to go see it. I knew that it was facing one way, but now it was facing the other way. The part I cut was no longer visible. I cut the throat, but it was no longer cut; even the legs that were cut off at the joint for a whole day and night were back on.

I believe that they still exist today. Last year in Qamanittuaq somebody caught an odd caribou and they carried it on their back. Again, the year before it also happened. Today, I can say that they exist, not that I think they exist, but that they do exist.

You younger generation have to be careful when going out hunting. People make kamiik out of caribou skin legs. We call them miqquligait. In Kivalliq (Keewatin) they call them niururiaq, the ones made out of leg skin. The ijirait have legs like that. When they move, if the legs are wider than usual, then it's an ijiraq. That's what you have to look out for when you go out hunting. Maybe you might not catch one. I never knew anybody who could catch one. After having that experience, my son and I believe that they exist

Student: Soon after we moved to Arviat we children were told by other children not to play hide and seek at night. Other children's mothers would tell them not to do that. I would ask them why,
but they never told me anything. We were told not to play hide and go seek or the ijirait would
snatch us. Have you ever heard about this?

Simon Tookoomee: I've heard about that. We used to be told the same thing. They could be
visible in the daytime, night time, winter, summer, any time.

Student: Can they take a human form? Not an animal form, but a human form?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes. They can have a human form. Should I tell the story a bit further?

When they want to snatch a human being, the person's scalp starts to peel from here.
When that person fainted he would be abducted and the ijiraq would bring him home, and break
his legs because the hunters might run away.

After a year of being abducted the ijiraq would take the person back to the area where he
was abducted from. Then he would go back to his family. Although he would try to be seen, they
wouldn't be able to see him for a long while. I heard this story. It's a true story, it actually
happened. They are said to be people like us, but they live inside the land. I've never seen their
dwellings myself.

It is said that the ijirait live over beyond Qamanittuaq. When people go to that place, they
can't see anything. It starts to fog over and you hear many people whistling. You have to pass it
as fast as you can if you go through it, until you are able to see clearly. It's hard when you're on a
snow machine or a dog team. Last year we passed above that particular place where the ijirait
live by airplane. It was very foggy. They are out there today. If they didn't exist it wouldn't be
like that.

It doesn't matter if you believe me or if you don't. It's okay.
Student: Soon after we moved to Kangiqsiq we lived near Aggak's place. I must have been twelve years old. My sister was about six years old. Near Aqsaqtuq we set up a tent. Our house wasn't very far from that area. We saw a person wearing sealskin clothing, but we couldn't make him out clearly because he was quite a distance from us. He was running and coming towards us. When he got closer, I could see that he was wearing sealskin clothes and that his hair was down. He was running towards us, so we ran from him and never looked back while we were running. We stopped near a house and when we looked back there was nothing. I always wonder what that was. Was it a real human or not?

Simon Tookoomee: It could either be an ijiraq or Nuliajuk. Nuliajuk has the ability to transform into a real human. Although she doesn't hunt seals, she could come out wearing sealskins. That's what I've heard about her. Ijirait are like that, too. They could look like humans and they could also look like animals.

Student: He was quite a distance from us and suddenly he was very close. When he was running we got scared of him, and we started to run. When we got close to a house I looked back, and there was nothing. I asked my younger sister if she saw that thing too, and she said yes. I asked her that when we got near the house. I always wonder what it was.

Simon Tookoomee: It could be either one. They can't identify themselves, so it could be either one of them. These people also know about that very well, too.

Student: Can ijirait be in a group? Can there be a whole crowd of them?

Simon Tookoomee: I've never heard that. They are usually alone. Where they live, it sounds like there are many of them.
Student: When I was a child a boat came toward us. There were quite a few people in the boat. Then as it was getting closer, it suddenly disappeared.

Simon Tookoomee: I'm not quite sure if what you saw were *ijirait*. They could be dearly loved deceased relatives, for if one feels sorry towards the deceased, they start to appear.

Student: Are *ijirait* and *tuurngait* different?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes. They are totally different.

Student: Which are the ones that are seen most often, *ijirait* or *tarriasuit*, and what else could there be?

Simon Tookoomee: *Tarriasuit*. The ones that this person is talking about we call *talliqarmit* and *ijirait*. The *tuurngait* that have different forms are the ones that the *angakkuit* use. They are able to see them.

An *angakkuq* could make you see them; he certainly could show them, but only to people that he wanted to show them to. Some *tuurngait* were good but some were not. That's how it was.

I'm going to tell you about what I experienced. For two whole days I had a nosebleed. There were no doctors. I was in a very isolated area and with no medicine, and I was bleeding. My uncle, who always lived with us, was blind. Our toilet was on the side of our *iglu* where Inuit had their toilets. I went to go urinate and have a bowel movement.

While I was having my bowel movement my nose started bleeding. There was nothing in that porch. There were no dogs, no people around. It was getting dark. Although it was getting dark, a being who was very white and who looked like a polar bear came. It had eyes, and a nose,
but I don't think it had a mouth. I thought of running away but I just waited. When it came to me it licked the bloody area and when it did that the bleeding stopped.

It left, and I went inside. My avvaq who was an angakkuq, smiled at me and laughed. “Avvaq, did you get scared?” he asked. “No. I didn't get scared,” I told him. Then he started telling me not to be scared of him being what he was.

It's like that. They only show their tuurngait to people whom they choose to show them to. I can't tell you about things I've not experienced. I only know some things that I've heard before. I also experienced a little bit about this through what was done to me.

**Moderator:** It's almost time to go now. We will continue the story telling this afternoon at 1:10 until 4:00. Over lunch maybe you could think about what you want to talk about and we will gladly listen. Thank you for answering all our questions. We understand a little better, although it seems like we only finished one page so far. We'll grasp more from the stories later on. Thank you very much, all of you.

**Herve Paniaq:** Is it my turn to tell a story? We cannot just start telling a story just like that. If somebody comes up with a subject to talk about, we could start telling a story, but we can't just tell a story. I could tell a story, too, when they start. These are unikkaaqtuat.

**Moderator:** We are just following what you feel comfortable with. We wouldn't know how things were then. Just lead us on your own pace with your stories.

**Herve Paniaq:** Yes. The stories that are told are told individually. If we are told to tell a particular story, the story might be different from each of us, because we come from different
communities. Some people forget parts and some memorize stories better. For this reason they can't be exactly the same. There are lots of stories.

I was once asked to tell a story, so I did. We wanted to hear that same story but it had to be changed. We had to make up some parts, so it wasn't completely true anymore. Out of it came Atanarjuat. It wasn't the original story of Atanarjuat anymore. We wrote the script. When it became the movie Atanarjuat, it went across the Atlantic Ocean and received awards. I told that story and it was made into a movie, but it is not completely a true story.

**Student:** How did you feel about it? Did you feel uncomfortable when you watched the movie?

**Herve Paniaq:** No. Four of us put the script together. We recruited the actors and we gave them names. These actors just followed the script, and then I got comfortable about it. I knew it wasn't true. I made up some of it. The film is not the original story of Atanarjuat.

**Moderator:** Can you tell the real story later?

**Herve Paniaq:** When I first told the story I was actually telling the true story. They said that it was too short and that they wouldn't be given funding for it, so we made up extra stories to lengthen it. Then it was approved and they got funding and shot the movie. After we eat, I'll tell the story.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** Are you telling the story about Ataataluataq, the one who got carried away by a whale?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** That is the name given to that. People ask me about Nuliajuk and the story about the woman who did not want to marry, too. People ask me about that, but I can't
pinpoint whether it is the same story. According to my parents' story, I would say that Nuliajuk is separate.

**Herve Paniaq:** I would say the Nuliajuk story is the one where the father mistreated her. The story about the blind boy who gave his mother away is not the same one.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Are you telling the story about the Arviaqtaujuq?

**Herve Paniaq:** About the father who is telling a story. That thing down there is our...

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** That's the one I always wanted to hear about. I never understood it; the fingers that were cut, at first they became marine animals. The other ones kept getting bigger. That's how we tell the story. I want to hear what the real story is.

**Herve Paniaq:** It's like that. The father mistreated her. We tell it like that. The one who does not want to marry and that one are two different stories, but people put the two stories together.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** That's how I know it, too. The one who doesn't want to marry is a different story.

**Herve Paniaq:** Yes. Some people tell the story by putting the two together.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** That is how it is. We are going to be asked questions and we will have different answers. I am expecting to grasp more about what I don't know from what is going to come up. I'm very glad, because I know I will come to have a better understanding.

**Herve Paniaq:** A Qallunaaq was working to make a movie, and he put the two together.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Yes, the two are put together, but we actually know them as two different stories, that one, and the woman who doesn't want to marry. When someone is telling the story, I think it's going to come up.

Moderator: *Is it okay if you tell that story this afternoon? After lunch, maybe we could start off with what you are talking about now.*

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: The story about the woman who doesn't want to marry is pretty short.

Moderator: *That's fine. We want to hear that story. We are going to try and straighten out the meaning of the story and talk about the way the story is told. We could understand the foundation from the parts of the story.*

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: The meanings may not really make sense and be believable. The foundation of that story should be clearer afterwards. We never really had tea-talk with each other before. We are telling totally different stories. I know that it might be confusing as to which is true. But in the meantime, I'm glad that we are going to be able to say, "Okay, that's how it is."

Moderator: *Thank you for bringing this morning to a good closing.*
Chapter 3 Uinigumasittuq, Nattsuittuq,Akturaarnaanq, Aniga and Aliqa, Aliqagiit, Akiliktuarjuk and Ikuutajuq.

**Herve Paniaq:** Who is going to tell the story about the woman who didn't want to marry, who then married a *qaqulluk*.

**Simon Tookoomee:** The woman who didn't want to marry is more than one story. Well, from my parents, and from where we lived before, I think that the woman who didn't want to marry is an Indian. The parents arranged a marriage for her, but she didn't want to have a husband. Men would propose to her but she always refused. I'm wondering if the woman that I'm talking about is an Indian?

   In that story, the father said to her, “should marry a dog because you don't want to marry a human.” That night, a handsome man came in. He would take her outside to mate with her. Eventually she got pregnant.

   Her father then brought her to an island.

There she bore many children. The children that she bore were Inuit, Qallunaat, and Indians. She created the different races. There were many. Their grandfather would get in his *qajaq* and go to the island to feed them. They were healthy, living on the island with their mother.

When they grew older and matured, the mother told them, "Attack your grandfather and eat him." So, when he came they attacked him. This story is not very pleasant.

The mother made them *qajait* out of *kamiit* soles and sent them away. When she sent them away some transformed into Qallunaat, some into Inuit and some into Indians. That's how
my mother would tell the story. She would tell it like that. It's quite short, this story about the woman who didn't want a husband. Somebody said it like this.

**Student:** *Even before you knew about Qallunaat and Indians you heard about them?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Yes. That's how I would have heard it. My mother and my uncle would tell it like that. The puppies spread out from the island and settled elsewhere. That's how they told the story. It's just an *unikkaaqtaaq*. I never really thought about it much.

**Moderator:** *Is that how you heard it too? Is it the same?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Perhaps you can tell your version so they can put it together?

**Herve Paniaq:** Maybe after Itinnuaq tells his story. Let him try it.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Long before we were born, my father-in-law who is from the Qitirmiut area was born in the coastal area off Uqsuqtuuq. I'm going to tell you about his *unikkaaqtaaq*. When I became an adult and was wiser, I got married and I lived with my father-in-law. He told this story. I'll tell it the way I remember it.

They would go hunting for seal following the coast in order to survive during the winter. One of the men was named, Nattiqsuittuq, the man who can't catch seals. People would make fun of him. Although he would wait at the seal holes, he never caught any; he would only be provided with food from other people. He was given that name, Nattiqsuittuq, the one who can't catch seals, although he waited at the seal holes.

One day, this man who couldn't catch seals didn't go out hunting. There was a blizzard and it was very cold, so he didn't go wait at the seal hole. He went to a sheltered place where they used to cut up seals. Usually, when it was very cold, the blood from the carcasses didn't go
very deep in the snow. It was only on the surface when it was very cold. Nattiqsuittuarjuk had never caught a seal. When he got to the seal hole he collected the blood from the snow, so that he could bring it home and drink from it. When he reached the sheltered place, there was a polar bear without fur; it was just freezing because it had no fur. It was basically wearing just its skin.

Even though he was scared of it, he stood up and looked at the polar bear that had no fur. The polar bear said, “If you clothe me, I will make you very lucky in catching seals.” Some people that were not angakkuit had a small piece of material on their clothes. He had a piece of lemming skin on his hood. He pulled the lemming skin off his hood and gave it to the polar bear. As soon as it took the skin, it made the skin into a coat for itself. It then grew its fur from that little lemming skin.

The bear wasn't cold anymore. It was looking toward Nattiqsuittuarjuk who was trying to see which way the bear was going, because it told him that he would be lucky at catching seals.

Therefore, the next day he went that way. The seals were scarce; even the mammals of the sea were going hungry. It was still dark in the early morning. People didn't even pay attention to this man anymore. They didn't care if he was going hunting or not. He went out before dawn. When he left on foot they didn't even wonder if he was cutting up a seal. Throughout the day he didn't catch anything, but he came back with five seals. The polar bear had made him lucky.

He was now always coming back with three or four seals at a time, and he became the only man providing food for the camp. Although this man was named Nattiqsittuq, the other men became curious about why he was catching so many seals now. They tried to follow him, and they saw Nattiqsittuarjuk walking toward the floe edge. The men were trying to catch up, but Nattiqsittuarjuk went faster and faster, and the other men lost him.
My father-in-law would end his story there. When babies were born they were given clothes with something special sewn to it, so that they would be good at what they would do. Lemming skins were in demand because they brought good luck catching seals. My father-in-law from Uqsuqtuuq would tell this story. I only know it up to this part. I don't want to talk about things that are off topic, so I'm going to stop here.

I said that we have to know what happened a hundred years ago, even ten thousand years ago. That's a very long time ago, when people first started being around.

We don't consider these just stories, as Inuit did these things. I can understand that story although it's from a long time ago. It's like it was a hundred years ago. We have no problem telling it. We cannot live like our ancestors lived.

If there are no questions perhaps we can move on, although our stories are not quite the same as each other. I think that before, our fathers and grandfathers probably told some of these stories. Some probably are more recent ones. It makes you think about that. I cannot think back a hundred years, but we can relate to more recent stories.

Akturaarnaaq might have been a tiny woman or a bit bigger. It's not clear. She was good at what she did. I'll tell you a story about her. Akturaarnaaq had a son and a daughter, but she was a single parent, I've never heard if she was married or not.

They were left behind because her son was blind. A polar bear broke their window. Akturaarnaaq took her son's bow and arrow. The string was tightly stretched on the bow. The bow was made out of caribou antler. They took off the string so that the bow would not get too curved. The bow was on the back, and the string was stretched.
The mother said to her son, “Aim it at the polar bear. The window is broken.” The window was made out of ice. She helped her son aim so he could shoot the arrow. Then she told him to shoot. Akturaarnaaq's son shot the arrow and the bear was growling. It turned around and said, “Hunter, you wounded me.” Then Akturaarnaaq said to her son, “Naapka, naapka ipqut pitikpat. Naapka, Naapka you’ve hit the window edge.” The woman told him that he had shot the edge of the window. She deceived her son by lying to him, telling him that the bear was not dead.

She told her daughter to look outside, and when she did she saw the bear was dead. Akturaarnaaq built an iglu for her son separate from theirs. After she built it, she butchered the polar bear and she and her daughter had food to eat. While they were eating, the daughter felt sorry for her brother. The sister hid some meat inside her clothes after they had cooked it, so that she could give it to her brother. To do that she had to tell her mother that she was going out to urinate when she was actually going to give food to her brother. He would tell her to eat the food that was brought for him, saying, “I will eat when I kill an animal,” because he felt sorry for his sister. But when his sister started crying he would eat.

This went on until I think it was spring. The boy wanted to go to the shore with his sister. They had a qajaq he wanted his sister to take him to. When they got to the shore, they could hear the whales blowing. He said to his sister, “If I get off here, come and get me. Mark this place with snow.” Then he jumped in the qajaq. He was trying to stay close to the shore because he could hear the waves. There were two loons around that area and he could hear them. He said to them, “My eyes are burning. Please lick them.” The loons got near the qajaq and they came out of the water. They told him to keep his eyes closed and started to lick his eyes. Although it was very painful, he just let them do it.
Then the loons said, “Go ahead. Open your eyes.” He could see the fiord but it was all blurry. He said to them, “I can see the fiord better.” So they said, “Close your eyes.” They started to lick his eyes again. It hurt and was uncomfortable, but he didn't complain. After they had licked him, they said, “Go ahead. Open your eyes.” “I can see the fiords better,” he said. Then once more they told him, “Close your eyes.” After they said that, it sounded like one went in the water. Then he heard the other one coming out. They started to lick his eyes again. He still put up with the pain until they said, “Go ahead. Open your eyes.” “I can clearly see the fiords,” he replied.

After he said that, he opened his eyes for a bit. When he did that he noticed that the loons' backs had no feathers, so he closed his eyes right away. He paddled his qajaq and left because he could see clearly. He looked around carefully and saw their iglu further up. His sister had marked the place with a couple of pieces of snow to lead him to the iglu. When he got there he pulled the qajaq on shore and saw his mother. She was taking the fat off the polar bear skin. It was during the spring.

When the mother saw her son she asked, “Son, can you see now?” She was still eating from the bear. She offered him some food. The boy said, “When I catch something, I'll eat from it.” The mother started to cry and wanted him to eat. He became angry with his mother. The iglu was very small and very narrow. It had seemed bigger when he was blind, but it was actually very narrow.

When his sister came she said, “Did you notice our mother?” He said he didn’t notice anything. He said, “Even if I noticed I wouldn't pay attention.” She told him to pay attention. She was actually saying, “Do you love your mother?”
Later, he went to the floe edge along with his mother and sister. When they got to the shore there was a narwhal blowing through its blowhole. “Ugvailaa qinnguagitaqtuq. There it is, visible on the horizon,” it said. The second whale, which was a bull beluga said, “If you are craving for meat, this is it.” The boy harpooned it, and held fast to the rope for it was pulling away, and then he tied the rope around his mother’s waist. The boy was holding onto the rope and his sister said, “Let go.” He hesitated for a moment, and then he let go.

His mother had been tied around her waist. She ran down to the shore and was pulled into the water. When the whale started swimming, it took her with him. When she came back up to the surface of the water, she started to sing:

I wish I could sit down on top of that hill

With you on my lap

Today, this day alulu.

She would start singing when she came up. Then she dived and when she came out, she sang that she was Pinngausaaq. The boy and his sister then headed to the iglu.

The story is pretty long. I’m just going to end it there. Others should have their turn to tell their story, too. Thank you.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** Should I tell you my version of the same story? I’ve heard about this story from where I come from, this story about a woman who had a blind son. Although we have different versions, it is very exciting to hear them. Back home we tell it like this.

The blind boy went to the lake. He told his sister to take him to the shore of the lake, so she took him there. While he was on the shore of the lake, he started to hear the loons. When he
heard the loons he started to cry out to them saying, “Make me see! Make me see!”

So the two loons said to the boy, “When you start to drown, move.” Then they took him into the water. When he felt like he was drowning he moved, and they pulled him up. When he looked around it was very blurry. During the next round they said, “Stay a little longer even if you feel you are drowning.” Then they took him into the water. They kept him down for a little longer. He felt like he was really going to drown, so he moved and the loons pulled him up right away. He could see a little more clearly. He could even see the blades of grass over in the distance. He was staring for a long while. They told him that he was staring too long. He could even see the blades of grass over in the distance now.

They put him down again, but not as long as the previous times. He could see clearly now, so they knew they had finished their task. They took him out of the water, and brought him to shore. He started heading towards his camp walking, because he could now see.

He passed by the polar bear skin. It was pinned down with pegs. I forgot to mention the part about them killing the polar bear. The mother had helped him shoot the arrow through the window. He heard the bear when he shot it, and his sister looked out and saw that the bear had died. I didn't tell this part. It is supposed to start off like that.

When he got near his home he passed the polar bear skin pinned down to the ground. He tore it into little pieces as if it was nothing, with some lice pickers. It is said that they used to have a tool to get the lice out. He tore it so much that he didn't spare any parts. When he arrived at his mother's, his mother cherished him, because he was able to now see.

There were whales visible in front of the camp. They all went to the floe edge, the daughter, the son and the mother. The mother said, “There, there! It’s a narwhal. There, there!
It's a narwhal.” The mother was saying that, and she said, “Narwhals are very strong.”

He harpooned the whale, tricking his mother. When the whale was pulling, the mother and the daughter were helping to hold on to the rope. The whale was pulling the mother. She ran down to the shore and was pulled into the water. Her steps are said to be still visible on that hill today. The whale was pulling her, and it took the mother with it. When it came to the surface, it brought her with it and you could hear her sing:

My sweet little son

Let me paddle hard

They told me to surface

I will surface time and time again

She would sing that. The story I'm telling you sounds like the same story that was just told. That's the end.

Student: I have a question about the lemming skin. Where was it sewn to?

Simon Tookoomee: You know, back home they had material that was sewn to the clothing. They used those to help a person be good at whatever they did.

Student: Could it be placed anywhere?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes; anywhere. Some would also use weasel skin, or it could be a bird's head. Inuit would use things like that. I would like to hear more about that story, if people don't mind.
Student: Do they have different meanings, too? For example, what would the beak signify? If they gave a beak, what would it mean?

Simon Tookoomee: Birds have beaks and feet. We call the feet illuu. They kept the skin on the feet, and they would bring it to stitch to the clothing. That's what some Inuit would do.

Student: Listening to your story about the lemming skin, would they do that so that a boy would be able to catch seals? Would that be the particular reason why they would use that?

Simon Tookoomee: Let me just start the story from where the lemming skin fits in, just from there.

That man who was Nattiqsuitituq always waited at the seal hole, but he never caught any. He was waiting once again, but he didn't catch any. The others were not out there, so he went to go look for them. Then he came across this polar bear that had no fur. When he got there, the polar bear asked him if he happened to have a skin. It said, “Do you have any skin?” “All I have is a lemming skin with me,” he said to the bear.

The polar bear wanted to see it. He pulled out the lemming skin and gave it to the polar bear which had no fur. The polar bear then blew on the skin until it could fit into it. Then he used it as its fur. After it got this fur, it told the man to go home.

I want you to know that I just started it off from the middle of the story. It's a really good story to listen to when started from the beginning.

The polar bear followed him, and then he attacked him. After it attacked him, it told him to just keep walking. It kept following him from behind. It kept following him and attacking him. It attacked him three times. The last the time the bear attacked him it said, “You have two wives.
When you leave, tell them not to go out. Put new snow on the doorway so they can leave a track when they go out.” The polar bear said that to him. Then it said, “Ask for some water from your wives. If they don't want to give it to you, turn toward the wall and ask for Qinngaqut.” The man agreed, and went on his way home.

When he got inside he was thirsty. The wives refused to give him any water. He asked for some again, and turned toward the wall and said, “Where is Qinngaqut?” When he said, “Where is Qinngaqut?” the polar bear showed up at the window. The wives started to say, “Here's the water! Here's the water! Here's the water!”

After he drank he went out and he caught a seal right away. After he caught the seal he went home. People came to get meat. Because he would get meat from apsaaqquqnaaut to feed his wives, they would get hardly any meat. He got an apsaaqquqnaaut to go get some meat.

He was always catching seals now, and the neighbors would only get meat from him. His wives weren't happy about that anymore, so they left him.

The story is really good to listen to when it's told from the beginning. This relates to the question you asked earlier. I've never actually heard that one before. This is my own. He is my uncle (Itinnuaq), but I heard this story from my mother. He is my cousin through Leesee's cousin through their mother. I've heard about Leesee. This is how they used to tell unikkaaqtuat, the people from Natsilik, Iglulik and Utkusiksalik.

Although the camps were not very far away, and the stories were similar, people were strangers to each other. That's why the unikkaaqtuat differ, even though they are similar. I just wanted to tell my version. Do you understand more clearly now?
**Herve Paniaq:** The people who live near the coast wait for the seals at the seal holes, using a caribou skin mat to stand on.

Seals can hear easily. The things that were inside a backpack were said to be *tutiriarmiut.* The Iglulirmiut used *tutirait,* backpacks. “Do you have anything in your *tutiriaq*?”

“Do you have anything inside your bag?” they would ask.

Do you understand what a *tutiriaq* is? People would have a *tutiriaq* which is a sack made out of caribou skin. It would contain the things that a person needed. It had a *taluraaniq* on it. After a person put it together, he would use it as a mat; that was the *tutiriaq.*

**Moderator:** Are there any more questions about the stories that were told?

**Student:** The man in the movie, Atanarjuat, had black things sewn on the edge of his parkas. What was the purpose of that?

**Herve Paniaq:** I can’t say. I don’t know what they were. They were supposed to make him good at what he did.

**Student:** To help him be good at something? They weren’t just there to make it look nice?

**Herve Paniaq:** I hope not.

**Student:** When we were watching the part where there were angakkuit, they were wearing necklaces. Did they use those back then?

**Herve Paniaq:** They were just acting. They started to use those necklaces when they were making that movie. I don't know anything else about *angakuuniq.* That man who was wearing
the necklace was the leader of the camp, but when he got murdered they gave the necklace to someone else who in turn became the leader. They were just acting.

**Moderator:** Listening to what Itinnuaq said, and the other person here, it sounds like the unikkaaqtuat were used as teaching tools. They teach you to lead a good life. I know this from having heard the stories and listening to them now. Can you explain what they were elaborating, and what they really mean? For example, the story about the blind boy you told about.

**Simon Tookoomee:** The Akturaarnaaq story, about the sister, and the blind boy who caught a polar bear.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** When the loons licked him he received his sight.

The Inuit from our region have aarnguat of many kinds. As he said earlier, they would sew weasel or seal pup skin and attach them to their clothes. They would have reasons for this, such as for protection. If someone was about to get injured, it would keep this from happening to him, or save him from death. They were sewn on for different reasons.

Having this done to you as a child was humiliating. When you can think maturely, you understand your parents were trying to be protective in a loving manner. It was embarrassing though, when you started to be around other people. They seemed useless. It was really nothing, but they say those things that were attached to clothes did actually have a purpose.

A seal pup's skin is white. Seal pups are found in dens. The seals were probably dead by then. They were cut from the side of the head down to the arms. They were used when there was a thunderstorm. Thunderstorms don't occur very often these days. I'm sure they occurred sometimes back home. Back then there were more thunderstorms. They were made to use when
there was a thunderstorm. When the thunderstorm was getting too bad, they used to put the skin on top of the tent. We don't know if this worked. Maybe when they got scared, it would make them feel more secure.

Inuit did all sorts of different things because there was nothing else to do back then. There were no doctors. They didn't have anywhere to turn. They also used angakkuit when somebody was sick. Well, they didn't have cancer then. We didn't know, because there were no x-rays to diagnose cancer. Comparing to when I was a child, people weren't as sick as they are now. Today, maybe because there are more people now, they even get sent out for treatment. These things are all happening now. If somebody got sick, or if something happened, or when there was too much hardship, they would turn to an angakkuq, who would try and heal them. They didn't have any other choice, because they were the only ones who could help.

When we watch movies sometimes we see a Qallunaaq angakkuq. As for myself, I have seen angakkuit with my own eyes. This is how Inuit were. When these missionaries started to come, the angakkuit stopped practising. Now there don't seem to be any more angakkuit today in the communities. The missionaries have more authority. They have taken over, but there are still probably some angakkuit today. They are not out in the open anymore. On the other hand, the Qallunaat beliefs are out in the open most times, but some Qallunaat don't have any beliefs. We are softer than Qallunaat are. We are easily convinced about things that have anything to do with religion. As soon as we are exposed to something, we believe in it totally. We hold on to it for the rest of our lives. It is obvious now that we are lost today for that reason.

A person who is going through a hard time can think who to turn to, anyone, myself even yourself. If I couldn't do anything, being in a near death situation, somebody, somewhere, could
help me. You can pray or ask your family to help you, to get you out of this situation. Everyone thinks like that. Everybody thinks of who to turn to for help. That's how it works. People looked for anything to help them. It could have been through an angakkuq that they would find out what the problem was.

Some things that are sewn on clothing may be useless, and some may actually be useful. I personally think that some are useful. Some are useful for me. I do believe in them. I believe in both religion and Inuit traditions. They both have one thing in common which is to help. Inuit used these things to help the sick, out of goodness. I don't intend to be unbelieving. I believe in both of them. This is the first time I have actually admitted that they were useful, up until now. They obviously help. You shouldn't think things like, “that man is no good for anything.” You shouldn't say these things. If you do, you are deceiving yourself. We have to keep ourselves from sinning. We shouldn't be contemptuous of other people. You young people are not supposed to say bad things about others, not even to think them. You should only think about how you can help others, so you can live a good life.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I didn't quite understand what you were trying to say about teaching. I think you mentioned something about Akturaarnaaq. What was it?

Student: I was saying that it seems these unikkaaqtuaq have a message to teach about life, when we hear them and read about them. They will now be recorded in books. They seem to teach us to lead an honest life. They make sense. They make you think more, although the real meaning seems to be hidden. When you try to understand what they mean, you have to look deeply to finally understand what the point is.
Ollie Itinnuaq: What you are saying is absolutely true. I have had many experiences with angakkuuniq. I am familiar with that. I had friends who were angakkuit. The angakkuit used stories to give guidance to others. All this time the meanings were just hidden. Everything has a soul; we all have a soul.

I may be wrong, but I think that when people get blessed through prayer they think they are destined to go to heaven. They don't all go to heaven. No they don't. They don't all go to heaven. Some people appear to be saints when they are really not, well not every one of them. Some souls stay behind here on earth when they are too ashamed of their wrongful deeds from the past, or they have lived corrupt lives. Some others are really good people.

Earlier, I said that I had quite a bit of knowledge from being around angakkuit. What I learned is that they would make me see souls. They would show them to me on the floor when they were doing their rituals. When a person is good, their auras are very accurate; their auras are bright. They have a light in them when they are a good person. There are no darkened areas on the inner parts recognizable. When a person isn't such a good person they have a dimmed light, and it is darkened in the inner area. I shouldn't say too much. You could get some information from my fellow elders.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I believe I understand what you trying to say now. These unikkaaqtuat could be used for teaching. But the real meanings are hard to understand. The story that was told was quite long. The son threw his mother in the ocean. When you think about it, we were always taught about Inuit customs and taboos. We were given our foundation with these.

Even if I were an angakkuq, people would know what I was doing, even other angakkuit. We were told not to boast if we were angakkuit. The tuurningait that were unseen, were just
following the orders of their master; they didn't do whatever they wanted. If a *tuurngaq* is told what to do, it will do it. This is what we were told. We were taught to be careful of these things.

After Akturaarnaaq was taken, the boy and the sister started to walk. There were some insects blocking their way. I might be switching this. Even when they tried to go the other way, there was no way through. It was a polar bear that was causing this. It made me think that it was the mother who was paying back what was done to her. That's just what I think. My mother didn't say it that way, but I just think it was vengeance.

They had to walk on top of the insects to get through. The back of the girl’s parka was eaten, but they managed to get through. Then there was fire. A fire came upon them. But this gets mixed in with Kiviuq. I don't want to mix it with Kiviuq. When they were trying to pass the fire, they once again had no way to go through, but they managed to get through again. The girl's parka got a little bit burnt.

Now this is the part where they mix it with Kiviuq. It's totally off topic, but it gets mixed right there. I don't want to mix them. I say it is part of the Aninga and Aliqa story. Then there were walrus heads they had to get by.

I thought about this. I like it when these stories are told. I believe them, and I enjoy them a lot. We were always told to be good and not be boastful. We were told to be good. These people overcame trials because of their goodness. That's what I think.

After they got through, the boy was thirsty, so they went down to the coast. He hung a bucket. It must have been a small sealskin bucket. He said, “I can drink from the salt water.” And then he hung the bucket up and drank from it. It was just clear lukewarm water, so they drank it.
After they drank, they walked. They might have been walking on sea ice or on the lake because they came across a snow shelter. When they reached the old snow shelter, they found some meat, but when they ate some, the meat was bitter. It tasted like feces.

I'm following my mother's story. I'm following the way I know it. It turns out that the meat was from people who kept their food under their armpit until it would rot. She would tell the story like that.

They finally saw another iglu. When they reached the iglu, the boy was thirsty, and he told his sister to get some water. The girl was hesitant because she was scared. “If anything tries to get you, I'll protect you,” he told her beforehand.

Therefore, she went inside and said, “My brother is thirsty. I came to get some water.” The person inside was very old. That elder said, “There's my bucket of water over behind there. Take your parka off, and bring it out.” Of course she listened and took off her parka. As soon as she got inside, this family attacked her, scratching, and slashing her skin off. It wasn't until she screamed that her brother came to help. He broke in through the window and killed them by stabbing them.

After he attacked them, the old man who let her in who was dying, said these last words, “Anigaata panujaruarminut tujjarnirahi piniraahi ukukku. Tell them he found your tracks and caught up to you.” He died after he said that.

It must have been after they had drunk the water that they started walking again. They saw a tent. When they got there, he told his sister to go get some more water because he was very thirsty. The sister didn't want to go. Obviously she was scared, but he told her that he was going to protect her.
So she went inside. There were elders there and she said, “My brother is thirsty, I'm here to get some water for him.” When she said that they said, “Let him come in and drink.” They both took a husband and wife, because the people were very kind. They were now living there. I think that one of them got the sister pregnant. The mother-in-law had an ulu and she was sharpening it. Her intention was to cut open the belly when the sister went into labour. The girl would start crying because she was afraid of getting cut up. The brother would tell the woman, “The baby has its own way out. It's going to come out through her vagina.”

Then the baby was born. When the woman saw it she said, “It's complete with an anus and penis. I don't have an anus, so I shall make one for myself.” She said that and she took her fork. They used to have forks for cooked meat. She used it to make a hole to form an anus. She did that to another person, but she missed and the person died.

This is where my mother would end the story. Somebody could probably add more to it. I think that Akturaarnaaq was trying to get revenge by putting them in danger, like with the fire and the insects, but she wasn't able to achieve it.

That's what I think about it. It could be because there weren't very many of us then. Maybe the students who just started to listen to unikkaaqtuat would be more interested to study these things in detail.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** They should make copies of this session. Aupilaajuk and I didn't grow up together, but we are descendants of the same family. They are just the same. Maybe if these are transcribed, you could learn more from the written text. I would like to get a copy.
Simon Tookoomee: It is the same story that my mother used to tell. I'm going to add some bits to that story.

The boy had a wife now, and the girl had a husband, too. They would hold dances. Before the sister got pregnant she would go there as well. When somebody came in to her iglu, the lamp would be blown out and somebody would kiss her. She was wondering who it was, because she couldn't see due to the darkness.

The next time that person came in she put some soot on her face. That person blew out the lamp, kissed her, and went out again. After that person went out, she went to the dance. Her brother's nose was black from the soot. He got embarrassed, and then left. He was holding a wick when he went out.

He took a hold of his sister and brought her out. She got loose and ran around the iglu, running away from him. Then they started to float up in the air. She turned and blew out his wick. That's how the moon became. The wick that didn't go out which the sister was holding became the sun. This is where my mother would end the story.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: That was the story that I was telling earlier but I got confused at the part he added. I had forgotten about that part. Now, I recognize it.

Ollie Itinnuaq: He also skipped the part where the brother got embarrassed and he went out and she started singing:

Brother, brother what are we doing?

You are changing. Ijarajutit

Then he called out all the names of wildlife. In the last verse, she said:
Brother, brother what are we doing?

You are fading away. Ijarajutit

Transforming into the sun.

You are changing. Ijarajutit.

When they faced toward each other, the wicks were lit. As they started to ascend, the boy turned into the moon when his fire got blown out, and the girl turned into the sun because her qulliq was still lit.

Simon Tookoomee: This is different from the story that I used to hear, totally different. They turned into kalliq, thunder, instead.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I really enjoy listening to that lady.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: Would you like to listen to some more? I know the story the way he was telling it.

The sister and brother went to different places. I, too, heard the part when the girl was being scratched. She was told to take her parka off so she could get some water from the bucket. She took her parka off, and when she was trying to get some water they started to scratch her. Those people were known as the Kukiligait, the scratching people. After they scratched her, it is said that they licked their nails. Then her brother broke through the window to protect her, just like he said he would. He threatened to shoot them with an arrow, so they stopped.

They experienced all sorts of different things. When they fled, they came across the family that had no anuses. They were very welcomed by that family. Owls don't have bowel
movements; they eat lemmings, but they vomit the bones after they are dehydrated in the stomach. They look like actual feces, but they are not. These particular people would vomit their food after it dehydrated. The caribou fat they ate for food would look like actual feces. They had no anuses.

The sister became pregnant while living with this family. She was pregnant and went into labour. When the baby was born that child was complete with an anus, although the father didn't have one. The baby had an anus and a penis. It was a boy. The grandfather started to sing, well, not really singing. He started chanting:

Our sister-in-law and our grandson have an anus,

Who, who is it?

He said that. It ended there.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** The story that I'm going to tell you has to do with the outdoors. It's a story about the land. It's short.

There were two sisters who had the same husband. They lived in the same house. Their husband was vicious. He was always angry and abusive toward them. They would run away to where there were no people, but when they returned home, their husband would beat them up. The older one would carry around a caribou leather hide, maybe to bring her sewing supplies with her when she ran away.

The younger sister didn't bring anything with her when they ran away. They were even more afraid of their husband as they ran away. The weather was getting bad. They were
frightened to go back. The younger sister said to the older sister, “Pittaligaa aniqasuullutuuq tuktuluttuq, ija jaaq. He has killed the caribou trying to escape, ija jaaq.”

They thought the best way to escape the terror was to die. Then everything would be okay. They kept saying that over and over. Animals never stop being scared of humans. To live is to be around danger, more than in the afterlife. The younger sister was still crying. She happened to be carrying a piece of stone. Then she started crying and saying to her sister again, “Suluktuuq. The howling wind, ijajaaq.” The older sister felt sorry for her.

The weather wasn't too good and they were scared of people. She was carrying a caribou leather hide that was fully softened. When she played with it, it made noise, and that's why thunder makes sound during storms. The lightning would hit. Her younger sister was carrying a stone that could be used to make fire. When she hit it, it would light up. Because they were being terrorized, they transformed into lightning and thunder and became fierce and frightening. This story was often told back then.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Did you miss the part between cold and hot?

Barnabas Pirujuaq: Yes. Perhaps somebody has more to add to this. As you know this is a story about the land. If anybody has heard anything else, please share it. I'm not going to say I'm right.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I've heard some parts of this story. I heard they were brother and sister instead. They were orphaned and abandoned. They had nothing. If they went home, teeth, nails, antlers, and all sorts of things could have been used to fight their oppressors, but they didn't want to do that. In her last words the sister sang:
Aningaa, aningaa suulunugluunnitt. Ijaajuqii.

Brother, brother what if we turned into lightning. Ijaajuqii.

When she said that, the other agreed to this. He was holding a caribou skin. When he rubbed it, it made a loud noise. The other one was holding a stone and sparked it. I tell it the way you did, except that I make them into brother and sister.

This is really interesting. It is starting to come together, although the stories may be a little different from each other.

**Student:** When you talk about aliqagiit, are you saying that they are cousins through their mothers or that their fathers are brothers?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** The people from inland say aliqagiit about their older sisters. When they address older sisters, they say aliqagiit. Aliqa, older sister, is just the same.

**Moderator:** We want to hear different stories from different regions, although they are not the same.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I've heard about aliqagiit, not aniqagiit. When they were abandoned they transformed into fish. The people who were jigging came with their hooks. You could tell from the hooks which fishermen were better than others from the glow off the movement of the hooks. They chose hooks that were better. The lucky ones were the Inuit that had a positive aura. When this fish chose this particular hook the fisherman pulled him up. He was aware when they were cutting him up. They gathered all the fish together. After they were fish, they were reincarnated as polar bears.
The boy wanted to kill a human being, but his sister would tell him not to. She warned him that people had dog teams that could help them, and that they would kill him if he went after human beings. The humans had dog teams and they had hunting gear they called *ipiraaliit*. They called the harpoon and the harpoon heads *ipiraaliit*. He still wanted to challenge the human beings and eventually he came across an Inuit with a dog team. The dog team helped the hunter and they eventually killed him. After he was hunted by the dog team, they took him to their camp. The bear became conscious as it was being dragged to the *iglu*.

After they cut him open he could tell who was eating him and whether the person eating had a positive or negative aura. Because he had a soul, he could be reincarnated as different animals. Because these two siblings kept being killed by different hunters, they decided to become thunder and lightning so no one could kill them for food.

In July, people were not allowed to soften seal skins or any hides. After people moved away from camp, the skin without fur would make noise and it became thunder. Whenever the brother strikes the flint stones, that's when lightning strikes.

I heard this from my grandfather. I told you at the start that this was a very long story, because these siblings kept becoming reincarnated as different animals, so I have shortened the story. I also know another story that is very similar. I don't think it derives from the thunder and lightning story.

Young polar bears are called *nukaruniq*. We called them *nukaruniq* when they are young bears. If you blew on them, they would get knocked down. This one particular bear had many scars from surviving many challenges. People have tools that are very deadly, harpoons and such. These sharp tools could kill him.
The bear approached an Inuit and kept walking. When he looked back, he saw two that were under the ice that had four eyes. His muscles started to degenerate. Whenever he looked at this, his muscles would no longer work. This was due to a snow bunting. If you blow on them, they will blow away. He felt something cold on his left shoulder and became frustrated. He could feel the cold after three days camping with his parents.

Polar bears are very wise. Back then, polar bears used to become humans and vice versa. A saggurmiag is a tool made from antlers, which is used for hunting polar bears. There are different tools used to kill different animals.

**Student:** Did this have to do with their spirits so they could become reincarnated?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** We never used those in the Nattilik area. I have a slightly different version of the story. I can recognize some parts of the story from other regions, but I don't want to repeat those. In the story my mother used to tell me, the polar bear skin was on the land. The blind boy asked his mother where she got the polar bear skin from. The mother answered that she got that particular skin from a boat that was passing by. She lied. I just wanted to add that part because he summarized this story. He touched on the important parts of the story though.

When the blind boy was able to see with the help of the loons on the lake, he saw the polar bear skin and he knew that his mother had deceived him. He thought he had killed the bear when he was blind, but his mother had told him that he had missed the bear and that he hadn't killed it.

**Moderator:** Are we back to the blind boy unikkaaqtuaq?

**Herve Paniaq:** No. I’m just adding something to it. I just wanted to mention this because he
skipped a part. When he shot the bear, his mother told him he had shot the rim of the window. I just wanted to add this.

**Moderator:** *It's time to quit for the day. Can you sing the song about the boy and girl who became thunder and lightning?*

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** The song goes like this. It is quite short:

Brother, brother if we become polar bears. Ijaaju.

We can use our teeth and our claws to kill. Ijaaju.

Sister, sister, what should we become? Ijaaju.

Should we become polar bears?

Should we become muskoxen? Ijaaju.

One said, “If we become reincarnated as muskoxen we will use our horns to fight.”

Because they decided to become thunder and lightning, that's what they ended up becoming.

**Moderator:** *We have heard at least three different stories. It was exciting and enjoyable to hear people telling them. Today you will be telling stories again and we will again listen. When you tell stories, don't worry about whether the story is long or short. Just use your ability and take your time. Don't think you have to be hasty to allow others to tell theirs. Tell your stories from your memories. Try and explain them well, to make them interesting so listeners will be able to visualize them. I think that will be a good start.*

*It was very good yesterday when one storyteller did not complete the story and others added details. Was it comfortable that way? Although it was like that, try to make it interesting*
so that we can visualize the stories. Yesterday the hours flew by just listening to the stories. I hope that will be the case today.

Perhaps those who told stories yesterday, have other stories that we have never heard. You probably have. Tell a story that you have heard or that you enjoy from your memories. Tell the story as you please.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I have forgotten some stories. I have to remind myself that we have interpreters interpreting into English. Let us try and tell the stories at a slower pace so they can keep up. If we tell stories at a slower pace, I think it would be better, so they can interpret us better. Also, talk loudly because when they have a hard time hearing, they find it harder to interpret. If we tell our stories louder it will be better. Thank you.

Moderator: Do you want to add anything to the stories you told yesterday? Do you have any questions? Do you understand them? Perhaps there are no questions?

Henry Isluanik: What were the three stories told yesterday?

Simon Tookoomee: Akturaarnaq, Aninga and Aliqa, the brother and sister that turned to thunder and lightning. I will start with a short one to get us going. I will tell the story of Akiliktuarjuk.

It is said that Akiliktuarjuk was a short man. I will tell a story about him. He was out hunting for many days. When he came back from hunting, he only brought immature caribou calves, called itittut. He only got those caribou and his dogs were skinny.

There was a woman who had a successful hunter for a husband, a clever and a good hunter. When her husband died, Akiliktuarjuk wanted her for a wife. He told his grandmother to
go and ask for her. His grandmother replied by saying, “Because you are not the right one, she will not want you for a husband.” Although she replied that way, Akiliktuajuk insisted. When a woman is with a man, she gets attached to him.

He finally went to ask her. She accepted and became the wife of Akiliktuajuk. He only had a few dogs and a few things as they left. As they travelled, he walked while his wife rode on the qamutiik. When they spotted some caribou tracks, he started abusing and hitting his skinny dogs. His new wife said to him, “The caribou will flee when they hear. They will get spooked.” He replied, “When the animals hear noises, they will come closer.” The caribou got suspicious when they heard the noise. They started to get spooked and started to flee. Akiliktuajuk took his snow knife and told his new wife not to follow. He ran off with his snow knife and ran beside a caribou.

When he came back he said he had sighted some caribou. They backtracked to where the caribou were. Then he disappeared. As he ran in long strides, he stabbed the caribou in their sides. He killed them all. They spent the night there, and his skinny dogs ate.

After spending a couple of nights there, they returned to his camp. When they arrived at his camp, the dogs were running and walking around, and there were caches of meat. It was like that. When they entered the iglu, there were many caribou skins and a lot of meat. There they stayed. After they slept, Akiliktuajuk said he would be playing games and went outside. His wife followed him. His dogs were becoming fat and good. Now they could eat anytime they got hungry, because there was food around.

When they got down to the ice, Akiliktuajuk ran and spun in circles. As he was spinning, he got faster and faster. His wife could not bear to look at him as he was boring deeper into the
ice. She started to cry because she loved him. As time went by, he reappeared again and he was fine.

After some time there they left to go to the place they had been at first. He brought skins, and food and things that he had not brought along before. When they arrived at the camp they had left, he gave out skins and meat. He happened to be very wealthy, but had never showed this before.

My mother and stepfather used to end the story there, so I will stop. I hope it is understandable.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** Itinnuaq and I understand because he has an adopted child named Sakalittuarjuk.

**Student:** *You used the word inniapajujuq in the story. What does it mean?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Inniapajujuq means a visitor staying over.

**Henry Isluanik:** Inniaptuq means a visitor staying over. We use different words because we have different dialects. They have one meaning. Inniaptuq means a visitor staying over, in three dialects.

**Student:** *The hunter turned out to be wealthy. He seemed poor at first. Why was he pretending he was poor?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Perhaps he didn't want to be envied. Some people are like that even when they are wealthy today. They say they are poor when they are not. That story is like that. Today there are people who have a lot of things who say they have no money, and good hunters who say they cannot catch any animals. A very able person may say that. There are people like that.
Student: Why do they do that?

Simon Tookoomee: In the past when a person envied another, they put a curse on them. I feel that is the reason.

Student: What is a curse?

Simon Tookoomee: It was something that could make a person ill or cause them to die or become disabled. Maybe they thought that might happen so they pretended to be poor.

Student: How was he able to spin like that?

Simon Tookoomee: He probably was an angakkuq. There are many stories about Akiliktuarjuk.

Student: Was he spinning as he ran? Was he sinking as he bored into the ice?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes, as he was boring into the ice.

Student: His wife watched him spin, and disappear into the ice. Was it because she loved him that she cried?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes. That is how the story was told.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Maybe the story is called Ikuutajuq, the driller.

Simon Tookoomee: I thought of a spinning drill.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Maybe the woman did not want him at first because he seemed to be poor, but after finding out his ability, perhaps she started to favour him.

Simon Tookoomee: Yes. That is how it is told.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Perhaps he shamed some men who thought he was poor. Afterwards they found out he was indeed a very good provider.

**Student:** *How did you get the name Sakalittuarjuk from that story?*

Ollie Itinnuaq: Pirujuaq has a version of this story called Sakalittuarjuk. I was listening to him tell the story of Sakalittuarjuk on CBC once, while our baby girl was being born. My wife wondered what we should name our adoptive daughter. I joked to my wife, “Let her name be Sakalittuarjuk from the story being told by Pirujuaq.” When I said that, she didn't say yes or no. That is how she got the name. We kept calling her that, so it became her name, even on her birth certificate.

**Student:** *Is it similar to the story he just told?*

Ollie Itinnuaq: It is this man's recollection of the story. It differs slightly from this other version of the story.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: I heard it in the Qitirmiut, so it may have a few differences, of course. We will not get upset if the stories differ a bit. The differences probably include details, which one of us forgot to include.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Tell the story so it will become whole.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: The story ends at the part that he was very able and rich after all. He seemed poor when he arrived at the camp with his mother. He pretended to be a poor hunter while his mother, grandmother and he were the only people. The woman he got for his wife had a very good hunter for a husband prior to him. She did not want him for a husband at first, but after he brought his riches to the camp she got to like him and she was happy.
When they arrived back at the camp, the people there were poor and did not have much food or caribou skins, so he gave them some. Since he was giving skins and food to people, a man decided to ask for some. His wife wanted to make mittens. Sakalittuarjuk heard of this and gave the wife a nice variety of caribou skins. The man felt he was after his wife since she only needed one skin to make mittens and she got a lot instead.

The angry husband went to Sakalittuarjuk's place with a knife. He should have been thankful, but instead he felt the opposite. He thought his wife was given much more than she asked for. He stabbed Sakalittuarjuk in the abdomen but he seemed to feel nothing. Sakalittuarjuk took the man’s hand and forced it in to make the cut deeper. The man started to pull the knife out of Sakalittuarjuk, but he just died.

That is how the girl was named Sakalittuarjuk. He was an angakkuq who bored into the ice.

I think this will help in making the story whole. The story is from the coastal people around Gjoa Haven. Would someone like to tell a story? I do not like to tell stories alone. These are old stories we are telling.
Chapter 4 Asasa, Kupaatannguaq, Kiviuq 1, and Nakasungnaittuq

Ollie Itinnuaq: I don’t know more about Sakalittuarjuk so I will tell another story.

There was a boy named Asasa. He and his grandmother lived off the fish going up river. They ate dried fish. His father had been killed. The people who had killed his father had come to their camp. The boy and his grandmother lived in an iglu amongst these people. I have forgotten the grandmother’s name.

The little boy Asasa was playing around with his toy bow and arrow. Probably it was made from a caribou rib. He was playing with his bow on the flat ground. It was probably spring and warm. An elderly man was not doing too much and was loitering while the others built igluit. That was the man who had killed his father. When he reached the boy, he turned around and opened his pants showing his buttocks and said, “You can't even scratch my buttocks!” That is what he said as he turned and bent over.

The little boy aimed at him with his bow and arrow, and hit him. The arrow quickly disappeared into his rectum. Asasa became afraid and fled to his iglu. The man almost grabbed him from behind as he ran after him. When he was entering his iglu, Asasa got a glimpse of him falling down. He never got up again. The relatives of the man were offended, but they felt pity on the boy because he was too young to kill. Anyway, his life was probably hard. Children's lives used to be spiritually protected by their parents and grandparents. The relatives of the dead man left, to wait to avenge him.

He was alone with his grandmother. They were living on the fish going up the river, so they had food. Asasa was becoming a man and started to harvest caribou. He told his grandmother that he would be attacked soon. So he practised shooting arrows with his bow at
two little wooden sticks, probably driftwood, which were right in front of the house. He would shoot at them from the moment he got out of his house. He shot at those sticks. The first arrow that he fired shot through the second stick. When he hunted caribou, sometimes he got two with one arrow.

The relatives of the man he killed, who were waiting for him to grow up, became wary of him. They said, “Asasa is no longer a boy. He is able to kill two caribou with one arrow.” They were out to take revenge on him. They went into his doorway and asked him to come out. Asasa came out wearing his grandmother's clothing. Down there in the distance he could see the people that wanted to attack him. He went out with his two dogs. He was moving around a lot. He would aulajaqtuq. When people are ready to fight, they move around a lot. They get excited. Perhaps they were not happy, but they were excited because they had no choice but to fight.

Then the enemy fired arrows, but Asasa dodged them. We call it dodging when there is an arrow coming, and you spring to the side and it misses. When he fired back at them, they all started to fire arrows at him. His dogs caught the arrows in mid-air in front of him and at his sides. They bit the arrows as they flew through the air. As Asasa fired arrows, he hit one of the men. Again he hit a couple of men with one arrow.

The enemy realized what was happening and started to tell each other to quit. They warned each other and wanted to quit the battle. They didn't want anyone to fight. The men wanted to stop. They knew if they kept fighting, they would be killed because Asasa had his dogs to help. Anyway, they could not touch him. They could not hit him with their arrows. They wanted to stop. His enemy befriended Asasa and told him they would bring him to their camp and he could live with them. One of the men had a daughter, and he gave her to him for a wife.
Because Asasa was a good hunter who could kill two caribou with one arrow, he became a relative to the people who tried to kill him, and they started depending on him.

I will stop here because it is a short story. My father used to tell me this story. Perhaps there is more to it, but I don't know. If I missed anything, perhaps someone will add to it.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Perhaps I should add a little more to the story he just told.

The part of the story about him being an orphan is true. They arrived when these people were building igluít. The way I heard the story, the old man was building an iglu. The old man's wife was filling in the edges of the snow blocks. She had to do that. Asasa was playing with his toy bow and arrow alone because he was an orphan. He moved around a lot as though he was in a battle. Then the woman told her husband, “Look at him move around.” When her husband went out, because he really hated the boy, he looked at him and exposed his buttocks.

When Asasa fired his arrow, it directed itself towards his buttocks. He stood up to look at the boy but he fell, face down. The arrow reached his heart. They found that out. They probably examined the body.

So that is how it was. They waited for Asasa to grow, and then they tried to kill him. While he was a boy they could not kill him because he was too young. The grandmother reared him and she was teaching him. She dried a dog's stomach, as I heard the story, which Asasa used as armour.

He could shoot two arrows through a muskoxen's shoulder blade because he had been trained well by his grandmother. He grew big. He also owned two big dogs. When they arrived to have a battle, he asked his grandmother, “Where are my tiny pants?” Or perhaps the phrase
was, “Where are my tiny socks?” “You don't have tiny socks. Here take my tiny socks,” she said, and gave her clothing to him. When he got outside he was wearing women's clothing. That is how it is told.

When they shot their arrows at him they bounced off the dog's stomach. He used it as his chest armour. I just wanted to add that part. He told the story very accurately, just as I heard it before.

**Henry Isluanik**: The grandmother and Asasa were living alone. She told him to practise making bows and arrows. He soon learned how to make arrows. He placed something in the *iglu* on which to hang bows and arrows. When he hung the arrows he planned to use, they shook and made the sound of chattering teeth.

I heard this story about the strong Asasa. This is an addition to it.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk**: I am very glad when a story gets whole, because we forget details sometimes.

**Henry Isluanik**: The Asasa story is also told by people from Arviat. Here is what I heard.

Arrows shook and chattered like teeth if they were not the right ones to use. They sounded like chattering. His arrows chattered, and they started shaking; even the ones he was still holding would chatter. They chattered by themselves. We say the jaws shake when teeth chatter like that. It is the topic of the story.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq**: I think you are not imagining enough about what he did. If this is a man and this one is a fake, when he is attacked he will move around like the fake man. Sometimes if one is just jumping up and down and dodging from side to side, it makes it difficult to aim at a
person. This is called *aulajaqtuq*. I want you to imagine how difficult it would be to aim. I just wanted to add that.

**Henry Isluanik:** Over in Arviat I was told that there are piles of rock side by side. They were used when they were *aulajaqtuq*. I was told that they would try to be still. Sometimes they would be pulled out. They would try not to move when they were standing on top of the piles. This is what they say in Arviat.

I was told about this one particular story. I don't know if it's true. There was an area where there were piles of rocks and that is where they would fight. I may not be right; the place where there are piles of rocks is where they would fight.

**Student:** *I wonder if Asasa killed the man who killed his father, or maybe somebody else did?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** It was Asasa from what I've heard. Asasa said to the old man who was making an *iglu* at the time, “I can cut right through Atuktuaarjugjuaq if I shoot him.” That man came out and said, “You can't even cut through my anus if I tighten it.” After he said that he turned and the boy shot him and the arrow went right into the anus and cut right through.

From what I heard, when he was trying to get up, he died. The person who killed Asasa’s father was Atuktuaarjugjuaq.

**Student:** *Is that the one who got shot?*

**Simon Tookoomee:** Yes. He shot the person who killed his father. He shot Atuktuaarjugjuaq the old man. Asasa shot him with an arrow. They say that Asasa said, “I can cut right through Atuktuaarjugjuaq if I shoot him.”

**Student:** *What does that mean?*
Simon Tookoomee: That he could kill him by shooting him with his arrow. To cut right through him with the intention of killing him, that's the meaning. Not literally saying that he can cut right through, just the thought of shooting him with his arrow.

Student: Was this influenced by his grandmother's words?

Simon Tookoomee: Yes. He said, “I can cut right through Atuktuarajuguaq if I shoot him.” Then Atuktuarajuguaq said, “Aha! You can't even cut through my anus if I tighten it.” After he answered him he turned and got ready for Asasa to shoot him.

Herve Paniaq: I am not very familiar with the stories from up there, because I am not from Nattilik.

Simon Tookoomee: You certainly know lots of stories that we don't know.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Aren't the stories about Kupaatannguaq and Pullaksat from further south?

Herve Paniaq: I don't know about Pullaksat. I've heard the story about Kupaatannguaq, because it was told in our area.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: That should be very interesting to hear.

Herve Paniaq: Should I tell the whole story?

There were two brothers who were enemies. Their parents had fought before, following their ancestors' actions. This was around Mittimatalik, on north Baffin Island. Kupaatannguaq lived around the Iglulik area and he was ill-treated by his brother. Their mother was alive. It was around springtime and they would stop to make camp. The older brother had a dog that was the
smallest of his dogs. When he was scolding that dog, he would call him names. He would say, “You can't even defecate,” as he was scolding him.

After his mother passed away, Kupaatannguaq became an orphan. He then lived with the people who had killed his father, and he would sleep in the storage area inside the iglu. When they got up in the morning, even though everybody was awake, he would be the last one to get up. He wasn't really sleeping; he wanted to hear what they had to say. He would hear his older brother Tuktu say, “He used to be all scary. Now he is defenseless.”

He was with them in the spring, during duck season. The ducks were fat by that time and some of them wouldn't fly away when the wind was calm. The younger brother wanted to go duck hunting by qajaq. That's when things started to happen.

After fixing what needed to be repaired, they went out and they caught a bearded seal. For two days straight he was trying to intimidate his older brother, because he was now able to stand up to him.

They didn't get along very well anymore. His brother was ready to attack him. Finally he went for him and Kupaatannguaq turned and looked and closed his eyes. There was a piece of rib beside him and he took a bite saying, “I'm always nearly starved.” He took a bite and Kupaatannguaq stared for a moment because he knew what was going on.

As soon as Kupaatannguaq looked away, he stabbed his brother Tuktu and carried him and threw him in the water. He was groaning and he was able to hear him. During the spring time things sound a lot louder and clearer. He deceived him by pretending to go save him, but he just finished him off. When the murderer got to land he walked quite a distance. It was pretty
warm, and there were arctic terns. He used his knife to try to catch some, and he threw rocks at them.

When he got to the camp, he acted innocently and asked people at the camp if they had heard anybody screaming. They said they had heard somebody, but they couldn't understand what he was trying to say. He told them that Tuktu had caught two bearded seals and he was trying to get his dogs to come when they heard him screaming.

The brother got ready right away to go find him. He was tired and was almost falling asleep, so someone told him to eat some seal meat so he could wake up. They shared some cooked seal using the same knife. The sister-in-law was one of them and she kept choking on the seal meat. She said, “This is very tough.” She would say that and she would try to hand him back the knife.

She tried to do that, but then she started to stab things in the storage area at the side of their house. She stabbed at everything around her. She went after him with the knife but she got kicked off her feet. She was the first one to get up. Then she started stabbing his feet and she killed him.

Of course the mother was crying because she was scared saying, “Where's my Tukturjuaq? He is now dead out there.” The grandmother replied, “Yes. You'll now live because of what you've done.” The sister-in-law said, “Yes. My grandmother treated me well. I will live.” In other words, she was saying that her grandmother didn't want her to get killed intentionally, so she would live.

After that, she deliberately went against her son. She was an angakkuq and she made a raven go after him. When he went caribou hunting, she made him have arthritis. When the
murderer was sleeping, she made a fox go after him, and she also made his joints bad so he wouldn't be able to go after the fox.

Then a bull caribou went after him, but he was able to kill the caribou. He broke the joints and he took the intestines out and brought them to the old woman. When he got there, he told her that he caught a bull caribou. He gave her the intestines and she ate them. She fell asleep but she never woke up again.

This is where it ends. Does it go like that?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I used to hear the same story before. At the part where he caught the bearded seals, they said, when Kupaatannguaq went to the shore he would be angry and would catch two.

Herve Paniaq: Yes. He said this, but he wasn't directing his anger at his family.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: He caught two seals. Tuktu had just finished cutting up the seals. From the way I heard the story, he bit his knife. He took a hold of it like that so he could go wash and rinse off the blood. The other man made him turn to look. Then he fell into the blubber and was lying in it.

Herve Paniaq: We don't live in the same communities. We often forget parts and end up skipping some parts as well.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: When people were telling the story, they would mention that the mother would say, “You have killed another person and you won't live long.” Our grandmother would tell this to us. When she said the mother would answer like that, I thought that it must have been so unsettling.
After all this, he lived in Nalluq and he was successful at catching caribou. There was a fox that would eat the lungs and the heart by just opening up the ribs. He was able to catch the fox with a rope. He caught it on the leg. He then started pulling the fox apart and when he was breaking its joints, it started crying out like a person crying out. He was able to get the old woman that was trying to go against him.

I'm telling you like it is.

**Herve Paniaq:** It's no wonder there are missing parts. These stories are very old. Are they understandable?

**Student:** What did you mean about the joints?

**Herve Paniaq:** He didn't want it to survive; so much so, that he would break the joints so that it wouldn't keep coming back.

**Student:** If he didn't do that to it, would it just keep coming back? Did he do that to it even after he killed it?

**Herve Paniaq:** Yes, because they weren't just natural animals. They were sent out as tuurngait. If it was a natural animal it wouldn't be acting that way. Am I right?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes. I've heard it like that, too. The people that had been dead for a while would show themselves in the form of an animal. When they killed an animal, they would have to break the joints, so that they would not be able to go back to their dwellings and come back to life.

**Student:** Was the person that he killed coming back to get back at him?
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Yes. They would break the joints all the way down so the person wouldn't be able to take revenge.

Herve Paniaq: If the joints weren't snapped, it would just keep going back at that person. That's what he is saying. It is because they have a soul. Because they have a soul they tend to take revenge.

Student: Did he make a mistake when he caught the fox and it started crying out like a person?

Herve Paniaq: That fox wasn't a real fox. It was a tuurngaq. That is why it was crying out like a human.

Ollie Itinnuaq: It was that old woman's tuurngaq.

Herve Paniaq: She was using it to disorient him because he killed her son. That old woman was an angakkuq. She was going against him.

Ollie Itinnuaq: These kinds of stories can make you sleepy. Look one of them is sleeping!

Herve Paniaq: That's okay. We used to fall asleep, although we really wanted to hear more. We wouldn't be able to stay awake.

Moderator: We have been listening to stories but it's mostly the men who are talking. We women are going to start first. You probably remember what you enjoyed listening to.

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: I don't know very many stories. I don't know them as far back as they do, but I do know some of them. I don't know the ones from way back.

Moderator: You can tell any story you want.
Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: I can tell you a little bit about Kiviuq.

Kiviuq got blown away. He tried to get Iguttarjuaq's attention, but she couldn't hear him. When he was trying to get her attention, he noticed that she was taking fat off a human skin and getting it ready to cook. It was long like a forearm. He saw her wiping it.

He spat on her. I'm not sure how many times. She turned for a moment and her eye lids were like those of a bearded seal. She was blind. Kiviuq saw her rubbing her eyes. She cut her eyelids with her *ulu* and then she put them in the pot.

When Iguttarjuaq turned to face Kiviuq, he was shocked to see that Iguttarjuaq had no more skin left on her eyelids. Kiviuq fainted. Somebody came in, and when he was waking up he heard Iguttarjuaq saying, “Yes, it is a human. Yes, it is a human.” She was referring to Kiviuq when she was saying that.

Amauligaarjuakuluk (dear little snow bunting) said to Kiviuq, “You are just going to end up like me. Get ready to go.” Just then Iguttarjuaq went to pick some arctic bell heather. So Kiviuq got ready. His clothes were stored in a little storage area. That's where they were. Amauligaarjuakuluk helped him get ready. Iguttarjuaq was out picking heather and she wasn't expecting him to be gone before she got back, so he was in a hurry to leave.

Kiviuq was almost at his *qajaq* and Iguttarjuaq started running towards him. He made it to the *qajaq*. He could feel Iguttarjuaq touch the *qajaq* as he left.

That is where it ends. This is as far as I can go. It is not the actual end but I don't know how it goes afterwards.

**Student:** *After he left, did he come across another person?*
Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: Yes.

Herve Paniaq: This is not a tale. It actually happened.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I think this is the longest of all the stories.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I would like to hear the story about Kiviuq. I personally don't know the story, but I do know that it's a very long story.

What about the Tuutalik story? They went under the water and they followed a seal. Tuutalik got stabbed. It went inside a woman and then became human. Is this part of Kiviuq or not? This is the part that I want to hear about. One of you might know where Kiviuq came from. If one of you could tell this part of the story, I would like it. I know it's very long, but if you could tell what happened in that part, I would like it.

Simon Tookoomee: From what I've heard about it, Tuutalik married a successful hunter and they were at a caribou crossing lake at Narluk. Kiviuq was a young boy; he was quite young, but not that young. They were at Narluk waiting for caribou. Tuutalik was taking advantage of being a human. Her husband came to speak to her. They had a young boy.

She had made that boy an outfit from a seal cub skin. She made the clothing during the spring. They wouldn't be allowed to go out. She would be told that, but she would never say anything. She would put the clothing on. It was shaped like a bag. She would put the boy inside it and then take him out to give him some air. While they were doing that the sun would move. She put the boy in the breathing hole and told him, “Go over to the qajait so they can see you. Go out to the open ocean and take revenge on those men. When you get there, a storm will hit them.” She said this to him.
So the boy was put in the water. Then the people in the boats noticed him and said, “There is a seal over there.” They went after it. The boy would try to keep his distance but also try not being too close. When they were chasing him in their qajait, suddenly the wind hit them hard. Kiviuq came out of the water. There were just two of them left, but the wind was too strong and they were getting blown away or they were washed out by the waves.

After a long while, there was finally land in sight, so Kiviuq got out of the water. He looked around to view the land and he saw an inuksuk. He started to head back to the shore. Then he heard somebody saying to him, “Uviluqihimaa tigunauvaatii. Uviluqihimaa tigunauvaatii. I am Uviluq. I'll come and get you. I’ll come and get you.” When he turned he saw it was a big mussel shell. There were also two qajait coming towards him. He started running to his qajaq crying, “Hii, kupluraqat&aqpuq, hii kupluraqat&aqpuq. It was my own kullu (who warned me).”

This is a very long story.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I know that part and I can tell it. What I'm trying to find out about was the time when they were out seal hunting on the ice and they weren't catching any. Tuutalik went underwater to go look for a seal. She must have caught one because it is said that when that seal went to its breathing hole and there was a hunter waiting at it, the seal would say, “Inuuvunga pugggggg. I am human pugggggg.” When it went to go take a breath, it would say that it was a human first. It would warn them.

He went underwater to follow the seal looking to find out what the problem might be. Then he got to the person who was at the breathing hole, “Inuuvunga. I am a human,
“pugggggg,” it said. When it said that, the man didn't harpoon it. This is the part that I am trying to understand.

When it went to another person waiting at a breathing hole, it got killed. When the hunter got it home, his wife took the seal inside the house. Because that woman was very clean and she was pregnant, it wanted to go inside of her. She later had her baby.

I am telling the story the way I heard it. My question is, was this part of the Kiviuq story? If anybody could tell me about this so I'll have a better understanding, I would be happy. I want to know about these stories. I'm forgetting some of them.

**Simon Tookoomee:** They know the story.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I've never heard that before.

**Herve Paniaq:** I didn't start from there. I started off before that part. I was talking about him being an orphan.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** About Kiviuq?

**Herve Paniaq:** No. That part where Kiviuq was given clothing that would rip; it's not far from that part.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** The part where they caught a seal?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes, that part.

**Herve Paniaq:** That part where they caught a seal, I didn't mean to start off from there.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I know that part, but what I want to know is, where did Tuutalik come in? I want to know that part. It's evident that it's not that part. I always wonder if it started from that part.

Herve Paniaq: I'm not sure if it's the beginning. It's gradually getting forgotten. I don't know if it's the beginning.

Henry Isluanik: Well, I just recently heard the legend about Tuutalik. We're starting off from too many different parts. That boy who didn't have proper clothing and was an orphan and caused men to be blown away by the wind, that's where you seem to be starting off from, about Kiviuq. He would be put under water. They lived on the shore. Of course, they always did. In the spring time when they didn't have too much to do, they would play games. The grandmother and the grandchild whose men had passed away lived there with them.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I can start it off like that too, where the child lived with the grandmother, the indicator when there is a seal coming up to breathe moved, catching the seal and the part where it got windy. But where was Kiviuq born? That's what I want to know. When Tuutalik got killed and went inside the baby, when that woman was expecting a child, did it start there, or from where you are talking about?

I know the part where the orphan's grandmother made him clothing out of a seal cub skin. He lost his father because he had been killed. She had a sack and she put him inside. Then she put him in a seal breathing hole. I can tell that part of the story, but what I'm looking for is that part of the story where the child comes in. Where does the child come from? That is my question.
When she put him in the seal breathing hole, the sun would move. She directed him towards the people and told him to follow them. She wanted the wind to hit them. I can tell you that part and I can clarify that. The other part is not well known, I guess. My parents used to tell this story about Tuutalik. I've heard about it, but it's not very well known, so let's just leave it at that.

**Barnabas Pirjuaq:** I too can't answer that.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I don't think any of you heard about it.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I've heard about Tuutalik. The husband and wife had one child, but in that part Kiviuq is said to be in his early youth. Another thing I used to hear from my mother and my grandfather was that he was an orphan and he saw something and went and told somebody.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Let's just leave it at that. I understand now that Tuutalik had one child. It's obvious now that I had a big misunderstanding about that part.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** Because we live in different areas there are differences in our stories, but we are talking about the same story. They can never really be exactly the same. We don't know some of what you do, and we know some of what you don't know. I want to add a little bit to the part where he was transformed into a seal, the part that was just told.

There was a young boy who was an orphan who lived with his grandmother. His clothes would get destroyed by other people ripping them. The men used to play ball. Those men would rip his clothes.

The grandmother then made clothing for him out of a seal cub skin. After she made the seal cub skin clothing, she told him when she was just about to put him in the water that when he
went down under the water, if she started to move her arm to say, “Silaga nauk? Where is my weather?” She told him to say that when he got down under the water.

There were many qajait looking for seal cubs. They then started going after the little boy, whom the grandmother had made an outfit for. When the men in the qajait were out of sight, they were all lost in the waves.

Kiviuq had a saurraaq protecting him, so he was the only survivor. He was the only one who was able to make it to land. The other men didn't make it. That little boy, who the grandmother had made an outfit for, just followed his grandmother's instructions when he said, “Where is my weather?” Then the water became very rough.

I can only go this far.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: Did you want to say something? She's on the same track, about “Where is my weather?” I have a question. The person who had a red-throated phalarope, was it Kiviuq or someone else?

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: Kiviuq had a saurraaq.

Student: A dead one or a live one?

Herve Paniaq: A live one. It was just a skin, but it became alive, so it could be his helper. It was just a skin but it was bound to be his helper so it would talk to him the whole time he was riding in his qajaq. The tip of the qajaq is called a form of a penis. It would be there, and it would guide him through rough water.

Student: Why was Kiviuq the only survivor?
Herve Paniaq: He was protected so he survived.

Student: Was it because he was treated with little respect?

Herve Paniaq: No. Because he helped the boy’s grandmother, he was saved. The grandmother would make his clothing but when he went over to somebody's place they would rip it. Kiviuq would give her skin to replace his clothing because they didn't have a lot.

Student: When Kiviuq survived, he then went to Arnaqauqsaaq's camp?

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: When Kiviuq was travelling along the shore in his qajaq, he would hear people and he would go and see them on the land. There was a lemming that was having a hard time climbing up. He wanted Kiviuq to help him, so Kiviuq did.

Kiviuq went on his way again. “I have something in my eye. Please take it out,” he suddenly heard somebody say. He paddled over to the land and he saw a seal bone, the bone that has a hole in it. There was dirt in the hole, so he took it out.

Then he was on his way again. He must have been singing on his way. When he got to his camp his wife recognized his singing. She was happy to see her husband. He sang:

Kiviurli kisimilli.

It was Kiviuq, only he would say

Aatiggi, aatiggitigi aatiggi.

I really don't know the rest. He made it home. He was delayed by the rough waters. Well, he couldn't make it home right away.
Student: I want to ask a question. These stories have a lot of talk about disputes. Why is it like that? They talk a lot about fighting or about belittling others.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I can't really answer that question. People have always fought. They did all kinds of things, from the way the stories were told. Even the things we did when we were young are now just stories. All that fighting that happened is now in stories.

I know the stories about Kiviuq being blown away by the wind and about Iguttarjuaq from when I heard them in Nattilik. When he got to Iguttarjuaq's dwelling, it didn't have a roof. He started spitting at her because he saw her scraping a human skin. When Iguttarjuaq turned to look at him, her eyelids were so big she couldn't see over her eyes. She took her ulu and she slit her eyelids off. She was cooking what looked like a human forearm. Then she put her eyelids in that pot. When she looked at him Kiviuq fainted.

When he woke up he heard her say, “Oh, it's a human. Oh, it's a human.” Iguttarjuaq told him that he was all wet and she wanted him to dry out. She told him to just lie down and she placed his clothes down to dry. They were all wet because he had been blown around on his qajaq.

Iguttarjuaq then went to pick arctic bell heather because she was going to eat him for dinner. He lay down, and saw there were other heads on the same bed. One of the other heads touched him and said, “You are going to end up like me. Put your boots on and leave.” He hurried to get ready, but when he tried to get his clothes that Iguttarjuaq had placed out to dry, he couldn't reach them because they were pinned down.

Amauligaarjuk tilted the drying rack and the clothes fell off. Kiviuq got dressed.
He didn't put his *kamiik* on. He just took them and ran to his *qajaq*. He could hear her running behind him. He pushed his *qajaq* into the water and after he took off he looked back. He saw that she had broken her thigh just before she was going to catch him.

When he took off there was a big rock that she tripped over. She had her *ulu* and she cut the big rock in half with it. “I would have cut you like this,” Iguttarjuaq said.

Kiviuvq had paddled quite far out and there was ice on the water. There was a big seal with fat and meat inside. He harpooned it and said, “I can harpoon you like this.” She answered, “Aaja.” She told him to come back, but he wasn't about to go back.

Kiviuvq went on his way again. Later, as he was paddling along the shore, there was a little point, and he got stuck there. He took Iguttarjuaq's *ulu* and he threw it down because the water had formed into ice. He, too, was an *angakkuq*. He used his *irinaliuitit* and broke the ice and left from there.

He was paddling his *qajaq* again and he came across Aasivaq, the spider. When he got to her house, she also had a *niaqquni qariaqatiaqatuq*, a rack full of cleaned heads.

He was told to lie down so he did. She also wanted to dry out his clothes. He didn't go to pick arctic bell heather with her. His eyes followed her. He was trying to sleep but watching her at the same time.

He was looking for something on her floor. There was moss there. He took some and put it in his ear without letting her see. She sharpened her huge tail with her *uugisiut*, the fork she used when boiling meat. Aasivaq then put her *uugisiut* inside her parka. She moved towards him
while Kiviuq was trying to sleep. She charged at him trying to stab him. She slipped on the moss. She had put her knife inside her parka, but when she slipped it killed her instead.

He got dressed and left that place. When he was paddling his qajaq, he came across a caribou antler with sungaujuq, velvet. He took this off the antlers and put it on his qajaq and left.

When he was on his way again he passed in front of an inuksuk. The inuksuk began to speak, saying, “The mussels are going to go after you. The mussels are going to go after you.” He looked back and saw two mussels getting closer and closer to him, trying to bite him. “Kubluq is lying, iiq. Kubluq is lying, iiq,” they said. The inuksuk’s name must have been Kubluq. As they were saying that, they submerged.

After they submerged, Kiviuq kept going. He had a saurraaq as a helper. Because he was tired, he told it to guide him, and he went inside his qajaq to get some sleep. It woke him up when he was getting close to his camp. “When you see your camp shout for joy before you get there,” it told him. After it said that, it left.

When he was getting close to his camp Kiviuq shouted for joy, just like that phalarope told him to. His father could hardly walk anymore due to old age. He got up and started running saying, “That is the voice of Kiviuq.” He said that when he looked out from his tent. When Kiviuq made it to his camp his father was so happy that he died right there. Because he was overwhelmed with joy, he died.

Kiviuq had had two wives. One had married another man. She was wearing clothing that was made out of duck skin. The other one was wearing rabbit-skin clothing. He gave one of his wives beads, but he didn’t give his former wife any. The one who had the new husband had
duck-skin clothing which had beads on it. His ex-wife started fussing, crying out in envy of the other woman who was given beads. Kiviuq ended up giving her some, and then he took her back.

I'm going to stop here. It is too long. I could go on and on and it seems endless. I really don't know where it ends. It's too long. Somebody else can add to it or continue it.

**Simon Tookoomee:** About the question that was asked earlier; that question still applies today. People don't forget easily. They don't let go and things get heard everywhere.

We hardly hear anything about anybody doing good things. Even on the radio we don't hear about them. Instead, we hear the bad side of things on the radio.

These stories that have information about things were always told for a reason. Nobody forgets the bad they see, and this is just like that. I believe that the good never really goes very far, while the bad just keeps going.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I can't talk about Kiviuq. It's too long. If I talk about what I've heard about this story, it might make you confused. Just talk about it however you want to talk about it.

**Simon Tookoomee:** He is telling us the way it is. I just want to add a few things about what I've heard. I used to hear about Kiviuq, too.

He was talking about Iguttarjuaq. That is the part I know. After that, he left on his qajaq, and came across two wolves, a daughter and a mother. He stayed with them and hunted there, and he married the wolf’s daughter. Kiviuq's wife's mother started to envy her daughter because she had a husband now. She was going to pick her daughter's lice and she took her uugisiut and hid it. When she was picking the lice she stabbed her daughter in the ear. After she did that, she waited for Kiviuq.
Kiviuq put his necklace on and he went down to the shore. His wife didn't say anything to him at all. Then she said to him, “Majjamanna itkiajumiksaattiaq ammahamma itkiajumiksaattiaq. Here between the fresh and salt water you can swim.” Kiviuq suddenly suspected that this was not his wife because she said those things. “Lkiallutukulli qakivattunga. It is between them I can land,” he said to her. He touched her buttocks but his wife's buttocks were not that firm. Without saying anything, he just kept going and he left her.

The story is coming together. Ollie told the story like it is. This is the part that I'm familiar with. Can you tell the part where Kiviuq married a goose?

**Henry Isluanik:** I really don’t know how it goes. They will have a different version of that part where he married a goose. The Kivallirmiut (Inuit from the Keewatin) have a different version of the wolf part.

**Simon Tookoomee:** That's why we are here, so we can put these stories together. It doesn't matter if we come from different communities.

**Henry Isluanik:** If these legends are going to be used as materials, it's going to be hard to put them together because we have different dialects and come from different areas. This story is known everywhere, all over the world.

**Simon Tookoomee:** This is what they want to know, so they can write them down.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I'm going to continue from where he ended the story.

When Kiviuq left he would go back to Arnaqauqsaq, but he didn't really consider this as his home. He would leave either his mitten or a kamik behind when he came back from hunting.
Each time he went out hunting he would come back with just one mitten and one kamik. Arnaqauqsaaq became suspicious and said to him, “Are you planning to leave me? You are losing your things.” But Kiviuq would tell her that he was not going to leave her because he cared about her. But that wasn't his intention; he was lying to her. She didn't believe him anymore and she said, “You want to leave. It is a sign of the future.” She told him that she would find him if he left her.

Although she said she was going to do things to stop him, he just left her. He saw somebody else again.

I just wanted to add this part, because I was reminded of that.

**Henry Isluanik:** We do have different versions. He talked about him marrying a wolf, but the way I used to hear it, he married a goose mother and a daughter who were living together. Don't mind me. I'm going to tell this part.

Kiviuq married a goose. That goose lived with her mother. It was the season to cache meat. He needed to gather some things for heat. He did that every day and he would go home afterwards. When he got home, his bird wife would dry out his kamik. After they dried, she would place them ready for use after she did her chores. They had about five young goslings. Kiviuq's wife's mother, who also was a goose, would go beside a lake to eat grass.

On one particular day when they went to eat, when the mother thought that nobody was listening, she said, “Are they going to go graze on grass again?” Kiviuq's wife overheard her saying that, and she got afraid and embarrassed. Then, she thought it was almost time to fly south. This girl was embarrassed because her mother had mentioned their food, so she said to her children, “Your uncles are going to be going soon. Look out for them and follow them.”
The children were playing outside the tent and when they saw other geese flying over, they told their mother, “There they go.” Their mother would tell them that they were not their uncles and to just let them pass. They saw another group coming their way, and they asked their mother if it was them. She said, “I think it's your aunt coming our way.” When she looked there they were.

Her young ones went to the lake to pick some feathers because they were half human and they had hands. They poked the feathers between their nails and flew away with the flock.

At that time Kiviuq lost his wife. I would hear the story being told like this. I may have made some mistakes, and yes, there is more to this story.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** It's long.

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes, it's quite long, I just want to add more to this part. When her husband arrived, he didn't see his children and his wife, so he asked his wife's mother where they had gone. She told him that they may have flown somewhere, so he didn't suspect what had happened. They didn't fly very far away. They stopped across the river from them. Kiviuq followed them by foot in the direction they had gone. Before it got too late in the night, they saw a man walking along the riverbank. They saw him coming their way. The uncles and Kiviuq's estranged wife had just crossed the river and camped there.

Then Kiviuq saw their tent. When he got to the shore he saw a human cutting wood. The wood that human was cutting was small, but when the chips from the wood landed on the water, they turned into fish, and they were quite big.
Kiviuq arrived from behind the man, as he was following his wife and children. There was a small hole in the rocks, and Kiviuq looked through without letting anybody see him. He saw the man bending down and he saw this man's uvula through his anus. He had a hole right through his body.

Student: Was it Kiviuq who looked like that?

Henry Isluanik: No. It was the one cutting wood from a tree with an axe. He was cutting wood and the pieces he chipped off would turn into fish. His name was Aningaqsajuukkamik. He finally realized that somebody was there, and he took his axe and was going to go after Kiviuq.

“Wait! Wait! I just arrived,” Kiviuq said. The man wanted to hit him with his axe because he was embarrassed. He said, “Which way did you come from?” “I arrived here from your side,” answered Kiviuq. The man asked him again, “What direction did you come here from?” “I arrived here from the direction of your side,” Kiviuq said. The man believed him, so he wasn't upset anymore, and just went back to what he was doing.

Kiviuq said to him, “Do you know where my wife and my children went?” “They're on the other side,” he answered. Kiviuq couldn't swim across the water so he asked the man, “If I follow my wife and my children, are you going to help me get there?” The man cut up a big piece of wood and put it on the shore, and made him a boat. The man told Kiviuq to get in, turn around and close his eyes. He told him that he was going to push him over to the other side.

When he was being pushed, Kiviuq could feel the boat move under him. He saw a huge fish in the water, which he hit on the head.

He was about halfway across the river in an area that was shallow. The boat was touching the bottom of the river bed but Kiviuq was able to make it through. The other man told him to
jump out when the boat hit the shore. After he got out, Kiviuq started walking towards the tent. He caught up to his children and his wife. His children were playing along the shore. When they saw their father, they recognized him, and they ran to their mother to tell her that their father was coming. “Our father just arrived! Our father just arrived!” they said.

His wife came out to see her husband. They used to have a bag that would be inflated. She went back inside to get her bag, but when she tried going back out again, she couldn't because her new husband, who was an owl, took hold of her very hard, and it hurt too much, so she just stayed inside.

There is a lot more to be added to this story. Someone else can probably continue it from here. Do you want to? Does anybody want to add something? Does anybody have any questions? The animals had transformed into humans so that Kiviuq could survive. He even married a bird to help him. From the way he told the story, the wolves turned into humans and he married one of them. We have heard it in different ways, but it's really one story about Kiviuq. He might know some more of this story. I think he's going to add some.

**Simon Tookoomee:** From what I know about the story of Kiviuq, it has three parts to it; the part where he was blown away, about his bird wife, and Nakahunnaituq.

**Moderator:** *It's almost time to go for lunch. You just mentioned that this story has three parts, Kiviuq being blown away, his bird wife and Nakahunnaituq.*

**Simon Tookoomee:** My cousin said that the part where somebody went to get Kiviuq is the third part of four. After he ate, somebody went to get him. He made a river. We were talking about the story this morning. What was it? I forget what it was. It was Iguttarjuaq. When he was walking there were birds; there was also a brown bear that wanted to put rocks on him. After
that, somebody went to go pick him up. Then he made a river that dried up. From what I know, this seems to have three parts to it. They are edited.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I don't know the story about Nakahunnaituq. Their legs had no meat. *Nakahunnat* is the meat on your thighs.

**Student:** *Is this in the Kiviuq story?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I don't know if this is part of Kiviuq or not.

**Henry Isluanik:** Let's not do Nakahunnaq. If we try to go all the way to Nakahunnaq, it's just going to take too long.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Nakasungnaittuq was still a young boy. He wandered all over. He arrived upon some *igluit*, which were some distance apart from each other. He entered one and he found an elderly woman sewing. Her nostrils started twitching because she could smell a human being. She looked up and asked this boy who he was, as the dogs had been making some noise. He indicated that he was afraid of the dogs and she said to him, “If you are afraid of the dogs, go to the back of the bed platform and I will cover you up.” So she covered him up at the back of the bed platform. The young boy was called Nakasungnaittuq.

When people of her kind would come in they would say, “*Taungilak! Taungilak!* I detect a human. I detect a human.” In those days a human was called a *tau*, so they would say, “I smell a *tau*. I wonder why I can smell a *tau*?” Then the old woman would tell them harshly not to say anything. She told them there wasn't a human there. When others would come in they would repeat, “*Taungilak! Taungilak!* I wonder why I smell a *tau*?” Then she would reprimand them.
When her two sons arrived they both said that they smelled a *tau*. The oldest son came in and he, too, said, “*Taungilak!*” She told her son that the *tau* was up at the foot of the bed platform because that's where she had hidden him. He told the *tau* to come out and show itself. That's what the older son said. When he showed himself, the son started to *kuniktuqtuq*, sniff him, as a challenge. After he did this he moved aside and the younger son came in and he, too, said, “*Taungilak! Taungilak!*” As he had been hidden once more, the old woman admitted that she had hidden him at the foot of her bed platform. He, too, said, “Let the *tau* show himself.” When he showed himself, he, too, sniffed him and then he put him aside.

Then the two sons brought in the food they had got. It was a human child. While they were eating this human child, another child of their kind came in and he, too, said, “*Taungilak! Taungilak!*” After he said that he went out and the old woman knew he was going to tell others.

The old woman had two stones in front of her. One was bigger than the other. She told him that someone was going to come. She gave him the stone that was most comfortable in his hand and she told him not to miss when he threw it.

After a while, when she was getting him ready to flee they could hear the sound of someone coming. As this person was coming in, they could hear him saying, “*Ihii, hiavii, hiavii! Qaqqaqa!* I think there is good food that's plump! *Ihiavi, Ihiavi!*” That was his way of expressing joy. When his head came in through the entrance, it was a grown male who was blinking and looking all over the place. You could tell that he was going to grab whatever it was that he came in to see. Because the young boy had been told not to miss when he threw the rock, he hit him.

The two sons ran out. A little while later the two sons brought in a pair of buttocks that were so freshly cut, there was still steam rising from them. A young boy who was visiting said,
“My father was not very skinny.” This was the buttocks of the grown male that the human boy had hit with the stone.

Through the night, whenever young children would come in, the old woman would reprimand them if they said that they could smell a *tau*. When late night came, she told the human boy to go home. She gave him a bow with one arrow and when the *qamutiik* that her sons had brought home had the heavy load removed from it, she had him cut the cross bars except for the two end pieces. She told him not to cut those. He did as he was told and then he left on foot.

The dawn was starting to show. He was running so fast that you could see the heat rise from his tracks. After a while he could see that he was being followed. The old woman had told him that he was going to be followed and that he needed to do something about the dogs. He was to hit one of dogs with the arrow and he was to make sure he didn't miss. He was to hit it through the ear. Since the dog team was catching up very rapidly, he just stopped and waited with the bow and arrow ready. When the dog team caught up, it started to circle the human boy who had grown up in the meantime. When it got closer, he shot the arrow and one of the dogs yelped. On the *qamutiik* there was a being that was tied to it. He was encouraging the dogs saying, “*Ha! Halula! Ha! Halula!*” He cried, “*Stop! Uuh!*” when he reached the floe edge. Then the young boy headed home.

**Student:** *In the stories animals could take human forms and also humans could take animal forms. Why do you think the stories are like that?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I think the stories are based on the way things used to be. Also in southern countries you can see that monkeys look almost human. Maybe they had been human, I don't know. Maybe someone else can answer this.
Student: Do you think these changes were made to happen through the power of angakkuit?

Ollie Itinnuaq: I haven't heard if this occurred because angakkuit made it happen. I didn't hear it that way. Maybe someone else can answer this, but I am unable to do so.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: This was not made to happen by the angakkuit. My mother told me the same story. Most of it is the same as what he said, but I'm going to add the parts my mother told me.

When he entered the iglu, the old woman was making uujuq. She was cooking the remains of a polar bear and also the remains of a human. She had said to him, “Would you rather eat human or would you rather eat polar bear?” He had said to her, “I'll eat polar bear,” so she fed him polar bear. He said that he was afraid of dogs and she said that her sons were to be feared because they were the strongest in their community. When they came home they would be able to protect him, but in the meantime he was to hide at the foot of her bed platform. She covered him and hid him. Then people would come in and say, “Taungilak! Taungilak!”

Simon Tookoomee: I, too, am going to add a part, which I heard.

A young child came in and said, “Taungilak! Taungilak! Is there a tau in here?” When the child left, an adult female came in and she, too said, “Taungilak! Taungilak! Is there a tau in here” The old woman answered, “I don't know if there is a tau in here.” Since there is no more to add I won't tell more of it. I also forgot that there was more to it when the young child went out and the adult female came in.

She was looking at the drying rack and looking at the kamiit that were up there. Some kamiit are called miqquliit. There are others that are called tigujat that are made of sealskin. She
remarked on the *miqquliiit* that were drying. The old woman told her they were hers. She said they were hers because she made them. That's why they had fur on them. When she said that to the woman, the woman kept on twitching her nostrils, but then she left.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** The woman was aware of the different way the *kamiiit* had been sewn. That's why she made a remark about them.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** The part that I know, which is slightly different, is that he did grow during the night after he left the village. After the day had dawned, he fled from there. He could hear the dog team as he was being followed. He could hear the owner of the dog team urging on the dogs. He could hear him as he was being very loud, even though he couldn't see him. The way he did this was by saying, “*Uaqa, uqaq! Taulugjuit! Ha, ululuk, ha, ululuk!* There they are mingling with humans.”

The rest of the story, once he caught up to him, was the same as what I had heard.

**Henry Isluanik:** The story that has been told is one that I recognize. I'm going to add a bit to it. Whatever versions we have can be put together to make one. I think this is a Paallirmiutaq (an Inuit from Paalliq) story because that was the way I heard it. It begins like this.

There were two brothers who had gone out hunting at the floe edge. The ice they were on had broken off, and they went to see what was happening. They had left in the morning and they ended up back on the fast ice. They started walking, but lost their way.

When night came they came upon some *igluit* because there was light coming through their windows. When they got closer, the two brothers decided they would sleep the night there and continue to search for their home the next day. When they arrived among the *igluit*, they
stood outside and talked to each other about who was going to sleep in which *iglu*. They finally agreed and one said, “You will sleep the night here, and I will sleep the night there.”

One of them ended up in the *iglu* of *amaruit*, of wolves. As he was going in through the entrance, the wolves attacked him and ate him.

This part is the continuation of where the rest of the story was told.

The other brother was going into an *iglu* and the nostrils of the being whose *iglu* he was entering were twitching. It smelled him as he entered. It started searching and it found him. It was a female wolverine who was home alone. Therefore, she was afraid of the human. The human was also afraid of her.

The man took his knife and gave it to her. He told her he had been walking the whole day and that his *kamiik* needed new soles to be added to them. He gave his knife to her and asked her to put patches on his *kamiik* soles. As was previously told in the story, he was afraid. She told him to go to the far end of her bed platform, and she covered him and hid him. I, too, have heard it this way. As he was hidden at the foot of the bed platform, she waited for her husband to return.

Her husband had been over visiting the wolves that had been drum-dancing. He came back, bringing meat for his wife, which turned out to be the ribs of the brother who had gone to that *iglu*. When he entered, he smelled the human being and he said, “*Tausunik!*” In those days humans were called *tau* by non-humans. His wife said, “Your nostrils tell you what it is. This knife was given to me because his *kamiik* needed new soles added to them.” After smelling the human being the male wolverine was extremely happy to have been given the knife.
The man stayed with them for a while. Just as was told by the others, two wolf cubs came in to visit and they smelled the human and said, “Tausunik!” The woman would scold them and tell them their nostrils were not telling them the truth.

Maybe they started telling others because others would come. There was a string of others coming in and they would say, “Tausunik!” It seemed as though they became suspicious that there had been more than one human being, and that the other one had gone in there and was being kept hidden from them. The wolverine said, “I wonder why everyone else can smell a human being, because I don't smell one.” That's what she would say.

A female wolf came in and she, too, smelled the human being. She said, “Tausunik!” and once again the wolverine said she wondered why everyone could smell a human being because she didn't smell one. Then the female wolf asked. “Whose kamiik are these?” The female wolverine said, “I don't know. Maybe they are my husband's.” “Where did your husband get them from?” asked the female wolf. She said, “I don't know. I have a tendency to pick things up without really being aware.” That's what she said to the wolf.

The wolves became more and more suspicious of there being a human being in that iglu, so they got a rope and brought it indoors. There were numerous wolves, but only the two wolverines. The wolves were going to pull on the rope. The wolverines told the human not to pull on the rope, because if he did, the wolves would end up pulling them out. If they did pull them and the human got pulled out, he would be eaten. They told him not to pull at the rope.

The wolves started pulling at the rope. Although there were only the two wolverines, they too began pulling on the other end of the rope, on each side of the entrance. The human wanted
to help, but he remembered he was told not to do so, and so he refrained from grabbing the rope. After a while, the wolves gave up without having pulled them through.

Later that night, the male wolverine went out to see whether the wolves had gone to sleep yet. After a while, when it seemed they were in a deep sleep, just as the others told the story, the qamutiik that was outside had had the load removed from it and the human was told to cut all the ropes holding the cross-pieces together. He was told if he forgot to cut any of the ropes that the wolves would be able to chase after him using a dog team and the qamutiik. Although he thought he had cut every single piece of rope, he hadn't done so.

He headed home on foot. The wolves started following him by dog team. When the wolverines had sent the human on his way home, one of the wolverines had given him the male wolverine's ajupiaq, his walking staff, and told him that if the wolves started following him by dog team, he was to put the staff upright in the snow and he was to hide behind it. The staff would point away from the way he had gone on its own.

When the wolves that were following him got close, he put the staff in the snow and he crouched down behind it. When the wolves caught up to him, although he was on the other side of the staff, they couldn't see him. They could see where his tracks had ended and they said, “We have followed his tracks up to here.” Because they couldn't see the man crouched behind the staff, they headed back home.

Later, they returned and started to follow him again. Just as the story was told before, he shot an arrow at the dog that was the lead. I'm going to end it here. Although there are small differences, the stories are very much alike.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I have a question. Were wolves in possession of qamutiik in those days?
Henry Isluanik: They say that that's the way it was. I think they either called them *qamutiik* or *qallariik*. They are the same thing.

Simon Tookoomee: The story that I told was about Nakasungnaittuq.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Nakasungnaittuq's *qamutiik* was called a *qallariik*.

Henry Isluanik: I think we have an error somewhere. I think you are talking about wolves.

Simon Tookoomee: I'm not really sure what we are talking about now.

Henry Isluanik: I added this segment to the story because in the version I know, parts seemed to be missing. If I have made an error, it wasn't done on purpose.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: I'm not really sure where the story started from. I know the story talks about human beings that got lost. Also when human beings have the name *amaruq*, wolf, they tend to be very forgetful. I can't remember if it was the woman who was home alone or her husband. I can't remember which one it was.

Henry Isluanik: I don't remember if the wolverines attacked the man. I am starting to wonder if it is the same story. They are talking about Nakasungnaittuq. I told my version because I thought it was the same story.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: I remember the parts about the dog team. I don't remember much of the rest of it.

Henry Isluanik: There are parts of it that are the same. The part that you told was the part I couldn't remember; especially the part about when the being that was driving the dog team was leading his dogs on.
**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** He said, “Uaqat! Uaqat!” That's what he would say to lead his dogs on. When he was saying this, he would talk about human beings as well. The humans were called taulujuat. He would say, “Uaqat! Uaqat! Taulujuat, Taulujuat Haa. Ululuk, Ululuk.” That's how he led his dogs on.

**Henry Isluanik:** I recognized part of the story because it was similar to what my mother had said. Because she lived among you people, she brought these stories to the Arviat area. The stories were brought over there.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** This came from the Nattilik area because my parents came from there. This is what I have heard. I told it the way I heard it.

**Henry Isluanik:** We can learn from this. It must be that we heard it from you people through the Igluligaarjuk (Chesterfield Inlet) area.

**Simon Tookoomee:** It is okay. We don't need to search for the origin of the story.

**Henry Isluanik:** One of the students asked about animals taking on human form. We don't know how this happened. We didn't talk about how this happened. We are not able to answer this.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I don't know where the humans came from.

**Simon Tookoomee:** Some Inuit legends and stories may not be true. They were passed on orally; they were not written down. I've heard a story about the first two humans who grew out of clumps of earth. They were two men. For us Inuit, they are our ancestors. That's where Inuit came from. I was listening to this story being told and I was wondering if it was true or not. I believe some parts. I used to think about the people of the Arctic. We Inuit living here grew up
very separate, on our own. I have been thinking about that. We are told that we came from the Qallunaat world, but their way of life is very different. That's what makes it confusing.

We are said to come from Adam and Eve, from when they were created. Looking at how God is able to do miraculous things, making the land, it's really hard to tell where we came from. To look at the story from the Bible, and then at our unikkaaqtuat makes me really think.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** These stories can make you very sleepy. Maybe you should ask some questions. He is falling asleep.

**Student:** *Did our ancestors know whether the stories were true or false? Did they tell the stories so that other people would behave?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I am a believer. I never think about not believing. I think this story might be true. It might not be entirely true; maybe the truth will be stronger. We can't really be sure, because these are just stories. If we were to tell a story about something that happened to people that didn't know us, they wouldn't know if it was true or not. That is why I believe these stories are true. We believe in what we don't know; I still believe in the unikkaaqtuat and I take them as truth.

**Simon Tookoomee:** They also help us know how we should live our life. I mean these stories tell us to lead a good life.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** They are very useful and they will be told for generations in the future, way after we are gone, long after all of us here have passed away. They have to be known by the next generations. We have to keep them alive. We have to let them be heard. I'm grateful for those who want to bring these up. The unikkaaqtuat would have died when we died, and these younger
people would not have this knowledge. Maybe they would have heard parts of them and would not be able to tell the story. The generation after them wouldn't even know about them, about what our ancestors passed on to us. Now, they will be able to read about them. I'm really glad that we are also being recorded as we go along. It's going to be clearer to read them and hear them.

**Moderator:** *I just want to say this. When you have your eyes closed, you can just imagine what is being said. Maybe that's why we end up falling asleep. You get sleepy.*

**Ollie Itinnaaq:** When you don't concentrate enough you get tired, but it's really fun to listen. I sometimes close my eyes when you are telling a story, so I can try to imagine. It's easier to imagine what is being said like that. Then it makes me sleepy. Maybe that's why we fall asleep?

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes. When we were children they used to tell us stories to help us go to sleep. It can make you sleepy when you listen to a story.

I was going to say something I forgot. Some stories are true and some are probably just fiction, but I think the stories about Kiviuq and Kaugjagjuk are true. There are many parts to them.

I want to say that my father's father was taken by *ijirait*, invisible beings that live in a different dimension from humans. Stories are excellent teaching tools if people understand them clearly. They really give you inner peace. When people told stories they were like movies. Now this story will be known. It will be written here.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** Some stories are about orphans that were badly ill-treated. You may have a different word for it. We call it, *sukkujiaq*, for someone who is ill-treated, especially when they
were orphans. Were these stories told because they didn't want us to treat others like that?

**Henry Isluanik:** *Sukkujiaq*. What is that? What did she say?

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** It means when somebody is not treated properly.

**Henry Isluanik:** An *illivarijaujuq* is someone who is ill-treated because he's an orphan. An *ilijaqaqtuq* is someone who is ill-treating an orphan. That story about Kaugjagjuk was like that. It should be told. That story is known. It was requested. Other ones that were requested were about the animals.
Chapter 5 Kaugjagjuk, Inukpaujaq, Ijirait 1, Illimiaq, Pretend Husbands 1 and Nuliajuk

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: Should I start the Kaugjagjuk story? Someone else could add or fill in the parts I miss.

Kaugjagjuk was a child who wasn't treated very well. He lived in an *iglu*; we used to live in *igluit* as there was no other choice. The *iglu* used to be divided into three sections; there was the actual house, the storage area and the porch. That was farthest away from the living room, and that's where Kaugjagjuk lived. The porch used to be for the dogs, and that's where he would sleep; amongst the dogs. The dogs would help keep him warm. He would lie between them. I think he would even let them cuddle up to him.

He would only eat when the dogs were fed. They used to cut up the meat that was to go to the dogs and they were not bite-size for humans. They were big. The meat was also frozen. He would eat frozen meat with the dogs.

There was an old person who felt sorry for him. Although you feel sorry for these orphans, you really don't want to show your feelings for them. Otherwise, they just get treated worse. For that reason she gave him a small knife secretly without anybody knowing it, so he could cut his food. He was able to eat more with that. The dogs would always finish the food before he could eat more.

One night the moon was shining and somebody asked him to come out. He told the dogs to go out instead, but even the dogs didn't want to go out. It was the man from the moon who was telling him to come out.
The dogs didn't want to go out, so he ended up going out instead. The man from the
moon started hitting him with his whip. That man was making him grow bigger. “Are you still
too small?” he said. “No. I've grown,” replied Kaugjagjuk. He started singing, “I've grown
bigger.” Every time he got whipped, he grew bigger, and the man from the moon would ask him
if he was still too small. Kaugjagjuk just started to sing:

No, I grew bigger

My dogs didn't want to come out

So I went out instead.

He was all grown up now. The next morning Kaugjagjuk was hiding behind a *qaggiq*
they built to gather and play games in. The men were wondering where he had gone because
there were three polar bears coming towards them and they wanted to use Kaugjagjuk as bait.

Kaugjagjuk then came out. He was listening to the men say they could use him to attract
the bears. Suddenly he appeared from behind the *qaggiq*, singing, “Kaugjagjuk can be used as a
tool to attract the bears,” as he went towards the bears.

He was now very strong. He killed them by just whipping them. Then he turned to the
men and he started whipping them and killing them as well; even pregnant women were losing
their babies. Even the old woman who helped him started crying, “Grandchild, are you going to
kill me, too?” He wasn't really her grandchild. “Yes. I'll get you, too.” He said to her.

He killed all of the people there except for two whom he spared and whom he took to be
his wives. These were the two who had treated him the worst. They would lift him up through his
nostrils. He spared those two to be his wives so they could suffer in agony. He made those two
share him. He would make them play a game. They would have to race and say, “Nallagutikki kakiappaa? Are my pant stripes clean?” They had to try to be first to say this. The one that didn't say this first would be beaten up.

Those two were living together and their faces were crooked from being abused so much. There. I will stop here.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I want to say a few things about the question that was asked earlier. We believed what was told to us, even if we really didn't know about it.

I believe in a story about a rock in the Aivilik (Repulse Bay also known as Naujaat) area that was originally a woman. Inukpaujaq was her name and she turned into a rock. The features on that rock, such as the hat and hair are really visible. I offered her a gift saying, “I want to catch a caribou,” because the caribou were scarce. We were looking around in that area, and suddenly there were caribou across from us.

Some stories may be really true, and some may not be.

I know this story exactly the same way as she was telling it, but we have a different word for stripes. They say nalluaq or puki, and we say “Tuglirutikki kakianngilaa kakiak? Aren’t my tattoos and my braids really clean?”

I can tell the story the same way she does.

Simon Tookoomee: About that question, I have thought about it before. I believe the stories are true. I believe that our ancestors told stories that were true. But for us who have come after them, when we make a mistake, then the story goes off-track. I am also a believer.
We were talking about Kaugjagjuk. They tell the story the way I heard it. Because he was an orphan, he was ill-treated. He would be told to make oil from the blubber. They would say, “Where is Kaugjagjuk? We can use him.” When he was trying to come in the iglu, the women would grab him by the nostrils and pull him in. They pulled so hard they would lift him in the air just to drag him inside.

When everyone fell asleep he went to the shore with his older sibling. They were lifting up frozen rocks and turning them over. When one couldn't lift the rock up, the other would help him out. They would then return, before the people were about to wake up.

There was a dog that would sleep beside Kaugjagjuk and keep him warm. When the people went to bed they would go again to the shore, and again they would be turning rocks, which were bigger than before and frozen, extremely frozen.

When Kaugjagjuk became quite able, he and his older brother had a tiriaq for a spirit helper. Their tuurngaq would go over to people and urinate on them. Some of them would die.

When Kaugjagjuk became powerful and was able to take care of himself, some polar bears arrived. Although he was hiding, as the story is told, the people started saying, “Where is Kaugjagjuk? He would be useful as a lure.” They wanted to use him to lure the bears so that they would be able to catch them, and so they wouldn't be attacked. He did not show himself. Then he started throwing people to the bears, and the bears would attack the victims.

After that he took two women, who had in the past mistreated him, as his wives.

It seemed there were no other women available at that point. That is how it is. If I have forgotten something, someone can add to it.
**Student:** In the beginning of the story there was a young boy who was an orphan. Why does it start like that? Doesn't the old woman have a husband, or the mother have a spouse?

**Simon Tookoomee:** Are you asking about the unikkaaqtuaq, about the one who does not want a husband?

**Herve Paniaq:** No, not that. Those who were grandmothers, I think she's asking about them. Are you talking about the old women?

**Student:** In the stories there are grandmothers, and mothers with children. Those people are alone and they don't seem to have husbands. I wonder why they are alone in the stories.

**Ollie Ittinuaq:** I was raised with my sister and younger brother. We would be told stories during the evening. They wouldn't tell stories during the daytime because there was much to do. When we were in bed we would be told stories by our father. I don't really recall my mother telling stories, maybe she'd tell just some, and I wasn't listening to her. Maybe I wouldn't pay any attention. That is how we would inherit stories from our parents. From my parents up to today, the stories still go on. This is the reason we are here today. Is that understandable?

**Herve Paniaq:** I think she's trying to ask about the grandmothers being left behind. That is what I think she is asking. I believe they are asking about the ones that used to be left behind.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** What is your question?

**Student:** When you are telling stories, the grandmother or the mother is the main subject, or the son or the daughter is the only one that is talked about.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Yes, I did try and answer the question.
Student: So did most of the legends start like that?

Herve Paniaq: It isn't really like that. There are some that start like that with the grandchildren or grandparents being left behind. Not all of them, though.

Simon Tookoomee: Our ancestors did not have very much. Even metal was hard for them to attain to shape into hunting tools. They were poor. Looking at the stories about the ones that were left behind, that is how they started, these stories about grandchildren and grandparents.

Today we are not lacking anything, so we can just leave a person behind. Now that we are able to travel about with machines, we can leave anyone alone. I'm sure there are some that would rather be left behind so we don't have to wait for them. Back then our ancestors weren't as numerous as we are now. That's the story from childhood up to today.

Herve Paniaq: What will we be starting off with? What legend will we be talking about now?

Ollie Itinnuaq: That legend about Kaugjagjuk, I would like to go back to it. It won't be very long. There are some unikkaaqtuaut that I believe to be true. An angakkuq could have tarniit, souls, as helpers. I used to see angakkuit with my own eyes. I have seen a lot of angakkuit in my life.

There was an angakkuq who was an inummarik, a real Inuit, whom we were related to, who had Kaugjagjuk as a spirit helper. His tuurngaq would start chanting, and he would be rubbing his hands, and his hands would get bloody. I used to watch him. It was because he had the tarniq of Kaugjagjuk that he was able to help; that was the angakkuq's power.

“Where is that Kaugjagjuk? He's only useful as a lure. I can only try, I don't think I can go on, but I will go on,” was what he sang. He would get bloody when he was doing a real ritual.
He wouldn't be touching anything at all. I couldn't see where the blood came from because I was not an *angakkuq*. I believe in *angakkuit* because they had the ability to make things appear. You were able to determine that they were real.

**Student:** *I would like to raise a question about the unikkaataat that we hear about. Women and orphans are often treated unfairly, I wonder why that is?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Are you able to answer her question about the women?

**Simon Tookoomee:** I can't really answer the question. Before the Qallunaat came, women did not have any authority, none. They were more like slaves and servants. That is the way it was. I suppose this was incorporated into the stories.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I suppose it's the same as today. Not all were treated badly. Not all of them were like that. There are just a few of us who have wives and love them, too. As men, we use all our strength so that we can provide them with clothing and food.

There are also men who have succumbed to alcohol these days, without thinking of their wives and children. There are some men like that. I suppose there were men like that in the past. When they had a wife they weren't trying hard enough to provide for them. It's like they only wanted them during the night to have sex with them. When day came, they wouldn't think of them. There are some men like that.

There are also women who do not support their husbands. They do whatever they feel like doing and look for fun. When it's like that it's hard to tell who the bad one is.

**Moderator:** *So should we continue talking about *Kaugjagjuk* or *Kaugjagjualuk*, or talk about something else? If you would like to go to a different topic, there was mention of someone's*
grandfather that was taken by an ijiraq. That became a story. It is claimed to be true. Someone wanted to hear about that. There are also the Tuniit, the Dorset people. Someone mentioned them. Maybe you can tell us a story about ijirait, Henry?

Henry Isluanik: Yes. I know the story that someone wanted to listen to. It's short because it's only one story.

There was a man named Kuugaq. His son was my father. His name was John Kuugaq. Atuat was his real name. My real name is Alaittuq. Kuugaq's father was led away by an ijiraq, as this story is told. I am telling it now, because this man is no longer with us.

He was taken by his hand. He tried to run back to his home when he saw that the ijiraq was not a human being. Although he was quite a fast runner, he continued to run when he saw that he was being chased by a non-human being. He retraced his tracks and he tried to hide behind a hill. The non-human was far away but he arrived quite quickly from behind him.

When he was taken he looked up at the creature. It is said that they are quite large. The person who was taken by the ijiraq was the grandfather of Markoosie and Isluanik. Kuugaq's father's names were Alaittuq and Kaluaq. It was in the area around Tikirarjuaq (Whale Cove), called Sauniqtuuq in Inuktitut.

During the spring when the snow is drifting, you can see the clear sky, and sounds can be heard clearly from a distance. The sky was very clear, as it was spring. We have a term, qikirrarnannginiq, that describes the sound you make when you walk when it is so silent outdoors. When the weather is clear and the snow is drifting, that term was used long ago.
This man was using his wife's *kamiik* when he decided to go caribou hunting. This was during the spring when the days were much longer and the caribou were close by. They would walk when they went hunting at that time. While he was using his wife's *kamiik* to go caribou hunting he walked for a very long distance.

As he was heading forward he saw a person. He didn't turn back because he really thought it was a person. When he got closer to him the trim of his hood was folded. The *ijiraq* was wearing a caribou skin parka. The trim on his arms also was folded, and his trousers were the same way.

When they are like that they have a tendency to take people. Alaittuq had tried to run back home when he was caught. Before he was captured the *ijiraq* had run after him for a long time. They kept running and walking very fast. It didn't take very long for the *ijiraq* to capture him. It was as if he never moved from where he was taken.

As the *ijiraq* held Alaittuq's hand he looked at his *kamiik*. At the same time, the *ijiraq* covered his mouth, and kept looking at the *kamiik*. He asked, “Whose *kamiik* are you using?” “My wife's,” he replied. The *ijiraq* stopped and seemed to be pondering the answer. Then he said, “If you don't go back home your wife will always be expecting to see you. You might as well go back home because you are wearing your wife's *kamiik.*” As he let go of his hand he revealed his mouth. It is said the *ijirait* have vertical mouths. He then said, “I'm ashamed of my mouth so when you get home, don't talk about it. If you do, you will have a short life.” That is what he said to him, and he completely agreed, and promised the *ijiraq* this.

When he got close to home he became disoriented and told people he had become drunk or gone crazy. After he had, seemingly drunk, told the story of what happened to him. He died
soon after. I suppose he would have had a longer life, but he didn't know what he was doing, and as soon as he finished telling the story, he died. He was healthy but he died anyway. I don't know how it goes after that. I've heard this story so many times. The people of Tikirarjuaq know the story, too, but the people who heard it first-hand are no longer with us.

**Student:** Where do the ijirait live? Where was he being taken?

**Henry Isluanik:** They're not sure where he was being taken. He noticed what seemed like big mountains, which were quite far away. It is said that they live in the mountains. I've been told a story that they dig through the mountains and make their homes in them. There's an entrance, and tunneled sleeping areas. That is what I have heard. They live in the mountains.

There is also another story, not the same one, of a person who was taken who told about his experiences. He said that the top of the entrance was full of caribou antlers which they would collect. It was just full of them. They would just put them on top of the entrance. Their main source of food is caribou.

**Student:** When they captured a person what would they do to them?

**Henry Isluanik:** They became ijirait. They'd be adopted by them. They love to adopt people. That is what happened to my grandfather. He was trying not to be taken, but they're not known to kill. They just want to take people. If I am not mistaken, they would rather take you in and not kill you. That is what I've heard.

**Student:** I would like to ask this question. The place where the ijirait live is called Nagjuktuuq, the place where the antlers are. Where is it located?
Henry Isluanik: Where is it located? I don't know if it has a name, but it is said they live in the mountains and the top of their entrances are always full of antlers. I've never seen them. I've only heard about them. I'm only telling you what I've heard. I've never heard of Nagjuktuuq. Is there a place called Nagjuktuuq?

Student: In Kivalliq it seems I heard something about people who are from Sauniqtuuq and others who are from Nagjuktuuq.

Henry Isluanik: Nagjuktuuq? I haven't heard about a place like that in the Kivalliq area. I've only heard about that in the Panniqtuuq (Pangnirtung) area. I don't know about a Nagjuktuuq near Tikirarjuaq in the Kivalliq.

Simon Tookoome: I don't know anything about this at all.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Just over the point in Aivilik, there is an island called Nagjuktuuq. That's the only one I know of.

Herve Paniaq: There wouldn't be any ijirait around there because they don't live around the ocean. There wouldn't be any ijirait on an island because they aren't from the ocean area.

Moderator: Will you also tell a story regarding ijirait?

Herve Paniaq: I don't know. I can tell a story about a young man named Illimiaq, who was with the ijirait.

There was a young man named Illimiaq. He caught a right whale. One time his uncles were killed while he was out hunting. They were not from the same camp. When he arrived at his camp he went to his home. His wife did not tell him about this right away. He caught game that consisted of caribou, polar bear, walrus, and bearded seal. Then she said, “Your uncles were
killed.” He replied, “This man will rot.” And his wife replied, “This man will rot.” He wanted to run away on the land before he also was killed, like his uncles were. As soon as his kamiik were partly done up he started walking inland. As he was walking, he would sleep along the way.

He came across a couple on the other side of the river. They were gutting a caribou they had caught. The wife helped him to cross the river. He did not help with the gutting and wanted to continue on his way, but he did not have any material to mend his kamiik. He was told that there was material in the tent. The man told his wife to go and get it for him. He said, “Wife, quickly go and get it. Run.” So she rushed and yelled, “Iqatalu qilarutiksaanii. Get something to tie it with.” It was from the animal he was gutting. So that was what happened.

She came back with a piece of bull caribou skin from the neck, so that he would have material to mend his kamiik. Then he asked, “Do you know if there are any people inland?” He was told there were people in Pingualuk. You could see it from behind there. It turns out the couple were wolves that had turned into human beings eating caribou.

When he started walking again, he went on top of a hill. The lake down below was yellow. It turns out caribou fat was being made into lard from the back of the caribou. It was even kept frozen. He saw a camp and started towards it. It was morning and everyone was asleep. He started peeping in to see if the people were sleeping. Then he saw an old woman who was trying to urinate. Her nose was moving. She said, “Is someone there.” She could smell someone. She was answered from the entrance of the tent, “Yes, someone is here.” “Are you able to share food?” She replied, “I have some but I won't share.” Then she started yelling, “Quakkaa! My frozen meat! Makuqsii! Get up now! There is someone here!” Before he knew it he was grabbed and his ammunition and food ruined. His clothes were torn apart, and he was naked. He
was laid in front of the tent and was rubbed with a piece of skin with blood on it. Then this would be washed off. Then he would be rubbed again with the piece of bloody skin. It was so his smell would be removed, because he smelled awful. When it was apparent that he was cleaned adequately enough, the old woman treated him like a child and dressed him up in new clothing. From then on she would sleep with him. The old woman had adopted him. She wanted to go the lake with him and wait for him.

When they arrived there she started skinning his shins with a caribou rib and tied a string around his legs and made him wade in the water. Then she removed the strings and started scraping more quickly and said to him, “You will become like a bull caribou, not a young bull.” When she was done, they headed back and he realized he was able to walk faster than the woman, when earlier he wasn't able to.

When he started living in the camp he noticed the ijirait would harness the caribou. He would go for the bull caribou instead of the younger ones, grabbing them by the tails, and he was able to catch them, too. He was attracted to the youngest daughter, and he wanted her as a wife. He was given approval so she became his wife. He would often think of his son, so his wife suggested that they go and get him. On his way there, he took his wife with him.

When he got close to the ocean he stopped, and went on alone. He was just outside the tent, and his first wife asked, “Who is that?” “I am your husband. Pujataqtuvunga. Illimmianguvunga. I am Pujataqi. I am Illimiaq,” he replied. He spent the night there. The next day he went back with his first wife and his son. He stopped in the middle of the night. He kept hearing cries of mourning. By morning the sounds were gone.
He started heading up with his first wife and son. They could hardly walk anymore. Somehow he helped them, maybe by carrying them on his back. Well, he brought them with him. When they got closer his wife met them. She liked the child. She would go closer to him and smell him, and then retreat. She kept doing that for a while. At first they were considered as outsiders, and then they were accepted as their own as time went by.

I don't know the rest of it. Someone else can contribute to the story.

Ollie Itinnuaq: We all almost fell asleep.

Herve Paniaq: Someone can add to it. Feel free to make any corrections.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I've never heard that story before, so I will not be making any comments.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I haven't heard it either.

Herve Paniaq: We don't tell the story the way the Nattilingmiut (Inuit from Nattilik) do.

Simon Tookoomee: I also don't know the story.

Henry Isluanik: Was it about the ijirait?

Herve Paniaq: Yes. I was telling a story about people who came to live with the ijirait, as ijirait are the topic and these people became part of the community.

Moderator: Yesterday's stories consisted of Asasa, Kupaatannnguag, Kiviug, Kaugjagjuk and Illimiaq. Those are the five different stories that we heard. There was someone yesterday who mentioned that he would like to tell a certain story. This was when we were done for the day. Was it you? What was it that you had wanted to discuss yesterday after we were done? Someone
had wanted to hear more about Nuliajuk yesterday. There was someone who had wanted to
discuss Nuliajuk further.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Nuliajuk. I don't know how to tell the story that well. I was thinking that maybe
before someone tells the story it would make it more comprehensible if the traditional song is
sung. After the story is told, we'll go into more detail. We can discuss how old the story is. Is it
old or is it more recent? I would like to go into more detail about it, after having someone tell the
story.

Simon Tookoomee: Being from inland, I do not want to tell this story.

Henry Isluanik: I've heard there is a Nuliajuk, but I've never heard the story. I know about it,
but I don't know how to tell it.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I don't know the whole story myself. When I told it, it was documented
on camera, but I seemed to skip certain areas. I do realize that.

    Ever since I was a child I have believed the story of Nuliajuk. Although I don't believe all
of it, because it is an unikkaaqtuaq, I believe it, even though I haven't seen Nuliajuk with my
own eyes. There is a part of it which is a traditional song about Nuliajuk in the Nattilik area. I've
just recently heard it; I suppose it was last year or the year before. That made my belief stronger.
I have heard about Nuliajuk having many different names in different regions.

    I still believe that she is real, although I've never seen her for myself because she lives in
the ocean, somewhere.
In the unikkaaqtaaq there were some young girls; I'm not sure how many. While they were playing bone games they pretended to have husbands. That is how the story goes, I'm just telling part of it. I'm not saying I know the whole story.

There was one young girl who had a rock and pretended that it was her husband. I have always skipped this part of the story when I was telling it before. I have never told this part. There was one who pretended to have a rock as a husband, one who had eagle bones, one who had caribou bones, one with right whale bones and one with the fish bones of a sculpin.

I'm only telling this story like it is. She went to the sea and became Nuliajuk. I have also heard a different version. It's not the real Nuliajuk; it was about the woman who didn't want to get married. It had to do with this. I'm sure you have it in your minds, but I myself cannot tell it.

The young girl became Nuliajuk when the sculpin fish took her to the sea. She then had a sculpin fish as a husband. Her other husband Isarrataittuq was also there. Isarrataittuq means fingers that have been cut off. They're not real. You can't see them around us. Our fingers are called these. They're not human, and when we do this with hands our fingers go like this. This person's name was Isarrataittuq.

Apparently Nuliajuk was quite bossy and had a tendency to be demanding. She was able to be really nice or not nice at all. That is how I have heard it. Everything that she wanted done had to be done. She had to be listened to.

I can end there, as I don't know the whole story. I'm sure this person can add to the story, so we can comprehend it. Where was I in the story? I'm switching stories now.
There was a man named Qajaq who was on the water. There was someone else on the water with him, a person named Anaqti.

I can't really tell the story. I seem to be skipping some parts.

Qajaq noticed another qajaq and as he looked at it, he saw Anaqti who had been dead for a very long time. The man said to him, “Your qajaq will tip mine over.” “I don't want to tip you over as I am from the water,” he said in reply. When they got underwater they went to see Nuliajuk.

I'm just telling the story in the middle. It's fine if it can be improved upon.

When Nuliajuk was approached Anaqti was carrying an antler to use as a club. He asked Nuliajuk to put together the bones in her bag so she started to put them together. As long as the bones were incomplete, they would fall. It was only when all the bones were together, that the skeleton would finally stay upright. Although she had put the bones together, there was one piece that was missing. She noticed the club for a brief moment and added the last piece of bone so he was able to go home. That person was Anaqti. Nuliajuk kept everything that was given to her.

Then when he became human again there was a young girl, no maybe a young boy, who was an orphan who was told to go tell the people who had lost their son that he was alive again.

I think I'm switching stories again. This person can add what needs to be added because he is knowledgeable.

Anyway, the young orphan was quite scared to tell the parents about their son. They were an elderly couple. He could not open his mouth so he went outside, and then told the parents.
Although they heard him, they said, “Suvaguq? What did you say?” Then they stopped. That child had already been dead for quite a while. Nuliajuk had owned him.

It was said that their child was able to play again and was given a knife of some sort. I'm not exactly sure, but something was given to the child.

This is the extent of the story I can tell. I can't tell more. I've talked about it on a documentary before, but I will try and find out more about it from friends and from my younger brother. I will stop here and have someone else tell it.

Student: May I ask a question? Are Takannaaluk and Nuliajuk one and the same?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: They are one and the same. It's just a dialectal and regional difference. She is called Takannaaluk in the Uqqurmiut (east Baffin Island) area and we, who are Nattilingmiut, call her Nuliajuk. I think he will sing the pisiq.

Student: I have heard about Nuliajuk, so that is why I asked about her.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: It's okay to ask questions. If we can't answer we won't answer, but if we can we will.

Herve Paniaq: Why don't I answer; she is the same person. She has different names in different regions. She is called Nuliajuk out there, and in our region Takannaaluk. Yes, it's the same person.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I believe this to be true. Who was that person? Nutaraaluk who is no longer with us, we were discussing the same topic with him and he knew very well about his father being an angakkuq. When there wasn't enough wildlife he would go to Nuliajuk to ask for help. He told us the story. This story is true. We just don't know the rest of the story.
Qaunnaq Uquutaq: I have never heard of Nulijak.

Herve Paniaq: Why don't I start? Nobody is answering.

There was a woman named Nulijuk who never wanted to marry. Although there would be suitors, she never wanted a husband. As she was of age, her parents wanted her to get married. Men would come along asking for her hand. There was one that had his hair braided up on top of his head who turned out to be a caribou. Then there was one with short hair who turned out to be a bearded seal in human form.

Along came a large looking man in a qajaq. He wore sealskins that were very clean. He docked on shore and yelled, “The one who never wants to marry, come!” The woman who didn't want a husband said to her mother, “Would that be me?” The mother replied, “You're the only one who never wants to get married.” She was going through her pockets and took something out and started going down to the water. She got on top of the qajaq and they started travelling. It seemed like they were going nowhere in particular. There was some broken ice floating, as it was spring.

He said he needed to urinate. When they docked the woman got on the ice. When he got on the ice she noticed his legs were short and he wore glasses. When the man started urinating he asked her, “Do you see what I stand on? La, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!” As it turns out he was a qaulluk. After he finished urinating, he put his glasses up on his head. His eyes were terrible looking, “Do you see my eyes? La, ah, ah, ah, ah!” he said.

Although she cried because she wouldn't be going home, he became her husband. When she stopped crying he told her that they were going to his home, and when they arrived there that she would find only young jar seal skins when she went in. He told her to go inside and he
became her husband. Every time he went out hunting he would always bring back young jar seals. She would tan the sealskins because he was a great hunter. As it turned out it was codfish he was catching, not seals.

Then the father went to get his daughter. He arrived while the husband was away. He told her to get ready, but she said she wouldn't until her husband got back. Her father got angry and told her to get ready.

The father took her away and the wind was calm while they were leaving. There was a qajaq following them. The husband said, “Let me see my wife.” “As if such a thing would have a wife; you have to stand on skinny legs throughout your whole life. La, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,” the father taunted him. “Let me at least see aggaarjuquti, my dear little hands, my wife,” cried the qaulluk.” “As if such a thing would have aggaarjuquti, one that has to live hiding behind glasses, la, ah, ah, ah, ah,” the father shouted. The fulmar was so angry that he stopped. The father and his daughter kept going, leaving him behind. The wind was calm. He was there motionless until they couldn't see him anymore.

Then the fulmar flew up in the air and started following them. He flew over them and would swoop down on them. He kept flying around them, making strong winds blow and making the waves swell. The storm kept getting stronger. The father yelled, “Here's your wife. Look at her!” The fulmar was so angry that he didn't care anymore. When he swooped down the winds would pick up.

The father tried to throw his daughter overboard. At first he wasn't able to throw her out, but on the second try he succeeded. She held on to the rim of the boat. He chopped off her hand,
and seals appeared. She held on with her other hand, and he chopped it off as well and bearded
seals appeared. She could no longer hold on, so she was left in the water, and she drowned.

The old man made it back to his home. He started heading up to his tent. He kept walking up. The tide was low. He took a polar bear skin and lay down and covered himself. When the tide was coming in, he just moved up a little, and again he lay down and covered himself. When the tide came in once more he wasn't able to get up again.

I don't know the rest of it. This person can add to it. It's the big man's turn.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I don't know how to tell the story of Nuliajuk. There are many stories about Nuliajuk. Some of the stories I tell I'm sure exist. Maybe we haven't heard some of the stories. The stories about Nuliajuk came from our ancestors. Before the Qallunaat came they would think up many things. The angakkuit would do their work to help when there wasn't any wildlife, when they couldn't catch any seals. They hunted seals standing near the breathing holes, and they fished. Sometimes they wouldn't be able to catch fish or seals. Nuliajuk is from the sea.

I have wanted to talk about my mother's grandfather. His name was Qakuqtinniq. He died when he was very old. My son has a picture of him. He passed away after the Qallunaat had already arrived. That's why my mother had a relationship with a Qallunaaq when she left the Nattilik area.

My mother would watch the angakkut Qakuqtinniq. Nuliajuk would show up where there would be seals, where it was impossible to catch fish at the time. Using an amulet, during the winter, Nuliajuk appeared. I'm sure it was he who conjured her up, because it couldn't happen by itself. He also wanted people to see that he was an angakkut. It was said that he would do
good, as Aupilaarjuk said. He would turn to *iluangittumut*, harmful behaviours, for evil doing. It is said he was like that.

Qakuqtinniq wanted to show everyone he was an *angakkuq*. They were all standing around him and Nuliajuk appeared. She is said to have long hair. Carvers usually depict her like that. Even those that don't know her, carve her with long hair. Her hair was immersed in the water. She didn't always keep her back to you. Her hair was immersed in the water while she was basking.

Qakuqtinniq only had one son; he was my mother's grandfather's son. He wanted his son to come with him. He wanted to catch Nuliajuk so he started towards her. People had come to watch him. He headed towards her with a harpoon in his hand. When he got close to her he harpooned her in the chest. After he harpooned her, she went into the water.

They started holding on to the rope and pulling. He told his son to let go, so he did. When he was alone holding the rope, he stopped her and she stayed still. When he loosened the rope a bit, she let go as she was trying to get away.

There is a *pisiq* in this piece of the story. I will sing the *pisiq* about Qakuqtinniq.

It is a bit long, so I will only sing about this part of the story, although I'm not a great *ajaajaa* singer.

Aaja, mannaa, ajaajaajaa, ipqaqpaglagu.

Aaja, here, ajaajaajaa let me remember.

Ipqaumaliqpakkiga Nuliajuk.
I remember Nuliajuk.

Qinngumimma sikuuvagu sinaagu pittakkuun.

When she looked from above was it ice?

On the shore was it taken?

Unaaq&i&aajuugakkussammigaq&i&ajuugakkuv.

I put my harpoon in it. Right on the front I got it.

Qunngilituariviin nuatqatin avammuun.

Can you see my neighbour all the way there?

Qunngiiliqtuujamminaagin nukiuqpannijinnguqpan

Do not stare at them or you will go limp.

Manna, jajajajaajajajaaajajaaajajajajajajaa.

It's quite long so I'll stop here. I sang about the angakkuv trying to get what he wanted while he was being watched. When someone starts being attacked by a tupilaq, an unseen spirit that can only be seen by angakkuit, even if the angakkuit were bad they would change. That is what the angakkuit would say. They would be helping for the better. I cannot tell another story about Nuliajuk.

When he was telling the story I would remember some parts and then remember others. When the story about the one who pretended to have a husband was being told, I didn't
remember all of it because I didn't write it down. I've heard it, but I can't tell the story. That's all I know about Nuliajuk. I can't go on. Maybe someone can retell it.

**Henry Isluanik:** May I ask a question about something I don't know about? When she is being depicted in carvings, she doesn't have legs, just flippers. Are they flippers?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Do you mean does she have a tail flipper?

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes, it has a flipper like a whale.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I can't really answer your question. She has long hair, which makes her look beautiful and she can even have a flipper. I figure she was human in the stories, so maybe she had legs and feet. When Aupilaarjuk was telling the story I was starting to remember parts of it. What I think is that she was a human being. Maybe the carvers who depict her with a flipper and make her look beautiful don't really know anything about her. I think the structure of her body is anatomically correct except for the lower part where her legs should be. Thank you for mentioning this, because that is what I think of it.

**Student:** After hearing the story of Nuliajuk, does it have a meaning in it? Can you comment on that?

**Herve Paniaq:** The meaning of it? I couldn't tell you. There was this documentary made about Nuliajuk. These people went to different places. It's been shown, but the stories are not the same.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** It would have been nice to have a cameraman at that time. Then we'd be able to see it today, but they didn't have one back then. We can't say this or that. We can't tell it the exact way.
I didn't really understand the question, plus I'm hard of hearing. As I said earlier, she may have legs and arms like a human, a face like a human. She was a woman with long hair.

Everything was in its place. All I find strange is the legs.

**Student:** May I ask a question? What is the moral of the story? What can one learn from it?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Someone other than me can answer that properly. These stories are the reason we are here today. They became stories long ago, and we hold them with us. What we have seen will become stories when we are old. We will become part of the stories in the future. This is so the younger generation will always know these things and they will be passed down to our grandchildren. They help others.

**Student:** I wanted to ask this because I am from Baffin Island. I have never heard of Nuliajuk. I wanted to know if you knew about her or not?

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I don't know anything about Nuliajuk. Now, it sounds like what we call Taliillajuq. It sounds like it. When we carve we depict her. It's a woman with long hair. We call her Taliillajuq. She has been seen somewhere along the low tide. She was put in the water, but I'm not sure where. I'm not sure of the location, but she sounds like the Nuliajuk you are talking about. We call her Taliillajuq.

**Student:** I have never heard about this, so that is why I was asking. I've never heard of this unikkaaqtaaq.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** We have many names for Nuliajuk because we are from different regions. When Taliillajuq was mentioned, I was able to comment on this. That is what we call her, Taliillajuq. We often depict her in a human form with long hair and a flipper.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Nuliajuq or Taliillajuq; there's no doubt that it's the same one. It's just that we don't come from the same region so she has different names. When you hear the story you can recognize it, even if the story is told by a person from a different region. I would tell it the way the Nattilingmiut would tell it. We would be able to recognize the story, but wouldn't be able to tell it the way the other person does. I also think of her as a real human being. Well, she was a real human, according to our legend.

There is also a story of her having a sculpin as a husband. The sculpin had gone seal hunting but could not catch a seal. Here was his wife pouring fat into the lamp, a stone lamp, letting it drip. You know the kind we have. Here the sculpin couldn't catch a seal to give to his wife. Just picturing the sculpin, you have pity for him. Her husband tried but could not catch a seal.

So the sculpin decided to strike with his harpoon and scattered the seals, but he didn't catch any. The next day he went seal hunting again and he caught one. After that he was able to catch seals again.

It was Nuliajuk who was keeping the seals. She is the person in charge of wildlife.

When you hear it like that, she must have a body like a human, but carvers carve her with a tail flipper like a whale. That is how she is depicted, although it not likely she is like that. I guess when you think about how good she really is, then yes, let her have the features of an animal. That is how I think of it. I believe in her even though I've never seen her. There are a lot of things that people believe in, even things that they haven't seen.
There are other stories that we have always heard, like the ones about *gallupilluit*. I have seen one myself. I have seen one. I believe in them. I believe in them, because I have really seen one.

**Student:** *What did it do?*

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** During the winter my father and I were near a polynia and the water was really calm. No one was around. We stood near the edge, and there was nothing there at all. When it appeared, the water was just flowing. I took my rifle and I felt a push, "Don't do it," my father said. He told me not to get it. Here I thought it was a seal.

He didn't tell me what it was. Maybe the following fall when he went to Aivilik, he might have told his wife in detail but he didn't tell the story to the children. A person witnessing this event saw him, so he told of his experience. He was told that it wasn't a *tuurnqaq* but a *gallupilluk*. I believe it.

**Student:** *May I ask a question? Who created the Nuliajuk unikkaaqtaq?*

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** It has always been known. As I said earlier, it was known before Christianity came. It has always been like that. I didn't see her myself, but hearing about her, I believe in the stories from long ago.

The *angakkuit* were given power, but it wasn't for them to use for evil; they, too, tried not to commit any wrongdoings, even before the time of Christianity. When someone did something wrong it was hard to hide. It would always be revealed; now it's not like that anymore.

I can tell you what I know. Stories are told and they are passed down. Even when you hear one from a different region, although there would be variations in the stories, it clearly helps
you to believe in them. That is how I can answer your question. It's not only one person who
started the unikkaaqtaat. There are a lot of people who know them from a long time ago.

**Simon Tookoomee:** Is Nuliajuk a female? Is there a male version as well?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I only heard of a female.

**Henry Isluanik:** I heard Nuliajuk was a female, too. In the Kivalliq area they say she was
female. I picture her in a human form without legs, but with a flipper like a whale.

**Herve Paniaq:** Let me see if I can make you understand more. Both she and her father died. It is
mostly the woman who is talked about, but I think the father was also involved. Because he was
anxious to follow her into the water, he killed himself. He wasn't included in the story. I don't
know. I'm not an angakkuyuq.

**Henry Isluanik:** Was she human? The people out there believe her to be human. She just doesn't
have legs, although she may be human. She is also known as Arnarjuinnaq, but I know her as
Nuliajuk. The regional differences in the names are Arnarjuinnaq and Nuliajuk.

**Student:** May I ask a question? Have you ever heard of anyone who saw her?

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes. She has been seen in Arviat. Ulualluaq saw her with two other men, one
was Alariaq and the other was Aksarjuat. They were together when they saw a human form with
a tail flipper and long hair. The body had a human form. It was swimming along, looking at the
shore. This happened in front of the houses in Arviat.

**Student:** It didn't say anything?
Henry Isluanik: It didn't say anything. They didn't recognize what it was because it didn't have legs. They left and ran away and forgot about it. They ran home and forgot about it.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Did it have a tail flipper?

Henry Isluanik: Yes, it did.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: That is how it happens. When they are about to arrive home they forget what they saw, even if they are trying to remember. That is how they forget.

When I was a child my father and I saw this creature that looked like a bird approaching us. It had wings like a bird. I didn't recognize what it was because I was just a child. But one thing that was characteristic of it was its feet. They weren't like a caribou and were bent. That was obvious but I didn't notice the head.

When we were travelling to get some dogs, my father stopped and got off the sled. He called me Ataatannaaq. He said, “Ataatannaaq, I think we are being visited by angels.” He said that to me. I wasn't impressed because I was only a child. It was very clear, coming from the side of us. It was quite close and large. I thought for a while, and then I said, “If it was an angel it would be bright.” I remember what I said to him in reply.

I must have blacked out or something, but I wasn't afraid. I didn't even realize we were heading home. I didn't know anything until we got home.

When that happens, when we see something we've never seen before, and we aren't taken by surprise, I think we are made to forget. When some time has passed and the element of surprise returns we remember it. After some time went by and I got the element of surprise back
I was able to talk about it. That was my experience. It can be believed, but it can't be felt. It's really true.

It wasn't from God; that was apparent looking back. I can say that now, but I never thought about it in the past. It was really huge, as if it didn't suit its wings, and its feet seemed as if they were made from material. I'm not sure, but they were bent. It didn't show its feet and I didn't notice its head.

That is exactly how it was. Regarding the Arviat story, I really believe in what they saw. I am not saying this to scare anybody, or bore them, but we need to know about these things when we are here, we people of the Arctic.

**Student:** I would like to ask about Nuliajuk. Do you believe in her?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Do I believe in her? Is that your question? Yes, I believe in her, but I don't pray to her. I can't see her myself, but she is real. I believe this. She can be found anywhere.

**Student:** I have heard about Nuliajuk. For Baffin people, if we see her, it's considered to be a good omen. Is there a meaning to this? Is it a good omen to see her? A person from Kimmirut saw a Taliillajuq. What does it mean?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I don't know how to answer that question. I cannot answer at all. Anyone can see her. I expect someone will see her, but I don't know if someone will. She will show herself to someone eventually.

**Student:** May I ask a question? Would she be seen more often back then?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes. I can say that she was, from what I have heard. There were some people who were good at listening to stories. It was said earlier that someone's grandfather
harpooned Nuliajuk. I believe this. I didn't see it with my own eyes, but I believe it. There were some people who saw certain things; now it's not like that anymore.

Suppose I did something that was not right and never told anyone. There would be someone who had seen this; that is how it used to be. There were some people who had abilities and some that did not possess any.

If there was a being trying to help me, I wouldn't know if it were there. If I had it and did not know about it, there could be someone else who would know. One time there was a being that helped me, but I didn't feel it. There was a person around who saw it; he knew. That is how it was. That's what I know.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Thinking about the question she asked, I heard conversations from people back then. When they wanted their stories told, they revealed themselves. How can I say this? These days anyone can experience a visit if the person is not distressed, or didn’t commit many wrongdoings, and lived a good life. If he was considerate then he would be able to be shown something. Back then people would tell stories about this, but not to scare anyone. Eventually something would show up. I’m just trying to answer the question. Some of us have committed wrongdoings so we can’t see anything. It can’t be helped.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: He talks too much. He doesn’t give us a chance.

Henry Isluanik: I’m not sure where, but the people from inland also have a Nuliajuk, one that makes caribou. I think I’ve heard about her making caribou calves. Someone may have seen her; it may have been nothing. What we are discussing here may be just stories, they are not scary. Some are headed for a bad future, some for a good one. As I said, I’ve heard of three people who lived along the shore, who saw, what is called Nuliajuk, the one from the sea with no legs.
**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** It wasn’t around physically? Maybe you assimilated this from another story, one from Manitoba about the Indians’ God.

**Henry Isluanik:** Just hold on. These people are listening. I heard about the caribou that was called Nuliajuk from inland people. She made caribou; this woman made caribou calves. It was a woman who would be seen by others. When someone saw her, she covered her *amauti* hood and the person claimed to have seen a calf’s hoof, while it was feeding on milk. The body wasn’t showing, just the hooves.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Caribou hooves?

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes, caribou hooves. They could be seen at the bottom, feeding on milk. The story would be told about Nuliajuk. I only know part of the story. She makes caribou. Some take a human form and would be seen by Inuit. I’ve heard two stories about the one that has a tail flipper, the one that lives in the ocean.

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** When the calves grew older she would send them to the people. If there was one that didn't want to leave and it was already grown, she would whip it and send it on its way. Sometimes the ears would be ripped. There are some caribou that have ripped ears and it is said she was the one who inflicted the wounds. That is how the story went.

**Henry Isluanik:** That's right. Nuliajuk, the one from inland who makes caribou, has a human form. She's been seen breastfeeding a calf. This was long ago. I don't know about this personally.

**Student:** *Does Nuliajuk have a use? Is she useful?*

**Henry Isluanik:** Yes. She made caribou. That is what she did, from what I have heard. She
bears children that will become caribou. If there was another Nuliajuk, I haven’t heard about her. From the sea area, our Nuliajuk has a female human form.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Maybe they change forms like the *tuurngait*. Maybe she would change forms and go to different areas. There are beings that are said to change into different forms. They would become friends with caribou, and seals, and would change forms. They could even have a human form. I wonder if it was really like that.

**Henry Isluanik:** We also mentioned yesterday about the one who made fish.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** That isn't a story. It's what we discussed.

**Henry Isluanik:** We briefly talked about the one who made fish on the shoreline where the treeline was, it was Aningapsajuukkaq.

**Student:** What was the name?

**Henry Isluanik:** Aningapsajuukkaq. The people from Qaangittuq area called it that, although it can be Nuliajuk, too. She made fish in the river, beside the river.

**[MISSING CHUNK]**

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** When we were young people like you are, if we fought or did something that was unacceptable to Inuit standards, if they were going to deal with the facts they would excuse the children and then the elders would meditate between the two people who were having the dispute. If there was a matter dealing with adults, then the children would be asked to leave. That was the rule. When adults were talking about disturbances or sexual issues they didn't like children to listen. Did that answer your question?
Henry Isluanik: Basically in Arviat we try to preserve Inuit language and *unikkaaqtuat*. Myself, I try to preserve these and encourage people to listen.

Ollie Itinnuaq: In terms of *unikkaaqtuat* we should not just record them. We also need to record the unidentified beings that have been seen. We should not just record stories. We need to record everything, even actual events.

Henry Isluanik: I have asked you if we can talk about Inuit traditional knowledge because we need to preserve it. Perhaps tomorrow morning we could talk about stories, and in the afternoon talk about traditional knowledge.

Simon Tookoomee: Each story has a purpose in terms of how to be a better wife or how to be a better person.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: In the morning we could talk about stories and in the afternoon talk about Inuit traditional knowledge. It's up to you, but I support talking about Inuit traditional knowledge. We could talk about Inuit traditional laws as well. They were not just developed by one person. They have been passed on just like the *unikkaaqtuat* from generation to generation.

Ollie Itinnuaq: These stories will be recorded and will be published. I'm sure that there are other stories we need to discuss. In the stories there is also traditional knowledge. I think we can integrate stories and traditional knowledge.

Herve Paniaq: You didn't answer her question. She asked why people used to have two wives.

Ollie Itinnuaq: They used to have two wives. It didn't have to do with sex. It had to do with survival. It had to do with the capabilities of the woman and the man.
Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: I was told not to take anything from a grave. If I did, I had to take it back to where I picked it up. We are talking about the *tarniq*, the soul. We had to respect dead bodies.

Moderator: *We have covered longer stories. Now we can hear shorter stories.*
Chapter 6  The Man on the Moon, Ilmagusugjuk, Origin of Mosquitoes, Tuniit, Inukpasugjuit, Qungalukkakkiit, Origin of Fog, Kiviuq 2, Owl and Siksik/Lemming, Fox Dens.

Moderator: We were going to talk about people going to the moon. Do you have stories about that?

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk: I'm going to tell you a true story from when I was young. People used to warn us not to urinate facing the full moon because there were beings that would come and take us away. I never did this because I was so scared I would be taken away. I don't know if this was true or not.

The woman who was abused got help from outside the earth. We pray to go to heaven. I know it was not the moon, but somewhere up there, there would be people playing ball with a walrus head. This woman's grandmother came in a different form to help her out, when she was in an unfortunate situation. She didn't let her hear because she wanted her to be able to go back to earth to her family. Otherwise, if she had eaten she wouldn't be able to go back.

I think she gave her a choice because she was abused violently by her husband. I think she still needed to live longer. If she was to have a short life she could have been fed.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I have heard the story she told, but I have heard another version. There was a man waiting at a seal breathing hole during a full moon. My father used to tell that story. He made a little shelter where he was waiting for the seal to come up. He spent a long time there. A being came to him. They usually had spiritual help when they were going through hardship. It made me understand life more when I heard these stories.
**Moderator:** Can you tell us what you heard about the person who went to the moon?

**Herve Paniaq:** Let me tell you the Iglulik version of this story.

There was a woman who was abused by her husband. She was tired of being abused and she went outside during the full moon. She pulled her parka hood over her face and knelt down. She said, “Come and get me. I'm sick of the way I am.” All of a sudden a dog team came. She got on and she opened her eyes, but the dog team driver told her to close them. There was complete silence. She heard a sound and opened her eyes again but closed them quickly. Only when she was told to open her eyes again, she did. There was a track shining up to the moon. When they arrived on the moon, he told her not to look at the person sitting at the front of the sleeping platform, just to look at the bedding. “If you feel like laughing, cover your mouth” he said.

A big woman who came in tried to be so funny and was dancing away trying to make her laugh. She almost laughed but then she put her hands under her parka flap and made the shape of the bear. The woman couldn't make her laugh so she went out. She didn't look at this woman directly because her eyes would have been burned out. She couldn't look at her face-to-face. She almost looked at her and her eyelashes were singed. There was a caribou shoulder blade in their iglu. She picked it up and looked down. She could see the family she had left playing games outside. The dog team driver took her as his wife and they had a child. She wanted to take her child back to earth. Before she left he told her not to eat her husband's catch. When she needed meat there would be meat in the pot and when she needed oil there would be oil in the qulliq, but she and her child were not to eat her husband's catch. Her husband tried to force her to eat his
catch after she returned, but she told him she was fasting until her child grew older. Her husband was so persistent she finally ate some of his catch and afterwards she died.

I will let others add to this.

Ollie Itinnuaq: This is the story of Ilimagusugjuk. The late Simon Sigjariaq made a song about Ilimagusugjuk. I don't believe he was a good person because he became a cannibal and ate his children.

When his children were gone he told his wife to go collect mountain avens for firewood. They had a shelf, and after she collected the firewood she stacked it there. She waited for her husband to arrive. When he didn't, she left, and Ilimagusugjuk stabbed what he thought was her but it wasn't. It was her clothing filled with heather.

He kept looking for her and went to her brother's camp. He was a very strong man, but they knew he was going after his wife so they were preparing for his arrival. After he arrived they started eating and sharing food. Everyone was full. They had games after the feast. They had a rope tied to the roof of the qammaq. They asked their brother-in-law to try out the game. Finally he gave in, and was willing to try it out.

He put the rope around his wrists and was lifted off the ground. After that his wife's relatives said, “Ilimagusugjuk, you ate your children. How could you do that? Your wife Pullaligaq said you ate your children. Children depend on their mother and father. You should be condemned for doing what you did.”

Then the wife came in. When he found out that his wife was there, he tried to escape but his wrists were tied to the ceiling. They stabbed him under his arms to kill him as punishment.
**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I'll add something because I think he forgot a part.

They called him Inna because he was lazy and always lying around not doing anything. He asked his wife to go get firewood. Because they didn't have children any more they didn't have help. The wind was blowing from the south, and they could smell an animal. They thought it was a polar bear but it was a grizzly bear going after the husband as punishment. I'm sorry. There were two of them, a grizzly bear and a polar bear. After the polar bear killed the grizzly bear, the husband told his wife to clean it. The husband was, I really don’t know how it goes, that part where he married a goose. The Kivallirmiut have a different version of the wolf part.

“Who is the angakkuq here? You are too powerful,” he said. She knew her punishment was coming. She was facing south. She put up her hands, then she hid under the snow and her footsteps stopped there. He used his hands to search for her, but he could find nothing. She was using her powers to hide from him.

I'll stop here.

**Henry Isluanik:** I will add to what you started.

Ilimagusugjuk was nicknamed Inna because he was a lazy person. He ate his children. Whenever his wife went to urinate or defecate he would put a leash on her so she wouldn't go far away. He was that abusive to her. Whenever she went too far he would tug on the rope and tell her to come in. When he tugged on the rope she came in with an ulu. The next time he did this it was only her clothing he pulled in.

He followed her footsteps to look for her. The outcome was basically the same as he tried to kill her. He stabbed a human form filled with heather instead.
Simon Tookoomee: Ilimagusugjuk was known as Innanga in the Kivalliq region. Sigjariaq wrote a song about this unikkaaqtaaq about Ilimasugusugjuk eating his children. I’ll tell you my version of this particular story. I know there are some differences, but I don’t feel badly if your version of the story is different than mine.

They were starving. Ilimagusugjuk was very strong. He would get his wife to cook the children after he killed them. He was lazy and was always sleeping. If you listen to Sigjariaq's song it outlines the important parts of the unikkaaqtaaq. He used our version of the story to make his song.

He was just lying on his blankets while his wife was crying as she was cooking. He asked her what was wrong and she told him there was too much smoke and that she wasn't crying. She could see her daughter's hand being cooked. As it cooked the fingers slowly curled up. After her daughter, who was the last of her children, was cooked, he ate her. The wife's brother's camp was nearby. The wife ran away from him. To get more time she made a human form from sticks and extra clothing. It looked like a human being. Ilimagusugjuk was following his wife's footsteps. When he found the human figurine he tried to kill it with a knife. He found it had been filled with twigs. He thought it was his wife.

He became suspicious and started following his wife's footprints again. She finally reached her brother's camp. When he reached his brother-in-law's camp they welcomed him. After he was fed well, they had games after the meal. They wanted to welcome him by having games. They tied him up to the ceiling. It was impossible to break free because the knots were tighter than usual. They used some wood to tie him because he was heavy and strong, but the wood broke because of his strength, and they had to do this again.
When he was hanging from the ceiling he was told, “Ilimagusugjuk you ate your children for food.” When he was finally secured to the ceiling, that's when his wife walked in. They killed him while he was hanging from the ceiling.

They thought that the wife ate along with her husband, but she had refused to eat her children and ate her *kumait* to survive. They didn't really believe her. They thought she ate her children as well, so they killed her, too. Then they cut her open and saw the contents of her stomach. There were *kumait* only. Then they flew up and became mosquitoes. That is why we have mosquitoes today.

**Henry Isluanik:** After they had eaten, they were going to play some kind of game and he had to be the first one to start. They used to tie a thong to the wrist so they wouldn't lose grip when they were hanging on to the horizontal piece of wood doing summersaults. The wood broke when the man who was hanging was playing. He bent the wood as it had been used for a long period of time. He was an old man at that time and he was still very strong.

The other person here has already told the story. I'm going to tell it the exactly the same way.

When hanging on to that bar somebody said to him, “Ilimagahugjuk ate his children. Who else ate? Who else ate? Was it your wife?”

There are more words said at this point, but I don't remember what they were. He was trying to get off the bar, but he wasn't doing it right because he was getting distracted by the people present. They were trying to kill him while he was hanging on the bar. They were successful in killing Ilimagahugjuk.
They then turned to his sister, accusing her of eating her brother's children. They said, “What have you been eating, did you come in when they were still alive?” “Bugs,” she answered. They didn't believe her because no one actually lived on bugs.

They wanted to kill her but they weren't actually planning this. They decided to kill her anyway. Then they gutted her and took her stomach out to see what she had been eating. When they opened her stomach, there were bugs inside. The bugs that were inside were mosquitoes, so it is said that since then there are mosquitoes.

This is how I have heard the story. There have been mosquitoes since then.

**Student:** Is there a story about where the Tuniit came from? Have any of you ever heard about where they came from?

**Henry Isluanik:** I don't know anything about those.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Me neither.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I can't really tell you where they came from. There used to be people like that living between Uqsuqtuuq (Gjoa Haven), Iqaluktuutiaq (Cambridge Bay), and the Utkusiksaliq area. I don't know where they came from. I can't answer that question.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I've never really heard about that.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Me neither. I have never really heard about the Tuniit. Others can tell stories about them, but I can't. I do believe that they were giants. My father used to say that he had seen one before. He used to say that they were really big and they wore white-coloured clothing. I don't know very much about them. I can say that they lived close to the sea. There are
old Tuniit dwellings around the Aivilik area and there are old bowhead whale bones there that they caught. That is all I can say about them.

**Simon Tookoomee:** That's what I think, too. We often saw old Tuniit dwellings. It is too bad we cannot really answer your question. Maybe there is somebody here who went to Toonik Tyme, the spring festival in Iqaluit.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** How about the *inukpasugjuit*? Where did they come from?

**Simon Tookoomee:** I have absolutely no idea where they came from. You might have seen the soapstone at Aliktuutiaq Inukpahugjuaq, a place name where the giant lived. During the summer when we carvers were at Iqaluktutiaq, we went to that place. You could actually see the human form in outline in the rock. There is a young person on one side and on the other is the figure of a woman in an *amauti*. The *inukpasugjuk* might have gotten stuck with them and turned into stone. It is also known that there was a giant near Uqsuqtuaq. It fell and it had two giant dogs with it.

It's hard to tell where they came from.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Our stories tend to be different, particularly this story about the giant. I heard that this story about the giant took place in the river around Arviligjuaq, at a place where there is a gorge. The giant knelt down and gathered fish from the river. He could also jump over islands. Angutiktaq's wife Katak used to tell this story. It's somewhere near the river. Naablualuk was there, too.

**Simon Tookoomee:** Yes. Naablualuk was over there.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** From Arviligjuaq he went down there. Katak said that she used to play house on his footprint. She used to tell that story. I believe what she said about the footprint is
true. It is said that he was carrying a heavy load. The footprints on that land that he walked on are still visible. I have heard this, but cannot say where he came from.

The story goes on to say that the giant adopted a child from a human. I don't know why he did this. He wanted his child to pick the lice from his head. The child had to use mittens because his lice were as big as lemmings.

He told his child, “The giant polar bear of the sea is going to come out.” The child gathered some different sized rocks so he could use them to bang on the giant's head to wake him up should he fall asleep.

So the boy looked out for the giant polar bear. He saw it and he went to wake up the giant. When the giant saw the bear he said, “It's just a fox.” He stepped on it and killed it. That fox was actually a full-grown male polar bear, but the giant thought it was just a fox.

He tried to go back to sleep but his toe was bothering him because he had scratched it and it was now tender. Two of the giant's toes had been scratched from the bear's teeth. The bear had bitten the giant's toes, but managed to inflict only superficial scratches.

The boy was still on the look-out for the bear. It finally was covering its kitinguujaq. He was trying to wake up the giant by banging his head with the rocks as he had planned, but he couldn't wake him up using the smaller rocks. He picked up the larger rocks and started hitting him on his crown. The giant finally woke up. He looked out and there it was, so he got ready to go after it. He took the boy and put him in his sack. He fought the bear and killed it.

This is how I used to hear the story. I can't tell it any further. I think somebody here told some of the story. I think it was you. You said something about him putting a cane upright and
aiming it in the direction of his home so he could become invisible. Somebody said something about this. Oh, it was you Henry. That reminded me of the giant, but it didn't really have anything to do with the giant.

When the giant got sick he used a cane. He knew he was going to leave his child. He told him to go live with his own kind. When he was getting ready to go to sleep he put his cane upright. By the next morning the cane was tilted. It was supposed to be tilted in the direction of where there were people. He followed that direction so that the boy could live with humans.

I can only talk about it to this point. I can't go any further. I wonder where the giants came from.

**Simon Tookoomee:** When we travel to Uqsuqṭuuq, we have to pass through a place called Tisingujaaq on the east side of Ublaanna. Over there, there are cliffs that are side-by-side and those are called Tisingujaak.

The giant made a large punctured hole. He was an adult. He stepped on a giant polar bear. It was then his son's food. After they had eaten they travelled further to look for people. As he was walking he saw an *inugahulligahujuk*, a being larger than a human but smaller than a giant, fishing.

He put his son on the ground because they had not reached it yet. It was still over the hill from them. He was catching fish two at a time with his two large scales. The giant was hesitant for a moment because of those two large scales. Plus, he was shouting. The giant took the hooks off his *kakivak* and headed toward the hill. Just before he left he told his son that if they started fighting and the *inugahulligahujuk* was winning, to cut the other's Achilles tendon. The boy agreed.
When it put the fish on top of the hill, the hill trembled, swaying from side-to-side, as if it wasn't made of solid matter. As he put down the fish he spotted the giant, and they started fighting. So the *inugahullugahugjuk* fell and the boy started slicing the tendons on his heels. He screamed and died.

The *inugahulligahugjuk*'s wife was carrying a baby in her *amauti*. She had braids that were wound into knots. She had breasts as big as seals. When her breasts moved she would be pulled from side-to-side. He also found and killed her, as he had killed her husband.

After they had eaten, they saw the baby that was inside the *amauti*. It was as big as an average-sized human, just like you and me, but it was crawling. Because it was just crawling, he wanted his son to kill the baby. He said something, and killed him.

I don't know what else happened when they got to the camp. I used to listen to this story.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** After he caught the giant polar bear that lived in the ocean he came across an *inugasulligasugjuk*. But in the part about the baby, I heard it like this.

The giant wanted to kill the baby but the baby said, “You can't kill me. If I kick this hill, I can make the whole thing disappear.” The giant didn't believe that he was capable of doing that, so he told him to prove it. The baby did what he said he could, and when he did the boulders flew very far. The giant was taken by surprise, and then believed the baby. He just made sure the baby was warm and left him.

This is the way I heard this story.

**Barnabus Pirujaq:** I have a question. I understood the question to be directed towards the Tuniit. Are the Tuniit and giants the same race?
Ollie Itinnuaq: We haven't discussed the Tuniit yet. We just started talking about giants instead.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: Yes, that's right. We have just started. I asked because I thought they were thinking they were the same thing and mistaking them as the same race.

Moderator: Are the Tuniit and giants not the same? How are they different?

Ollie Itinnuaq: The giants were really big. The Tuniit were probably almost as big as humans.

I'm going to continue the story about the giant that we were just discussing. They are telling the story from way back. I have only heard this story from Sisannaq, a male elder who lived in Arviligjuaq. I asked him if he could tell this story to me.

The ocean between Arviligjuaq and Naujaat is called Akulliq because it is in between those two places. The giant was spending his time there during the spring. We should just pick up the story where the last person ended it. In the place he was staying there was a river valley. During that time the sun was warmer than usual and everything was moving faster. The women were playing games and running around.

On the riverbank it was nice and sandy. He lay down there. There was a heat wave, so he covered himself with sand. The women were still playing. They would sit on top of him, and he would move and make them bounce around.

The giant went down to the ocean. He got some seals there. He started throwing them into the air. They landed on the water and on the land. When they surfaced he would throw them around again. Apparently, he had had another adopted son before this one, who had been hit by the flying carcasses he was tossing in the air. His son died on impact. Then he got very angry.
The animals that he was throwing were landing on the land. He didn't quite reach the part about Qalirusiq, the place where the giant was staying. The animals looked just the same as the rocks at Qalirusiq.

The part where he was at Arviligjuaq, the time he was fishing, the time he crossed, these are all similar to how I used to hear it. My mother used to say that they used to camp there. When they set up camp, they were able to see the tracks. The part about when he caught the giant polar bear of the sea, and the part about the full-grown male bear sound the same as the story I used to hear, until the part where he was at the place where he spent the spring time. The story is told just the same way.

I'm going to stop here.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: I really don't know about this giant story.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: I don't know that story about the giant.

Henry Isluanik: I know the story just the way you were telling it. I can't think of any other things to add to it.

Barnabus Pirujuaq: Kitingujaaq, is that the name of the hill?

Ollie Itinnuaq: There are many places named Kitingujaaq.

Henry Isluanik: These kitingujaat are usually found at riverbanks. They are formed by land erosion.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I believe this story because there are bones scattered all over that place. There are fish bones and when they are not covered by the earth, they are nice and white. There
are other bones of animals there, too. That area flooded before, and when it drained the animals that got stuck on the land turned into fossils, just as they told in the story.

I have never made it to Qalirusiq. I have been to that area, but I didn't see it. Farther up at Tiksik there are more of them. There are canes there, too. I know all about these because I grew into adulthood there.

**Student:** What did the canes look like?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Fossils, things that were living organisms but turned into rocks. We use canes when we are using sticks for support. There's a cane over there.

I have never been there because it is way up inland. When the snow is melting, the land gets really muddy, and there are many hills to go through. It's the kind of place where you get dirty. There is always a stream, and it has fast water.

About the story that was told, about the Kitingujaat River, I said that there were fish. I suddenly seem to remember the place in Kitingujaat where the riverbank is sandy. In the story that I was telling the place has no sand where they were fishing. Now I remember it through his story. I might have skipped that part. It's all coming together now.

When you don't know the stories it's impossible to understand them. Looking at those council members, they have laws in place that were set up by Qallunaat. I used to be a councillor and when they were reading the laws I used to be just speechless. This is probably the same for you here, when you are hearing a story. I say this from experience.

**Herve Paniaq:** I have other stories that I can tell, but I don't know about this giant.

**Moderator:** Tell a story about an inurallaq?
Herve Paniaq: What is an inurallaq? Do you mean inugarulligait, a small human-like being?

Ollie Itinnuaq: How about Angusugjuk? I'll be able to tell the story of Angusuk. Other people call him Angusugjuk. I didn't learn this from my mother or my father. I learned it from somebody else. I believe this originated along the west coast. I'll never forget it, because I liked listening to it.

This man, who might have been single, was out hunting. He was a successful hunter. He came across a polar bear den with a cub. When he looked inside there was just the cub. The mother wasn't there. She could have been out hunting for seal.

He waited for the bear to come home. When she got back she asked for her cub back, but he answered, “If I take you for a wife I'll make you conceive.” The bear didn't want to take him for a husband, because it was unusual for her to marry a man. But he wasn't giving her cub back, so she agreed to take him for her husband.

He was a good hunter, which is how he got his name, Angusugjuk. He would go seal hunting on the ice with his wife. Polar bears can smell very well, and that helped the man a lot.

Spring was coming and the snow was starting to melt. The bear said that she was going to go see her family, as the bears migrated to an island where the ice didn't melt. She told her husband to stay behind and that she would come back to see him the next year. The man didn't want to be left behind, of course, because she was his wife. But if he followed her, they would go to a place where other polar bears were.

She finally agreed to take him and she carried him on her back. That was the way they were travelling. The island became visible. She gave him a warning. There were many dens on
that island. She said when the bears saw them they were going to come and greet them. The last one that followed would be the biggest one of them all. He was going to open his mouth wide and direct him with his cane. She told him when this happened to get out of his way and run to the largest den.

So the bears all came down just as she said they would, and the last one was indeed the largest of them all. Just as she had predicted, the bear used his cane, and the man ran away to the largest den. He got in and rolled away just as that bear was trying to bite him.

The place that he ran to was the largest den. It was divided into units where his wife's parents lived. Angusugjuk's father-in-law said that he wanted to go southwestward with him in the morning. His father-in-law was telling him what he wanted him to do. He was told that he was to gather round, smooth rocks. He wanted him to feel for hollow spots in those rocks, fit them in his nails, and then carry them to where he wanted them. He was told to run away from that big male polar bear if he had to.

I skipped a part. I forgot to mention, when they got to the camp the bears came out to greet them. Then when they got to that huge den, he wouldn't look this bear in the eye first, but the bear started to stare at him and when he looked, he would look away. The man obviously wasn't very happy.

It turned out that the man was staring at the cub that he had taken away from his mother. He recognized him. The bear wanted to take revenge on him. Although this is just a story, that part is believable.

The bear was trying to intimidate him, and trying to get him back, but he didn't win. The man was even carrying rocks for him. The next morning someone was yelling from outside
saying, “I would like to race you to catch a seal.” A female bear was saying that to him through the window from outside. The father-in-law then gave him tips about catching a seal. Someone else answered, “Yes. I'll race you.”

So he was given tips before they went seal hunting. I think if I remember correctly, that there were four breathing holes, quite a distance from each other, as if they were in a crack in the ice. He was told that he should scare the seals because when they are under water they tend to go in a certain direction. The seals would start to get dizzy looking for air, and would manage to get to the next hole, or the hole after.

When it got to the second breathing hole, the seal didn't appear to be dizzy at all. It could have even gone to a further hole. I think I'm missing some parts.

The man was told that there would be a black spot in the breathing hole. He was told to bite it and run to the den if he was attacked. I do think he was at the furthest hole.

The bear who wanted to race was waiting for the seal at the furthest hole. He knew that a seal would have to come up there because it would be really dizzy by then. The bear was busy doing something before he could reach the seal hole, and so the man got there first because his father-in-law had given him tips on what to do. The man caught a seal and ran to the den. When he was going inside he had to move quickly because he almost got bitten.

On the third morning he was told, “Numaliuqtikkumavaaguuq. There is something that s/he always wanted.” A female yelled from the next room that he should catch some nuvaqsiiq. The wife told her that there would be none of that. She said that when nuvaqsiiq, jellyfish jelly, gets into the eyes it is very hard to get out. She didn't want him to go after it for that reason.
It's told like that, that stuff that curls when a *nuvaqsiiq* is swimming.

**Student:** Nuvaqsiiq?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** *Nuvaqsiiq, nuvasirruq, nuvaqqiit* are the terms we use in the Nattilik and Iglulik areas for jellyfish.

**Student:** Ikpiarjuugait; *the ones that look like stars*?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** No. Not that kind. I think you're referring to *nipisat*, ones that can cling on when sucking. They are reddish. They curl when they swim, and are usually found around the beach at low tide.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** They look like jello.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes, that kind.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I really liked this story the first time I heard it. I really liked it. Bears are very intelligent. That cub was going through very hard times when it was young and was trying to get revenge but he couldn't, because there was somebody helping that man.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** He married her. The in-laws had plenty of food, so they wanted him to eat, but he couldn't because all they had to eat was blubber.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes. I remember that now. I had forgotten that part.

**Moderator:** This person has a question. She wants to know if you have heard about *qungalukkakiit*, beings that smile from ear to ear.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I don't know what that means.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Me either. I don’t understand what that is. It sounds like it originated from here.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: Qungalukkakkiit are from around here. Qungalukkaakkiit always smile. They are called that because they are always smiling. They never stop smiling. Somebody wanted to see that being and made this song:

Naulli Qiliqti? Where is Qiliqti?

Takanna nunattinni. Down there at our camp.

Qanurli uqaqattuq? What does he say?

Imaak uqaqattuq. This is what he says.

Qungalukkakkiilituuq qungikakki. Why don’t you appear?

Saqqilaumiliilituuq Qungalukkakkiilituuq.

You should appear.

Saqqilaumili qungalukkakkiit. You should come out.

It is like that. I think it’s very short. There may be more that I am not aware of.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: That song reminds me now. I’ve heard it just the way she sang it. Do they just consist of a face, not a body?

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: I don’t know if it is just a face. I’ve never heard that. They are always smiling. They were used to scare people.

Student: Do they only show up for a short period of time?
Qaunnaq Uquutaq: They used them to frighten people. It is said that they are always smiling, so it might have been seen. Someone actually made that song about one. I believe they were used to frighten people. I don't think that they actually show up. I can tell a story about a man and a bear.

The bear was coming for the man, and when he couldn't do anything else he just lay down and pretended to be frozen. When he was still pretending to be frozen it took him and carried him home. When he got there, the bear had a wife and a young male cub. He was put against the wall of the iglu.

The wife was trying to get the qulliq ready so she could use the fat from that human when he thawed out. The husband was going to cut him up with his axe. The husband was getting his axe sharpened so he could use it on him.

The young cub would see when the man opened his eyes. He knew he was just pretending to be frozen. The cub said to his father, “Father, he opened his eyes.” The father would just answer, “He is thawing out.” He would say that although the cub really saw him open his eyes. “Father, he opened his eyes,” he said again, and started singing. “He is alive, itiqquanitsaq. It smells like urine.” The father answered, “Illugatsariijangitaminukua. Do you not want to live in it?”

The two were alone in the main room while the mother was trying to get the qulliq ready. The cub said, “They are mother's inigatsangit, bones from his feet.” Then the father said, “She is not going to have them.” The cub replied, “They are my father's, they are my father's bones.”

While the father was sharpening his axe, he fell asleep holding it. He might have been tired from carrying the man to his camp.
The man took the axe from the bear, and cut its head off and went out. The wife was still in the porch trying to set up the *qulliq*. He pushed her over as he passed her. She started running after him; she was slowly catching up.

She was getting closer and closer. The man got tired, so he stopped and drew a line on the ground with his finger. It turned into a river. His pursuer couldn't get to the other side of the river. She asked, “How did you get across here?” “I drank it,” he said to deceive her. She might not have been very smart. She started drinking the water from the river, trying to empty it.

She exploded from drinking the water and there was smoke from her explosion. It ends here.

**Henry Isluanik:** This story is also told in Kivalliq, I've heard it just the way you told it. I'm going to add a little bit more to it. This story also used to be told in Arviat. There is a river there today that was formed way back in time. I just wanted to add that part. I used to see the line that he drew for that river. The end of the river is not very far from the sea. You can even see the sea from the end of the river. I was going to add a part to that story she just told, but I forgot what I was going to add. I just wanted to add this part.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I can probably add more to that story. We say it is part of the Kiviuq *unikkaaqtauq*, from where I come from.

An *aklak*, grizzly bear, kept getting into the meat that was stored in a cache, the meat Kiviuq was caching. The bear covered Kiviuq with rocks.

When winter came, the *aklak* went to the place where he had cached Kiviuq. He lifted the rocks from under Kiviuq's feet and tried to pull him out. He was afraid the rocks might fall on
him so he removed all of them. When he pulled Kiviuq out he checked to see if he was alive, but he wasn't breathing. He placed him on a skin and started pulling him home. On the way, the *aklak* would stop and then go back to see if Kiviuq was breathing, but he wasn't.

He was still pulling him and was close to his home, when he saw his wife and son. When he was almost home he started telling them that he had some intestines for them. They got excited and went to help him pull the body.

The people that I heard this story from say that there were two sons. The two boys were licking the ice that was melting off the man, and as he was thawing, he opened his eyes. The father was falling asleep. The boys said to him, “Father, father, our food is opening his eyes. Father, our meal is opening his eyes.” The father answered them, “Let him open his eyes. When we were on the tundra he was pretty light. Let him open his eyes.” After saying that, he fell back to sleep.

The man took the axe from the bear that was sleeping and cut its head off. When he was trying to get away, he felt the tail of the female bear's *amauti* and cut some off with an *ulu*. After he ran away there was a small dog that licked him as he was thawing out. Kiviuq said, “Where's the dog?” Then Kiviuq became a dog after he said that. He came across a *puugannguaq*. He jumped over it and said, “Where is the river?” A river appeared. After he jumped over he waited on the other side.

When the female bear got to the river, she asked, “How did you cross the river?” Kiviuq answered, “I drank it and went over to the other side and spat it out.” She got across, and when she was trying to shake the water off, she exploded. When she exploded it became foggy. He waited for the mist to go away, and then he cut her up and stretched the skin out to dry.
There's a lot to this story. Because it's very long, I'm stopping here. There's more about when Kiviuq married a fox, but I'll finish it another time. There is a river over near Uqusqutuuq. The place where he became a dog and the rock where he dried the bear's skin are named after these events.

There is more, but I'm going to end it here.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** They used to tell this story just like you are telling it. The only difference is about the axe. He put the axe in plain sight. That's what they would say; he wasn't holding the axe. The bear that had pulled him had hung up the axe, because Kiviuq was frozen. He was waiting until Kiviuq thawed out. The bear stood upright, and put the axe where it was visible.

I lived at the time when if they caught a female polar bear, the head would be given to the hunter's wife, like a trophy, and it would be placed on the wall area. The bear had a spirit, well, all animals have spirits, but bears are said to have come from humans, so people had many rules they had to follow in hunting bears. According to my aunt, they had to do that. I think they didn't want the bear to take revenge. They didn't want to forget about the bear or become distracted by other things. They wanted to think about the head that was hanging.

I believe that's how it was. This is just my opinion. This is what I think, but it is not really necessary to believe it. This is how I would hear the story. He is telling the story just as I know it, although there are some differences. Although they are not exactly the same, from what we know they are really similar.

**Student:** Let me ask you this. You said earlier that the river looks like somebody drew a line down to the sea. Where does the river come from, from under the ground?
**Henry Isluanik:** I've never actually seen it but I've heard about it in stories. The people in Arviat say that it has no lake. The story is very old. Kiviuq was running away and got tired. He didn't want to have to keep running. According to what they say, he drew a line there. That place is called Itsarnitaq, which means from ancient times, for that reason. We say *itsarnitaq* when we are referring to something that happened long ago.

**Student:** *I asked about this because it's hard to believe.*

**Henry Isluanik:** The story is similar, but because we have different versions, it's going to sound like there is something missing.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** There is also a part after he was able to move and started running away where the bear followed him. She was getting closer, and he looked behind to check how far she was from him. He drew a line with his index finger and said, “Where is the dog?” Then he was able to get away. The bear that was following him couldn't catch him. Then he ran away again. The other story was about the river. The dog was left out of this story.

**Henry Isluanik:** I'm going to add to this from the Arviat version. We all have the same idea. We are here to learn and talk about the *unikkaaqtuat.*

In the part after the bear took him home he was tired, and he turned to face the other way and fell asleep. In the Arviat version, the man had been placed upside down and the cub noticed that he had a runny nose and opened his eyes. That's how the people of Arviat would tell the story. The cub must have still been using gestures and baby talk. This is in the Arviat version.

Another thing was that the cub said to his mother, “The head! The head!” The mother just found him funny, and said, "The head!" She thought that he wanted to eat the head. Kiviuq, who
was pretending to be frozen, suddenly stood up when the cub was beside him. Then he cut the adult bear's head off while he was sleeping.

Who mentioned something about cutting off the head? They have exactly the same wording in the Arviat version.

He killed the bear that was sleeping first. He knew that the female bear was going to try and do something to him, so he tried catching her off-guard. There was a hole in the skin that she was filling up with blubber which was almost full. He took the axe. He caught the mother off-guard, so instead of going after the man, she went to make sure the fat wasn't spilling. She was too late to get him.

It is said that the bear exploded. They say that it never used to be foggy before that, but after she exploded it became foggy. That is how fog started. I can't remember how the rest goes.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Let me just say something that seems to be confusing. Near Itiguarjuk or somewhere beyond it, we used to get water from that particular river.

Henry Isluanik: It's not there; it's over near the Kuugjuk. Your father knew about that very well. He was a good storyteller. It makes you think. That river has no lake; it's all just land. It's noticeable where the river starts from. The only place the water could be coming from is from underground. We can't see it; it looks like it is a river. It starts from inside the ground. You know at Itiguarjuk there is a lake; there is water in the land.

We call it qingaugat when a river is flowing underground. You can see if you dig in the ground and make an opening. When you dig in the ground like that it is called putuluqtuq in
Kivalliq. It is an underground river, not on top of the ground. We had some water from that river. I think that is what you were asking about, a place called Putuluqtuq.

**Herve Paniaq:** When a river has no lake we call it *putulurniq* in Iglulik, when the river is underground, I just wanted to say that.

**Barnabus Pirjuuaq:** There is more than one *putulurniq*; there is also Nivviaq where the river is coming from the ground and there is no lake where it normally would come from. That is called *putuluq* in Qitirmiut. What is it called here?

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** It's called *putuluq*. It is from the same story, but it is told differently. I can tell the same story as Aupilaarjuk. These two are saying that river is in the Qamanittuaq area where Tookoomee is from, and he is saying it is in Arviat. This is the part where it gets confusing.

I'm thinking that it's one particular place. I didn't hear about it until now, from the part where he drew the line. For us that are from Nattilik, we know it just as, “Where's the dog?” and "Where's the river?” That's all I've heard from Nattilik.

This is known in different communities. Hearing that he drew the line, made me realize there's just one place. It was confusing to me because it's over there. It's over here, too. The part where he drew the line, one person has to be right if there is just one. One of the stories is right.

That is what I think concerning this story.

**Henry Isluanik:** I've only heard this in a story so I really don't know how it is. It's hard to tell which one is right. He mentioned about drawing the line with his index finger. We have a different story. These are the things that are going to confuse us. What we should do is ask questions.
Simon Tookoomee: I'm going to start from where he dried the skin. I don't know if I'll go right to the end.

After he dried the skin he used it for a tent, because he was alone. He made clothing for himself and went hunting over there. When he got home his fireplace would be warm and there would be smoke coming out of it. He would use that heat to cook his meals and to dry his clothing.

At that point in time he was ashamed and afraid to see fellow humans. He was getting ready to take his tent down when he saw a fox running from behind the tent. Foxes have a tendency to run all the time. It would stop for a moment to smell the tent, and go on its way again. When it got to the tent, it looked around for a moment and went around the tent. Then it went inside and came out again. When it came out it became a woman carrying a fur which she put down to dry. When Kiviuk went inside she ran out and hid. When he got closer she was still hiding, and he knew it, and ran over and took her fur.

When she heard him she said to him, “Give me back my fur!” Then he answered her, “Only if I take you for a wife.” She kept asking for her fur back, and he wouldn't give it to her because he wanted to take her for his wife. She started to cry, so he gave it back to her and she became his wife.

When they were living in the igure a wolverine and a muskox came by; these two were husband and wife. They built themselves an igure. The wolverine was the one who made it. Kiviuk gave him a hand building it. When they were making the igure the wolverine said he wanted to get a second wife. Kiviuk told him, “My wife is very shy. You'll have to leave with her.” Then the wolverine reassured him saying, “I will not make her shy in any way.” Kiviuk
warned him, “When you close your door, close it very tightly, without any openings, or else she will run out.”

When the wolverine was going to get ready for bed he made sure the door was firmly closed. He lay down on his bed to get some sleep. Then the fox went to the back of the dwelling and urinated there. The wolverine asked, “Where is that smell of urine coming from?” “It's coming from me,” she answered. There had been an opening at the back of the iglu so she went out through there.

The following morning the wolverine went to Kiviuq's iglu. He told Kiviuq that he wanted to bring him his wife, but she had left. "I told you that she is very shy,” Kiviuq said. Kiviuq put on his clothes and he went looking for his wife depending on her scent for direction. She would spray the ground when she urinated.

Kiviuq got directions to where to go to find some dens. There were many of them. He went to the largest one and stood at the doorway and said out loud, "Is my wife in there?" Someone said that she was there. “If she's there, let her come out,” Kiviuq said. There was a lemming there named Auktuarjunnuaq. “Auktuarjunnuaq, go out,” Kiviuq's wife said. When Auktuarjunnuaq went out she said, “Here I am, take me away.” “You are Auktuarjunnuaq,” Kiviuq said in refusal.

All kinds of animals were sent out to Kiviuq, like the wolf, but he said, “You have a large snout. I don't want you.” He also didn't like the loon, “I'm afraid of your beak. I don't want you.” He didn't want any of the animals that came out. Another fox came out but he didn't want her either. His wife sent Auktuarjunnuaq to tell him, “If you refuse all of them, close your eyes and come in the den backwards.” So, he went inside facing backwards. As he was going inside he
tried opening his eyes and got stuck so he closed his eyes again until they told him to open his eyes and he did.

He looked around and saw that his wife had been thrown down to the ground. He went over to be beside her, but he got thrown up in the air and landed over on the other side. He kept trying to get to her but the same thing kept happening. He was thinking of a way to stop it. He jumped and tried to sit beside her, but it didn't work.

He walked around in there watching them lying down beside each other, and wondered where he should be lying down. He was thinking of taking over, but he didn't say anything. Taulusiuq asked, “Are you thinking of taking over?” He didn't want to think about it. He looked again and saw that they were on top of each other. Then he thought to himself wondering what to do. The siksik said, “Let's do the same thing. Let's do the same thing.”

While this was all happening, the others started to come over bringing food with them. They wanted to have a feast in celebration of Kiviuq and his wife. The wolf came in bringing a caribou rump with a lot of tunnuq, fat, on it, and the upper part of the body. A seagull brought a fish. The wolverine brought in part of a caribou rump. It had been stolen, of course. “It's stolen,” said the raven when the wolverine came in with the food. The seagull poked at the meat that was brought in. The raven put feces on it when it brought the meat in.

There are songs that go with this.

The raven got angry at the seagull when it told him to leave. There is a song at this point, but I regret that I can't remember it right now. The others probably know or remember. The wolverine and the wolf were insulting each other through their songs as well. I don't remember
the songs that go with this. I am sure the others will sing them. If I try to sing them I might skip too much.

I'm going to end here.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I would tell it the same way. In the beginning of this story there is a part that is sexual, so I guess that is why he didn't mention it.

Kiviuq wanted to know what was going on, so he was watching his human wives, sneaking up on them from behind. When they went out they looked to see if he was around. There was a small lake nearby, and they were on their way there, giggling along the way. They were saying, “The vagina is made for a penis. Penis, come through here. Penis, come out through here.” A giant penis surfaced from the lake. After they had had sex with the penis, they headed home.

In the morning, Kiviuq went to the lake, and was imitating the wives, giggling and repeating what they said. He went under water for a longer period of time. When he came out he was giggling. The penis emerged. As he got closer Kiviuq grabbed his knife and stabbed the penis. The lake filled with blood.

Kiviuq went home, cooked the penis and went to wake his wives. He fed them the meat from the penis. As they were eating they looked at each other and said, “What is it? It is hard to chew, and tough.” Kiviuq answered them, “It is your husband's penis.” When he told them that, they both started crying. He pretended to comfort them.

He gathered some maggots from the land, because he was angry with his wives. After he gathered them he said, “Which of these do you fear more; the maggots or a rope?” One of them
answered that she didn't fear the maggots, the other answered that she didn't fear the rope, but she squirmed at the thought of the maggots. He made the one that wasn't scared of the maggots sit on them. He strangled the other to death with the rope. He also made sure the other died by strangling her to death.

Kiviuq continued to live alone afterwards. Then one day he found a meal that had been prepared for him and his clothes were hung to dry. Instead of going hunting, he watched his camp to see who was preparing his meals. A fox appeared, and cautiously entered the dwelling. When she thought there was no one around, she took her skin off and hung it up. Kiviuq peeked in. He grabbed her skin and she begged him to give it back. He said if she agreed to be his wife, he would return it to her. Then finally, realizing that he wouldn't give her skin back if she didn't agreed to his demands, she gave in and agreed to be his wife,

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** From what I heard Kiviuq was blown away in a storm and had a long journey on his *qajaq*. As he was returning to his parents, there was a part in the story about a river. There was also a song I learned. He went on to fox dens. He was giving himself to fox families. There was a wolverine, a wolf and a sea gull that were eating together. The sea gull brought an arctic char. The wolverine brought the head of a caribou, and the wolf brought in *tunnuq*. The raven brought meat as well. I recognize all the animals from your version.

You were also talking about human beings. Which one is true? I usually like to get the real truth from these *unikkaaqtuat*. My mother used to tell that story and I used to believe it, but I'm not sure if it really happened. I usually skip parts and twist them around a little. The wolf sat down on the wolverine, but I am not sure if it was the other way around. The wolverine thought he would emerge victorious. The wolf sat, but the wolverine started singing. The wolf was
following the wolverine up into the hills but couldn't catch him because the wolverine let the fox outsmart him.

In some versions it was a fox in the stories. That is the version I heard. The wolf paid him back. I usually skip a part because I can't remember how the human fits in. I never understood that part. The sea gull was singing a song about the raven. The raven joined in the song duel. He acted like a human. The sea gull was telling him the truth. That is in part of the song. I wanted to add that. He usually went out hunting. That's the part you are missing.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: The one who was telling the story made it good to listen to. I can sing the part about the wolf more thoroughly. The wolf was telling the wolverine to pay him back. That's the way I heard this song. He was talking about spotting him climbing up and he would never forget him.

I once went overseas with another person to throat sing. I went overseas to England twice, and I also went to Paris one time to promote my art. There was another person there. When I saw her, I thought she was only here to throat sing, but now I know we can rely on her. We had to open a museum once.

Moderator: Aupilaarjuk, could you continue the story you were telling before break time?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: This story about the arctic fox is very short. This song sounds like the song I sang before break. Sometimes you have to manage your mind when you are absorbing things and trying to recall so many things at once. This story is about the arctic fox. It had nothing to do with the story that was told before. It comes from my father, and examining this unikkaaqtuaq by itself, I think it is to make you stronger and give you self-confidence.
First of all, I'll be starting with the owl and then with the arctic fox.

The owl was waiting for a siksik near its hole, as we do when we are waiting for seals to surface. The owl told the others that he needed help. The siksik was trying to get into its hole. The siksik was very smart. It said, “You can eat my fatty parts after I am dead. Therefore just open your legs and dance that way.” The owl couldn't wait to eat the siksik. Usually siksiit are delicious meat.

The owl opened its arms and legs and started singing. The siksik danced along with him and then jumped into its den. The owl felt bad because he missed his catch. He felt bad because he felt stupid.

My father used to tell me this story, and whenever we were out hunting I would think about this particular unikkaaqtaaq because it gave me strength. When I had negative thoughts I would clear my mind by thinking about this particular story. It gave me positive thoughts. When we have negative thoughts it degrades our ego and morale, so you need to think of positive things to replace them.

I'm going to move on and talk about the arctic fox. It is against Inuit traditions to abuse animals in any manner. You are not even allowed to abuse flies. We were told never to abuse any animals.

These people were migrating to another camp. I always pictured how this was. Arctic foxes, when they have dens, have a lot of holes in the ground. They have even more holes when they have pups. The people were waiting at the fox holes and used fire to force them to come out of their dens. After they had left and were a short distance away a fox started yelling, “Why are the pups dead?” They couldn't breathe through the smoke and died as a result. The people had to
travel along part of this river to get to the next camp. The fox cursed the people and the people died. The fox was really hurt because her pups were dead.

I'm sure others know a different version, so go ahead and add to it.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I'll try. You mentioned a siksik. We had a lemming instead. Regarding the fox story, you eat animals whether they are small or big. You have to respect wildlife. I'll give you an example of what the consequences could be.

These people were on a qajaq and reached a beach. There were a lot of foxes. They put a fire in each hole, but they gave up eventually. Then they used their qajait to get fresh water and put water in the holes. The foxes still didn't come out.

When they gave up and started leaving the beach, a fox came out and yelled, “You people need to watch your future because you will have bad luck wherever you go and not reach your destination.”

My parents used to tell me this story.

The pups might have died from the smoke inhalation or drowned because of the water. It is slightly different from his version. I also know about the owl and the lemming. It wasn't a siksik; it was a lemming in this version. The lemming said, “You will be eating and feasting on me so therefore I need to see you sing and dance.” The owl stood up and started waving its wings and legs looking up, and the lemming went through the owl's legs directly to its den. The owl felt stupid and sorry for himself.

That's my version of the story.
Chapter 7 Skeleton in the Cave, Walrus and Muskox, Caribou and the Fox, Nanuluarjuk, Iglugaarjuk and Alukaqtugjuaq, Pullaqsat, Kiviuq 3, Pretend Husbands, Uqsuriak, Stars

Simon Tookoomee: I remember them using fire, but in my version they didn't use water.

Aupilaarjuk's version is the same as mine. There are many unikkaaqtuat and short stories. Sometimes you can get confused if you don't keep track of them because some stories are similar. Sometimes when you hear the stories from other people your memory is refreshed and you recognize some of the stories as well. I recall one of the elders told the story about Kukiligait a couple of days ago. People wanted to take revenge because his visitors never returned home. I'll tell you my version.

This man, who pretended to be frozen, when Tungaq was pulling him, kept grabbing weeds. Along the way, there were two children who were pretending to make a playhouse with rocks. They were pretending to make qammait with stones in a sandy area near a cave. They were carrying children on their backs, as they were babysitting.

In front of the cave were these large rocks like gates that kept opening and closing. There were skeletal remains inside the cave. There was a skeleton with its hands up living in the cave underground. These two girls were pretending to play house, and one of them entered the cave. One said to the other, “There are human remains in here.” In the cave, the skeleton was sharpening its teeth. The other young girl said, “Make sure you sharpen your teeth properly because when you eat me and the baby on my back, you will need them.” He was using the jawbone of a human and cleaning the side of the cave. The other young girl said, “Make sure you hone your teeth properly.” He even closed his eyes to concentrate on cleaning his teeth. One child was helping to clean the side of the cave. The other was trying to keep the skeleton busy,
and when it wasn't suspecting, they ran away. He had not expected this. He cut off the tails of their *amautiik* but they managed to get away from it. When they got home they described the area and related the events to their parents.

The skeleton said, "*Kukatungaluarjuk*," when he put his feet in between the stones accidently as he chased after them. This being that honed his teeth put his foot in between the stones and because of this, lost his foot. He pulled himself out with his missing foot. Uqarjuk said he was being pulled along by this being with the missing foot, and would try to pull weeds or flowers to stop him. He sang:

*My heart is made of stone*

*My kidneys are made from humans*

*My liver is made of beads.*

He was saying this because he didn't want to be eaten. That is why he was saying that he consisted of nothing edible.

**Moderator:** *Who hasn't told a story yet? It's your turn. Neither of you have said anything. I think you should join in and tell a story. It could be one that has already been told, or one that hasn't.*

**Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk:** I know one that is similar, only slightly different. I can tell one about the owl which has already been told.

There was an owl which was attacking a *siksik*. The *siksik* asked the owl to spread its wings and legs out and look up at the sky. Then the owl started singing and dancing. When the owl had its head up, it couldn't look down. When it was looking up the *siksik* escaped.
**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I can't add anything to your story. There are two different stories about a polar bear and a bull caribou.

When they met one another, they both stood up and were going to wrestle with their front legs. The bull caribou almost slipped backwards and stepped away from the polar bear. Its forearms were split in half. It was running away. The caribou had the disadvantage of being very lean while the polar had more flesh.

A walrus and a muskox met together. When they met, the muskox asked the walrus if it wanted to trade its tusks for horns, but the walrus said its tusks could cut meat easily. The walrus eventually decided to trade its tusks. The muskox was trying to sharpen them, but they were cutting its face and the tusks cracked, so they exchanged again.

Feel free to add to this. The muskox and the walrus were trading companions.

**Simon Tookoomee:** The walrus tusks were fine in the water but when the tusks stayed on land they cracked. They were telling us how different they were. He reminded me that the fox and the caribou had a story as well. I believe this story about the fox and the caribou.

A caribou met a fox and they were pulling their hair out one by one trying to figure out who had the most hair. The fox was pulling out his hair when the other was not looking. The caribou was bigger but lost hair faster than the fox. When they tried to put their hair back, some hair got mixed up. That is why the tip of the fox's tail looks like it is made from caribou hair, and why the top of the caribou's tail looks like it is made from fox fur.

You can almost believe this. Some stories seem to be true. I should tell you a real **unikkaaqtuaq.** I have heard the same story they told in Igluligaarjuk. I used to hear the same
story about the walrus and the muskox. They were cousins on the mother's side, and that's why they wanted to trade their horns and tusks.

You have been telling stories that I remember. I will not forget them. Itinnuaq said that polar bears used to be humans at one point.

**Moderator:** *Do you have a story about that? About polar bears being human?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** It was just like that. I heard that they were humans who had died and come back to life. I don't have stories about that.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I have just heard that they were dead and came alive again. A long time ago there was a young human who was adopted by a polar bear. The polar bear brought him up. This story was told yesterday. I used to hear about humans whose souls turned into animals. I think that most of us come from seal people and so their souls used to change into something else. I know the polar bear used to have different children with different names. I heard this but I can't tell the whole story. When one was asked what his name was, he said Anaktuki. I still remember the name. They had names in each story. I forget the names. We used to be told that polar bear souls used to change into humans. When Inuit died their souls used to turn into polar bears.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I told you a story about a grizzly bear. Our fathers worked together and got the bear. They were living in *igluit* near Arviligluaq. After they got the bear they were so happy. Then one said he had accidently killed this bear. There was deep snow where the bear had a snow dwelling. They were seeking it during the dark time because it was hibernating. One man was down at Nuvuk at the ice, and caught two bears.
Sometimes there would be two bears together. When they caught a seal they would push it along and let it slide downwards. I don't know which person was the one she was telling a story about. If you let a seal slide down on its back it will go fast. They were both proud and were enjoying themselves.

My father used to tell me the whole story, but I can't tell it all to you. A little while later there were two bears in the middle of the sky, higher than the land. I think they were souls. My father used to tell us that you were not supposed to play around with animals or make fun of them. He thought they weren't real human.

**Herve Paniaq:** Can you tell us about Nanuluarjuk, the little man?

**Simon Tookoomee:** I forget exactly how it goes. If someone tells it, I can add to it.

**Moderator:** *Can you tell us about the boy who was left behind? You didn't tell us that one yet.*

**Herve Paniaq:** There was a little boy who was adopted by a polar bear. He was out seal hunting with his father. The father used to neglect the child and leave him behind, so the boy was walking. Whenever the little boy would refuse to go out with the father, the mother would scold him and encourage him to go along. The father was abusing and neglecting him and leaving him behind. The little boy would walk home eventually. They would go by dog team. When they were seal hunting someone caught a polar bear.

He was kicking a skin ball along as he walked home crying and singing a song, “My father leaves me behind and my mother is always scolding me.” As he got bigger he received a harpoon head. He was again kicking the skin ball and it became a polar bear. He was trying to run away, but the female polar bear kept going in front of him. Finally, the polar bear said,
“Harpoon me.” She let the boy harpoon her and let the boy follow her down to the floe edge. Then the polar bear took the harpoon head out and instructed the boy to climb on her back. When he got on the polar bear, the bear started swimming and it seemed as though they were going nowhere. When they finally got onto the ice, they walked until they reached the shore.

The polar bear was explaining to him it was her territory. One of the polar bears was mean and tried to beat him up. He would tell the other polar bears he had a harpoon head so he was able to catch a seal. Whenever guests came, they would eat up all the seal and he wouldn't even have a piece left for himself. When he was taking his harpoon head off he was told to cut it outside. Rather than pulling the head out, he was told to cut around it. He was able to get something to eat for himself by following what he was told. Otherwise, they would eat it all.

He was trying to find a friend. He was competing with the others when they went out seal hunting again. They would sneak up and try and push him. He was scared of his adoptive mother at first, but he got over that.

They were only three of them that went down to the ice hunting the next time. They were looking for breathing holes. His adoptive mother had warned him to ignore the other bears. One of the other bears was waiting for a seal when it attacked him, so he harpooned it. “Don't try to take your harpoon head out. Just run away and go home,” he had been told. That's what he did when there were three of them. As soon as he harpooned the bear he ran home and didn't say a word. The one who encouraged him to use his harpoon started giggling without saying a word.

He slept for three days. After three days had passed there was a sound of footsteps and then a voice said, “Hunter, come and get your harpoon.” The other bear said, “Don't go out.” The voice was louder the second time calling him. The other bear said, “Go on.” There was a harpoon
head and a line. It was folded nicely and he gave it to him. The bear gave him back his harpoon line without taking revenge.

That's the end of the story. This story originated in Amittuq.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I have a question. Did the polar bear adopt the human boy?

**Herve Paniaq:** Yes. Because the boy was mistreated by his parents the polar bear adopted him so he would become skillful. I can't really tell you more.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** There was a story about an elder that adopted a polar bear, which is the reverse of this story. That's why I am asking this. I can't add to it.

**Herve Paniaq:** When the boy grew up and was able to survive on his own, his polar bear mother took the boy back to the human family. She told him if they were hunting polar bears he was to go and hide. When they were out hunting polar bears, all of a sudden the human turned into a bear. I guess he was even becoming like a polar bear and using a polar bear skin. He became a polar bear when he was with the others.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** The story is about a boy who used to be left behind. He used to cry alone because he used to get so scared. He used to sing a song kicking a skin ball with his feet in front of him. He became a polar bear.

**Student:** *I don't understand where the harpoon head came from because he wasn't old enough to own one yet.*

**Herve Paniaq:** He was an older boy. He was old enough to have a harpoon head but he was really mistreated. They used to leave him behind when they were going on the dog team. The
father would just take him along on the trail. Eventually he was adopted by the bear and was taught how to survive and was taken back to his family in the end.

**Student:** I wonder if polar bears are so favoured because they used to be human beings.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Yes. I think so.

**Herve Paniaq:** I can't say they used to be that. Their souls usually go back to their territory after they have been killed. That's why polar bears never disappear. That's why we still have polar bears today. So many have been killed, and yet we still have a lot. Their souls go back and they come alive again. The older people here can tell you this is true. Any animal can be caught and their soul will go back to itself again. That's what we were told.

Someone said that there was one with a big scar that kept coming back and was caught over and over again. Their souls usually go back to their territory, and they come alive again. I think when we got the quota system was when they started to disappear. We are talking about the old culture. People can make things disappear through words. If they keep arguing about wildlife, they can make the animals disappear if they are fighting over wildlife wrongly.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Barnabus, I think it was you who was going to tell a story.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** I think you can tell the story better than I can. If you start it, I can add it.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Long, long ago there were two men, Iglugaarjuk and Alukaqtugjuaq, who were sharing a wife. They only had one *qajaq*. They were out gathering eggs. They were on an island in early spring or summer looking for nests. One of them got in the *qajaq* and left the other behind. The other one was calling for him to wait, but it seemed that he didn't hear him and he kept on going home.
The one man was left behind with nothing, and was waiting for the other to come back. He found a dead animal in the water. I think it was a dead walrus or a bearded seal. He made a sod house out of the skin and used the meat for food. He used the oil for fuel. He spent the winter there. The island was hard to get off. He spent a whole year there and finally the qajaq reappeared. He knew it was the man who had left him there.

He landed at the same place on the shore. The other hid in his sod house. The man in the qajaq looked all over for the other man. He left his paddle in his qajaq and went up on a hill to look for him. While he was doing that, the man who had been stranded took his qajaq, and the other started to yell, “Wait! Wait!” He ran, trying to catch up. He thought he saw the man lying on the shore, but he wasn’t sure and he went back to his wife.

A year passed by and he went to check on the one who had been left on the island. He placed his qajaq in the same place and went to look for him. The man had banged his head on a rock and had died. Only his bones were left on the ground. He wasn’t rushing anymore as he went back. The one who had left him there had died and that was his revenge. He didn't have to fight him. The man was a good hunter and had done this on purpose. The first fellow who had been left behind had remained alive.

I'm going to stop here. You can add to this if you want.

Simon Tookoomee: I'll try. At the beginning one of the men was single, and the other had a wife. The man who was left was Iglugaarjuk. He was a good hunter. The other man took his wife. They went down to that island where the nesting birds were by qajaq. When he got there, he was walking around. The other man took the qajaq and told him he would see him the next year around the same time. He was going home in the qajaq.
Iglugaarjuk found a dead walrus in the water and cut up the carcass and saved the ribs to use as a frame for a *qammarq*. He used it to put up a tent. When he was walking by the shore there were many seals and he used rocks to kill them. He would feed himself with these seals and he spent the winter there.

When almost a year had passed, a *qajaq* appeared. Iglugaarjuk put his food and skins in the water and went in the tent and hid. When the other arrived he was really looking around, and he climbed up a hill. When he looked back and saw his *qajaq* moving he started shouting. Iglugaarjuk was already paddling away. He said, “Wait for me here, and I'll come back and get you.” Then the other man started to cry and Iglugaarjuk went home.

When Iglugaarjuk came back to get him, he took his *qajaq* out of the water. He picked up his things. The man had died.

I can't remember exactly how the story continues. It was exactly as he was telling you. We didn't hear this story often from my parents. I heard he used rocks to kill game for food. When no one came to pick him up, he sat down and cried.

A year passed by and when the other came back, this man was still sitting in the same place and position. He had died. I can't tell you more than that. They only had one *qajaq* so they were fighting over it. Around that island the water never freezes. There was always open water around that island. Iglugaarjuk was imitating the two men in the story. They had to catch seals with rocks. I don't know how he did it, but he did it exactly the same way as in the story.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I am going to tell a story about a real human-like being. I think you might have heard this story. It comes from your area. In this story people saw a walrus. My question is whether you have heard this story or not?
**Simon Tookoomee:** My mother didn't say that when she was telling the story. It looks like the story has been adapted in other regions. I think you have heard of that happening.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I think those companion names were said like they were in the Arviat dialect. I'm not going to tell you about Aninganaat either. I really liked the story I'm going to tell when I heard it. There was a wise and powerful man. You can recognize some parts. I really like that story because I really believe it is the way that life is. I don't know how to start it from the beginning. I know that Pullaqsat had a little boy. I think they were visiting a man and wife who were living with his father.

Pullaqsat's wife had died and he kept his little boy. The son of the old man they were visiting caught a seal and started cutting it up. The old man had no wife. The father was living with a man and his wife, but I'm not quite sure whose father it was. Pullaqsat was a murderer. The man who was cutting the seal didn't say anything. He was quiet for a while and then said to himself, “I think he was a real murderer.” They used to follow their instincts and weren't supposed to change their voice as well. I suspect he was a murderer. He was holding his knife cutting up the meat.

Pullaqsat ran away, but the old man followed him. There was an old fishing hole. They used to catch their fish at a special place. He was holding on to his knife. When he accidently fell, the knife pierced him and he died. Pullaqsat followed his tracks down to the floe edge. He left his son behind. When he got to the floe edge, he marked the place with his hand in the snow.

The ice broke off where he had marked it. This cake of ice drove him off and he went to his sister and brother-in-law's. I think I skipped a part. The next day before he got to the floe edge, while he was still on the trail, he saw new tracks. He did this purposely. The next day there
were people following trying to catch him. He was totally alone. Pullaqsat was scared but they just passed him. They finally got down to the floe edge but they didn't see anybody so they turned back.

Do you have any more you would like to add to Pullaqsat?

Herve Paniaq: Yes. They were holding on to him and cutting him up, and keeping the water from spilling. He staggered to the boat. His wives carried him over to the boat and he was dying there. He said, “Ai, ai, it's spilling. Ai, ai, it's spilling.” He was with them. They kept Irngiinnaq alive and made him suffer by keeping the water from spilling from his stomach. He made it down to the boat, but I don't know whether he survived or not. He said, “Ai, ai, it's spilling, it's spilling,” as he was dying.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: He's talking about a different part of the story. It's further ahead in the story my father used to tell about where he got killed. The part where he talks about killing the man sounds the same, but I've heard it a different way. I'm not going to say this is how it is, because I have to go along with what I hear. It must have been his relative that was trying to kill him. Pullaqsat was a little farther away when they planned to drown him. The guy was left-handed so he used his left hand to drown him.

Pullaqsat didn't fight back. He said that he would not fight because he didn't want it to get back to him. He said that he was just going to let them do whatever they wanted to do to him. He got tired of people trying to take revenge on him. One of the men threw a spear at him, but he turned and got hit on the upper arm. The man asked him, “Pullaqsat, did that hurt?” He answered “It hit my upper arm. I'm not hurt.” He went over to the man and killed him. Pullaqsat survived.

This is how I can tell the story.
Herve Paniaq: Yes. We have that part in our version, too. At the ending of our story the man was taken to his camp, but they didn't take him to his place. They just left him near his home.

Simon Tookoomee: Was the hole all the way in?

Herve Paniaq: Right into his intestines. They did that to his son. He held on to his stomach muscles so his intestines wouldn't fall out. Irngiinnaq, his son, came inside dragging his intestines just before he died. We are talking about murderers now.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Maybe like Utuni.

Herve Paniaq: Yes. Because we are from different communities our stories tend to differ from each other, but they are similar.

Simon Tookoomee: I thought I would hear that part. I like that story so I asked.

Herve Paniaq: His son was treated that way. The old man wanted to get back at the man who caused the incident. He came inside dragging his intestines. They fell out of his abdomen. That man took his intestines out.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Maybe there's a possibility that we won't die right away, even if our intestines are out like that.

Herve Paniaq: Yes, but he was still dying.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Utuni survived. He didn't die. He and the other man lived next to each other. The other man stabbed him and he went next door dragging his intestines.

Simon Tookoomee: I have seen Utuni a few times before.
**Ollie Itinnaaq:** Yes. Poor man got stabbed right in his intestines.

**Herve Paniaq:** The old man kept saying things to him about what he wanted to do, and when he was cutting a seal he hit him and said, “*Pijaqtusangilaq.* It is not difficult.” He was cleaning up when he started. He didn't mind his father. Now it's confusing. Maybe she wants to say something about it.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I don't know this story, but the other story, what was it? The story about the fox didn't sound like it was the story I know about, maybe because we come from different areas. We know the foxes as Piugaaqtuk and Inuk. This man had a *qajaq* and I'm going to talk about his journeys on his *qajaq.* I don't remember who had a *qajaq.* You've been saying his name was Kiviuq. I think his name was Kiviuq. He would go out hunting and he was all alone in his camp. He would always go back to his camp after he caught game, because that was his home.

There had been strange things going on whenever he went back to his camp. His place was tidier and things had been arranged, but there was never anybody there. There was even food cooking, or food that had been prepared for him when he came back.

One time, he pretended to be out hunting, but he was actually hiding. He had never seen the person who kept his place clean, so he waited to see who it was. Then he saw a fox going into his tent. He quietly went up to his tent and snuck up on her. When he went inside she was naked. She had taken her skin off. She took it off so she could dry it out. He then took her for his wife, and he married that fox.

Later on after they had married, a raven wanted to take the fox to be his wife for a while. He wanted to take her for a while. The man didn't approve of it, but the raven kept asking him.
He told the raven not to say anything if he smelled the fox because she got offended easily, and the raven agreed.

The raven had agreed not to say anything, but he smelled something and said out loud, “I wonder where that smell is coming from? It smells like urine.” The fox went out and started walking. The raven agreed not to say anything but he didn't keep his word. By mentioning what he smelled, the fox was offended, and so she left.

The husband then followed her tracks. It looked like she went inside a lemming den, so he waited for her beside it. A lemming came outside, so he asked, “Is Aliqqaq there?” ”Yes. Aliqqaq is in there,” the lemming answered. ”Tell Aliqqaq to come out,” Kiviuq said. So the lemming went to tell her and said, ”Aliqqaq, you are requested to come out,” but she answered, “Tell him that I don't want to come out.”

The lemming went back and forth delivering messages for both of them. The man insisted that she come out, but she didn't want to, so he said, “Maybe you can have the lemming for your husband.” The lemming went to tell her that but she didn't want him saying, “I don't want him. He is going bald.” She told him he could come inside, but that he had to keep his eyes closed as he came in.

He did what he was instructed to do. He went inside with his eyes closed. It wasn't tight for him to go through at all, so he opened his eyes before he had made it all the way in. Then he got stuck. He wasn't supposed to open his eyes until he reached the inside of the den, but he did, so he got stuck.

There. Taima. That’s it.
Henry Isluanik: I want to share the version of the story that people where I am from tell. I can recognize some parts of the story that you all just told. It sounds almost just like our version. I think we have the part where he opened his eyes. I'm going to tell the Kivalliq version. They will fix the differences in what they record. I'm going to tell the story about a person who transformed into a rock. I think some of you know this story.

They were three young girls who started the whole thing. I think there were actually four of them. They were playing house around the shore using rocks and other objects that they could use from the land. They were just girls, and like adults they wanted to pretend to have husbands. They were actually old enough to get married.

The first girl picked a rock, a long piece of rock for her husband, and said, “I'll marry this rock.” The second girl was looking at an eagle flying up in the sky and she picked him to be her husband and said, “I'll marry the one flying up there.” As they were talking among themselves, the third girl was watching a bowhead whale and she said, “I'll marry the one in the water down there.”

I might have forgotten the fourth girl but they said that she married a fish. From what I know there were three girls.

The first girl, who pretended to marry a rock, had already turned into stone. The eagle had come down to get the girl who wanted to marry an eagle and took her up to a cliff. She couldn't go up and she couldn't jump down either, because it was water below and above it was too high. The eagle had put her where she couldn't escape. She was stuck.

The third one who wanted to marry the bowhead whale was also taken by the whale. They were literally taken by what they pretended to marry. They couldn’t get home any more
because their husbands didn't want to let them go.

They couldn't go home and their families were getting worried about them and went looking for them. When they found them they found that they were now the wives of the bowhead whale, and the eagle, but it was impossible to take them back.

The eagle the girl had for her husband would go out hunting all day. He would bring back a caribou calf that he had caught. That girl was stuck. She couldn't jump down. She couldn't climb up because it was too steep. She would get hungry. She was able to see people riding in their qajait but it was too high for her to jump down. She was scared, and the other people couldn't reach her.

She dried up the tendons from the caribou and she braided them together, long enough to reach down to the sea. Her plan was to put the braid down when she saw people in qajait going by. She told her husband the next time he went out hunting to go to a particular area, because she wanted enough time to get down the rope that she had braided together.

But the eagle came back early, as some qajait were coming by. When they were passing in front of her, she yelled at them to stop. They waited for her to come down and with their help she was able to get down. Her hands were bleeding from the rope she used to climb down with. The men were waiting for her in their qajait. They told her to jump down because she was low enough. After that, they took that girl who had climbed down.

There was also the girl who had married the bowhead whale. She was also stuck with that bowhead. When she needed to have a bowel movement or urinate she was only allowed to when there was an ice patch nearby. The whale had her tied to a rope. That whale hardly ever came out. They used the bowhead whale ribs as the frame for their house. He never went out. He
always stayed inside. At the same time, he had his wife tied to a leash. When she needed to go outside, she couldn't go very far.

She noticed qajait passing by. They were quite close to the land, when she went outside. She told her husband that she was going to go outside because she needed to urinate. She knew he couldn't go outside because he hadn't recovered yet, as he was missing some of his ribs.

She went and did what she said she would do, still tied to the rope. She took the stick that she used to clean her anus and she stuck it in the ground and tied the rope to it, and then went down to meet the people riding in their qajait as they were close to shore.

After the girl had been taken, the whale was frustrated as he was waiting for his wife to come back and said angrily, “You always need to go.” He pulled the rope but all he got was the stick that the girl had tied. He hurried to follow her, but he was missing some of his ribs because they were using them as the frame for their dwelling.

He managed to get to the sea and was actually catching up, but he was missing parts of his ribs, so he his performance wasn't as good. The people who took the girl were doing everything they could to beat the whale. As the whale caught up to the girl she threw a kamik at him and the kamik fought him. He was using only one fin, so he was getting behind. When he hurried again he was able to catch up, and so she threw her other kamik. He had to fight back and he fell behind again.

The whale was again able to catch up. She had a pair of socks made out of caribou skin that she was wearing. She threw a sock at him and he had to fight it and again fell behind. The whale won the fight against the sock and again he was able to catch up.
The last time he caught up, she threw her pants at him. He had to fight them, too.

When he was fighting them he had to rip them into little pieces. The people managed to get to the land before he had finished fighting the pants, so he was too late to catch them.

He didn't try to fight the pants anymore. Instead he tried to follow the people to land but he couldn't even get close because the water was too shallow for him. The mother of the girl who was married to the bowhead whale was an arrogant type of person and she said to her daughter, “Is your vagina rotten now?” Her daughter answered her mother saying, “Yes. It is rotten. It is rotten.”

The bowhead whale heard what they were saying about him and he got even angrier. It said, “I wish you all could turn into stone” After he said that they all turned into stone and no one was left. As they were turning into stone they were singing. They sang a song as they were gradually transforming into rocks. This is how I used to hear it:

Qaingaa qaititsi Ungatsii

Come on over. I’ll have you for a husband.

Uinnai sinataujuvangnai sitingujaqpannaitsii

I’m scared now the rock is sticking to me.

Ujuraugnuumaa niputaangaa

I’m turning into rock from the bottom to my upper body.

Aggakka ujaranguqpuuk itigakka ujaranguqpuuk
My hands are rocks now, my feet are rocks now

Tagva tamamma ujaranngupunga

Now I’m all rock.

After that, they completely turned into stone. I don't know what happened next.

**Student:** *Is that where inuksuit came from?*

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** You should have sung some of it this way:

Qainna, qainna, qainna, qainna

They say *qainna* over there for *qajaq*. If anybody would like to add more to this story, or even if someone has a different version, I will just listen. I just want to mention the differences I noticed. This story sounds like the *unikkaaqtuaq* about the bird that married a human. The other two sound exactly the same. When I used to hear the story, that bird took the girl and put her on a cliff where she couldn't climb up or climb down. It was too steep for her. That big bird was able to catch caribou calves to bring home. When it rained he would cover his wife under his wings.

People in *qajait* would pass by that cliff. Her grandfather was one of them, so she started screaming at him to let him know that she was going to braid tendons from caribou to make a rope. She had already made some, and she would hide it under her bed when her husband the bird came. The rope was long enough to reach the bottom of the cliff, so her grandfather picked her up from there. She made it down and they took off, but they had a long way to go to get home.
When the bird returned to his home it was empty. His wife wasn't there so he went and looked for her. He found her riding in her grandfather's qajaq. He glided straight down at them; I think they were using a boat or a qajaq. This might have been during spring time because it is said that they had a qammaq, a sod house. It was because of their clothes that they were able to make it to their camp, and get inside their house.

The bird followed from behind and landed beside their house. One of his in-laws tricked him, just as the owl was tricked. He said, “So you are my son-in-law. Spread your wings and jump in the water by the shore.” He spread his wings, looked up in the sky and jumped in the water. As he did that he got pierced with an arrow which killed him. He was close to the house. He sat down, but he fell because he couldn't survive the impact of the shots that were fired at him.

That bird was given to the dogs. The dogs might have been little puppies then, because they would keep stealing other food like the torso.

It sounds like the same story I know, but I noticed different parts as I listened to the other versions.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I, too, have heard this story. Those girls were playing house. One girl pretended to marry an eagle feather and the other girl pretended to marry a bowhead whale skull.

The girl who pretended to marry the eagle feather was grabbed and taken to a cliff. The girl who pretended to marry the bowhead whale skull was stuck inside the skull, and that bone became their tent. That whale became her husband for real.
The girl who was taken by the eagle was dependant on what that eagle was bringing home, like birds and other animals. From those animals she collected the tendons and braided them together and made a rope to use to climb down. Where I come from there are no cliffs like that. Usually there is a space of land between the water and the cliff. The girl would measure the rope that she was braiding before her husband came back from his hunt. Whenever he went out hunting she would start braiding to make the rope, and hid it before he came back.

When he went out hunting as he always did, she measured the rope to see if it was long enough to reach the bottom. When it reached the bottom she started climbing down the rope. After she made it to the bottom she was able to do things again, and waited until a qajaq came by. The eagle started to look for his wife around the area, as she was gone when he got back to the cliff. The men kept the girl hidden inside the qajaq. When he didn't find his wife he became a widower.

That girl who became the wife of the bowhead whale, whom she pretended to marry, was stuck there. She was tied to a rope which was tied to the skull of the whale who was now her husband. As she was always tied to a leash she would only go outside from time to time. She would go up a hill to see if there were any people nearby. She saw some people and she started saying, “Those look like people! Those look like people! One is Kapitalik, and the other one is Miqqusaalik.” She said that jumping for joy.

Her husband the skull asked her, “Are there people?” He was saying that to himself because he was their house and a husband at the same time. She lied to him saying, “No. There is only a duck and a hare.” She didn't tell him the truth. She said that they were bending down. The story is almost the same in the parts about the clothing that somebody mentioned. She, too, was
able to escape from that skull like the other girl did by snapping the rope. She was able to be reunited with her family. That skull was also now a widower. The people in that camp avoided that area.

That skull followed from behind. They were running away from him paddling a boat. That skull was all white from aging. It was very old, but it was catching up fairly quickly. They would throw the girl's clothes at him. The clothes fought with the skull and he fought back because he really wanted to be with that girl. When they threw the pants at him it was a long fight, so the people in the boat were able to reach their destination.

I wanted to share this part of the story. Although it sounds different, it is the same story. I'll stop here.

Simon Tookoomee: Let me add a little bit to the story. Let me tell you my version of the story. Just like in their story, the girls became the real wives of these things they pretended to marry.

The big bird came down and picked up that girl and took her to his nest. He would bring a variety of birds for her and sometimes he would bring back a caribou calf that he caught. She gradually started to collect the tendons from those animals and she braided them together to make a rope. It was then long enough to reach the bottom of the cliff. She climbed down while her husband was away hunting. When she got to the ground she ran away.

She knew where her brother's and her father's tents were. She got close to that camp but she could not find them. She took her clothes off and threw them down so that big bird would fight those clothes. He would tear them into pieces and then he would go after her again. She kept throwing her clothes at him like that.
She was able to see the people in the camp. For the last time, she threw her pants at him, and he had to fight them, too. Her family came to get her and one of them threw his clothes at him. They threw a torso of an animal, too, and when he fought that they shot him with an arrow and killed him.

After they ate, they carried the torso away and used it as an object of fun.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** An island called Uqsuriak (Marble Island) near our home is quite a popular place. Today, Qallunaat like to go there. Even Inuit go over there to camp. I'm talking about news that was reported by the Nunavut government. Back then I heard a particular story from this old man named Tuullik. He lived in Qainiq, and knew this story very well.

He heard this story from elders a long time ago, from his ancestors. He lived in that part of Uqsuriak where it has vegetation. It's called Paunnalik because it's the darkest area covered with purple saxifrage on the southeast of that island. He lived there when he was a little boy.

The ice was being crushed into one big pile from the movement of the ice. I don't remember what season it was. Somebody mentioned it before. The ice was piling up and the people were saying, “It looks like it's forming into land down there.” In the summer that island was hardly visible, that island called Uqsuriak. That place was recently named. It used to be called Paunnalik.

I think the person who went to check that area was using a boat or it could have been a *qajaq*. It was probably a *qajaq*. He went to see that area because the ice was piling up where there was shallow water. It piled up very high and it turned into rock. In some stories that were told, it very well might have turned into rock.
It's obvious when you see the surface of the rock that it had been ice. It looks like thin ice. I often went to that place. Not every day, but ever since I was a little child I've been going to that place. The surface of those rocks really does look like ice that is in the waves, and some seemed to have been on top of each other.

The sand that transformed from the snow is very fine, very fine sand. Here they say it's like flour if the sand is very fine. It feels like flour. Another interesting thing about that place is that there is spring water that is always flowing from a rock. It never stops. It just keeps flowing all the time.

Using that sand to clean a tea pot or any pot doesn't scratch the surface at all. It makes the surface nice and smooth, just like sand in the water makes it really nice and smooth. It doesn't make any scratches at all. It's almost like mud.

That island is quite big. It has three major lakes that have fish that I know of. They're pretty deep, too. You can catch many fish from those lakes, even though the fish are small. One of them has bigger fish than the other two lakes. During spring time you can catch lots of fish. We used to stay there for our winter camp.

They say that that place transformed from ice. Because of that, when you go there you have to crawl from the shore to the mainland. Some people still crawl when they first go to that place. Other people don't believe that anymore. Some people don't crawl because they don't believe in these old traditions. It is obvious that it does not matter to some people anymore.

Before, quite a few people died exactly a year after going there, people who didn't crawl when they first stepped onto that land. The elders used to say that was why they lost a family member. Is it true, or not? I'm not sure. Myself, I believe it. I crawled a long time ago when I
was just a little child. I only crawled once. I never did it again, because it's only necessary to do it once.

During winter time you would only need to crawl a very short distance. You would just need go to the closest ujaraq to the land, and jump and say asuq when you jumped. During the summer time you would need to crawl for a longer distance; when the low tide was in you would need to start from the farthest tide line and crawl up to the high tide line. When you got there you'd have to say asuq. Then you wouldn't have to worry about it again.

When the high tide is in you wouldn't need to crawl very far, just a short distance. Then you would say asuq, that’s it. That’s enough.

Some people still do that today. Other people who are too ignorant to respect that rule don't even bother. Qallunaat actually crawl because they're easily convinced. They usually crawl. They like to go there every now and then, and when we tell them about that story they listen. Some Inuit do not want to crawl, even if we tell them to. They start to think, that's how they are. Younger people start to think, too, even if they don't do it.

I just wanted say that that place is very ancient. It's not new. It sounds like just a story. These people who are with me here have probably heard about when Qallunaat first went to that place. It might have been whalers who first went to that place, because there are three old sunken ships around that area.

There are different stories about what happened to the people who first went there. They say they might have thought there were precious jewels on that island because of its coloration. It's whitish in color. That's why there are sunken ships and there are graves. In fact, there are many graves on that island. They are nicely buried. They fought each other claiming that island.
An archeologist actually went over there to do research and he studied one particular grave, but I didn't go with them. Although they are doing research they will never really be accurate with their findings, especially as there are no written reports. They just make an interpretation as to how things are, and how old the artifacts are. They are just guessing because they don't have any reports. I don't know when this happened personally. I'm not saying that I don't believe the reports because I didn't hear the whole story, but people say there were people who would spend the winter there. They built their houses around one of the lakes. They kept that lake from freezing. They used the water to make liquor because they say they were drunkards, and used it for coffee. They didn't have tea back then. They actually kept almost the entire lake from freezing overnight. They had houses all around that lake.

One of the grandfathers in Kaludjak's family used to deliver mail to the men on that island, when Qallunaat first started to live in Igluligaarjuk. He would deliver it by dog team because there were no snow machines or airplanes then. He would be able to go there on his dog team. People used to say that he was really good at driving his team. It's actually possible to get there by dog team.

I'm talking about more recent stories. I have only heard them. They were passed on to me. I have never actually experienced these things myself. I'm telling you what was told to me. Some parts of the stories that I'm telling may not be accurate. Some people actually tell stories as if they really know them personally, like stories that nobody heard before. It gets confusing as to what really happened.

I can't really believe people when they are telling these kinds of stories because they don't know about them personally. There are even younger people than I am who do this. I am not
very old, but I think I am mature enough to be an elder because I am now eight-one years old. I believe the elders who used to tell stories about Uqsuriak. Anybody here can add more of their stories to this subject.

**Henry Isluanik:** From the way my mother used to tell the story, there weren't many Qallunaat in Uqsuriak when she was growing up. She grew up around Igluligaarjuk.

She also heard that when people first stepped onto that island they would have to crawl. She used to say that. She used to tell me a lot about that story, I think because she wanted me to know about it. When people first got off whatever transportation they had used to get there they would have no choice but to crawl. They had to follow that rule.

This is still believed today, but our lives are changing. Even some Qallunaat still respect that rule. I have heard this from people who remember about it. I myself have never stepped onto that island. I will certainly crawl if I go there. I will do what my mother instructed me to do, and listen to what I was told.

It's actually really like that, just like how he told the story.

My mother heard it differently. People tell it quite differently than my mother's story. I know it happened like that. I believe it. There wasn't an island on that spot at one time. It wasn't that big before. Our father used to say that it formed from ice. It's still as white as ice today.

That whole island is all white. I actually thought it was ice. My father said that it was Uqsuriak. It is an island. “It's now late summer. Why is there ice over there?” I asked my father. He said that it was actually an island, “That's Uqsuriak,” he said. That's when I first learned
about it. When we got back to the coast I really thought that it was ice before I knew about it. It was ice before, like they say it was.

I have mentioned my mother. She said that she had heard of that place. She was from Qainiq. Her family was related to the Tuullik family and she heard it from them.

There was a person who had drifted off on the ice. This woman had lost her child. She kept herself from saying anything. They were just following what they were supposed to do. They were not allowed to say anything. They used to call them *aglirniit*. Only when the time was right were they allowed to say something. She was still not allowed to say anything, but she saw that person being carried off and she was afraid for him, so she said, “What is that?” I don't know if she was related to that person or not. “How can we get to that person?” she said, because she wanted to save him. That was when it turned into an island. It's almost the same story, about that ice. This is how I've heard it.

**Student:** Why is it called Uqsuriak? What does it mean?

**Henry Isluanik:** I think it was named that because when the salt water starts to shine that is when it turns white. When the water is calm we call it *uqsuaq*, which means it looks like ice. I don't know how I can explain it. We also heard that when it no longer stays white the wind is going to blow. I think he knows that.

**Ollie Ittinuaq:** I know about it. It really does follow the weather. When it got dark before the wind hit, it meant it was not going to be nice weather. When it was still windy and it turned white again then we would know it was going to get better. It knows how the weather is going to be. It predicts it. I do not know why. Ever since I was a little boy everybody used Uqsuriak to predict the weather. When they were using sail boats they would look to it a lot.
Student: Is it visible from Kangiqliniq?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I wanted to ask that same question because I have no idea. I am not from there. When you really look at it, it changes a lot. I wonder why.

Simon Tookoomee: I only know this story from my father. Not too long ago I was taken to Uqsuriak.

Ever since I was little my father used to tell me about that place. He used to tell me to crawl if I ever went there. I never went there, when I was young, and I didn't think that I ever would. He instructed me beforehand about what to do if I went there. I believed in that story and in what we were supposed to do if we ever got to Uqsuriak. When I finally went there, I was taken there by boat. I crawled, although nobody told me to crawl, because I wanted to live.

He also used to say, not from his own experience, but from what he had heard, that one particular person shortened his life because he didn't listen to what he was instructed to do. He died early. He told me not to shorten my life if anybody ever took me to that place.

I used to walk around that place. I don't know how many days we camped there. I noticed that the rocks actually looked like they were broken pieces of ice that were piling up. They are thin and they are crushed together. You can really notice this, even if you've never been there before.

It's believable. What this man is talking about is believable.

Student: Was it transformed into an island?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Yes. I really don't know much about it because I am not from there, but I can say that's the case. Sometimes it seems really strange for me and unbelievable, but I've never
questioned it. In the summer it's nice and white. Sometimes you can't see it, sometimes it's
darker.

**Barnabas Pirajuq:** I just want to say that this is true. I believe what Itinnuaq is talking about.

There was an instruction that we had to follow, a *pittailiniq*.

My grandfather adopted me. He was not my real father; he was my grandfather. The
coast is not very far from Qamanittuaq, but he was not originally from there. There were three of
us, Aminaaq, Ukparaq and me. He wanted us to believe in that taboo. He said that it wouldn't be
as hard for Inuit to travel further afield and, if we ever were brought to that place, that if we
didn't follow the *pittailiniq* that we wouldn't live long.

He used to warn us about that. He told us that there was this man from inland who went
there who didn't crawl onto the island. When he got there he just giggled and played around
because he thought he was fine. When he got there he was told what to do, but he just made fun
of it. He was an elder and when the people got off the boat they were expecting him to crawl. He
was told to crawl but he just laughed and walked away, saying that nothing would happen to him
because he was an elder.

A year later, he died. They had *pittailiniit* they had to follow back then. My adoptive
father was absolutely afraid for the person, who should have been crawling. I just wanted to
share this story. Thank you.

**Simon Tookoomeee:** I don't have anything more to say about this. She asked what Uqsuriak
meant. For those who are not from Nattilik, those white rocks are referred to as *tunnuujaq*, which
means something that resembles caribou fat. The Nattilingmiut call them *uqsuriak*. A lot of
people that are living around there are from Nattilik. Perhaps that's why it's named that.
People from Nattilik, people from Iliiliq and people from Utkusiksalik call rocks *uqsuriak* if they are white. Maybe a person from Nattilik named that island. That's what I think. If someone originally not from there named it, it would be named Tunnuujaq.

That's what I think.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** There are old sunken ships there. I brought an Inuit and a Qallunaat there when we went one spring time in April. We went there by airplane. There were two scuba divers that came with us. We made an opening in the ice and looked for the sunken ships, and they found one.

When the summer came the Americans came back and they wanted to try and bring it to the surface. That ship was not small. When the low tide was in, the ship got pretty close to the surface. They were only able to get it to the surface once. They tied ropes all around it and tried pulling it up, but the bottom of the ship broke. The bottom of the ocean was too muddy, so they weren't able to go on with their work. They said they would bring stronger equipment to bring two of the ships to the surface when they came back.

The government didn't allow the work to proceed because the people working on this project were American. What they wanted to do was to leave one of the ships there on the land so people could see it, leave one of them in Kangiqliniq and bring the third one to America. They had said that this was what they wanted to do.

The elders regretted that this couldn't continue because they knew that money could be made from the Americans. They said that they would need many Inuit workers for the work to proceed. This is part of the reason the elders regretted the work not continuing. The government is not going to start working on this any time soon, but they wouldn't let it proceed. That wasn't
right. This happened a while back, so it's not as disappointing now. I just wanted to share this, too. If the government had allowed this to go on, there would have been money coming in to Inuit communities. When they stopped the money from coming in it was upsetting, but we Inuit were powerless. Perhaps today we could have more influence over things that are legislated. I wanted to use this opportunity to say this. Thank you.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: You were mentioning things about the stars earlier. I myself really don't know much about the stars. Maybe some of you know a bit more about them. I know you'll only be able to say so much about them. I, too, would like to learn about the stars.

Herve Paniaq: I was talking about the stars, but when there are no stars visible it's hard for me to teach about them. What were you trying to say?

Student: We wanted to know if there are stories about the stars.

Herve Paniaq: Okay. There are stories about stars, the stars we have here.

There was an orphan. When he went to visit this old man, the old man would say to him, “Little orphan, when you get to your woman's tail, eat the bone.” He kept saying that to him. There was an old woman with him. He was scared so he never said anything. Finally he said something to the old woman he was staying with. She told him that if the old man did something to him, she would be there for him.

He went to that old man's place and he again started saying things to him. The boy finally talked back to the old man. He said, “Utuqqaalualuuk piksuma saakiallii anngilii qungmiikkuun salliikkuu kivituip pavak. Old one there, hiding your chest bone; when I put my hands in my
sleeves by the shore will you sink me?” The old man took a piece of caribou antler, and started chasing him but the old woman wasn't aware of what was going on.

They went around and around the house, but before the old man could catch up to the boy he rose up into the sky and turned into a star. When the old woman found out what had happened she followed him and she too turned into a star.

These are the stars we call Sivullialuk, the first ones. This is a short little story.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Is the first star the orphan?

Herve Paniaq: Yes. We call them the Tukturjuuk, which means they look like caribou. You can see them in the late evening. The second one is on the southeast side. It's the highest and the biggest.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: They are pretty big. The orphan had nothing, and he must have been judged a lot.

Herve Paniaq: He tried going home through the water. The old woman knew about it. She told him to pay him back, and when he did they ran around the house. This is just a legend. It might not have really happened.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: It might not have really happened. “Sakiallii ujuktaani kivisiqlugu kiviqtiupaqpamma. Your chest with its bearded seal will make it sink and sink me.” The boy said this to talk back to him.

Herve Paniaq: Is it just a story?
**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes, just a story. I now at least have a better understanding about the first one, the orphan. I had no idea.

**Herve Paniaq:** More over to the side, the three stars that don't shine very brightly are said to be the Ullaktut, humans running, and even further to the side is the Nanurjuk, polar bear. The dog that came across the polar bear went up there. They are just made up. They are our little made up stories.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** They are not very happy stories, but they were probably good examples for teaching a lesson.

**Herve Paniaq:** When they really didn't have much to do, they used to tell these stories to pass the time. They might not be true.
Chapter 8 Qallupilluit, Amajurjuit, Ulikappaalit, Ijirait 2, Amautaliit 1, Inugarulliit, Aarluarjuit, Qungalukkakkit/Mahahaa, Anautaliit, Amautaliit 2, and Scary Old Man.

Moderator: *Maybe you still have more stories about the stars. Another topic was stories about the qallupilluit. Did you talk about them?*

Ollie Itinnuaq: *From the beginning up to the present they have always been like that. I don't think they are just stories.*

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: *I'll talk about the rules I remember concerning qallupilluit when he finishes his story.*

Herve Paniaq: *I was requested to tell a story about the qallupilluit, so I'll tell it.*

There was a camp, and at this camp people would get together in a *qaggiq*, and have dances and singing. There was an old woman who was blind who would baby sit. There was a baby who cried a lot, but she was able to take care of the baby even though she was blind.

One summer evening people once again gathered at the *qaggiq*. The old woman was having a hard time keeping the baby from crying, so she started yelling for somebody to come and carry the baby in an *amauti*. She heard somebody coming for the baby. Of course, all she could do was listen for somebody, because she was blind. That person went in front of the old woman and said, “I'm ready.” So the old woman put the baby in the *amauti*, but that person didn't help out at all. She just waited. The baby fell inside the pouch.

As soon as the baby was inside, that person sounded like she was running away. When the woman heard that, she started to scream, “What was that? Her pouch seems very deep.” It turned out that the person she gave the baby to was not a human being. That baby was taken.
When that old woman was feeling stronger again, she went outside, walking around the shore trying to get seaweed. When she realized that she was being followed she sang a song, “They are humans. They are humans. One is Kapitalik and the other one is Miqqusaalik.” The adoptive guardian who was inside would say, “Tutiin, I got the duck and the rabbit. They are almost cooked. Tutiin, come in now.” That thing would almost get the old woman, but she made it home before she was snatched.

The angakkuq would perform rituals trying to find out what happened. After many unsuccessful attempts they finally got the baby, who was reunited with humans. I don't know what happened next.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I don't know a whole lot about this story, but my father used to tell me things like this, not really to help, but telling me what he had heard because he believed them. He only believed in them. He couldn't say, “This will happen here or this will show up there. We'll see it there.” He couldn't say that at all. He was only telling me because he believed in them. Inuit back then were like that.

When he told a story about qallupilluit he would say that their clothes were made from duck skins. He only heard about that. He never saw them before.

The qallupilluit could take the form of an animal. He told me to spear a qallupilluk if I realized that the animal was not a real animal. He said that I would have to harpoon it at a certain spot, but he never really said exactly where to harpoon it. When I harpooned it I would have to let go of the rope right away and say that I wanted to catch a walrus or I wanted to catch a polar bear or whatever I wanted to request. If I didn't have food I would have to say that. Then later on, I would have the opportunity to catch that animal. He used to tell me this. It's quite a short story.
I still believe this today, although I have never seen one yet. I’m not saying that I want to have the opportunity to do this, I just believe it.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** I wonder if they were in the land of the *qalupaliit*. We call them *qalupaliit*. It is said that the *qalupaliit* rarely ever come out of the water, or go to the surface of the water. It's known that the *qalupaliit* make noises under the ice. They even make nice little noises.

This is very short, but this is what I've heard.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I cannot tell a story about this. I can't add anything to it.

**Henry Isluanik:** I kind of recognize this, but I have a different story. I can't tell it the way people from here tell it. We all have different versions as we come from different areas. We are all different. You call them *gallupilluit*. We call them *amajurjuaq* or *qalluktaapalik*. The story that I've heard is also about a blind woman. This blind woman was babysitting and was trying to get some sleep. The parents were out drum dancing. The baby kept crying wanting to be with its parents.

When the baby was crying, the old woman said to her, “The *amajurjuaq* is going to take you. Go to sleep.” She heard somebody come in, and that person wanted the crying baby. “Come. Let me carry the baby in my pouch.” The blind woman went along with this and got the baby ready. “Let me carry him. Let me carry him,” that thing said to the blind woman. Then it took the baby.

The blind woman smelled it and noticed that its voice was strange but she was too late to do anything. They were already gone. She was blind. She picked up something and threw it at that thing. It sounded like she hit it, and that it hadn't gone very far. It was still there. It hadn't
gone very far. It had left footprints. It wouldn't have had footprints if she had not thrown something at it. They hadn't gone very far. They were still there.

When they saw the tent, the baby shouldn't have been wearing clothes but he was. She had put him down not wearing any clothes. That baby was sitting beside the tent playing when the old woman saw her. She went up to the baby quietly. She was actually trying to let the baby know about her presence, and when the baby noticed, it said, “My father.” She didn't understand what it said and the person inside asked, “Are there lots of footprints?”

That baby must not have been real because it answered, “No. I got the raven. *Miqquhaalik* and *kavihilik*; one covered in fur and fish scales.” The old woman just left it alone and she cleaned her blankets, getting rid of the bugs. It seems that she was able to see, because she said that the when the bugs fell off they were as big as mice.

I am really not sure what really happened next. Unknowingly, she took the baby and brought him to her place. I don't know what happened next.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I don't have any other story about the *qallupilluit*. They are telling the story just like I would tell the story. I can't say or add any more to it. Maybe others can tell more stories.

**Simon Tookoomee:** Maybe I can? He already talked about the *amautilik*. That blind woman was taking care of her grandchild when the parents were dancing. When that baby started to make a fuss and that being came in, the blind woman put the baby down and that being took the baby and put him in her *amauti* and left.

The *amautilik* had already left. After the dance ended, the parents went over to get their baby but she was gone. The blind woman explained that she thought it was a person from the
dance who had come to get the baby.

The baby was playing outside. He saw his parents from a distance. The blind woman asked, “Uggujaaksaani. Are you feeling regret?” The baby answered, “There is smoke coming out of the ravens.” The blind woman didn't really mind him thinking that; he didn't know what he was really talking about, so she just let him be.

The baby was coming in and out and would say, “There's smoke coming out of the ravens. They're smoking.” They were getting closer, and ran over and waited for him to come out. When the baby came out they took him. There were lice falling off and they were as big as lemmings. They are called tumigajaaqlunaaq, the ones with little tracks. They took his clothes off and cleaned them and put them back on and took him with them.

When the others got home they noticed that the baby had been taken by the amajurjuaq. I can only go this far. I don't know what else happened.

Barnabas Pirjuuaq: I don't have anything to say about the qallupilluk. We are telling stories about what we've heard. I can't add any more about the amajurjuaq. It's very short. When I hear about amajurjuit I don't know much about them. I never really heard about them. I know that they told this story to make people careful out there, to scare people. This is not a story for people who come from inland.

They told the story to children because they didn't want them to play along the sea shore. The people along the coast used this as a tool to help children be careful. I can't explain the meaning.

Student: What do the inland people use to scare children?
Barnabus Pirujuaq: Regarding the story they were telling, the amajurjuit go after babies that cry too much. When a baby is crying, they like to put them in their amauti. The blind woman who was babysitting while the parents were at a ceremony thought that the person who wanted to take the baby was human because it had said, “Give him to me.” When it said that, the blind woman thought it was a human. Then that amajurjuaq took the baby away.

Simon Tookoomee: For the inland people like my parents and the Angujjuaq family, we always stuck together, but sometimes there would be other people. They used to say that some of the lakes do have qallupilluit. They used to tell us that if we wanted to play at a lake we had to make sure we looked around first before we went in the water. They used to tell us that some lakes had qallupilluit to scare us, so we would be careful.

The amajurjuaq and the big shark used to be mentioned. They said that the lakes might have these things in them. They also used to tell us to be careful as there could be qupiqruit, insects, like the ones you see on the television. They said that they have them, too. These are things that we were told to watch out for.

Henry Isluanik: I want to answer the question about what kind of things they used to scare inland people. We used to be told to watch out for the ijirait, the amautiliiit, the inugarulliiit, and the aarluarjuit. Those were the beings that people from Arviat used to be afraid of.

Student: What was the last one?

Henry Isluaniq: Aarluarjuit, beings that would look at you as if they were looking over beyond you. They always have a posture of facing up.
The *aarluarjuit* were said to have dog teams, but they used wolves instead of dogs. They said that they would take children away if they were hurt. Children were told that they would be taken away if they were not careful about getting hurt.

And there were *tupilait*. They weren't actually to scare children, but they were scary. The *angakkuit* were able to beat them. When they spent too much time in the camp, the *angakkuit* were able to drive them away. They said they were scary.

Also, what did they call them, *qungalukkakkit*, beings that have a big smile. They are the same beings as those called the *mahahaa*. They also used those to scare people.

Other beings were the *anautaliit*. I don't know a whole lot about them, but somebody claims to have seen one before. They are beings that carried a stick for a weapon. They were often visible, and we used to watch out for them. When people got close to them, they would try to hit people.

These were the things the inland people used to talk about, not around the coast, around the Harvaqtuq area. I may have forgotten to mention some, but I'm stopping here.

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** I'm going to tell another story about an *amajurjuaq*. It's hard to tell if it's true or not because it's from a long time ago.

The children were playing away from the camp and it was getting late. They were just having fun. An *amajurjuaq* went over to them and tied them together with her belt. They didn't have any protection and that *amajurjuaq* tied them so tight that they couldn't move anymore. She said to them, “I'm going to cut you up with my *ulu*. Let me just go and get my *ulu.*”
So they couldn't move. That *amajurjuaq* had left. An *amauligaq*, a snow bunting, then hovered around them and they couldn't move. The *amauligaq* was flying around them and it sounded like it was talking in human language. “Iguptigaptii. Iguptigaptii. Let me free you. Let me free you.” He wanted to untie the belt. One of the children said, “Yes,” and that bird freed them.

The *amajurjuaq* came back and found that the children she had tied together were free. The bird was still flying above them. She could only find her belt. They left her belt behind. They were about to take it with them but then she came back. The *amajurjuaq* looked around but couldn't find them. She said, “Where did the children that I tied together go?” She lost what she claimed to have for herself.

The *amauligakuluk* was still flying around there and it said to the *amajurjuaq*, “I came here just in time.” When he said that to her she got mad and started to curse at him saying “You, flying up there. Come down here.” She glared at him.

This is what they used to tell us about playing in the dark. It's short. They used to tell us this. Would there be more?

**Simon Tookoomee:** Can I add some? It's the same story but in this story she has a tent. When the *amajurjuaq*, we used to say the *amautilik* when we told the story, saw the children playing she went and put them into her *amauti*. Then she took them to her tent. She tied them together in her tent so they couldn't move or get out.

The *amajurjuaq* went to go pick arctic heather. The children started to cry and an *amauliganNUaq* came to the tent and landed on the rafter. There was a teenager among the
children and he said that they were from Nahaujaq. They had been tied together and they couldn't move. The *amauligannuaq* untied them and they ran to their home.

“Where are the children? Where are the children,” asked the *amajurjuaq.* “They are home,” he answered her. “Where are the children? I think they are gone. They are gone. If they are gone, I need something to throw at you,” she said. She looked around for something she could use to throw at him saying, “*Putukumma inua kannaa kaaktuq kaakuaqttuq.* The spirit of my big toe is very hungry.” The *amajurjuaq* went away from there. She said, “*Putukunguuq nirinarvaanga.* The big toe will eat it.”

It ends here.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I don't have anything to add to this story. I think I recognize the part when they said *qauggaugga*, the white one, but the other parts I don't think I've heard at all. I'm like this. That's why I've been quiet.

Somebody mentioned a little bit about the *anautalik*, a being who carries a weapon. I know a very short story about it. It hit himself on its head here, and from what I know his weapon was a bearded seal. I think this is how the Nattilik people know the story. I can tell some of it, but I have forgotten some parts. I can probably tell it, but not from the beginning.

It has a song, too, but I don't know how it starts. When the children were alone at home they told these stories to them so they would behave, so they would have limits. They did this to help children be aware. It didn't seem that way then when they did this, but it was to help us so that we wouldn't be mischievous growing up.

They used to scare us. For example they would say, “That thing might get you if you do
that.” What was it? See, I really don't remember how the story goes. I would be lost if I tried to
tell the story. I will tell a very short story.

I'll go ahead and talk about that anautalik first. I'll just start from what I remember. Well,
I'll just tell it. Maybe somebody will add more about it or maybe not.

I used to think about it a lot when I was younger because I was scared of it, but I'm not
scared of much now. I think I would just give up if I was ever going to get snatched. I was
always afraid back then. I tried to be obedient because I was brought up to be afraid of these
things. Our parents were probably telling us lies to help us be safe. We were given something
really important through these words. If they didn't tell us these things we would have probably
ended up doing whatever we wanted to do, but we were limited because of what we had been
told. We were like that.

When the anautalik came it would hit the tent first. Then it would hit the skins. It would
always come in the tent. In this story that anautalik was expected. The people knew that he
would show up one of those days. They boiled some oil and put it above the doorway, knowing
that the anautalik would show up sometime soon. They killed its weapon first.

After they killed it the floor was covered with blood. They cleaned up the floor and when
the anautalik realized that its weapon, his bat, was not around it asked, “Where is my bat?” I
don't know what they said when they answered it. When it asked again they told him that it was
above the doorway. There was a pot hanging by either a thread or a rope. I'm not sure.

They had planned that when that thing looked up, there would be somebody hiding,
waiting to cut the string. When it looked up, the rope would be cut and that being would get
burned by the hot boiling oil. When it did look up, the person cut the string and they succeeded in burning him. Obviously oil can certainly burn you.

From here I can't go any farther with the story. But it has a song. I don't remember all of it, but I'll just start it, although it might not be from the beginning. I might not finish it to the end. My mother and my father used to sing it.

Anautalik jaalliuu

The one with the bat

Anautalik manna immakuliin

The one with the bat right here

Mauna imngirasua&armaa taimaliqai tillungaa

I’m trying to sing at a time like this

Taipsikuutigaa qimuksikkua sukkattuunaakkua

Just like those dog teams that are so fast

Uivaarinirjui kangivaujinitjuin

Those objects of arguments have gone inland

Tuumailluatuq&ugi tammaramaa inganaqturjuarngai

Following the tracks I am in error and see a person who has passed on.
It might not be the end of the story. I don't know how the rest goes. I used to hear this story and I used to think about the part where its bat gets visible, when it was coming towards them and it was very fast. It was real fast in the water! It's no wonder they were scared of it. They said, “Beware. It's scary.” Then there was a part about a dog team. It said, “The dog team is fast. I stop where there is light. It's upsetting.” Maybe it got upset. I don't understand it. They used to tell this to us when I was just a child. I used to think about it a lot.

Herve Paniaq: He didn't tell the part where it makes waves.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Maybe somebody can tell more about it, if it's really about that subject. It's true. I'm trying to remember, but if anybody else has heard about it, I would like to know about it. I have two questions about this topic. They didn't understand at all about Tuutalik and what was the other one? There were two of them, that one and the anautalik.

Herve Paniaq: Stories from different communities have differences although they sound similar.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: The bat sounded the same. Was it you? No. It was you. I agree with what he said about the bat. Although it wasn't exactly the same, I'm certain that it's true. I always like to listen to stories. I myself work on them even if don't know if they are true or not. From what I'm hearing, I'm learning. I'm letting it grow.

Ollie Itinnuaq: How about the one they called Iktuuq, the old man? They used talk about the scary old man.
Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I've heard of that. I used to hear about that when I was a child. But I can't say if he was scary. It was very fast when it happened to me. Now, I don't hear about Iktuuq.

Ollie Itinnuaq: You have to get out before he goes inside.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Once in long while I would hear about him. He was very quick, so you had to be real quick. The way I heard it from my father, it was not human. It had the look of a dog, and its feet were facing backwards.

Ollie Itinnuaq: It is said that it has the form of a wolverine. It sounded like thunder, you could actually hear it.

Before it comes inside, you have to go outside because if it comes in it’s horrific. It might just go ahead if it comes in the house. This used to be told to scare people. Like he said, its feet are facing backwards and it has the form of a wolverine. I don't know what it is, but it is loud.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: They don't actually sound like an actual clap of thunder, but the sound coming after it, sounds like blowing. You can tell how fast they are.

My father used to tell the story. I think he was actually trying to be serious, but it was a story based on what he had heard, not what he had seen. This man heard that particular sound but he didn't get up to leave right away. By the time he went out, it was already in the porch. It looked like a dog. It was white in color and rather small. It gets dizzy if the there is a light. It would put out the light. The light of a qulliq is pretty bright. While the man was trying to get out he touched its cheek, and then his cheek became feeble.
My father told it like that. I think he had never seen it himself. I'm not sure this is true, but I personally believe it still today.

**Student:** *One side of his cheek became feeble?*

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes. It became paralyzed. He died. That thing was so strong. I haven't heard about those in a long time. I used to hear about them once in a long, long while during the winter when I was a child.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Me, too.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** And those *anuri kavittutuinnait*, whirlwinds, small twisters, people used to be afraid of those, too. They used to tell me about those. I think my wife saw one before, after we had moved to Kangiqliniq. When she was alone there, I think she actually saw one because she told me about it. The wind is very strong because it is very fast. Things just fly in the path they travel.

People used to tell me things to do. They said if I heard a wind and knew that it was going to come my way, to grab a rock before it came. It didn't have to be a very large one. If I didn't hold one, when it came my way, it might blow me away. I believe this.

Maybe it was like a whirlwind. I don't know. If it was whirling it would be very big but it would leave a thin track. But as Inuit we are not looking for whirling, or spinning things. It was only after Qallunaat came, that we started hearing about those. We didn't have any equipment to look for them. They only knew what they had seen through personal knowledge.

**Student:** *What about those aarluarjuit?*
Henry Isluanik: They used to see them before, but they say that they are not scary. They would go to the camps, over in Arviat. They saw these things. When aarluarjuit look at you they seem like they are looking way above you because their eyes and their head are facing way up. When you do this they say you are aarlujuq. They say they're quite small, but they're kind of big.

Student: Smaller than us?

Henry Isluanik: I don't know. The person who I heard this from actually saw one when he was out hunting at Aglanaqtuq River. We know him. Qiutalaaq saw them three times. They went into his tent. When they are looking towards you they look like they are actually looking up, but they are not threatening.

Student: What do they look like?

Henry Isluanik: They look like humans, but never say anything. The Paallirmiut are afraid of them, although they say that they do not go after humans. When they come in they look like humans. When they locate a human they stare as if they are looking over above them.

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: Above them?

Henry Isluanik: Yes, above them. When they look at you they would seem to be looking at something behind you and the head is looking up. They never look you right in the eye. The person who told me this had seen them. They say they are aarluarjuit.

Barnabas Pirujuaq: I think those are Inuit pygmies. I think they are quite small.

Henry Isluanik: What was that?
Barnabas Pirujuaq: Those aarluarjuit humans, small humans, the ones that live in Paalliq. I think they are like pygmies. They are small. We've only heard about them from the Paallirmiut. They don't really have a name.

Henry Isluanik: They are called aarluarjuk because they look upwards.

Barnabas Pirujuaq: They say they are like that because they are short. They say that they like to steal. Even if the person who owns something is there, they look for things to take. That's what they do. That's all I know about them. They say they seem to think that no one is going to find out, and that they are not very intelligent.

Henry Isluanik: They steal. That's right. I forgot about that. I understand now. People say that they don't seem to be all there, like they are not thinking. When they come they are not actually thinking about humans. We know that those things came into Siiqiqtaq, the hunter's place, three times. He told this story.

Student: They don't do anything to humans?

Henry Isluanik: They get so overwhelmed that they just go out. I really don't remember this part.

Simon Tookoomee: Are they just stories, or did anybody see one up close?

Henry Isluanik: They used to tell stories about them, but I never really paid much attention until this person who actually saw one told me about them.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I have never heard about these things.
**Henry Isluanik:** You don't hear about them much. I only heard about this from a person who saw them, a Paallirmiut. When he started telling the story, he said that he had heard about the *aarluarjuit*. When he said that he saw them, that's when I really found out that the Paallirmiut have known about them for a long time. I didn't know they existed, but the Paallirmiut already knew about them.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Our lands are different, and they probably have beings that have always existed.

**Henry Isluanik:** I only found out about this when that person said that he had seen them. This person is my uncle. He is my father's cousin. Their mothers were sisters, Kuugaq and Siatanaaq. He would talk about them from time to time. He said that they were not scary. He thought they were humans, but they disappeared. When they leave they disappear.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I have never heard scary stories about an *amajurjuaq*. Ever since I was young they always told me that in the Kivalliq there were *amajurjuat*. They told me to be aware of them if I was ever taken over there.

**Henry Isluanik:** You don't have a story to tell about the ones from Arviat? Suusanni is writing about what is really there. There are even *aliuqtuuq* down there.

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** I agree. There are other beings called *aallaarjuit*. They have clothes without any seams, maybe because they don't have needles. When they make clothes they would just make holes and tie them together.

**Henry Isluaniq:** You've heard about them, too?

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** I don't think they are monsters.
Henry Isluaniq: They are mean. They have no manners.
Chapter 9 Bestowing qualities on newborns, Arranged marriage, Pittailiniq, Aarnguat and, the Importance of Storytelling.

Student: I have a question that's totally off the topic. What did they do to a child when it was still in the womb if they wanted him/her to be good at something? Did they talk to it or did they say a prayer? What did they do to that newborn in the womb so it would be good at something?

Barnabas Pirujuaq: There are many different things that were practised. The husband and the pregnant woman had to get up, put on their clothes and go out right away when they woke up so that when she was in labour she wouldn't have any complications. They had to do this.

It's not just a story. Some people still do this today even after the Qallunaat came. After the Qallunaat came they didn't have midwives anymore. Now they just get anyone they want for a sanaji when the baby is born.

Whatever they wanted a baby to be good at, whether they wanted a boy to be a good hunter or if they wanted a girl to be good at sewing, there were things you had to do. They could have made the boy a good dog musher. This was still happening not very long ago. We were born at the time when they were still doing that. When the churches opened here, it changed. I'm making it short because others here can say more about it.

Simon Tookoomee: From what I know and have heard, when the baby was still in the womb they would give him a name or the grandfather would tell him beforehand what he wanted him to be like, or turn the life of the person around through the baby. For example, when I was still in my mother's womb, my father said that he was tired of being insulted and bullied and that he would not be verbally condescended to. He was talking to me, even when my mother didn't hear it.
My grandfather, my grandfather who I never saw, said that when people go out hunting that game are not always caught, but that I would at least catch one animal when I hunted.

My mother used to tell me that I was living the lifestyle of the way they wanted me to be. Long after the church opened I was given a Qallunaat name. I used to think about this a lot because I cannot speak English and am helpless. I thought for a long time that the baby who would be named after me, my English name, would be successful, and always have something to do. He would help others, and would get along with other children when he/she was playing and be strong.

When I saw the baby's father he told me what he thought about the baby after he was born. I was telling him what I had said about that baby. He said that the baby doesn't think like a Qallunaat, he acts like an Inuit. He gets along with other children and when he sees anybody that needs help he helps them out and that he is strong. I believe what he told me about this.

This is still going on today. It's not dead. You can try that, whether it's your name for your grandchildren or someone else.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Your question is a very good question. Most of us didn't grow up in Qallunaat society; I think most of us here lived our Inuit tradition.

A baby boy already had a wife arranged for him. Even if the baby wasn't born yet, it could be a baby girl close to the due date that would be promised. A pregnant woman wasn't allowed to do just whatever. She had to look outside first thing in the morning, and get up right away. When she was pregnant she shouldn't hold her urine when she needed to urinate. There were many things pregnant women had to follow.
I said earlier that if it has been arranged for a baby boy to have that baby girl for his wife, if the newborn was a girl she would be his wife. Even if he thought about another girl he had no choice but to have her, because his parents wouldn't allow anything else to happen. We always honour our parents. They would bring up the girl they had chosen for his wife. Even if she was part of the family, if she was a close relative she would be his wife. If he wanted another woman for his wife, the parents wouldn't change their minds. They married the couple as planned. From birth their marriage was already arranged. That's how it was.

Today, people marry anybody they like. As long as they like that person of their own free will, they get married. That's how it seems now.

We couldn't choose who we wanted, us men and women. It was already arranged, if the baby was a boy or a girl. Our ancestors had a totally different way of life in this regard. I went through that myself. My parents and my family followed this tradition.

That is how I know about it. Somebody else can say more about it.

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** I myself was brought up like that. I was able to run my own dogs, and I became independent. I was already promised to a woman from a Qitirmiut family at Utkusiksalik. I grew up knowing that I had a future wife, who I had never seen before in my life, living in Qitirmiut. There are women here from where we lived. My wife was also brought up knowing that she would marry a man she did not know. I heard that they used to tell her that she was going to have a husband. They let her know my name, but we still never met.

We always listened to our elders during the 1940s. In 1943, my wife and I got married in the middle of nowhere, out on the land. My future in-laws came to Qamanittuaq to take their daughter-in-law, and to leave their daughter who was going to marry her husband.
That was our lifestyle. We didn't even think about looking for a wife even if we knew that there were beautiful women. For us in our 60s and 70s, our parents told us just how they wanted us to be. This tradition was gone before we knew it. Others have something to say, too.

**Qaunnaq Uquutaq:** We women used to be lectured that one day we would have children of our own because we were female. We used to be told that when we woke up we were to put our clothes on and head out right away, so we could have an easy labour, so we wouldn't have a long labour. I believe that. Another thing we were told was not to work with braiding, or work with yarns, or crocheting, so that the umbilical cord wouldn't be around the baby's neck when it came out. If we worked too much with those things the baby would have a hard time trying to come out.

The men were also advised not to go out of their homes facing backwards so that their child wouldn't come out a breech birth. We used to get promised to a man that we absolutely did not want to marry. This went on from the time of our ancestors, from way back. They used to try to get me to marry men that I didn't want at all, and they would give up. I actually refused men. I was like that. But today women don't last long with their men. That's how it seems. We used to be told to listen to our parents, because we were going to be in labour one day. They taught us how to sew. Because we were women we had to learn. We were told about these things, too.

Men were only allowed to get a wife if they were capable of being independent. Women didn't want to be with someone who didn't know how to do things right. I just wanted to mention this part.

**Barnabus Pirujuaq:** Just like them, when we were expecting our baby we got up right away after we woke up and went out right away. We went to urinate outside, not inside our home.
When there were people coming to our camp we had to go meet them. They would never stop us. They always said that if you were pregnant you shouldn't just be lazy and not do anything, because the baby would grow too large. They encouraged us to be busy doing things so that the baby would come out really quickly. My wife and I used to race to put our kamiik on first. I would be first sometimes, and she would be first sometimes. When she beat me I used to want to beat her, but I couldn't keep up.

Our relatives, our in-laws and our mothers used to give us valuable advice on how we should live our life. Whether it was about child rearing or sewing, we had good encouragement and advice. That's all I have to say. Do you want to say something, too?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** My turn now? If I'm right, your question was how to go about making a child skillful; if you wanted him to be skillful what should you do beforehand. That will happen only if you do the necessary things for him. I went through a very hard time. It turns out that the only thing that got to me was the television. I watch television all day long. Maybe that's the only thing that I'm good for now. I realize this when I watch television all day, and I enjoy what I'm watching.

My mother grew up under very strict disciplining parents. Because of me, they had taboos to follow. I had to go through a lot of pressure following taboos because they said that I might have hard times when my father died. I didn't want him to die, but his time would someday be up. He was my sanaji, my maker, when I was a baby. Some of what he said might not have worked but some came true. He said that he wanted me to have a mean nature, so I am like that. I have never really gotten angry, although I'm the type of person who's always mad. I never hit my wife before, but I scolded her when I was young.
My father did that for himself. He wanted to pay others back. He didn't have a father. When he was conceived his father died. When he was returned back to his mother he had younger siblings and a step-father. When they weren't being nice to him, he had nobody to turn to, the very people he grew up with. He had no father. He could have turned to his mother but she was a woman. He couldn't depend on her like he could have a man. That woman didn't grow up thinking like a man.

He used to be afraid of them. They would say that he was a liar even when he knew that he was not lying. He said he used to be afraid. He said, you are a man, don't treat others like I was treated. This was in his mind. One of you was saying something about this, and it's true. When I was born he said these things to me.

He also wanted me to be a successful hunter, but it didn't quite turn out that way.

**Student:** He was telling you these things just when you were born?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** Yes. When I came out he started saying these things. We say this is our mind as Inuit. We call it our brain. When we have too much on our minds we start to feel our emotions. Maybe that's why we think that's where our thoughts are from. He placed his hand there and rubbed it as if he was kneeling down for prayer. He placed his hand on me and wanted me to be mean and vicious. He said if I wanted to talk back to others I would, but afterwards he regretted saying that.

Another thing he said to me was never to lie when I was being questioned. Even if I was the weakest of the men, and they ganged up on me, if I told them the truth I wouldn't commit anything bad. Telling the truth cannot be challenged, he would say. It's true. He said these things to me.
My mother had to go through a lot, too, to have me. Before I was born she didn't have anything to drink for a while, but not for very long. I'm not sure how many days she did that for, but I don't think it was for many days. I was born in July. We know that because there were lots of mosquitoes at the time. When I started to remember, I realized it didn't used to rain very often. When it finally rained you were able to get some water from the bottom of rocky hills. They usually have little puddles there. She would drink a little bit, using her hand as a cup, but she wouldn't get satisfied at all. She was only allowed to drink when the sun was setting. The water in little puddles would dry in the sun, so there probably wasn't much left for her to drink at the end of the day. That's the only place where she could get water from, and it only rained once in a long while.

She would also put a small piece of rock in her mouth, because her mouth would be so dry. She wouldn't have anything to drink for so long she would be dehydrating. She put a rock in her mouth so she could produce saliva. She said that helped and made her feel better.

When all this was going on they had arranged a wife for me. I would need to follow taboos because of her. I think that doesn't make sense in some ways. I wasn't allowed to put any of her clothes on, but if I wanted to sleep with her, that was up to me. Of course, she was my wife. We had taboos in that situation, too. The thing was, I absolutely wasn't allowed to put her clothes on.

If I was going to eat, I could not eat while in bed. I never liked this taboo at all. I'm talking about this from my own perspective. It was like that unfortunately. I didn't always agree with them, but I had no choice but to follow these things. I couldn't follow them because I was afraid to act like that.
They didn't allow me to put on her clothes at all. When I ate I always had to put something under the food for a plate. When I was done eating I had to wipe off the plate I was using, but I wasn't allowed to wipe it with my right hand, only with my left. They expected me to eat until it was clean. Those things were hard to follow when you actually had to live them.

**Student:** You are not left-handed?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I'm not left-handed. Because of all the things I went through, I had a very rough time.

I thought about all these taboos that I went through afterwards. I realized that my younger siblings didn't seem to go through any of these at all. When women were in the house they had to walk around me if I was sitting down on the floor. Women were not allowed to walk over me. They believed that if a woman walked over me, my life might be ruined; they were afraid of that. I was brought up living this kind of lifestyle.

My father used to say that he had bestowed these qualities on me and for that he had a request for me. He wanted me to bury him, and I waited for this moment for a long time. Following what he wanted me to do, when he died, I put him in a body bag and buried him. I was totally alone, just the way he wanted. When I was actually doing it, it wasn't a very hard task. I didn't need help to do it.

Before burying him, I had to wait three days as my own way of letting go. After three days we always leave the place where a person died. He also told me to take my wife's right-hand mitten, and put it on my left hand to help me let go of him. After I put it on, then I would have to put my clothes on, as well as putting his clothes on him. When I started the burial, I tried
my very best to follow those instructions. It was not easy but I had done it before, so it was nothing new. They said that I was carrying out what was expected of me.

The seal lymph nodes under the arm pit, those disgusting looking things; if anybody was cutting up a seal and cut those out, my mother would give them to me and I had to swallow them without chewing them. I hated them, but that was part of our taboo. I can tell you these things from my own experience. I used to envy my younger brothers because they had nice clothes. I envied them for different things.

**Simon Tookoomee:** I have two questions I want to ask. I have been told about these things. I'm just starting to hear about this. I know that people have tarniit and animals don't. We can just kill them. Until now I never heard that animals had tarniit. I know that people do. My question is; do the animals that we kill have tarniit? Do dogs?

My other question, I'm assuming that they'll get answered at the same time, is about these stories you have written. When you were writing the stories, did you get anybody to help you, like another elder? Those are my questions.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** I now have a question, too. I wrote these stories on my own. I wrote them from what I heard from my parents. When you ask questions they get changed. My question to you is when you write, does somebody help you? Does somebody help sell them?

**Simon Tookoomee:** When I'm writing I sometimes ask how the story goes. I write about dreams that I had, and sometimes I ask other elders about things. When they tell me that this is how it is, I write down what I know.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** So you do get help.
Simon Tookoomee: I do it to have a better understanding. I don't do it to criticize. I do it because I enjoy it. We too need to write about what we know.

Henry Isluanik: I was going to answer the question but he did before I could. It's okay. Nobody helped me when I was writing. Just like him, I wrote down what I learned from my childhood, my mother's stories. I didn't guess them. I wrote them on my own. I don't have education about language. I wrote them all on my own.

Simon Tookoomee: I envy those who write their own books.

Henry Isluanik: I am not done with my story.

Barnabas Pirujuaq: Are the questions about pregnancy finished?

Student: Yes. You have answered my questions. I want to ask him about something that was mentioned beforehand. Did they say why they wanted you to have those aarnguat?

Mariano Aupilaarjuk: I didn't have very many of them, but I saw people who had a lot of them. I had one. No, I had two of them, an uqsiut and a qugjuna. The other one, it wasn't a polar bear tooth. It could have been the tooth of a wolverine or a wolf. They were my aarnguat. I never asked what they were for.

I know the two that I had were my lucky charms. The uqsiut, we call it that, hung on my hood, and the qugjuna, hung on my sleeve; that represented being able to catch fish. We used to spear fish during the winter in the river. We didn't have nets so we used spears. I don't know what you call them, we call them qugjait. Part of the gill was sewn onto my sleeve. Because we speared them they used to be already dead, facing this way. The nose of the fish would be part of
it. Those are things they gave me for my aarnguat. If I wanted to spear fish, they were supposed to help me be good at it.

I was totally aware of them and I believed in them. The other one was to help me catch seal. My grandfather, who died before I was born and was a successful seal hunter, used this uqsiut. Those were my lucky amulets.

**Moderator:** Can anybody else explain the meaning of aarnguaq? Is it a symbol?

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I can't explain aarnguat any other way. This is what I really know about, because I had my aarnguaq, there it was hanging. They are not really called aarnguat.

Yes, a symbol, that's what I would call it. The way Inuit would really call them, the way angakkuit would call them, with pittailiniit, were aarnguat. That's what I would say. I don't have any other name to identify them. That's the only way. I cannot explain the meaning in detail. I'm sure somebody here can explain it.

I would know what one was without thinking. If anybody gave me a piece, I would know right away that it was an aarnguaq.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** An aarnguaq is also called an atataq, something attached. They would say they had an atataq.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** They did that for different reasons. That was one of the ways to do something to make someone successful and give them skills. They turned to other people and angakkuit for help, but they also needed something else to help them. If they faced something terrible, this could be used to help them. Those are the things that I know and believe.

**Ollie Itinnuaq:** Not all Inuit did that. They did that thinking about the future.
Henry Isluanik: Yes. He is telling what it really is, rather than telling a story.

Moderator: We want to give you an opportunity to talk about the importance of these stories. We want to understand them and what they mean to Inuit. We don’t want to just listen to them.

What we have been hearing has helped us to understand, not only the stories but Inuit life and beliefs. Sometimes we get discouraged being Inuit. The stories that you told are giving us something special, something to be proud of. We have never heard some of the stories before and it is very important that we remember them and pass them on.

Ollie Itinnuaq: Are we all going to have to say something about that?

Moderator: Yes. We would like you all to make a comment. Maybe we’ll start from here and each of you can take a turn. Maybe you can start first.

Herve Paniaq: What was the question?

Moderator: What would you like to share with us about the importance of telling stories?

Herve Paniaq: I don't have a lot to say about this. We are gathered here because stories have different versions. You know this now. Stories help the people who are listening. That's basically all I have to say. More people will hear them since we are being recorded.

Simon Tookoomee: My turn? I want storytelling to continue on. It benefits the young and old alike. Maybe if the elders could do this more often, it would get even better. I support this idea a lot. People can only come if there is money available, but storytelling is very useful and very important. I think this should keep going, and people should gather more often.

Henry Isluanik: Is it my turn now? When I went to school to teach language I found out that school was worthwhile. I discovered that I was losing my culture without knowing it. I went to
the school for two years. We came here to receive our awards. I started working hard on this. I started to write about my Inuit culture and traditions in April 1999, here in Iqaluit. McDermott knows about it.

I went down to Ottawa from Arviat to receive an award. Our Member of Parliament, Nancy Karetak-Lindell, presented me with it. I started to work very hard on our language and culture. Inuit were studying Inuit traditions, but then it stopped for a short while. It started up again with storytelling. When I was still in school I was given an award from Arviat. It says, “First Aboriginal Terminologist.” It was from the federal government.

**Moderator:** *What else would you like to share with us? What do you want us to know?*

**Henry Isluanik:** We will be making teaching material from the stories that will be used in the future, about what Inuit traditions were, so Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit will keep going. What I want to tell you now is that I want it to keep going. How were stories told in the past? What did they do when they were telling a bedtime story? Even if the stories are different, they will benefit us in many ways. We can tell the same story in different versions. I want you to be aware of this. Depending on our dialects, the story seems to change. I want this to be taken into consideration. We talk about the importance of this in Arviat. It's because our dialects are different.

I didn't expect to be invited here at all. I was told that there would be people with higher education who wanted to join in and learn more about these things. I came here to hear the elders, Aupilaarjuk and the others. He is very well educated. He is one I look up to. Although I'm not always there with him, I know he knows everything about seal hunting and about the coast. I'm very glad that I am able to be here. We should do this more often. It would be good to do more storytelling like this. That's all I have to say.
Ollie Itinnuaq: Thank you, iksivautaq (chairperson). It's too bad that I didn't bring my awards for my knowledge as an Inuit. They are hanging on my walls. How many are there? I think I have four different awards. For me as an Inuit, personally, they really mean nothing. I just use my ability.

Considering that I am the iksivautaq of the elders’ society, I don't want to leave without saying something on their behalf. I have been writing down stories about Inuit culture. I am almost done, and I have to finish them before I fall asleep. His younger brother was working with me. There are about nine of them. Right now I'm not sure exactly how many we'll have all together. The Inuktitut version is finished. He is translating them into English. He said that he figured that they would be done in March, but some words are just impossible to translate, and that's what's slowing him down. We started this all on our own. Nobody motivated us to write about Inuit culture. I'm very glad that something is being done about Inuit culture. I'm very happy about this fact. That's what I think.

I want you to know that it's going to get tough putting the manuscript of these recordings together because we have many different dialects. Maybe do the easy ones first, though I'm not sure what they would be. Think about us who were telling the stories. Maybe this is how it can be done. Sometime in the future we can meet again if there is enough money. We could help each other put the stories together. It gets really hard putting this kind of work together.

I also want to let the young people know that I have never used medication in my life before. The nurses have wanted to give me medication before, but I refused all of them. I only live on meat. The only thing I take is meat, all of my life. I have never been really sick before and I think that's part of the reason why. I don't want to take medication. Young people, please
don't take too much medication. They might just make your blood weaker. They just make the blood weak when they are taken. If you are not very sick, stay away from them. You can take them, but please don't take too many of them. They just relieve your pain. They don't actually take away the illness. Don't use too many of them. If you eat country food that has blood, it will make your blood strong. It's good for life. I'm telling you to stop taking too many of them. If there is no other choice, go to the hospital for help if you're sick. I know for a fact that I, too, will go get some help from the doctors if I can't do anything about my situation anymore. I'm telling you young people this; stay active and eat well. Don't drink too much alcohol so you'll live a good life, and don't smoke too much. You can smoke, but don't smoke too soon after your last one, so you can be healthy, so you can have a strong body.

I wanted to say this. Thank you.

**Barnabas Pirujuaq:** I have some awards that I have received before. They are at home hanging on the wall, but I never bring them when I travel. I have quite a few of them. I got some from Parks Canada and from Inuit Savituk. I was awarded one for the sole purpose of helping others. I didn't think about whether I was working hard or not, but they gave me an award of their own free will. I didn't think I was working too hard or getting tired of doing what I was doing.

I used to be a guide for Parks Canada, I used to take people to places that they wanted to see and things they wanted to find. As for the Inuit Savituk, they re-started in Qamanittuaq. When you just tell stories you tend to forget easily. I suggested they put up a building or get an old house. The old Inuit hunting gear and other things that they had are in there now. They claimed that I was the one who started it up. They said that I started with only one word. I never said anything about what was needed for our health before I wrote these stories. It was just a talk,
but our aboriginal voices are strong. Inuit Saviktak started with one word, and because of the Inuit Heritage Trust there is a building containing things Inuit used to have now. That place is going to stay there. We didn't think we were doing much when we volunteered to put it together. I just want to show my appreciation.

Thank you. I'm going to stop here.

**Mariano Aupilaarjuk:** I don't have a lot to say about this. I think I understand the question well. I never really thought about it back then, but our ancestors and their actions were very strong.

We older people are here because of them. We are telling stories about them and some are not just stories. We should continue working on the things we've been talking a bit about yesterday and today.

If people continue working on this I will support them. I will be proud of them. We are Inuit and we live in the Arctic. We have our own land now, Nunavut. Our traditions are still here. Our terminology and survival skills are still here. Although we don't see some things anymore, through our words and knowledge they are still here. We told some stories and legends and talked about other things. Perhaps when you start working on these and try to understand them you'll have questions when you get confused. I know that they will come together. I encourage you to keep going and I support you. Concerning your question, I want to keep our traditions going.

Another thing, concerning the meeting that we are having right now, I want you to use the material gathered as a teaching tool for young people. You young people are better educated than us. We older people are not too familiar with some things. We seem to have this disability.
This is my request to you young people. I appreciate these young people for wanting to learn and for listening and trying to understand. I am thankful for it.

I don't have a lot to say.

Qaunnaq Uquutaq: I, too, am glad that this is happening. It's good to see our children learning the old traditions and sharing what they have learned with us. I want this to keep going. I'm grateful that I was able to participate here, although I didn't have very many stories to tell.

There are also traditional games that used to be played that we didn't talk about, and there are children's games. I travel to places because they don't want to lose our tradition of throat singing. It's an ancient activity. Our elders used it, and I'm proud of it. As I was saying, there were traditional games, and games that were played by children. I lived through those times. I think they would be useful to know. I would really like it if they were researched, too. Each community had these games that were played. If they could study them, I would be really happy.

That's all I have to say.

Moderator: Noel, do you have a question?

Noel McDermott: No, but I want to thank all of you for coming here, for sharing your stories and discussing Inuit traditions with us. Are there any students who have questions?

Louise Uyarak: I appreciate all of you for coming here. We learned so much from the stories. Some make a lot of sense for us people here.

Student: I am now able to tell stories to children. Yesterday I told my children a couple of stories that you told, the one about people going to the moon and the one about the person who got snatched by the ijiraq. I know how to do this better now.
Student: You were telling stories that my grandmother used to tell. She was blind. What amazes me the most is that you told the exact same stories that she told to me although you come from a very distant area. That's amazing.

Annie Manning: I also want to thank you for coming here. I have a much better understanding now, personally. The stories have different, deeper meanings that are connected to our lives, our foundations. I personally want to be more aware of them. Thank you.

Serapio Ituksarjuat: I, too, want to encourage you to keep this story telling going. My uncle used to take me out hunting and we'd be gone for about two weeks at a time. When we were out he used to tell me stories. He only said so much, but that really helped. He had stories to tell every day, and he never ran out of them. Even people who were older than him used to ask him what a story meant, maybe because he grew up with his grandmother. If there is any more time I would want him to share his stories even further. Thank you.

Moderator: I am also thankful. I realize that we need to work together, and that I need to improve my listening skills. I noticed that although I was listening, I didn't understand some of the stories. I thank you for being able to get here when you were invited to come. I'm sure some of you didn't get to tell all the stories that you wanted to share, but I hope you'll have another opportunity because the session went so well.

Noel and Mavis would like to present these small gifts to you as a small token of our appreciation.

Ollie Itinnuaq: I'm very grateful. As elders, we try to give the younger people advice, but they don't want to listen, and they just leave. But here you were always listening and you looked at us when you were listening, I'm very thankful for that. We elders are easily hurt. Some young
people don't care for us, and when we tell them something, they don't want to listen. When we get hurt we don't want to keep trying. These young people here, don't seem to be afraid, and when they are listening, they look at us all the time, I'm very thankful about that.

**Moderator:** Thank you all. Qujannamiik. The End! Taima!
Chapter 10 Methodology: Editing and Translation

The role of editor is a sensitive and important one, especially when one is dealing with a culture and language completely different from one’s own, so it is appropriate for me to clarify my position. For thirty-five years, from 1971 to 2006, I lived and taught in Nunavut: in Arviat, Qausuittuq (Resolute Bay), Mittimatalik and Iqaluit. In each community in which I lived I endeavoured to learn the language and to respect the local culture. In Arviat I first began learning to speak Inuktitut and developed travelling and hunting skills, especially on land, with my Inuit friends. In Pond Inlet I learned to hunt and travel on the sea ice, improved my reading abilities in syllabics and learned a new dialect. During the summers my family and I camped at different places around Mittimatalik with Inuit families. There we hunted, visited each other’s tents and told stories in the grandparents’ large tent, which we christened, the community hall.

In Iqaluit I maintained a similar lifestyle, hunting, travelling, and learning. For twenty-one years I taught courses in Inuit literature, language and history to Inuit and non-Inuit Bachelor of Education students at Nunavut Arctic College. I conducted writing workshops in Iqaluit and other communities—notably Mittimatalik, Nanisivik, Niaqunguq (Apex), Sanikiluaq and Panniqtuuq—over the course of which the students wrote more than one hundred and fifty books in Inuktitut, many of which are in use in Nunavut schools today. The combination of practical experience gained from working and living with my Inuit friends and neighbours, together with my more formal teaching and learning at the college, causes me to feel that I am suitably qualified to undertake this project.

The fundamental objective, to provide an opportunity for Inuit to speak without the intervention or mediation of others, presents other difficulties that must be recognised and
accounted for. A primary area of contention is that the text under discussion is a translation from Inuktitut to English. This immediately places the stories at a distance from the elders, none of whom know more than a smattering of English words, and from most readers who likely would know even fewer words of Inuktitut. If the stories are to be made available to non-Inuktitut speakers, Inuit as well as non-Inuit, as is the expressed wish of the elders, it is inevitable that they must be translated.9 The focus then rests on the translation itself and how faithfully or otherwise it follows the original.

In order to capture as accurate a translation as possible, two professional Inuit interpreter/translators, Micah Arreak and Rebecca Idout who are well known to the writer, were hired for the purpose. Each had familiarity with a number of different Inuktitut dialects which was necessary because the language of the elders represents different regions of Nunavut. The stories were recorded simultaneously in Inuktitut with English translation. The completed tapes were then transcribed by my students and me with much cross-referencing as we collaborated on achieving an English version that best reflected the original Inuktitut. The text in its present form then represents as fair and accurate a rendering of the stories told by the elders as our own limitations with both languages allowed. These stories, which form the main body of this document, are printed as transcribed without editing beyond some minor revisions, which may be described as redundant repetitions. For example, one of the elders, who is hard of hearing, repeatedly asks, “What did he say?” This is edited out, as is the occasional, “Yes. Thank you,” in answer to a question, when it interrupts the flow of the discussion. The question and answer format of the sessions is retained in order to give some sense of the spontaneous and

9. In 1998, in the Kitikmeot region of Nunavut, only 25% of school children were found to be fluent in Inuktitut or Inuinnaqtun and less than 15% in Inuinnaqtun speaking communities. (Dorais and Sammons pg. 111).
conversational tone that is appropriate to Inuit story telling. Some Inuktitut words, that were not translated, have been retained in the English version of the text. These include the names of spirits or shamanic language: for example, uqsuaq (water that is calm like a mirror), nuurngaq (shaman’s helping spirit), and tau (spirit word for human). There is no guiding principle governing which Inuktitut words were retained. However, I hope the reader will find the variety of words and their meanings interesting and informative. Some of these words are annotated in the body of the text but the majority are contained in the glossary. The main editing task is purely mechanical and involves attending to such matters as noting missing text, correcting spellings, and deleting unnecessary repetitions and unrelated intrusions, such as requests for coffee or bathroom breaks. The overall editing principle I adhere to is that the voices of the Inuit are paramount, and therefore, I have made as few changes as possible and certainly none that would substantively alter the meaning of the text.

Translation  
*Next time I’ll have to fail better.* Attributed to Samuel Beckett

In *Why Translation Matters*, Edith Grossman quotes Margaret Atwood as follows: “It’s impossible to say a thing exactly the way it was, because what you say can never be exact, you always have to leave something out, there are too many parts, sides, croscurrents, nuances; too many gestures, which could mean this or that, too many shapes that could never be fully described, too many flavours, in the air or on the tongue, half-colours, too many” (61). It is certain that when translating from one language to another something will be lost, whether it is a precise meaning that cannot be rendered in the other language or the nuance that accompanies a word or phrase in the original. With languages that share certain linguistic and cultural characteristics such losses, though regrettable, are not necessarily disastrous. However, when trying to translate between two languages, like English and Inuktitut, that bear little relation to
each other not only in syntax or grammar but culturally as well, the problems are many and the solutions can often be less than satisfactory. Maurice Metayer, the translator and editor of the Inuktitut autobiography of Nuligak, notes how he “translated idea for idea, faithful to tone and colour, but…not always word for word,” for such a translation, “would often have been meaningless” (9). He suggests that the Inuit “genius is entirely different from the Indo-European genius,” in which, one “word is often the equivalent of a whole French or English sentence” (9). Translation is further complicated by the fact that “everything (sentence structure) is backward” (9). Commenting on the “formidable barrier” faced by the Inuktitut/English translator, John Sperry notes that “the Aleut-Eskimo language base has a most complicated structure…Whole sentences of complicated thought can be expressed in a single word of enormous length with a variety of suffixes, each placed in precise order” (113-114). For Sperry, as for other missionaries, the teaching of concepts foreign to Inuit posed real problems. For example, an early Alaskan missionary trying to render the idea of God, a single supreme being, after consulting with local Inuit, decided on the term Umilialuk, which translates as “the large boat owner.” Evidently, the owner of such a vessel was held in high esteem by the local community (Sperry 120).

A consideration of the phrase, taimnaguuq, (pl. taipkuaguuq), often used in unikkaaqtaat, may be helpful in illustrating some of the difficulty posed when translating from Inuktitut to English. A literal translation of taimnaguuq may be given as, “that one in the past (taimna) they say (guuq),” and this may suggest to the translator that the English phrase, “long, long, ago, they say,” will suffice. In general terms this is correct; however, on closer inspection the vagueness of the English phrase does not begin to represent the richness and the precision that is suggested in the Inuktitut.

The phrase, taimnaguuq, as noted above, is made up of two discrete parts, taimna and
guuq, and each part provides clues to the listener about what is to follow. Taimna not only carries with it a reference to a particular person, but also signals to the listener that he or she lived in the distant past. The story about to be told is ancient, and belongs to a far-off time and space when strange beings, animals, and humans occupied the same world. The very phrase, taimnaguuq, alerts the listeners and causes them to anticipate with delight and apprehension the details of the story, one they have likely heard often before. The passive guuq (they say/it is said) provides further distance between the listener, the teller, and the incidents in the story. By using guuq, the narrator is telling his or her audience that what they are about to hear took place so long ago that she or he has no direct knowledge of the incidents, and therefore bears no responsibility for their veracity. Inuit elders, when asked to give opinions, or comment on a subject, will often preface their remarks by saying, “I report only what I know” or words to that effect. Nutaraaluk, for example, says, “I don’t want to guess, since nobody ever told me the whole story. I never want to tell stories that are second hand…that I haven’t heard right from the mouth of the person” (Laugrand and Oosten 185). The listener, therefore, may not accuse the teller of exaggeration or lying or distortion, for in a sense, the teller is merely the messenger. The translator of taimnaguuq, if she or he is to retain the sense of the original, must bear in mind the connotations that are carried by the phrase in the context of unikkaaqtuat.

A working version of taimnaguuq might be, “A long time ago, it is said there lived a person who,” but immediately, the English phrase, “a long time ago” seems vague, and formulaic compared to the Inuktitut original. The world that is conjured up by the opening phrase, taimnaguuq, which is itself a formula, is one that provides an entrance into a vital, coherent, and imaginative space for Inuit listeners. The English version, “a long time ago” may connect to a culturally specific past, but, it is likely one that has little to connect it to the lives or experiences
of countless other English speakers scattered across the globe. For many, the experience of “long ago” is generated, and populated, by popular cultural images mediated by the Disney Corporation. For Inuit, however, the unikkaaqtuat are a shared, living, entertaining, and instructional means by which they express their fears, their joys, their understanding of the world, and their sense of continuity with the past, their history. When George Kappianaq notes that “these stories…are known from Alaska to Igloolik,” his observation reinforces the sense of cultural cohesion that binds Inuit together (Oosten and Laugrand 250). The question remains, how to incorporate all of this rich association within a translation? The short answer is, it cannot be done.

The following version of the “The Loon and the Raven,” told by Thomas Kusugak and transcribed and translated by Alex Spalding, is straightforward and stays very close to the original Inuktitut with one notable exception. The phoneme guuq (it is said), appears in the English version only at the beginning and nowhere else in the text, in spite of the obvious opportunity to use it again, particularly at the end of the story. In the Inuktitut however, guuq is used nine times, and this repetition is strikingly characteristic of the style of unikkaaqtuat. It would be a simple matter to insert “it is said,” nine times into the story but the result in English, in such a short story, would appear stilted and odd. It is difficult to see how this addition would enhance the translation or help it to sound more faithful to the Inuktitut original, which is likely why Spalding omitted it. However, Spalding’s translation perhaps goes too far in ignoring the majority of the guuq references. An English version, incorporating three or four guuq [s], would likely alert the reader to the convention and suggest something of the original without appearing to be awkward and overstated.

The Loon and the Raven (English translation followed by Inuktitut)
They say that those two, the loon and the raven were pricking (tattooing) one another. Because the raven had finished pricking the loon, the loon now wanted to prick the raven. The raven agreed. Although the loon would indeed begin pricking him, the raven kept saying “ouch!” and became extremely skittish, shying and pulling away. The loon got really mad at the raven for doing this and, flying off the handle, he simply picked up the drip pot from beneath the oil lamp, poured it over the raven, and started out of the house. Just as the loon was about to bend down through the doorway, the raven hurled the drip pot at him violently. Because of these occurrences, loons can never walk and, because the loon poured the drip pot over the raven, ravens are now black.

Tuulligjuarlul Tulugarjuarlulu

Taipkuaguuq tuulligjuarlul tulgarjuarlulu kakijjutijuuk. Tulugarjuamnguuq tuulligjuuaq kakianingmagu tuulligjuamnguuq tulgarjuuaq kakijumalirmagu. Angiqluni.

Kakigiaqpakkaluaqluniuguuq. A-aalabluni ingalaqattaqtualuulirmat.

Ninngautijaalugamiuk quilliumnguuq anarviutanga tiguallakluniik kubviribluniuklu anigiaqlunilulu. Katangmiguuq ukugiaqtilillugu tulgarjuamnguuq anarviutmut miluqtaalugingmagu. Tamajjaliguuq tuulligjuat pisugunnailivut tulgarjuatluguuq tuulligjuap anarviumik kubviringmagit qirniqsivut. (Spalding 76-77)
A literal rendering of the morphemes in the first three sentences above looks like this:

Those ones/ they say of long ago/ loon/ and raven/ and pricking (tattooing)/ each/ other/
these two. Raven/’s/ they say/ loon/ tattooing/ finished/ because he/ him loon/’s/ they say/
raven/ tattooing/ want/ now/ because/ he/ him. Agreeing/ he. Tattooing/ start to/ would/
indeed/ he/ him/ they say

This is the Inuktitut version.

Taipkua/ guuq tuulligjuar/ lu tulugarjuar/ lu kaki/ jjuti / juuk. Tulugarjua/ m/ nguuq
tuulligjuaq kaki/ aning/ ma/ gu tuulligjuar/ m/ nguuq tulugarjuaq kaki/ juma/ lir/ ma/

Edward Carpenter’s account of Inuktitut effectively describes the structure of the
language as illustrated here. He argues that, “phrases are not composed of little words
chronologically ordered, but of great, tight, conglomerations, like twisted knots, within which
conds are juxtaposed and inseparably fused” (Robinson 159). Such a description fits the
structure of many Inuktut words, such as Kakigiaqpakkaluaqluniuguq (tattooing/start
to/would/indeed/he/him/they say)-highlighted above—which is composed of seven discrete
elements, kaki/ giaq/ pak/ kaluaq/ luni/ u/ guuq, none of which can be used alone. Rather, each
one qualifies and reinforces the other, but all are related to, and dependent on the root word kaki.
Carpenter does not see the relationship between the individual phonemes in each word as
dependent. He notes that, “the sequence may indicate a kind of subordination but…such parts of
speech, though they follow one another are remarkably independent” (Robinson 159).

Carpenter’s use of the word “independent” here seems misplaced, for it is difficult to imagine how any of the discrete parts of the above sentence, apart from kaki, could stand alone. Lawrence Smith, notes that “Inuktitut is a polysynthetic language that builds sentences as much by building words as by adding words” (8). He further remarks that “the elements that are added to the base are called affixes and these can never stand alone” (8). Both Carpenter’s and Smith’s comments suggest that the task of translation poses unique linguistic problems, and this is especially true for one from outside the culture who views the world from another ideological viewpoint.

The only people who can comprehensively access the world encompassed by unikkaaqtauat are those who have been raised in the culture, speak the language and are familiar with the traditional stories and their conventions. It is not enough to be able to speak the language alone, for without the background knowledge of the strange settings, creatures and incidents, the stories will make little sense. As Grimes argues, “Being Inuit is not simply a matter of speaking Inuktitut, or possessing the skills of arctic life, but being [one] who embodies Inuit ways of seeing and understanding and responding to the world” (22). Ideally the translator will be one immersed in his or her language and culture and who also has a firm grounding in the language of translation. Perhaps the best that can be expected is that the literal or plain sense of the text to be translated will be conveyed, and background material and information will be provided as notes in the text, as is the case here. The alternative, which is to leave the world of the unikkaaqtauat closed to only those few remaining elders who are immersed in them, is untenable, particularly given the expressed desires of the elders to record and share these stories.
Chapter 11 Towards an Inuit Literary Theory

In *Ethnocriticism*, Arnold Krupat proposes strategies for addressing the problem of contested agency as non-indigenous critics engage with indigenous literature. According to Krupat, “the ethnocritical perspective manifests itself in the form of multiculturalism…which engages otherness and difference…to provoke an interrogation of and a challenge to what we ordinarily take as familiar and our own” (3). This postmodern perspective may be characterised as a “willing suspension of disbelief,” a desire to listen to what the other has to say and to refrain from making judgements based on notions of authority and privilege (Richards 518). The critic must be willing to accept the work as it is, without preconceived ideas of how it measures up to standards it may not have been created to attain. At every stage the critic is asked to question his or her assumptions and beliefs and to recognise the autonomy and authority of the text, especially as it may incorporate purposes, values, and structures that have no parallel in literature of the dominant culture. Krupat suggests that “to develop any critical approach whatever to Native American literatures…one needs an understanding of that people’s cultural assumptions” (180). He further stresses the need for native literatures to “distance themselves from Western (textual) critical practice in order to maintain their value and integrity” (186).

Krupat’s approach has its limitations, for the role he envisages for the critic is tentative at best and ill-defined. He repeatedly qualifies his remarks with phrases of such tenor as, “all this is easier to imagine, even to articulate, than it is to put it into practice” (28). He candidly asserts, “The project of ethnocriticism, for all that it is (I readily admit) still a project, [is] easier to expound theoretically than to carry out in practice” (113). When he confides that in attempting to define and explain ethnocriticism, he has “operated as a sort of eternal optimist” (28), there is more hope than conviction in his declaration. Stating that he is “unwilling to speak for the
Indian, and unable to speak *as* an Indian,” Krupat considers that as an ethnocritic he risks “leaving the Indian silent entirely in [his] discourse” (30). One possible solution he momentarily considers is to “keep silent” (30); however, given the eight books he has written or edited on indigenous literature, he obviously does not take his own suggestion seriously. Krupat’s unease, which he reiterates throughout the book, is particularly highlighted when he declares that “these studies in ethnocriticism are very little concerned with specifically literary texts” (31). He readily confesses—the verb is his—that despite his efforts to define a discursive place for ethnocriticism in practice, he is “unable to describe more specifically the shape such institutions might take” (247). Despite the hesitations and qualifications expressed by Krupat, his desire to “provoke an interrogation of and a challenge to what we ordinarily take as familiar and our own” (3), provides a platform upon which the non-native critic can build when attempting to comment on and engage with indigenous literature.

Another way to read indigenous literature is from a nationalist perspective, foundationally theorized by Craig S. Womack in his *Red on Red: Native American Literary Separatism*; here “Separatism” emphasises the unique nature of the object of study, which is distinct and separate from the cultural products of the mainstream. In Womack’s theorization, writing by indigenous people offers a statement of their autonomy as distinct, tribally specific peoples and expresses, in distinctive ways, not only their views of the world, which predate the coming of the colonizers, but also their claims to ownership of the land. Womack is determined to show the connection between the “very real struggles of American Indian communities” and “the world of literature… arguing for both an intrinsic and extrinsic relationship between the two” (11). From this perspective, it can never be possible to read indigenous literature as a disinterested exercise, with the critic seeking to establish the value of a text without reference to
the wider struggle of native people to achieve full social and political sovereignty. Noting that native people have been largely “excluded from discourse concerning their own cultures,” Womack stresses the need to recognise that “Native viewpoints are necessary because the ‘mental means of production’ in… analyzing Indian cultures have been owned, almost exclusively, by non-Indians” (5). He is not interested in trying to gain canonical status for native literature because “Tribal literatures are the tree, the oldest literatures in the Americas” (7).

Womack mobilizes the work of Kelly Morgan on the literary production of the Lakota people to argue that, “Literature…contributes to Lakota cultural survival because it extends knowledge of cultural practices to future generations” (15). Womack recognizes an integral connection between cultural expressions and political recognition, arguing along with Glen Deere that, “being recognized as a nation requires an ongoing living culture” (56). Womack points out, that for the Creek people “The oral tradition is a living literary tradition, the standard by which Creek stories, oral and written, are judged” (66). Therefore, Womack expects that, as native critics engage with their own tribal literatures, they will “create literary theory,” with the oral tradition constituting the core from which such criticism will emerge.

Few would challenge the legitimacy of Womack’s contention that “Native literature, and Native literary criticism, written by Native authors, is part of sovereignty: Indian people exercising their right to present images of themselves and to discuss those images” (14). The history of indigenous people in North America attests too graphically to the often brutal and genocidal attempts by colonizers to subdue and eradicate them. Womack sees the situation of “both Indian and queer identities on the margin, the status quo at the center,” and suggests that the “future direction of Native studies will be to break down this hierarchy” (303). No longer will native literatures conform to critical and aesthetic standards that serve only to further
processes of assimilation. Womack sees native critics engaging in “disruptive tactics” to overturn the imbalance and to assert indigenous points of view (303). This insistence on the need for native critics to subvert the status quo, though understandable, and necessary, is not without difficulty. In an article entitled “Currents of Trans/national Criticism in Indigenous Literary Studies,” the Cherokee scholar, Daniel Heath Justice comments on the excitement and challenges of “current scholarly concern” (337). The excitement for Justice “comes from the various ways in which writers and critics approach the literature” (337). However, if there is excitement there is also a caution. The “challenge” from Justice’s point of view, “comes from doing so in a way that doesn’t simply subsume literature into politics but places the text into constructive tension between its various contexts and its content” (337).

The emphasis that Womack places on the political aspect of native literatures may overshadow or distort their value as creative and imaginative constructs. Further, his insistence on a “tribally specific” criticism runs the risk of becoming narrowly particular and isolationist, where only commentary by native writers has value. While acknowledging that “the institution [Modern Languages Association], as monolithic as it is, is not to be totally discredited,” and that Native literature courses are being offered in some institutions, the almost complete absence of reference to the constructive contributions of non-native critics, albeit deliberate, seems short sighted. There surely are a number of scholars and students of indigenous literatures who have the skills, knowledge and sensitivity to make culturally appropriate comments and who can also help redress the obvious imbalance to which Womack correctly points. Justice has no hesitation in recognising the contributions of his non-native colleagues when he notes, for example, how Keavy Martin’s latest book on Inuit Literature is “the most expansive demonstration of her profound linguistic and literary commitments” (341). Justice further comments, that another non-
native critic, Sam McKeney, “has contributed much to the current energy of our critical conversations” (341). He lauds McKeney for his “rigorous interrogation of both the role of the non-Native critics and the ethical responsibilities of all scholars in the field” (341). Presumably the original emphasis on “all” is intended to include both native and non-native critics.

Womack’s claim, that “educating white folks about Indians can only be taken so far” (21), ignores the obvious: the “white folks” are not going away and strategic alliances can often serve laudable critical and political goals more effectively than can isolationism. This last point may be well illustrated by Womack himself, when he uses the work of a non-Creek scholar, John Swanton, to assist in his attempts to develop “principles for interpreting our national literatures” and to “help us formulate interpretive strategies” (78).

While the work of Krupat and Womack offers much to engage and challenge the critic of indigenous literature, the theoretical approach to which I adhere is well expressed by McKeney in his article, “Strategies for Ethical Engagement,” in which he discusses the role of non-native critics of indigenous literature. Arguing for the centrality of “literary analysis,” especially for those literatures that have been ignored or dismissed, McKeney claims that the priority in native literature studies “must be Native voices as evidenced by the writing of the Native author” (61). He goes on to provide a concise and useful definition of “The function of literary criticism, in the indigenous context as elsewhere, [which] is to engage in the understanding and elucidation of specific literary texts, and not to bury those texts beneath mountains of anthropological and historical data” (61). McKeney suggests that too many non-native critics place such distance between themselves and the object of study as to render their comments “tentative, qualified and provisional” (61). For McKeney, the critic must “listen, learn, dialogue, and debate,” in other words engage in the fullest possible way—not only with the literature, which is the object of study,
but with the people, the culture and the language as well (63). Insisting that there is a role for the non-native scholar of native literature, McKegney states in clear language how it may be validated. He says, “Those non-native critics willing to put in the time and effort in terms of research, dialogue, social interaction, and community involvement can approach valid cultural understandings” (57). The critic’s responsibility, therefore, is to become as knowledgeable as possible, to learn from indigenous sources, and to approach indigenous texts with respect; it is to aspire to the role of an “ally,” with all that this entails. This is not to imply that critical commentary emerging from the better-informed critic will be definitive. Rather, like all effective criticism, it will invite question and further discussion and thus lead to an even greater appreciation and awareness of the qualities in the literature being studied, while at the same time contributing to the continued education of the critic.

One of the strategies of “ethical disengagement” that McKegney describes is what he calls the “retreat into silence,” where non-native critics focus on other aspects of native culture and avoid engaging with indigenous literature. This kind of retreat, in spite of some benefits is, in McKegney’s view, perplexing and counterproductive because it fails to acknowledge the indigenous voices and aspirations embedded in the texts. It does no service to indigenous literature to expend one’s time and energy pursuing ethnographic knowledge and competence, while ignoring the very literature that incorporates and expresses that culture. This is precisely the kind of “silence” that Krupat bemoans in his anthropologically driven criticism, where the voices of native people risk becoming “silent entirely” (60). But silence need not necessarily imply absence. I wish to offer a position where strategic silence can be viewed as imperative to the ethical validity of my involvement as a non-Inuit in a project that endeavours to present the voices of Inuit through their traditional stories. This methodology, conceived in the service of an
accountable alliance, views the act of listening to the stories/voices of the elders as a strategic and engaged silence. This differs from the silence described by McKegney as “ethical disengagement,” and is far removed from the separatist scholarship of Womack that leaves little room, if any, for the non-native critic. Rather it is an alternative form of engagement that shows accountability to the elders, collaboration with the students, and commitment to the ongoing development and study of Inuit literatures in all forms. It works in the service of opening up space for the voices of Inuit to be heard, and to generate significant critical commentary that will prove meaningful, not only to this project but indeed to the burgeoning of Inuit studies.

**Inuit and the Academy**

Despite the paucity of Inuit involvement in the academy and especially their lack of representation in the discourse surrounding Inuit literature, a number of Inuit have produced discourse that, I argue, offers useful guidelines for the would-be critic. Zebedee Nungak, in a short article entitled, “Contemplating an Inuit Presence in Literature,” points out how non-Inuit have “served as go-betweens in delivering the riches of Inuit thought and folklore in written form to the non-Inuit world.” In a telling phrase, Nungak describes these non-Inuit as “enabling collaborators” (21). This concept is aptly expressed in the Inuktitut term *piliqatigiingniq*, which means, cooperating with others to achieve a mutual goal, and is an essential value in Inuit society.  

The sense of working together as co-labourers (“collaborators”) with the goal of making things happen (“enabling”) suggests an identifiable path on which the critic may tread

without immediate risk of appropriation or colonial intrusion. Although Nungak goes on to make a strong plea for Inuit organizations to promote Inuit authors, his remarks on non-Inuit as “go-betweens” contain little hint of censure, but rather stress the generative possibilities of reciprocal relationships between both Inuit and non-Inuit.

The Inuit author of children’s books, Michael Kusugak, is an example of a rarity, an Inuit who earns a living as a writer. Although Kusugak’s books are read and loved by Inuit children, it is their wide distribution in southern English Canada that allows him to succeed. Kusugak’s stories are all set in the arctic and they describe the landscape, the people, and the experiences of his childhood. His writing further provides Kusugak with an opportunity to “set the record straight” (Schwartz 70). While acknowledging that it is “very, very hard to write in English when you come from an Inuktitut background,” Kusugak offers some clear advice to the would-be critic of Inuit literature. “The thing about Inuit storytelling,” he argues, “is that it is very important that you stick to the storyline, because the storyline is what gets the message across” (Schwartz 68). Each teller may choose his or her own way to tell the story but the essential story is paramount because that is where the meaning lies. For Kusugak, a central element in his own work and in Inuit stories more generally, is that they are foremost vehicles for teaching and no other aspect is more important.11

Unfamiliar and puzzling aspects of traditional stories reflect the readers’ lack of knowledge and understanding, not a deficiency in the stories and suggest that the first task of the critic is to learn, as D. H. Lawrence says, “to trust the tale” (2). Further, as Robert Graves

11. In an interview on CBC’s North by Northwest, November 11, 2011, Kusugak, speaking about unikaaqtauat, says: “For thousands of years they taught us...morals, they taught us how to live together.”
reminds us, “myths are seldom simple and never irresponsible” (viii). Indeed, Inuit stories are often told to a mixed audience of females and males, young and old, children and adults and each listener takes what meaning she or he can from the same story. Arnakak notes that unikkaaqtuat “express what is to be remembered and were usually told to the group as a whole” (5). The wise critic will, therefore, avoid making the mistake that Inuit children would not make, assuming that they understand the many meanings of the story and the reasons for it’s telling. Stories were told for entertainment but they also had a teaching function and were often directed at an individual or to expose and to correct behaviours that were considered unacceptable to the group. Sarah Silou remarks that the functions of unikkaaqtuat were “to pass on information about [Inuit] culture” and “for children’s amusement.” Silou further explains that unikkaaqtuat were also used to “provide lessons” about the consequences of deviant behaviours, for example…”why killing is wrong” (1). Commenting on the uses and purposes of unikkaaqtuat, Itinnuaq says, “They told us these things [unikkaaqtuat] so we could learn from them” (McDermott 32). Aupilaarjuk adds, “I often think that the stories were used as teaching tools…I didn’t see it like that. I realise…they made me aware of possible dangers and taught me to lead a good life” (McDermott 33).

**Inuit Literary Theory**

In popular imagination of the dominant Canadian culture, the myths concerning Inuit revolve around a number of vaguely defined ideas: the harshness of the arctic climate, the endless struggle to find enough food, the ingenious adaptations to the inhospitable environment, and the indomitable spirit of the people. Inevitably these descriptors lead to a consideration of the material culture of the Inuit, which is certainly something to admire, when one remembers that the only materials the pre-contact Inuit had at their disposal, apart from driftwood, were bones, skins, stones and of course, snow. The iglu is justly celebrated as an architectural wonder,
which provided shelter using the insulating properties of snow to such an effect that a four-inch thick snow block proved an effective barrier between the killing cold of minus forty degrees outside and the relatively balmy and life preserving five degrees inside. The *qajaq* too is an example of adaptation of materials and usage so finely tuned that it is difficult to imagine how it might be improved. Not only is the *qajaq* highly manœuvreable in the water and exquisitely responsive to the paddle, it is also extremely light which makes it fast in the water and easily carried over land. Other items associated with the Inuit material culture, and justly celebrated, are the *unaaq* (spear) with the detachable head, used for hunting sea-mammals, and the *kakivak*-the three pronged fishing spear. Each of the items referred to here—*iglu*, *qajaq*, *unaaq* and *kakivak*-is an important development that allows Inuit to survive in an environment that demands vigilance, determination and highly specialized skills. However, it is a mistake to think that because of the climate in which Inuit live that they simply survived from day to day with little quality of life beyond the satisfaction of the immediate catch. So much emphasis has been placed on the physical challenges that Inuit face that their rich creative and intellectual life has tended to be overlooked.

Rasmussen, Jenness, Boas, Freuchen and others have gathered stories, songs and chants, from all over the arctic and described the great song fests that took place in the *qaggiq* at different times of the year. Rasmussen was impressed by the number of Inuit he met who had a store of songs which they had composed, and by their quality (16). Among the many singers he met, Rasmussen mentions Netsit, Tatilgak, Ivaluajuk, Atqaralaq, Aua, Igjugarjuk and Orpingalik. And while each of the Inuit had interesting things to say about their songs, it is Orpingalik who most impressed Rasmussen. The latter tells us that Orpingalik was a respected *angakkuq*, and a noted hunter, especially from his *qajaq* while pursuing caribou crossing lakes
and rivers (13). But for Rasmussen, what makes Orpingalik stand out from the others is the intellectual quality of his insights and his description of the creative process. Orpingalik’s theory of composition and his reflections on Inuit artistic creativity, owes nothing to any Qallunaat ideas or influence. However, they do call to mind the theories of the English poet, William Wordsworth, and, while it may be interesting to reflect on the similarities of their ideas about the process of poetic creation, it is the difference between their respective approaches to their art that is illuminating.

For Wordsworth, the poet was “a man speaking to men…in the language of men” (Drabble 46). There was nothing special or particular about the poet that cut him off from his fellows, except his ability to express feelings and thoughts in meaningful and memorable words. The poet is also one who “being possessed of more than usual organic sensibility has also thought long and deeply” (Drabble 46). As for poetry itself, Wordsworth characterised it as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,” “emotion recollected in tranquility,” and the “breath and finer spirit of all knowledge” (Drabble 46). Wordsworth’s friend, the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who collaborated with him in writing the “Lyrical Ballads,” defined poetry as “the best words in the best order” (Elisabeth Schneider 461). This definition brings a sharp focus to complement the more expansive comments of Wordsworth. Together these remarks very briefly summarize what is considered to be a major statement about the poet and the making of poetry; it is, therefore, remarkable to find these same ideas expressed by a poet from a completely different cultural background and tradition.

Orpingalik’s main comments on the creation of songs are worth quoting at length. He says:
Songs are thoughts sung out with the breath when people are moved by great forces and ordinary speech no longer suffices. A man is moved like the ice-floe sailing here and there out in the current. His thoughts are driven by a flowing force when he feels joy, when he feels fear, when he feels sorrow. Thoughts can wash over him, like a flood, making his breath come in gasps and his heart throb. Something, like an abatement in the weather, will keep him thawed up. And then it will happen that we, who always think we are small, will feel still smaller. And we will fear to use words. But it will happen that the words we need will come of themselves. When the words we want shoot up of themselves—we get a new song.  

(Rasmussen 321)

As one might expect, Orpingalik’s language reflects the environment in which he lives. He compares the poet to an ice-floe that goes wherever the current takes it, which is a fitting image to describe the power and working of the creative imagination. Wordsworth’s description of poetry as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings” is echoed in Orpingalik’s description of songs as “thoughts sung out…when people are moved by great forces.” The forces to which Orpingalik refers are the common emotions of “joy,” “fear” and “sorrow” but so intensely felt that the poet is physically affected as his heart beats faster and he struggles for breath. Rendered inactive because of “an abatement in the weather,” Orpingalik has time to reflect on the different emotions he feels but is unable to express adequately in words. But, like Wordsworth’s “emotion recollected in tranquility,” the Inuit poet explains that with sufficient time and thought the “words will come of themselves,” resulting in a “new song.” The song will not simply spring new-minted from the poet’s mind but is the result of hesitations and false starts. Rasmussen is clear in his estimation of Orpingalik’s creative gifts: he states that, “Orpingalik was not alone a famous shaman; he was also a poet…his imagination was a
luxuriant one, and he had a very sensitive mind” (15). Rasmussen spent hours conversing with Orpingalik about the meanings of songs, their composition and genres. He notes that Orpingalik was constantly singing, and the poet described his songs as his “comrades in solitude,” (15) a phrase which captures both the spirit and meaning of a line from Wordsworth’s well known poem *The Daffodils*. In this poem, the speaker recounts the consolation and pleasure s/he finds as s/he remembers the scene where s/he first saw the flowers. This remembrance the poet considers as the “gift of solitude” (Wordsworth 137). Nature was a living force for Wordsworth, from which he took emotional and moral sustenance. He describes nature as “The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul / Of all my moral being” (174). This love and reverence for nature was an avocation for Wordsworth, a deliberate turning away from the growing industrialisation of England and, as he saw it, the ever growing impersonal and soul-destroying cities.

Orpingalik did not need to choose to seek emotional or moral guidance in the world around him. He was immersed in a practical, day-to-day, living relationship with all the forces of nature, whether malevolent or benign. Each of his songs originates from his direct experience and is an integral part of who he is. Orpingalik told Rasmussen that his songs were so much a part of him that they were as essential to him as breathing (15). For Wordsworth and Coleridge, however, the making of poetry entails the conscious selection and arrangement of words according to aesthetic principles. The words that come to Orpingalik, on the other hand, “shoot up of themselves” and are an unconscious purgation, quite the opposite of Coleridge’s definition of poetry as “the best words in the best order.” Wordsworth sought isolation and withdrawal

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12. Rasmussen suggests that “one might separate the songs of the Netsilingmiut (Orpingalik’s group) into: songs of sentiment, hunting songs, and songs of derision.” (323).
from community, in order to develop his theories of composition, whereas Orpingalik embraced life and celebrated his experiences in song for all to hear. For Orpingalik, as for his countrymen, songs and chants had both a cathartic and a practical purpose (Rasmussen 500). Many of the magic songs were composed, and then sung to appeal to the spirits for success in the hunt, to cure sickness, or to appease them for some transgression or breach of taboo. When Rasmussen asked Orpingalik “how many songs he had composed,” Orpingalik replied, “How many songs I have I cannot tell you. I keep no count of such things. There are so many occasions in one’s life when a joy or a sorrow is felt in such a way that the desire comes to sing; and so I only know that I have many songs,” (16). But, as he explains that every experience, whether of joy or sorrow, could give rise to song, there is no doubt that Orpingalik had a great store of them. He states very clearly, “All my being is song and I sing as I draw breath” (16). Indeed, one of Orpingalik’s finest poems is entitled “My Breath,” and illustrates clearly how the subject is personal, and deep-rooted in his daily life.

Orpingalik told Rasmussen that “My Breath” was “composed under the influence of a fit of despondency…when he could not get regain his strength and vigour after a long illness” (15). As he lies on his sick bed, the poet reflects on his helpless condition and how he cannot provide properly for his wife. He recalls the times when he was successful in the hunt: outwitting and killing a bear “who really believed/ He alone was a male,” harpooning and bringing home the “old and cunning male seal,” while the other hunters were “faint from failure and hunger,” and

13. Orpingalik’s songs are translations of translations, from Inuktitut to Danish to English, so inevitably there is much lost between the original and the version quoted here. (See Appendix C for the English version of “My Breath.”) Rasmussen is fully aware of the difficulty of translating from Inuktitut to English, which he discusses on page 321. In “Imagery and Structure in Eskimo Song Texts,” Beverley Cavanagh points out three problems with these texts as we have them; the fact that they are songs is forgotten or ignored; the style and form is lost; and finally, Rasmussen translated only a limited number of songs. See also Keavey Martin’s detailed discussion of the issue in Stories in a New Skin.
he contrasts these achievements with his present predicament where he now lies “feeble on [his] couch.” Despite his lowly condition, the poet does not succumb to feelings of self-pity or complaint, but recalls in vivid imagery, how the “great white/ Polar bear/ High up its black body/ Snout in the snow, it came!” and the hunters who “still lay like the dead” back in the village, and the harpoon head… fast/ Mortally deep” in the neck of the seal. The poet is troubled, not only by his lack of strength, but because his wife must suffer the consequences of his inability to hunt and get “even a little blubber…For [his] wife’s stone lamp.” He asks plaintively, how long this will go on, forcing his wife to go begging “For skins for clothing/ And meat for a meal?” Orpingalik does not offer an answer to his own question, but is philosophical about his present condition, and uses this as an opportunity to reflect on the presumptions of men who little consider their vulnerability. In the middle of the song, he asks rhetorically, “Dost thou know thyself?” and answers emphatically, “So little thou knowest of thyself.” Having once been a great hunter and provider for his wife and family, now he bemoans the fact that he must “lie here on [his] bench/ And only [his] memories are strong!”

Orpingalik stresses the frustration he feels even as “dawn gives place to dawn,” while he is unable to leave his bed. With each passing day he knows that he and his wife approach starvation and death, and he asks again, “how long shall I lie here/ How long?” His sense of helplessness is further reinforced with the realization that as each day passes, “spring is upon the village,” bringing with it renewal and regeneration, even as he lies feeble and sick. But Orpingalik is a poet, and by his own account, his songs are as much a part of him as any other matter. And, although “My Breath” is a clear statement of the poet’s helplessness, and his dangerous predicament, it is also the occasion for him to create a song that remains as living testimony to his unique insights and confidence in his art. It is clear from the beginning of the
song, that although he cannot hunt, his memory and his creative powers have not diminished. He says, “I will sing a song,” and it will not be just any song, but a “song that is strong.” The memories the poet has of hunting are fresh and clear, reinforced by the sense, that even though his body is weak, there is no decrease in this powers of recall, or his ability to shape his thoughts and experiences into moving and memorable songs.\textsuperscript{14}

Orpingalik’s great creative gifts, his generosity, and willingness to share his songs with Rasmussen, his embracing of life and making songs out of his experiences, together with his brilliant descriptions of the creative process, allow us to appreciate both the imaginative and intellectual power of an Inuit poet at the height of his creativity.

Almost two millennia before Orpingalik was explaining his theory of composition to Rasmussen, the Roman poet Quintus Horatius Flaccus, otherwise known as Horace, wrote a letter to a wealthy family in which he outlines his ideas on the literary life and the function of poetry. His letter to the Piso family is more generally referred to as “The Art of Poetry” and was to become an important site of debate for literary critics. According to Horace, the poet’s aim is “to profit or to please or to blend in one the delightful and the useful” (Gilbert 139). The idea that poetry should both teach and delight has continued to exercise an appeal for students of literature despite post-modern attempts to abolish both the author and the text. Most critics today would question Horace’s point of view and agree with Auden that “poetry makes nothing happen” (Gary Geddes 134). However, this is not how Inuit view their traditional stories, for they share

\textsuperscript{14} Rasmussen comments; “There are various kinds of songs…those inspired by some great joy or sorrow…songs intended to give the joy of life, of hunting…and all the good and ill that man can experience” (323). In The Central Eskimo, Boas notes, that the songs “treat of almost everything imaginable: of the beauty of summer; of thoughts and feelings of the composer on any occasion, for instance, when watching a seal, when angry with someone, etc; or they tell of an important event, as of a long journey” (241).
Horace’s contention that the main purposes of unikkaaqtuat are to teach and to delight. When reflecting on the uses of unikkaaqtuat, Inuit elders clearly and consistently state their understanding of the purposes of traditional stories. And this understanding accords directly with the teaching of Horace. Inuit elder Leah Idlout-Paulson of Iqaluit has no doubt that the stories she heard as a little girl were intended to teach as well as entertain her. Noting that she heard a particular story about the raven and the owl in both Northern Quebec and in Mittimatalik, Idlout-Paulson says, elders “would tell us those to help us learn about our laws.” Leah tells us precisely what the listener is intended to learn from her story: “We learn about patience in that one” (McCluskey 13). While many elders would agree with Leah that the unikkaaqtuat were used as learning tools, they are not inclined to be as prescriptive about the nature of the learning. The reason for this resides in the Inuit idea of isuma (dialectal variant ihuma), which may be translated as “thought, sense, intelligence, feeling, inspiration, imagination” (Kusugak and Spalding 32) and carries with it connotations of maturity, autonomy and the capacity for making balanced and informed decisions.

The concept of isuma and its importance to Inuit modes of learning, thinking and acting is described in detail in the work of Jean Briggs (1971 and 1991) and Hugh Brody (2000 and 2004). Briggs observes that “it is the possession of ihuma that makes it possible for a person to respond to his surroundings both physical and social” and “should be a governing force in an adult’s life” (359). Inuit children are considered to be born without isuma and to gain it as they grow by being exposed to verbal and practical models that they can think about and imitate and later on put into practice. They are expected to learn from observation and experience when they are ready, which may account for the indulgence granted the whims of very young children in Inuit culture who have not yet acquired isuma. The signs that a child is acquiring isuma are
associated with learning to speak, recognizing and responding to people, and later showing self-awareness, helping around the camp, acquiring age appropriate skills, showing respect for elders, and above all, showing patience and emotional balance. The ability to accept hardship and disappointment with equanimity and calmness is a sure indicator that one has achieved isuma and is highly prized by Inuit. Adults who are unable to control their emotions, whether positive or negative, are thought to be lacking in isuma and are described as nutaraqpaluktuq, that is, they behave as children (Briggs 359). Brody notes that “Anyone who is short-tempered is said to have insufficient isuma” (10).

Keavy Martin (2012) explores the application of the concept of isuma in her study of Inuit literature in a chapter aptly entitled, “Reading Unipkaaqtuat.” Discussing the story of Angusugjuk, Martin points out how the protagonist “is wise enough to listen carefully to the instructions he is given…[and] never for a moment considers disobeying them…He exhibits total faith in the stories he is told ” (49). Listening carefully to the elders and being obedient to their wishes and instructions are sure signs that one has isuma, and Martin reads the story of Angusujuk as a reminder that [one] should “listen carefully…be adaptive, and show respect for local ways of being” (50). While this is good advice, it may suggest to the non-Inuit reader that the traditional respect for elders would lead to a narrow conformity and blind obedience to authority. However, contrary to being a suffocating and inhibiting tradition, personal autonomy and with it responsibility to the group is embedded in the idea of isuma. Briggs explains, “Saying that a person has ihuma is equivalent to saying that she or he exercises good judgement, reason, and emotional control [which] entitles a person to be treated as an autonomous…self-governing individual whose decisions and behaviour should not be directed, in any ways, outside the limits of the role requirements to which one is expected to conform” (267). The advice of
elders, and their teachings through unipkaaq, is not prescriptive and authoritarian, but rather encourages people to exercise their full individual potential within their Inuit tradition. Briggs further clarifies, “People who have ihumaa demonstrate this fact by conforming voluntarily, by obeying their ‘leader’ willingly when told to do a task.” As they grow in experience and knowledge, Inuit learn to anticipate what needs to be done and they willingly do so without being asked. Briggs points out that this attitude to service ought not to be abused, and the individual “will strongly resist, by passive withdrawal or polite circumspection, any encroachment on their legitimate areas of privacy and self-determination” (267). Martin comments that “the social protocols built around this concept thus strike a delicate balance between personal autonomy and heeding the advice of those in a position to offer it” (56). An understanding of the concept of isuma may be useful to the reader who comes new to the study of Inuit literature and to unipkaaq in particular.

Martin uses one of the unikkaq told by Kusugak and recorded by Spalding to offer a helpful and clearly articulated approach to reading Inuit literature with a mind informed by an understanding of isuma and its importance in Inuit teaching and learning practices (47-49).

“Angusugjuk Nanuillu,” Angusugjuk and the Polar Bears, is the story of a hunter who on returning home finds a woman in his house who consents to be his wife. One day she leaves for the floe-edge and Angusugjuk follows her tracks of which one is a human footprint and the other that of a polar bear. He sees her rolling about in the snow. She wants to visit her relatives and invites Angusugjuk to ride on her back as she heads out to sea. As they get close to the camp his wife warns Angusugjuk to be on his guard against attack from fearsome bears who are actually her relatives. On the advice of his mother-in-law, Angusugjuk declines a challenge to a diving contest but agrees to a rock lifting competition. By following the detailed instructions of
his mother-in-law who tells him the rock has two small dents in it, Angusugjuk manages to lift the smooth rock and get back to the house with the sounds of the angry bear ringing in his ears. Angusuguk is then challenged to a seal-hunting contest and again, with help from his mother-in-law, comes through unscathed, retrieving the “little black thing,” from the seal’s den and making it to the safety of the house with angry bears in pursuit. To his surprise and delight, Angusugjuk discovers that the “little black thing was a seal which his wife placed on the meat bench” (49).

Martin suggests that this story “may seem to be like the large smooth stone that Angusugjuk must lift: difficult to get a grip on” (49) and may pose some of the same problems for Inuit and non-Inuit alike for whom its content is unfamiliar. Martin proposes that both Angusuguk and the reader share the same bewildering dilemma: they are each heading into a world that is different from anything they have experienced before, exposing them to questions and choices that seem difficult if not impossible to make. But Martin points out that Angusugjuk is not left entirely alone—and neither is the attentive reader—because he heeds the advice of his elder, without question, overcomes all obstacles, outlives his attackers and gains a practical and potentially life-saving reward, a seal. Martin considers that, just like Angusugjuk, readers “will begin to locate fissures in a text-markers of a place where, with a bit of work, one can climb in or get a grip” (49). Martin then proposes, as a way of engaging with the story of Angusugjuk, that it might possibly be read as an allegory for the life of Kusugak and his attempts to educate his non-Inuit friend. In this reading, Angusuguk “becomes more than a role model for Inuit listeners: he has a thing or two to teach Spalding as well” (50).

From the moment he leaves home, Angusugjuk finds he has to adjust his assumptions and expectations. His bear wife and her relatives live in a culture that is different from his own, and if he is to survive there it is imperative that he adapts to the conditions in which he finds himself.
For Angusuguk, the consequences of not conforming to his new situation would be fatal. According to Martin, as a stranger in bear country, Angusugjuk “display[s] humility and awareness in new surroundings, and he listens closely to the advice of the local people” (50). Not only that, he also assumes some of the characteristics of his bear relatives, especially in his seal-hunting practices. The overall message that the reader might take from this story is, in Martin’s words, that one should be willing “to listen carefully, to be adaptive, and to show respect for local ways of being” (50). One might further suggest that what Angusugjuk displays is his high level of isuma, shown by his attention to the advice of his elder and his willingness to learn from his experiences, which gives him entry into the world of his bear family.

Angusugjuk achieves the right balance between following the advice of his elders and taking decisive action to reach a satisfactory outcome not only for himself but also for his family: he returns home safely and also provides them with food. Briggs points out, however, that there are times when an individual can exhibit an excess of ihuma, with “unpleasant and sometimes dangerous implications…Too much ihuma is as bad as too little…A person who has too much ihuma concentrates on one idea, one thought” (362). Particularly relevant to this discussion, Briggs suggests that one of the most insulting and impertinent questions one may ask an Inuit is “why.” It makes the speaker uncomfortable by refusing to accept what has been said and it further reflects on the questioner who is seen as unable or unwilling to figure things out for him or herself. In this respect, Angusugjuk shows himself to be the ideal student and for the reader, the ideal teacher. Martin notes how “rather than asking questions [Angusugjuk] makes the decision to follow his mother-in-law’s advice” (56). In the final test, diving to catch a seal, Angusugjuk is not operating on blind faith for he has already, in the other two challenges, seen that by following his elder’s advice he was able to succeed. It is the combination of good counsel
together with his own demonstrated abilities that gives Angusugjuk the confidence to behave as he does. When he sets out on his journey, Angusugjuk has no idea where he is going, what strange creatures he will meet, or what he will have to do to survive, but when we leave him there seems little doubt that he now possess the knowledge and experience to make sense of his new found world. As Martin points out, “The strategy that Angusugjuk models for readers of Inuit literature…may be challenging for some…a learning style that stresses compliance over criticism, and faith over doubt” (57). If this is what Angusugjuk does, his actions do not necessarily leave the reader without direction. For Angusugjuk, like the reader, is faced with the unfamiliar, the strange and the incomprehensible. He does not give up, but rather fights and makes his way through a new landscape that challenges his wits, his regard for his culture and his achievement and demonstration of isuma.

Martin further explores the story of Angusugjuk “as a parable for readers and listeners-in other words for literary critics” (50). It is clear to the reader, certainly more so than to Angusugjuk, that his wife is more bear–like than human. Her footprints pose a difficulty for the reader, being both animal and human but all her other actions, eating seal fat, rolling in the snow and swimming with Angusugjuk on her back leave little doubt of her true nature. However, although Angusugjuk is surprised to find his wife lying on the ice at the floe edge, he never seems to question her identity. The reader may find it difficult to accept her dual nature but not so Angusugjuk. Martin suggests that “readers or listeners familiar with a range of unikaaqtuat will have a much easier time making sense of the events in this tale” (51). The story of Angusugjuk contains incidents that are common in other unikkaaqtuat, most notably the taking of an animal for a wife. This is what happens in the epic story of Kiviuq, who through the course of his travels marries at least three animal wives: a fox, a wolf and a goose. The fox only agrees
to marry Kiviuq when he returns her fox skin which she has removed to show her human form. The strangeness of this occurrence dissipates for the reader when he or she listens to the elders. Naalungiaq recalls how “in the very first times…both people and animals lived on earth, but there was no difference between them…A person could become an animal, and an animal could become a human being” (39).

A noted characteristic of the Kiviuq story is the interaction between humans and animals. Lemmings, mussels, spiders, geese, foxes, bears, birds and wolves as well as inanimate objects such as *inuksuit*, bones and logs assume lives of their own. At times they help Kiviuq and at others they hinder him but all exist on an equal plain with him and he never questions their ability to speak to him (McDermott 17-70). However, like Angusuujuk, Kiviuq is not completely at ease with everyone he meets and, while their actions may “seem discouragingly bizarre, it becomes easier when we realize that this strangeness is part of the story” (Martin 57). When Kiviuq realizes that the strange woman he has encountered is cooking human body parts, he falls down in a faint. This is not what he is used to, and neither is the reader. Martin quotes J. Edward Chamberlin saying, “It is the uncomfortability, the strangeness, that is crucial…which reminds us that the knowledge that we embrace [is] always accompanied by doubt” (58). In this way, the experiences of both Angusuujuk and Kiviuq can serve as a guide to the critic’s own practice.

Being in unfamiliar territory and admitting that they have little or no preparation to guide their endeavours, it is clear what the critics must do: lay aside all preconceived ideas, embrace the unfamiliar, and allow the story to reveal its own purposes. Martin contends that it is “important to have faith in the stories, and in the people who tell them,” for they are the ones who have *isuma* “and who are at home in these unfamiliar places” (58). When Rasmussen tried to get his Copper Inuit informants to explain the meanings and purposes of stories he was
recording he was told bluntly, “It is not always that we want a point in our stories...It is only the white men that want a reason and an explanation of everything; and so our old men say that we should treat white men as children who always want their own way: If not they become angry, and scold” (Petrone 124). This is a precise description of the behaviour of one showing a lack of isuma and may serve as a reminder to the non-Inuit critic to exercise patience, while they acquire the knowledge necessary to an understanding of unikkaaqtuat.

The Inuit elders who agreed to have their stories recorded were more than willing to discuss various aspects of them, and in doing so they modelled ways in which the critic might legitimately approach them. Each of the elders indicated that the unikkaaqtuat were used for entertainment, especially in getting children to perform certain tasks or to coax them to sleep. For Aupilaarjuk, for example, his mother’s stories helped to take his mind off her pursuit of his head lice, an unpleasant operation which he did not like (McDermott 16). Simon Tookoomee recounts that “it was at bedtime that my mother would start to tell me stories. When I was listening to them...I would get so relaxed and sleepy...Sometimes it was when the weather wasn’t good, maybe to keep us entertained so that we wouldn’t get bored” (McDermott 16). Qaunnaq Uquutaq describes how “the little children would be in bed with their mother and grandmother” when stories were told (McDermott 18). What emerges from these descriptions is a picture of close family relationships with children and adults brought together by the comforting imaginative power of stories. As Aupilaarjuk says, “I would picture what she was telling me with my eyes closed. Then I would fall asleep...I used to love it when my mother was telling me a story” (McDermott 19). For many Inuit children this was a routine that they experienced every day without realising they were cementing their family ties through the intimacy of the setting while learning their history and culture through listening to unikkaaqtuat.
Just as the Inuit children absorbed into their minds without question, the details and sounds that worked to define their identities, so the readers unfamiliar with Inuit culture and *unikkaaqtauat*, must endeavour to be as open and receptive as possible to what the stories have to say.

Arnakak writes that “stories for children are usually short. Their themes consist of how and why we should act (morality), how animals came to be (creation), and the magical and miraculous (entertainment)” (5). Although traditional stories were used for recreational purposes, as this statement indicates, they also had a more serious and overt goal about which the elders made very clear statements. Voicing concerns about the ways in which Inuit children are being taught in school their comments help to define Inuit preferred modes of teaching and learning.

Marie Tulimaaq Aupilaarjuk says that “when we were at a young age, our family and our mothers taught us.” Understanding did not come right away but later on, “when you were able to think wisely about it” (McDermott 23). And just as individuals are expected to acquire *isuma* appropriate to their age and experience, and cannot be wise before their time, so children should not be exposed to ideas and practises that they are not ready to understand. Noting that children were not allowed to listen to adult conversations about certain topics, Simon Tookoomee says, “Today at school they are being told detailed information that is harmful to them” (McDermott 24). For Aupilaarjuk the education that young Inuit are receiving in schools has wide spread harmful consequences. He notes that when students graduate “they have learned all there is to learn, but they are not taught a good foundation for life” (25). Reflecting on the usefulness of *unikkaaqtauat* Aupilaarjuk says, “I often think that the stories were used as teaching tools. We didn’t see it that way; at least I didn’t see it like that. They made me be aware of possible dangers and taught me to lead a good life” (McDermott 33). Simon Tookoomee expresses the same idea when he notes that “some (stories) made differences in our lives to help us”
(McDermott 33). We might note the general sense of the two phrases-“taught me to lead a good life” and “made differences in our lives to help us”-which typify Inuit teaching and learning practice. Except in very specific cases, the elders do not give precise descriptions of the meanings of a story, and while they stress their importance as part of Inuit culture, the reader is invited to make his or her own interpretation.

Chamberlain tells the story of a group of developers who were intending to log on Gitksan land (Scott 79). They claimed that the land belonged to the government and they had a permit to take the trees they needed. One of the Gitksan elders asked a simple question, “If this is your land where are your stories?” The Inuit of Nunavut have gained legal right to their territory within Canada; however, many of their stories, while dealing with universal themes have local resonance that goes back hundreds of years and state clearly, this is our land. When speaking about the ijirait-beings that are said to be able to turn themselves into caribou, and who abduct people-Simon Tookoomee said that they live on the other side of Qamanittuaq. Simon explained how the area in which the ijirait live is commonly shrouded in fog, which makes it difficult for travellers, and presumably conceals the ijirait (McDermott 41). Even when flying over the area it is usually covered in mist. In the story of Asasa, the orphan boy who avenges his father’s murder, there is a description of how he avoids the arrows of his enemies by jumping up and down and moving quickly from side to side. The word for this action in Inuktitut is aulajaqtuq. Henry Isluanik explains that in Arviat there is a rocky area where Inuit would aulajaqtuq, just like the boy Asasa (McDermott 85). Jay Arnakak notes that “the wonderful feature of all this is that these stories are adaptable to local places and landmarks… The island to which the mythic hero flees can be found near Igloolik, and the island in the selfsame story may also be found near Kangiqtugaapik” (7). Aupilaarjuk bears witness to Arnakak’s statement when he gives an
explanation about a particular rock formation in the Aivilik area called Inukpaujaq, or ‘the person who turned into stone.’ Aupilaarjuk believes that this stone figure was once a woman and her hair and hat can clearly be seen. He describes how when he was in the area looking for caribou he “offered her a gift saying, ‘I want to catch a caribou,’ because the caribou were scarce” (McDermott 124). When the elders were discussing the story of Nuliajuk, the sea spirit, and the various names by which she is known in different regions, Henry Isluanik noted how three Inuit in Arviat, whom he named, had seen her. She looked like a human with long hair and a flipper-like tail. The three men, either through fright or excitement, ran away. Henry notes that this incident happened in the water in front of the community (McDermott 149).

For Jay Arnakak, localizing the action of a story is a characteristic of unikkaqtuat and serves a number of purposes. He suggests that “these longer stories teach knowledge of geography, community, history and survival” (Arnakak 7). In other words, when the elders tell these stories they are communicating far more than the mere plot. They are primarily reinforcing the cultural identity of their Inuit listeners who know the locations referred to in the stories, which also makes them more believable. When Aupilaarjuk offers a gift to the stone woman, he is showing respect for the particular place in which he is hunting and acknowledging his presence as an outsider. Those who do not share this local knowledge, therefore, must rely on the elders to supply what is missing. Inuit unikkaaqtuat are full of strange creatures and events which seem to inhabit another world far from any known place. For the elders, this does not pose any problem and many of them argue that they believe the stories to be true. Herve Paniaq says flatly, “They were real” (McDermott 33), and Qaunnaq Uquutaq agrees, “They are non-fiction” (McDermott 30). However, for Simon Tookoomee, who is a well-known artist, whether the stories are fact or fiction is less important than their effect on the lives of Inuit. He says, “Even if
they were just stories, they made a difference in our lives. They would make us imagine, even if were just little children” (McDermott pg. 33). Barnabus Pirujuaq echoes a similar sentiment when he reflects that “although the stories are not written...It’s what’s inside the mind that is still alive, although it’s very old” (McDermott 32). If the stories reflect the creative imagination of ancient Inuit who passed on their interpretations and perceptions of the world to their descendants, then “what’s inside the mind” is available to the reader who wishes to explore it.

An Inuit theory of literature, that has any credibility, must emanate from the thinking of Inuit themselves. The elders are not concerned with theorizing or making definitive statements about how one should understand or appreciate unikkaaqtuat. However, as illustrated, some of their comments do provide guidance for the non-Inuit critic that enables him or her to approach the stories with an understanding informed and sanctioned by the reflections of Inuit. Pelagie Owlijoot summarizes the essential role the unikkaaqtuat play in Inuit life, when she says, “Traditionally, stories were told to amuse listeners, pass on ancestral history, provide lessons in moral conduct, communicate spirituality, and explain the existence of objects in nature” (13). Aupilaarjuk believes that the unikkaaqtuat help prepare Inuit to make good choices in life. He states, “We were taught these things from our fathers first hand. I didn’t realise that our foundation was being built. This is so we would be in a good position” (McDermott 36). If the unikkaaqtuat provided a foundation for Aupilaarjuk, Emile Imaruittuq argues that the unikkaaqtuat “didn’t necessarily make someone live a better life. They made each of us think; made us think hard” (Oosten, Laugrand and Rasing 179). Simon Tookoomee expresses a similar sentiment when he says, “Even if they were just stories, they made a difference in our lives” (McDermott 33). In order to begin to understand this “difference,” the critic is obliged to accept the seriousness of the unikkaaqtuat for Inuit. Arnakak stresses this point when he says, “Inuit
legends and stories are no mere superstitious musings. What they contain is far richer and more profound than a superficial glance can grasp” (6). What emerges from these comments is the fundamental importance the unikkaaqtuat have for Inuit, and any attempt to understand them must begin here.

The elders, and other Inuit, point out that, while the unikkaaqtuat provide entertainment, they also serve to reinforce an Inuit sense of collective identity. Arnakak believes that the “stories teach knowledge of geography, community, history and survival” (5). In other words, the unikkaaqtuat set out the parameters that define and describe the Inuit as an autonomous, distinct society, who have occupied their lands for centuries before, and after, the coming of Europeans. Uriash Puqiqnak makes a clear link between Inuit identity and the unikkaaqtuat when he declares, “We have to keep our language, our stories, and our identity alive” (Hessel 185). The stories embody the qualities and values by which Inuit define who they are. Owlijoot points out that through listening to the unikkaaqtuat, “Inuit children learned about who they were and how to behave” (13). “Who they are” and “how to behave” suggest far more than adult correctives for children; they emphasise the uniqueness and continuity of Inuit culture. The unikkaaqtuat, therefore, are much more than interesting stories with a culturally specific orientation, but the very means by which Inuit define themselves. The non-Inuit critic cannot ignore the Inuit appraisal of their unikkaaqtuat if he or she wishes to engage in a meaningful way with them.

Any approach to articulate a theory of Inuit literature must take into account the concept of isuma. As I have tried to illustrate, isuma plays a central role in defining an Inuit sense of what is appropriate and acceptable behaviour, especially in the lives of adults. Children yet to achieve isuma were indulged until, through experience and observation, they became capable of
making decisions appropriate to their age and understanding. As Herve Paniaq says, “They would tell younger people stories if they thought they could handle it. If they wouldn’t be able to handle it, they would avoid telling them…and would just give them information” (33). The non-Inuit critic who wishes to engage with and explore Inuit literature, must recognise the level of his or her knowledge and understanding, and act accordingly. Just as the child is expected to learn the norms of Inuit social behaviour, so, the critic will need to immerse him or herself, as much as possible, in the culture and language of the Inuit. Each of the elders who took part in this project states unequivocally that the stories contain essential teachings, which allow Inuit to make wise choices. The critic who wishes to explore the meanings of the unikkaaqtauat, is obliged to do so in the same spirit enunciated by the elders. The Inuit way of teaching and learning is by observation, not by direct instruction or intervention. Qaunnaq Uquutaq notes how children “learned from watching. [We] weren’t told, “Try to learn this.” We learned from just watching” (McDermott 23). Each person who wishes to approach the unikkaaqtauat, therefore, must recognise the limitations of their own knowledge and experience, and be willing to learn all that they can from attending to the advice and insights of the elders.

**Acknowledgement and Recognition**

Towards the end of the taping of Unikkaaqtauat, the elders were invited to offer a final reflection on the workshop. Henry Isluanik describes how taking a teaching course at Nunavut Arctic College proved to be “worthwhile” because it helped him to realise the value of his Inuit culture. “I discovered that I was losing my culture without knowing it,” he says. After two years of “working hard on this… writing about my Inuit culture and tradition,” Isluanik notes that he and others “came to Iqaluit to receive our awards” (257). Further, Isluanik relates that in recognition of his work he travelled to Ottawa to receive an award from the Member of
Parliament for Nunavut, Nancy Karetak-Lindell. Such recognition and acknowledgement of his contribution to the teaching and learning of Inuit language and culture is obviously important to Isluanik. Likewise, Barnabas Pirujuaq commented on the recognition he had received for his work with Parks Canada and in helping to set up a heritage centre, Inuit Savituk, in his home town of Qamanittuaq. He notes, “I have some awards that I have received before. They are at home hanging on the wall…I have quite a few of them…some from Parks Canada and some from Inuit Savituk,” (260). Ollie Itinnuaq adds a characteristic note of humour and irony when he says, “It’s too bad that I didn’t bring my awards for my knowledge as an Inuk…How many are there? I think I have four.” He adds, “For me as an Inuk, personally, they really mean nothing to me. I just use my ability.” Despite his disclaimer, however, Itinnuaq does mention that he has at least four awards and they are in a place where all who visit him may see them. “They are hanging on my walls,” he says (259). Recognition and acknowledgement of their contributions to the promotion and preservation of Inuit culture are clearly important to these elders but Itinnuaq’s comments sound a note of skepticism and caution, which brings into focus some troubling questions related to who or what is being recognised, for what purpose, and by what authority.

April 1, 1999, was a day of celebration for the Inuit of Canada’s central arctic and for indigenous people around the world (Coleman, Greg and Souliere 120). This is the day when Nunavut became a defined territory within the Canadian confederation, a place where Inuit could exercise control over their own affairs. Nunavut means “our land” in the Inuit language, and the sense of achievement and pride felt by Inuit was palpable in the formal celebrations that were held in Iqaluit-formerly Frobisher Bay-the capital of the new territory. On display were all the trappings of political identification: the new Nunavut flag with its symbolic Inuksuk, groups of
throat singers dressed in traditional clothing, drum dancers playing and moving to ancient song rhythms. Elders were prominent on the stage and took their places beside the Governor General of Canada, Adrienne Clarkson, who presided with dignity and solemnity. The whole extravaganza was choreographed and scripted by Inuit and proclaimed unequivocally to the world that Inuit were not merely taking their place in Canada but that they were demonstrating a form of sovereignty on their own terms. The federal government too could take great satisfaction from this singular display of a “distinct society” flourishing within the apparently benign walls of the multicultural state.

However, one does not have to travel far into modern accounts of Canadian history and indigenous literature before encountering a disturbing lack of Inuit presence, even as they are being praised for having “amazingly adapted to life in the Arctic desert…a region of dark, bitterly cold winters and short summers” (Desmond Morton 22). In the short space of one page, Morton, while obviously intending to refer to Inuit calls them Innu, three times. He states that “Innu are part of a circum-Polar people who may also be found in Siberia” and remarks on the “Arctic clothing, kayaks, and igloos of the Innu” which allowed them to survive (22). Out of eight references to Inuit in A Short History of Canada, three are incorrectly labelled as Innu. It is clear that these are typographic errors, all of which were silently corrected in the 2002 edition, but one might have expected them to be corrected in the third revised edition of Morton’s short history as would certainly have been the case had Cartier originally been misspelt Carter or Mulroney printed as Mulrooney. It is particularly distressing that the author is considered to be one of Canada’s “most noted and highly respected historians” and has written more than thirty books on Canada. Similarly troubling is the mystifying reference to a “Jose (with an accent over the e) Hugak, president of the land claims organisation Nunavut Tunngavik Incorporated,” in
Sophie McCall’s, *First Person Plural: Aboriginal Storytelling and the Ethics of Collaborative Authorship* (202-3). The reference here is surely to the late Jose (Joe see) Kusugak who was one of the founding members of Nunavut, a brilliant public speaker and indefatigable promoter of Inuit history, language and culture. Jose held many prominent positions in Inuit organisations, including the position of president of Inuit Tapariit Kanatami (ITK), the association that represents all Canadian Inuit, before his untimely death in 2011. There is no doubt that McCall did not intend to slight Jose Kusugak in this instance, for her book is dedicated to exploring “new ways of practising cross-cultural collaboration,” and illustrating the essential need for each indigenous person to speak “in one’s own voice and on one’s own terms” (210). However, it is worth noting that even with the best intentions, a moment of carelessness has literally erased the identity of one of Nunavut’s finest leaders.

Over the centuries Inuit have struggled, sometimes violently, to protect their resources and to assert ownership over their lands from invaders such as the Norse, the English, Americans and Canadians (McGhee 1990, Fossett 2001, Crowe 1991). Whalers and traders flooded into the Inuit homeland to exploit the very resources Inuit depended on, and just as quickly departed when these same resources were depleted. Missionaries, driven perhaps by a greater sense of purpose, which was to save Inuit from their “heathen” ways, were more resilient and arguably more destructive. For the longest time, the Inuit were largely ignored by southern governments. In fact, their very existence was officially called into question. In 1939, the Supreme Court of Canada, in a decision known as *Re Eskimos*, “recognised” Inuit as “Indians” and placed them under federal jurisdiction. In 1953, Louis St. Laurent admitted that, “Apparently we have administered the vast territories of the north in an almost continuing absence of mind” (Ittinuar 216). It was not until 1954 that Inuit were first able to vote in federal elections; however, it took
another twenty eight years before Inuit were recognised as aboriginal people distinct from First Nations and Metis in 1982 (Ittinuar 225).

A glaring example of federal government ineptitude, neglect and sheer incomprehension to recognise the needs and wishes of Inuit involved the Ahiarmiut, a small community of caribou hunters who lived inland from the Hudson Bay coast. In the 1940s and 1950s, reports from the Keewatin district of the then Northwest Territories described small bands of inland Inuit centered around Ennadai Lake to be suffering from starvation because of the late return of the caribou, their main source of food and clothing (Kulchyski and Tester 205-237). A decision was made by government officials to move one group, the Ahiarmiut, to Neultin Lake where they were to engage in commercial fishing, an enterprise for which they had neither preparation nor aptitude. Traders for the Revillon Freres and Hudson’s Bay Company had established trading posts at Neultin Lake but abandoned them in 1930 and 1941 respectively. In the spring of 1950 the 47 men, women, and children that made up the Ahiarmiut were flown by plane to Neultin Lake. By December of that year they had all returned on foot to their traditional hunting area near Ennadai Lake. For a few years the Ahiarmiut managed to hunt and fish successfully but in the winter of 1956-7 caribou and fish were in short supply and reports of starvation reached government officials. As in 1950, the solution was to move the Inuit, this time to Henik Lake about 125 miles to the north east of Ennadai. In May 1957, six flights were needed to move the 55 Ahiarmiut to their new home. By early December, the Ahiarmiut were again reported to be in trouble and by February seven Inuit had died and many more were in dire straits from malnutrition. It was decided to move the remaining Ahiarmiut to the coast to Eskimo Point where they would be near a Hudson’s Bay Company post and food supplies if needed. Walter Rudnicki, a northern affairs official wrote of the Ahiarmiut he met in March 1958:
The last of the Ahiarmiut are living in six igloos behind the policeman’s house at Eskimo Point. They no longer have dogs, sleds, kayaks or any of the accoutrements of a way of life on the land. With no more caribou to hunt, they no longer have any aim in life. Their present existence is based on only one awareness—that they are now absolutely dependent on the white man. (Kulchyski and Tester 233)

When asked by Rudnicki what they would like to see happen, a number of different Ahiarmiut replied in the same vein; Mounik and Sokawak said, “We do not talk of the future. We will do what we are told to do.” Shikoak and Pallikal repeated the same sentiment; “We don’t speak about anything. We just listen,” as did Owlijoot and Nootaraloo, “We do not speak about what is going to happen to us. We do not think of the future,” (Kulchyski and Tester 235-6). “Absolutely dependent on the white man,” the Ahiarmiut had reached a place where they could not even contemplate a future and placed themselves completely at the mercy of their white “saviours.” The term subaltern may appropriately describe their predicament. Spivak’s ideas suggest that the position of the Ahiarmiut, one of total dependence on their colonial masters, cannot be articulated in any meaningful way, and therefore they are doomed to remain locked into their subservient position. However, Inuit were determined to find a voice of their own, and they confronted their colonial masters in ways which were thorough, decisive and largely successful.

In his autobiography Teach an Eskimo How to Read, Peter Ittinuar, the first elected Inuit in the Canadian parliament, recounts an incident when travelling in Nunavut in 1983 with the then Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Trudeau wanted to help setting up the camp. Ittinuar asked the Prime Minister to fuel the Coleman stoves but Trudeau had difficulty opening the container. Ittinuar took the cylinder, read the instructions, opened the top and returned it to Trudeau. The
Prime Minister looked at Ittinuar and said, “Teach a fucking Eskimo how to read and he thinks he’s smart.” To which Ittinuar replied, “Take a fucking white man out on the tundra and he can’t read his own writing” (159). Inuit didn’t have to think they were smart, but they did learn how to read English in the very residential schools that were designed to assimilate them into mainstream Canadian society.

In 1964, the Churchill Vocational Centre was established and young Inuit from all over Nunavut and Nunavik (northern Quebec) went there to be educated. Unlike the other residential schools run by missionaries, Churchill was non-denominational and staffed predominantly by enlightened and caring teachers. John Amagoalik, known amongst Inuit as “the father of Nunavut,” has nothing but fond memories of his time in Churchill. He states, “It was a great experience for us; it really opened up the world for me” (43). While at Churchill, Amagoalik met many who would become leaders in their communities, especially those who spear-headed the drive for the creation of Nunavut, an Inuit homeland: Jack Anawak, Peter Irniq, Paul Quassa, James Arvaluk and Meeka Kilabuk. Amagoalik recalls the impression made on him by the “swagger” of a group of Inuit students from Quebec, amongst them a young Zebedee Nungak, a charismatic, dynamic and consistent spokesperson for Quebec Inuit. They feared no one, fellow student or teacher. This was not how Inuit were supposed to behave. For Amagoalik, this was “the turning point, when Inuit discovered that they didn’t have to take this shit all the time” (44). He remembers that although “we were young…we were already talking about how we were going to change the North” (45).

And change it they did. Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC) was founded in 1971 by a group of young Inuit, including James Arvaluk who had been at Churchill with Amagoalik. In 1974, Amagoalik joined ITC having worked for four years as a regional government information
officer. His experience with the territorial government served him well as Amagoalik travelled to almost every community in Nunavut, learning on the way not only about the needs and desires of Inuit but also how government worked. In 1977, under Amagoalik’s direction, following public consultation with Inuit, ITC prepared a document entitled *Speaking for the First Citizens of the Canadian North*. The title of this statement clearly sets out the terms by which Inuit wished to represent themselves and by which they sought to be acknowledged. In May 1993, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, Nellie Cournoyua, Government Leader Northwest Territories, and Paul Quassa, President of the Tunngavik Federation of Nunavut (TFN) signed the Nunavut Agreement in Iqaluit. On April 1, 1999, Nunavut was officially created as the newest Canadian Territory. In a very few years in political terms, especially considering government intransigence in dealing with treaties between the Crown and First Nations peoples, Inuit achieved a remarkable victory of acknowledgement and recognition. The subaltern had spoken and was heard, partially.

The political success of the Inuit leaders which led to the creation of Nunavut was bought at a price. One of the most contentious conditions of the Nunavut Agreement was the extinguishment of aboriginal rights in return for a number of guarantees with reference to hunting and land use (Arvaluk 206). For many Inuit, this was a betrayal of the promises implied in the agreement, that Inuit would reap the benefits of the capitalist system while still retaining control over their own cultural practices. To have to spell out aboriginal rights would necessitate a loss for Inuit, no matter what was considered a gain. Clearly, the federal government was setting the parameters of recognition and acknowledgement according to their own definitions and in their own interests. As John Amagoalik explains, “The Government of Canada, and the provincial and territorial governments, insisted that there could be no settlement, no agreements
without that provision” (78). For Inuit, the idea of aboriginal right was simply an expression of their way of life, their use of the land and the sea, and their beliefs and attitude towards them, as well as all their social customs. Ownership of land was a very new concept to Inuit and as Amagoalik explains, “Inuit had always thought, ‘We are the people who live here; we were born here and we will die here’” (77). In Amagoalik’s view aboriginal rights were “much more than just hunting rights. It involved rights to the land, compensation rights, rights to benefits from development, the protection of our language and culture, and the right to govern ourselves” (78).

Some Inuit leaders tried to stress the positive aspects of the agreement. For James Eetoolook, Vice-President of Nunavut Tungavik Incorporated (NTI), opposition by Inuit to the land claim arose because they did not understand the terms. Eetoolook maintained that, “We haven’t given up anything…We gain in some ways…rights through land claims. We are gaining a public government” (206). Eetoolook sees the merits of the settlement from a particular point of view, but Jack Anawak, who was the Liberal Member of Parliament representing the riding of Nunatsiaq, and later Interim Commissioner of Nunavut, voiced the concerns of many Inuit when he said, “We are giving up far too much land for far too little” (206). In the very act of signing the land claim agreement that set up the territory of Nunavut, Inuit not only surrendered their aboriginal rights but acknowledged and recognised the authority of the government of Canada.

Charles Taylor, in an essay titled, “Multiculturalism and The Politics of Recognition,” notes that “recognition is not just a courtesy we owe people. It is a vital human need” (26). Taylor reflects on the “supposed” connection between recognition and identity and suggests that from this point of view, “Non-recognition or misrecognition can inflict harm, can be a form of oppression” (25). Tracing the history and development of the “politics of recognition” from a hierarchy of “honour” to “dignity,” Taylor claims that “the principle of equal citizenship has
come to be universally accepted” and he points to the civil rights movement in the 1960s in the United States as “its greatest most recent victory” (38). According to Taylor, a further change in “the development of the modern notion of identity, has given rise to a politics of difference” (38). Taylor points out how this position, which seeks to recognise the special and unique identity of individuals and groups, is underscored by the “principle of universal equality” (39).

Seeking to recognise the particular needs of different populations, however, can be problematic for, in the eyes of those who espouse the principle of universal dignity, the granting of rights and “opportunities” not available to others is discriminatory and a “negation of their cherished principle” (40). The consequence would be that “members of aboriginal bands will get certain rights and powers not enjoyed by other Canadians, if the demands for native self-government are finally agreed on” (40). For Taylor, the preferred approach is one “in which the integrity of cultures has an important place” (61). Equal citizenship, universal equality, and integrity of culture, are phrases invoking ideal aspirations but we must not, in Will Kimlicka’s words, “confuse rhetoric with reality” (14). There are a number of questions that arise from Taylor’s essay. Who or what authority is recognising these lofty ideals? Are the Inuit just one of many groups? Have they no different claim to cultural integrity than any one of the many immigrant cultures to Canada?

Kimlicka notes, that some have observed, that while “multiculturalism is normatively desirable in principle…it has failed in practice,” (20). Indeed, for many critics of multiculturalism, the whole exercise as conceived in Canada is profoundly disturbing (Miyoshi 2002, Day 2002, Alfred 2005). Their concerns may perhaps be summed up by Peter Kulchyski in his essay, “Aboriginal Peoples and Hegemony in Canada.” Kulchyski points out how the 1969 White Paper, which was intended to end discrimination against First Nation’s peoples, was
instead a rallying point in their struggle for recognition of those very differences that distinguish them from mainstream Canadians. As Kulchyski sees it, “the official state endorsement of multiculturalism in Canada can be characterised as a mechanism of totalizing power in that it positions the particular claims of Aboriginal peoples as one in a series of unspecified claims by Ukrainians, Japanese, Quebecois, Cree, and so on” (300). A consequence of this positioning of Aboriginal people in the indiscriminate pot of multiculturalism is to side-step their historical and particular rights, to which no other group can have access. Kulchyski remarks that, “The struggle for Aboriginal rights— which cannot be claimed by any other cultural minority— against those who attempt to limit, regulate, or extinguish them, is one of the basic features of Aboriginal peoples’ struggles in contemporary Canada” (300).

Referring to the work of Altamirano-Jimenez (2004), Taiaiake Alfred (2005) and Paul Nadasdy (2005), Glen Coulthard points out that, “the state institutional and discursive field within and against which Indigenous demands for recognition are made… are by no means neutral” (452). A result of this imbalance is to produce “a class of Aboriginal ‘citizens’ whose rights and identities have become defined solely in relation to the colonial state and legal apparatus.” Such an approach, Coulthard agrees with Alfred, “threaten(s) to erode the most traditionally egalitarian aspects of Indigenous ethical systems, ways of life, and forms of social organisation” (452). Informed by Frantz Fanon’s work which, “anticipates the recognition/redistribution debate by half a century,” Coulthard shows that the particular kind of recognition model proposed by Taylor, while it mitigates some of the negative aspects of “colonial-capitalist exploitation,” fails to address the very structures upon which the “racially stratified capitalist economy and the colonial state” is built (446). Without systemic change and a moving away from the values of the market to hear and to honour “dissenting Indigenous
voices,” Coulthard claims that “The contemporary politics of recognition promises to reproduce the very figuration of colonial power that indigenous demands for recognition have historically sought to transcend” (437). The concept of recognition here implied by Coulthard is essentially a one way process where the federal government defines the parameters and dictates the terms upon which all parties will engage. The question remains; how is one to oppose or change a system, which, in its manifestations of “politics, economics, psychology and culture seems to be the norm” (Coulthard 455-6). The answer proposed by Coulthard is for those “struggling against colonialism,” to “‘turn away’ from the colonial state and society, and find in their own transformative praxis the source of their own liberation” (456). In individual self-affirmative and collective self-recognition practices, indigenous people will be able to build on their own cultures and beliefs, and engage with others in ways which they have designed for themselves. The Inuit chose a path less radical than that proposed by Coulthard, but one which suited their political aspirations. They have never been party to treaties; they are a majority in their homeland; their language is dominant and vibrant; and their culture, based on hunting, is still very much intact. It is from such a position of belief and self-knowledge that the Inuit set out “the conditions under which [they] will agree to enter the Canadian Federation,” wrote John Amagoalik (81).

The Inuit approaches to acknowledgement and recognition could, if they were listened to, provide a platform from which meaningful encounters could take place between the settler government and the indigenous people of Canada. James Arvaluk, former president of Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC), and one time Minister of Education in the Nunavut government, in a speech to a Rotary Club meeting in Ottawa, in January 1976, laid out his vision for the relationship between the Inuit and the federal government in the following terms: “We are not
extremists. We are not separatists. We have no history of hostility and confrontation…but one of cooperation” (Arvaluk 2006). Arvaluk stresses that the relationship between Inuit and the federal government should be based on peaceful and mutual exchange, with both sides working together. He goes on to say, “We are optimistic that the Government of Canada and the people of Canada will accept our proposed land-sharing settlement in a spirit of cooperation. We are willing to share our land and its resources” (Arvaluk 2007). Sharing and cooperation are the underlying premises on which Arvaluk’s proposal is based, and it is surely no coincidence that sharing is a foundational principle of Inuit life (Boult 33). However, Arvaluk makes abundantly clear, that while Inuit are “willing to share,” it is “our” proposal and “our land and resources” that are the subject of discussion. Inuit are not asking for favours or recognition, rather they are inviting the “other” to join with them as equal partners.

The late Jose Kusugak makes a similar point about partnerships, and invokes traditional Inuit law to explain his position. Kusugak compares the relationship between Inuit and the rest of Canada to one that is implied in the Inuktitut word ningauk. The common translation into English as “son/daughter-in-law” does not begin to express the nuances of meaning in ningauk, which Kusugak explains is a relationship based on mutual respect. Inuit received the new family member as one of their own, and treated him/her with even greater regard than their son or daughter. Kusugak says, “This is to ensure that respective in-laws accept and love the one marrying into the family” (3). Applying this concept to the relationship between Inuit and Canada, Kusugak stresses the idea of partnership and mutual respect when he states, “We will always be Inuit and Canada is now our ningauk” (3). Kusugak has no hesitation in entering into a relationship with Canada because, as he notes, “we will always be Inuit.” Kusugak knows, however, that this relationship will not just happen, but is “like a marriage that requires constant
work and attention in order to be successful” (3). The key concepts, clearly articulated by Arvaluk and Kusugak, are cooperation, partnership, and sharing based on mutual respect.

Inuit, such as Amagoalik, Arvaluk and Kusugak, acknowledge and recognize the existence of Canada, and are willing to embrace Canadians as equals in a shared partnership. The elders, whose stories are recorded here, did so in the spirit articulated by Arvaluk and Kusugak, a desire to share, and in doing so, both strengthening and passing on their culture. If the settler society, which occupies and asserts control over the land-mass called Canada, is to set down roots in this place, it must be willing to share, and to acknowledge that they have a great deal to learn from and about their ningauk. The unikkaaqtuat were the first site for the articulation of laws, which guided and sustained Inuit for hundreds of years, before and after the appearance of others in their lands. The elders repeatedly refer to the teaching power of unikkaaqtuat and how they assisted Inuit in every aspect of life. Zacharias Kunuk expresses the same sentiment when he says that Inuit “learned through storytelling who we were and where we came from” (32). He follows with a number of questions that are pertinent to this project: “Can Inuit bring storytelling into the new millennium? Can we listen to our elders before they all pass away?” (32). The questions are not merely rhetorical, for Kunuk’s life is dedicated to answering them. The purpose in doing this work is for Kunuk, “to show how our ancestors survived by the strength of their community and their wits, and how new ways of storytelling today can help our community survive another thousand years” (32). Amagoalik, Arvaluk, Kusugak and Kunuk have confidence in, and commitment to, their Inuit culture, and need no acknowledgement from others to affirm who they are. They do, however, extend an invitation to the settler populations of this land, to acknowledge where they are, and in whose house they are living. They can begin to do this by listening to the histories, the unikkaaqtuat of the First Canadians.
Summary

Inuit have a long history of being invaded, interrogated, accosted, and appropriated by various groups and agencies whether lost explorers, greedy whalers, rapacious traders, inspired missionaries, or distracted government officials. Each of these uninvited visitors left their own marks on Inuit society, and while Inuit embraced whatever they found useful, they have not abandoned their homeland nor the many values and cultural practices, including the unikkaaqtuat, that make them a unique and remarkable people. I have attempted in this dissertation to show how the unikkaaqtuat continue to affirm Inuit social, philosophical and cultural values, and in doing so, help to define, shape and maintain Inuit values. Commenting on the importance of the stories to Inuit identity, Jaypeeete Arnakak remarks on the “consistency and similarities of the stories” which have been handed down over generations, in spite of the changes to Inuit society (5). The unikkaaqtuat continue to contribute to the protection of Inuit against the encroachments of a hegemonic southern political, cultural, and economic order. Inuit cultural continuity and resilience is fostered in the telling of unikkaaqtuat, which for Arnakak, are “rich and diverse in purpose and content” and “teach knowledge of geography, community, history and survival” (5). This project-to record and make available a small portion of Inuit culture and knowledge and highlighting the generative ideas of the elders-may help enable younger Inuit and non-Inuit alike to explore Inuit knowledge, values and beliefs as they are reflected in the unikkaaqtuat and the commentary of the elders.

The foundational premise of this project is that the Inuit, and their stories, speak for themselves, providing their own rationale and their own commentary. The desire to publish these stories emerges from my own deeply felt obligation to contribute to the emancipation of voices that have been silenced by the operations of colonial practices. Colonialism and its effects,
therefore, provide the background against which this project is mounted and against which these stories stand out. Inuit have long resisted the encroachments of others, both well-meaning and otherwise, and now, when their political dreams have been ostensibly realised, it is incumbent on Canadians to listen to their version of the world and of themselves: their stories. Social justice demands no less.
Bibliography

Note: The bibliography is divided into primary and secondary sources. The primary references are those that directly relate to **unikkaaqtaatuat**, particularly collections of traditional stories and commentary by Inuit about them. It also includes discussion by Inuit about a variety of cultural and political topics. The secondary references provide background by non-Inuit on Inuit language, history, culture and politics.

**Primary Sources**


The stories in these two volumes (see below) come from the Baffin and Kivalliq regions of Nunavut. Many of the familiar stories are here, *Arnaq Uiarumasuituq* (The woman who didn’t want a husband), *Kaugjajuk* (The orphan who got his revenge) and *Nirlirmik Nulianiktuviniq* (The goose wife) as well as others less well known. The illustrations by Andrew Karpik of Pangnirtung are colourful and imaginative. The title uses the axiomatic appeal of a child to mother or grandmother, especially at bedtime. Aaluluqq, who compiled the stories in both volumes, is a long-serving teacher in her home town of Arctic Bay, Nunavut.


John Amagoalik is considered by Inuit to be the “Father of Nunavut,” for more than any other Inuit leader, he is responsible for the creation of Nunavut. Amagoalik’s dedication to the cause of Inuit reclaiming control of their lives springs from his experiences when his family was relocated from Inugjuak, Quebec to Resolute Bay in the high arctic. The editor gives a very useful time-line of the events leading to the creation of Nunavut.


This is an account of two workshops held in the Kivalliq region of Nunavut in July 2002 and January 2003. Ten elders from four different communities took part with the intention of “recording the knowledge of the elders” and finding ways to transmit his knowledge to younger...
Inuit. The topics covered include “Survival,” “Marriage and Taboos,” “Film Preparation,” as well as unikkaaqtauat.


Based on a traditional Inuit legend, the film Atanarjuat directed by Zacharias Kunuk, is remarkable for a number of reasons: all the actors are (untrained) Inuit; the script is entirely in Inuktitut; it was shot on location in the arctic. Perhaps even more than the creation of Nunavut, Atanarjuat captured the public imagination in Canada and around the world, signaling that Inuit are a vital, creative people with a clear sense of their history and culture.

Arnakak, Jaypeetee and Tukugarjuk, Leo. (Eds.). (2007). Traditional Stories from the Qikiqtani Region: Unikkaaqtauat Qikiqtaninngaaqtut Volume 1: Arctic Bay and Igloolik. Iqaluit: Niutaq Cultural Institute

There are many collections of Inuit traditional stories most of which have been gathered by non-Inuit such as Boas, Jenness, Rasmussen and others. This collection is not only edited by Inuit but also gathered, translated and published by Inuit. The stories are presented in both Inuktitut (syllabics) and English together with an engaging Introduction by Jaypeetee Arnakak, one of the editors.


James Arvaluk is a member of the distinguished Awa family from North Baffin whose great grandfather, the shaman Awa, met and discoursed with Rasmussen on the meaning of life, Inuit spiritual beliefs and the differences between Inuit and the new-comers. Arvaluk has spent most of his adult life in politics, serving most recently as a minister in the Nunavut Government. He is one of the generation of educated Inuit who were responsible for the conception and realization of Nunavut.


This small collection of original poems and stories shows a writer of great promise dealing with difficult personal subject matter with frankness and great courage. Kataisee also displays both humour and an indomitable spirit, which makes her work memorable. The stories and poems are printed in both English and Inuktitut.

This is volume 2 in the Nunavut Arctic College series, *Interviewing Inuit Elders*. Aupilaarjuk and the other elders discuss in detail the reasons for maligait (traditional laws) and point out that Inuit had a strict code of behaviour which was enforced through persuasion and community action. The elders discuss the purposes of unipkaaqtuat (traditional stories) and tell a number of stories including, Atungat, Kiviuq, Kaugjagjuk, and Sedna.


This is volume 4 in the Nunavut Arctic College series, *Inuit Perspectives on the Twentieth Century*, in which a group of elders discuss the importance of shamanism to Inuit spirituality. The elders interviewed are particularly knowledgeable about shamanism, all of them having witnessed its practice, and some having been shaman themselves. The book is the result of a workshop held in Kaniq&iniq which explored the relationship between Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit (IQ) and modern social dysfunction.


This is volume 4 in the Nunavut Arctic College series *Interviewing Inuit Elders* and is a rich mine of information on shamanism provided by Aupilaarjuk and other elders. The elders describe the powers of the shaman, consulting the spirits, incantations, hexing and various rituals in detail. The text also contains essays by participating students which add an interesting response by young Inuit to the controversial topic of shamanism.


Bennett and Rowley worked with a group of knowledgeable Inuit to produce what is essentially an encyclopedia of information about Inuit by Inuit. The four main Inuit contributors, Suzanne Evaloardjuk, Peter Irniq, Uriash Puqiqnak and David Serkoak come from different parts of the arctic and each offers a particular view of Inuit language, customs and laws while illustrating the common elements that unite all Inuit.


This account of Boas’s travels on Baffin Island in 1884/5 contains the usual observations of the customs and habits of the people together with a number of songs and traditional stories.
This collection of *Unikkaaqtauat* includes “Nuliajuq: The Story of Sedna, the Sea Goddess,” together with creation stories, detailing how the constellation *Ullaktut* was formed and how mosquitoes became. The fourteen narrators are mostly younger Inuit, which gives some indication of the strength of Inuktitut, and the oral tradition.


In this collection of Inuit traditional stories the editors have sought the original texts where available to allow the reader to encounter them with as little mediation as possible. The six chapter headings give some indication of the content: “How the World Came to be and Other Creation Stories;” “Mistreatment and Consequence;” “Journeys and Adventures;” “Hardships and Famine;” “Animals in Human Form” and “Animal Fables.” The introduction and notes are aimed at first time readers of the genre.

d’Entremont, Peter (Producer), and Houston, John (Director). (2007). *Kiviuq* [Motion picture]. Canada. Drumsong Communications Inc.

John Houston travelled throughout Nunavut interviewing Inuit elders about Kiviuq, and then wrote and directed a dramatized account of the story. Houston uses all Inuit actors and an elder as narrator to bring Kiviuq alive to both Inuit and non-Inuit alike. The narration is in Inuktitut with English sub-titles.

d’Entremont, Peter (Producer), and Houston, John (Director). (2001). *Nuliajuk: Mother of the Sea Beasts* [Motion picture]. Canada. Drumsong Communications Inc.

Nuliajuk (or Sedna or Takannaaluk) as she is known, is the nearest thing to a presiding deity in Inuit cosmology. She is said to control the seal mammals, and can cause famine or plenty depending on Inuit behaviours. Peter Irniq comments: “Nuliajuq is a true story…By watching this film, you will see the importance of Inuit spirituality, culture and history.”


This volume brings together the work of eight Inuit artists who have consistently used themes from traditional Inuit stories in their carvings, paintings and sketches. The short introduction is augmented by autobiographical information from each artist which gives some insight into their approaches and attitudes to their art.

This is volume 3 in the Nunavut Arctic College series *Interviewing Inuit Elders* and it follows the format of previous volumes with students asking questions and the elders responding. The result is a thoroughly readable and informative account of Inuit childrearing from pregnancy to infancy and later. Topics discussed are birthing practices, discipline and behavior problems, nutrition and adoption.


Falconer and White are curators at the McMichael Canadian Art Collection in Kleinberg, Ontario and in this book they focus on the work of six well known Inuit artists, Oviloo Tunnillie, Joe Talirunili, Jesse Onark, Lukta Qiatsuk, David Ruben Piqtoukun and Kenojuak Ashevak. Biographical information about each artist together with discussion of their techniques and ideas makes this a worthwhile introduction to the topic of Inuit art and myth.


Minnie Aodla Freeman is from a group of Inuit who lived along the south coast of Hudson’s Bay, around James Bay. In her autobiography Minnie describes a rich, closely woven family life in which her grandmother is prominent. The title is deliberately provocative as it mimics similar titles of books written by non-Inuit about their experiences amongst the Inuit.


The title of this autobiography is also the first sentence of Alice French’s story and it is a clear statement of the writer’s sense of her culture and identity. Alice tells her story with a gentle humour that engages the reader, without surrendering anything of her resolve to present herself as Masak.


In the introduction, the editor states that “This is a book by Eskimos. Some of the material was written in English, some was written in Inuktitut…But regardless of the language it originated in, it doesn’t read like English Canadian literature” (10). She is right; and the reader of this collection of stories, poems, essays and letters has the rare opportunity to access ideas, hopes and descriptions of Inuit life, by Inuit. This volume is also notable for the drawings by the late Alooktokook Ipellie, who was a gifted writer and artist.


This simply gorgeous book was published in conjunction with the exhibition of contemporary Inuit art held at the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, MA. The text consists of an introduction
and three sections called, Inuuniit Being, Ilagiit Family and Nunallaanit Community. Noteworthy in the introduction is an essay by Zacharias Kunuk about modern means of storytelling.


This set of 13 episodes, made by the same Inuit company that made *Atanarjuat*, follows the lives of select Inuit families in the spring of 1945 to the winter of 1946 in the Igloolik area of Nunavut. The Inuit are seen living through the seasons, much as their ancestors had done, before the advent of government and settled communities. The arrival of a priest and the first encounters between him and the Inuit are an intimation of the changes that will soon come to Inuit life.


The stories in this volume were gathered by Miika Inuksuk in her home community of Sanarajak (Hall Beach) as part of a course requirement for her B.Ed. at Nunavut Arctic College. Miika collected both traditional (*unikkaaqtuat*) and modern (*unikkaat*) stories and the result is a very good example of the healthy state of storytelling in her community. The book is entirely in Inuktitut.


Alooktook Ipellie has a gift for satire which he uses to good effect in drawings, essays and short stories. His main subject is the imposition of non-Inuit values on his people and Inuit resilience in the face of this imposition. *Arctic Dreams and Nightmares* is Alooktook at his best where he uses the genre of the traditional Inuit story to lampoon the presumption and ignorance of non-Inuit in their engagement with Inuit.


This is a companion volume to *Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit: Shamanism and the Reintegration of Wrongdoers Into the Community*, and is the result of a request by the Inuit elders “to further explore the relationship between IQ and survival in the past and in the present.” Noteworthy is the sensitivity of the elders in discussing the topic of shamanism with the young participants, and the effectiveness of their teaching strategies.

Peter Freuchen Ittinuar is the son of Ollie Itinnuaq one of the elders who contributed stories and commentary to *Unipkaaqtuat: Traditional Inuit Stories*. Peter was born into an Inuit world in the grip of religious and political oppression and this helped to shape his attitudes towards government and Inuit political aspirations. The first elected Inuit Member of Parliament, Peter was-and still is-an advocate for aboriginal rights. His views, often controversial and critical, not least of his Inuit peers, reflect his enquiring mind and independent spirit.


This volume has songs and traditional stories, particularly from the western arctic.


The late Mark Kalluak had a passion for sharing his culture with non-Inuit and this collection of stories is testament to his commitment and desire. The stories in this volume come from the people known to Mark who lived in the vicinity of Arviat, and recount versions of well-known tales as well as some peculiar to this region. The stories were also published in an English version with translation by Mark.


This is the second volume in the Nunavut Arctic College series *Inuit Perspectives on the 20th Century*, and features Kappianaq from Iglulik and Nutaraq from Mittimatalik. Both men travelled extensively in and around their respective areas and they emphasise the importance of traditional knowledge in ensuring they avoided dangers. Acutely aware of the changes taking place in Inuit society, they stress the need for elders and youth to communicate and learn from each other.


Dreams and dreaming played a prominent part in Inuit traditional life and the elders here speak with conviction and real experience of the centrality of the topic. They note the role taken by the shaman in interpreting dreams and the presence and use of (helping spirits). This is volume 3 in the series, *Inuit Perspectives on the 20th Century*

This collection of stories from the western arctic is dedicated to the memory of Father Maurice Metayer who gathered and translated numerous legends. This volume is noteworthy for the detailed and brilliant illustrations by Germaine Arnaktaugok, and more importantly, the stories are printed in Inuinnaqtun, as well as English.


There is little literature available in the Sanikiluaq dialect, which makes this small collection an important contribution. Combining *unipkaaqtuat* (traditional) and *unipkaat* (modern) stories, the style of narration is particularly interesting. One of the five pieces is told by two people and another by no less than seven. The stories are printed in both Inuktitut and English.


Rosemary Kuptana, President of Inuit Tapirisat of Canada, places Inuit in the forefront of issues that relate to and affect all Canadians. The place of aboriginal people and Inuit in particular in Canada and the inherent right to self-government are part of the ongoing constitutional debates about the nature of the federation. As President of ITC, Kuptana speaks for all Inuit.


The late Jose Kusugak was an impassioned promoter of all things Inuit. He served as head of most of the major Inuit organizations, including, ITK and NTI, tirelessly seeking to explain Inuit culture to non-Inuit. This short piece, typical of Jose’s style, is passionate, eloquent, witty, compelling and utterly convincing.


The stories in this collection are versions of well-known tales, Kiviuq, Aningnat and Angusujuk, together with others less often heard. Students of Inuktitut will find the literal translation interesting because it highlights the structure of the language, following as it does the syntax of the original.

This is another collaborative effort between Kusugak and Spalding and the result is a very useful dictionary, especially for those who are learning Inuktitut. Dialectical variations often cause difficulties for beginners and the many examples the authors give here will address such issues and also alert readers to the richness of Inuktitut.


Ataata Mari, as he was known to the Inuit of North Baffin, came to the arctic in 1938 and worked and lived there until his death in Mittimatilik in 1994. Priest, ethnographer, linguist and friend to his Inuit parishioners, this volume is a representative sample of his work, recording songs, stories and recollections of Inuit from Kugaaruk, Iglulik and Mittimatilik.


The late Felix Kupak contributed much to the preservation of Inuit knowledge by taking part in workshops in the Kivalliq conducted by Laugrand and Oosten between 2002 and 2005, which brought young Inuit and elders together. This particular volume focuses on the life and times of Felix and especially his reflections on shamanism and Christianity. One of the six chapters is devoted to Felix’s telling of unikkaaqtuat, including Nuliajuq, Ataanaarjuat, The Sun and the Moon, and Kiviuq. The volume is published in both Inuktitut and English.


This fascinating book more that lives up to its title, for it is a veritable feast of information about every aspect of Inuit knowledge about and use of the constellations. Inuit names for all kinds of celestial bodies as well as legends about them fill these pages. The informants are mainly elders from Iglulik on Baffin Island where MacDonald worked and lived for many years. This book clearly lays to rest the idea of some commentators that Inuit had no interest in astronomy and surely meets the author’s objective “to address this deficiency while seeking to promote a greater interest in Inuit astronomical traditions.”


This is the first novel written by an Inuit to be published in English. Originally written in Inuktitut and serialized in *Inuktitut* magazine *Harpoon* tells the story of Kamik who survives great hardship only to take his own life at the end.

McCluskey says that “the pursuit of these stories took me from Arctic coast to Arctic coast” and she has assembled an interesting mixture of personal anecdote and traditional storytelling about the ubiquitous tulugaq.


Revenge is a prominent theme in traditional Inuit stories and the three presented here are the most well known in the Inuit world. The story of Kiviuk has the characteristics of an epic and this version is compiled from a variety of sources into thirteen chapters. The story of Takannaaluk or Sedna, is written as a play and illustrates the dramatic possibilities in these traditional stories. The short introduction offers a useful guide to new readers. The stories are printed in both Inuktitut and English.


This, as the title implies, is the first volume in the Interviewing Elders Series, the idea of which was to train students in “interviewing, transcribing, and writing essays.” The book contains an account of the life stories of the four elders, essays by the students on related topics, and a number of traditional stories chosen and introduced by Alexina Kublu, one of the instructors.


This delightful collection of stories from the western arctic, told by Agnes Nanogak, was gathered and translated by Metayer. The beautiful colored illustrations which accompany each story were drawn by Agnes. Unfortunately the stories were not published in Inuktitut.


This is the second volume of stories told and illustrated by Agnes Nanogak and edited by Metayer. (see above)

This autobiography of Nuligak makes compelling reading as he recounts the particulars of his humble beginning to emergence as a successful and respected hunter and provider. Particularly interesting is the clear identification Nuligak makes between his own circumstances as an orphan and that of the legendary Kiviuk.


The title reads, “Traditional Stories from Arviat,” and the four story tellers, Louis Angalik, Phillip Kigusiutnak, Henry Isluanik, and Jimmy Muckpah, are all well-known in their community for their knowledge of Inuit traditional life. The well-known characters of Kiviuk and Kaugjagjuk are included together with accounts of *ijirait*, invisible human-like creatures who change into caribou, the ghost-like *paijaat*, and the child-snatching *gallutaapalatsii*.


This is part two of the *Unipkaaqtuat Arvianit: Unipkaaqtuat* recordings from Arviat. Jimmy Muckpah and Phillip Kigusiutnak are featured again, together with Donald Uludluak and Catherine Manik. The priceless value of these recordings is emphasised by the passing away of both Henry Isluanik and Jimmy Muckpah.


In this short piece, Nungak points out how the strength of the Inuit oral tradition, especially in the traditional stories, *unikkaaqtuat*, mitigates against the development of a written literature in Inuktitut. He cites a number of examples of journals, written in Inuktitut and English, that been lost because of the lack of publishing opportunities. Nungak uses the term “enabling collaborators” to describe those non-Inuit who have helped get Inuit authors into print.


The editor, Louis McComber, worked with Abraham Okpik over a two year period recording his life story and the result is lively, informative and interesting. Okpik is well known in the eastern arctic for spearheading “Operation Surname” in which Inuit were asked to assume a surname in order to replace the infamous numbered discs. The resulting confusion is still being worked out by Inuit families all over Nunavut.

With more than thirteen thousand entries the Tununiq dictionary is a significant contribution to
the promotion and preservation of Inuktitut. The definitions were produced by a group of elders
working solely in Inuktitut, which guarantees that the meanings come from the Inuit culture
without the intervention of another language. The entire volume is printed in the syllabic
orthography that is the main writing system for Inuktitut in the eastern arctic.

Ootoova, Ilisapi (Elisapee), Atagutsiaq Qaapik, Tipuula, Ijjangiaq, Tirisi, Pitseolak, Jaikku,
Joami, Akisu and Papatsie, Malaija. In, Laugrand, Frederick and Therrien, Michele. (Eds.).
Interviewing Inuit Elders: Perspectives on Traditional Health. Iqaluit: Nunavut Arctic College.

This is volume 5 in the series, Interviewing Inuit Elders, and as with the others it is full of
cultural information. Any reference to modern medicine was deliberately avoided making this a
unique and very valuable text. The appendix provides information on the importance of the
shaman’s role in healing.

College.

Pelagie Owlijoot has been an elementary school teacher in her home community of Arviat, who
now works for Nunavut Arctic College, providing information on Inuit culture and language for
college employees. The “Guidelines” provide clear and helpful information on how to work with
elders, based on the eight Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit (IQ) principles.

Voices On Canada’s Past. Canada: Doubleday.

Rachael Qitsualik’s story in this volume tells of a meeting between three of the earliest
inhabitants of the arctic, Tunit, Thule and Norsemen. The Norse were soon to retreat from their
colonies in Greenland and Newfoundland, vanishing without a trace while the Tunit succumbed
to Thule (Inuit) encroachment on their territory. Rachael combines fact and fiction to create a
delightful and plausible conjunction.

Avataq Cultural Institute.

This is just one of two (see Ootoovaa above) dictionaries which were compiled by Inuit for Inuit
and therefore it has a special place in the preservation and development of Inuktitut. With over
twenty four thousand entries and definitions younger Inuit have a resource which is invaluable,
especially as elders die and their store of knowledge is lost.

London: Putman.
This short account of Rasmussen’s famous trek includes traditional stories and songs from a number of different regions. Rasmussen notes here that “it would be natural for the language and traditions of the various tribes to have lost all homogeneity. Yet the remarkable thing I found was that my Greenland dialect served to get me into complete understanding with all the tribes” (xxxvi). He also notes the similarity between stories from one region to another.


Rasmussen’s monumental account of Inuit material and intellectual culture, includes songs, stories, and poems from different regions. In this particular volume, Rasmussen focuses on the Netsilik people of the central arctic, and includes a detailed account of his meetings with the poet Orpingalik.


This collection includes an early (1875) discussion of the Sedna myth.


Although there are no unikkaaqtauat (traditional stories) in this volume, the unikkaat (personal stories) told by eleven elders from Panniqtuuq (Pangnirtung), Nunavut, offer a glimpse into Inuit life and thought that predates the movement into settlements. The stories offer detailed accounts of hunting and living both with and without the interventions of the Qallunaat. The text is beautifully illustrated by the renowned Inuit artist Germaine Arnaktauyok.


Anthony Thrasher was sentenced to seven years in prison when found guilty of killing a man in a drunken fight in Calgary. “Skid Row” is an account of Thrasher’s life from his birth in Paulatuk in the western arctic to his troubled life in the south. The death of his mother due to alcohol poisoning, his abuse at residential school, and his own destructive behaviours are told with candour, a sometimes grim humour and a strong sense of his Inuit identity.


The intention of Susan Sammons of Nunavut Arctic College to provide opportunity for Inuit to share their knowledge and describe their beliefs is amply displayed in this volume. Rachael and Victor were both born into a time when Inuit were converting to Christianity and they remembered the tensions associated with the changes. Their remarks on shamanism, its practices
and rules are particularly instructive, as Victor’s father and Victor himself were practicing angakkuit, shamen.


Kira Van Deusen travelled to Nunavut with John Houston while he gathered material for his film version of the life of Kiviuq, and she uses this information to retell the Inuit epic. This is the only study devoted entirely to Kiviuq, and revolves around the telling of the story by at least forty elders. The attempt to link Kiviuq to Siberian stories is not entirely convincing, and references to Kiviuq’s “romantic” attachments are culturally inappropriate. However, this is a very valuable addition to the study of Unikkaaqtuat and the story of Kiviuq in particular.

**Secondary Sources**


This is an engaging, thoughtful and informative book. Mark Abley, himself a poet, looks at the state of minority languages around the world and finds that many are dying and with the loss of each one the world loses a unique part of our human history. Abley notes that while Inuktitut is considered one of those languages which will survive, his investigations suggest it may not be secure.


Billson has written elsewhere about the history of Canadian Inuit and their increasing dependence on government intervention and in this article she sees the creation of Nunavut as a means by which Inuit may re-assert their independence and dignity.


Originally published in 1992 before the setting up of Nunavut, Bone’s book is nevertheless full of important information about the way in which the north is being developed. Southern immigration, together with Inuit involvement in the wage economy has altered both the environment and the traditional ways of the native people.


Jean Brigg’s book is a model of its kind and should be required reading for anyone who wishes to understand how social relations are taught and fostered in Inuit society. Briggs focuses on the
training of children, noting in particular the many ways in which children are taught but “never in anger.”


Brody spent months living in the arctic with Inuit, learning the language and listening to the concerns and hopes of young and old. Brody’s understanding of Inuktitut is put to excellent use in his insight into the complex ways in which Inuit tried-and succeeded-in coming to understand the outsiders who professed to know what was best for Inuit.


The beauty of this book is that the pictures speak for themselves and commentary is kept to a minimum. The dignity and confidence of the indigenous people is caught in every photograph. Nowhere is this more evident than in those of Inuit on pages 62-75 and in particular in the exquisite portrait of Koo-tuck-tuck on page 70.


This is a very good summary, celebrating the creation of Nunavut with entries by thirteen different contributors, Inuit and non-Inuit. The tone of celebration is consonant with the sense of achievement but there is much to ponder too, such as the piece by Ann Meekitjuk Hanson, *What’s in a Name*, which clearly points to the importance that Nunavut has for all Inuit.


This is the most complete collection of Inuit poems to date, and unfortunately it is no longer in print. Colombo-following Rasmussen-divides the poems into themes, and also provides notes on the individual poets represented. The introduction is particularly useful as it focuses on the intellectual rather than the material culture of Canada’s Inuit.


Coulthard vigorously challenges the current meanings associated with the idea of “recognition” and contends that “the contemporary politics of recognition promises to produce the very configurations of colonial power that Indigenous demands for recognition have historically sought to transcend.”

Keith Crowe worked for many years with the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs and the tone of *A History* suggests an empathy with the people about whom it is written. This is the standard account of the subject and has continued in print from its inception in 1974. Inuit and First Nations peoples are given equal treatment in 10 chapters, and the epilogue very nicely captures Crowe’s attitude when he says, “push-button nations and would-be button pushers could profit from the wisdom of the ‘little peoples’ who have been for so long a part of the Earth, and not its enemy.”


The eleven articles in this volume give the reader a broad and detailed look at different aspects of the Nunavut experience, political, cultural and economic. Nunavut is seen as a possible model for other indigenous peoples and the perspectives by Inuit and non-Inuit serves to give a balance to the opinions expressed.


Diamond’s readable accounts of, mainly collapse, range from communities in Easter Island to Montana and describe in detail the elements that caused thriving societies to fail. Jared devotes three chapters to the colonies established by the Vikings in the Orkneys, Iceland and Greenland. The failure of the Vikings to adapt to the conditions of their new home in Greenland, Jared notes, is in complete contrast to the success of the Inuit in the same environment.


Published a few years before Nunavut became a reality in 1999, Dickerson’s book provides the reader with a clear account of the issues facing the new territory and also that of the Northwest Territories. Political, economic, social, health and cultural matters are discussed with clarity and understanding. Dickerson notes particularly the need for a type of governance which recognizes and expresses the desires of the indigenous people to accommodate both traditional and modern ways.


Louis-Jacques Dorais, the pre-eminent scholar on the Inuit language, gives a comprehensive account of the origins and development of Inuktitut ranging from Alaska to Greenland. The study gives copious examples of words and phrases to indicate dialectical features and variations.

In this volume, Dorais traces how Inuktitut has changed over time and he suggests answers to very basic questions, such as, how did it change and why? As he says, “the most important principal concerning language change is that it occurs in a regular and systematic fashion.”


The fifteen essays gathered here cover a wide range of topics and should be of interest to the reader who has a general interest in Inuit culture and language. A sample of articles includes, “Elders Oral Traditions and Shamanism,” “Linguistic Markets and Minority Languages: Some Inuit Examples,” and, “Beyond Thule: Where Inuit and Aristotle Meet.”


Louis-Jacques Dorais and the late Susan Sammons are distinguished commentators on Inuktitut and Inuit culture. Their study provides insight into the state of the Inuit language in three communities which together represent a cross section of Nunavut society. Their findings suggest that the language is healthy despite some indications to the contrary.


This is a very good introduction to Inuktitut for beginners. The title does not do justice to the content of the book. Included in this short volume is a very clear account of the syllabic writing system used in Nunavut and Nunavik, a description of the various dialects of Inuktitut, a series of dialogues on a variety of topics, as well as a short dictionary, Inuktitut to English and vice versa.


Drabble gives a summary account of Wordsworth’s theory of composition, which shares many features with those of the Netsilik poet Orpingalik.


As the title of this book indicates the accounts of whaling in the eastern arctic, Cumberland Sound, Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay are by Inuit. This makes for fascinating reading, especially when placed beside the numerous accounts of whaling by non-Inuit. The text is greatly enhanced by the numerous copies of prints, sketches and photographs which feature many of the Inuit families engaged in and affected by whaling.

This is a necessary book for anyone interested in knowing how Inuit confronted and dealt with the tide of colonial invasion which began with the advent of Frobisher in 1576. The image of passive, smiling Inuit is dispelled as Fossett describes in detail Inuit reception of and resistance to the strangers.


*Arctic Chase* is a straightforward account of the development of whaling in northern Canada. Francis notes how dependent the whalers became on Inuit participation and comments on the effect whaling had on the Inuit way of life, sometimes with disastrous consequences. The illustrations and photographs are particularly informative and interesting.


Gombay describes in detail the events leading up to the vote on gender parity in the Legislative Assembly in Nunavut. Unfortunately, the proposal was defeated, thus missing an opportunity to show to the rest of Canada and to the world that the new territory would be different, not only in kind but in quality.


This is a scholarly and thought provoking account of the ways in which Europeans approached, responded to and appropriated the lands and people they met on their explorations around the globe. The sense of wonder which enchanted the Europeans in their encounters with others became a pretext for suppression and conquest. Frobisher’s meetings with Inuit provide Greenblatt with the opportunity to consider the “marvelous” from the points of view of both parties.


Tuberculosis created havoc across the world and particularly in the arctic where almost every Inuit family suffered displacement and death because of the disease. Grygier gives a full account
of the range of the problem, the attempts of the government, hopeless and successful, to deal with the epidemic and the drastic consequences for Inuit. Many Inuit died in southern hospitals and were buried in the grounds, others, particularly children, were fostered out to non-Inuit homes to be repatriated sometimes years later, while others were simply put on a ship or plane and landed at whatever community was at hand. Canadians need to know this story.


Harper is a long term northerner fluent in Inuktitut and his account of the creation of writing systems for Inuktitut is informative, well written and inclusive. In this article Harper gives most attention to the development of the syllabic system in use in the central and eastern arctic.


George Swinton, in the introduction to this beautiful and informative book, says, “By combining cultural and biographical elements with an appreciation of the communicative power and beauty of individual works, we may begin to truly understand and appreciate the complexity-and the miracle-of Inuit art.” Both text and illustrations complement each other and certainly provide the reader with a rich feast of Inuit culture both visual and written.


Not all commentators saw the creation of Nunavut in a positive light and this article by Howard and Widdowson is representative of the negative points of view expressed. Their objections are basically: Nunavut is a racially based institution; Inuit leaders are naive; costs are prohibitive; emphasis on language and culture retards any prospect of development.


The principles that reflect Inuit values are known as Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit (IQ), which may be translated as Inuit ways of knowing and doing. The eight IQ principles are: Piliriqatigiingniq: working together to achieve a goal. Inuuqatigiitsiarniq: Respecting others. Tunnganarniq: Being open, welcoming and inclusive. Pijitsirniq: Providing for family and community. Aajiiqatigiinniq: Decision making through consensus. Pijariuqsarniq: Development of skills through observation, and effort. Qanuqtuurniq: Being innovative and resourceful. Avatittinnik Kamatsiarniq: Respect and care of animals and the environment.


Jenness lived among the Copper Inuit of Coronation Gulf in the central arctic for two years (1914-1916) and his book is a clear account of the lives of the people before the incursions of traders, missionaries and disease. The patronizing attitude, typified by Nansen’s preface to the
book, does not detract from the descriptions and reflections of the author as he becomes, literally, one of the family.


Peter Jull’s essay is one of thirteen in the volume celebrating the founding of Nunavut, entitled Nunavut 99. Jull points out how the Inuit achievement of establishing a territory of their own is a reflection of the struggles of other indigenous people across the world, and at the same time an example of what can be achieved.


Justice states that indigenous literary studies offer the opportunity for “a self-critical (and always contested) understanding of literature as both artistic expression and political instrument and the assertion of literature within a larger matrix of relationships, influences, and effects.” This essay offers clear insights into the role of the critics, both native and non-native, as they struggle to engage with contesting ideas of literary value and cultural nationalism.


The author has assembled an exhaustive list of writing by Inuit in English and created a significant resource for those who wish to explore the subject. Particularly impressive is Kennedy’s listings for Alootook Ipellie which runs to more than thirty items.


Kenny appeared before the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples when they investigated the relocation of Inuit from Inugjuak, Quebec to Grise Fiord and Resolute Bay in the 1950s. Kenny’s interviews with Inuit are at odds with the testimony given by Inuit before the commission.


Kimlicka begins by stating that “despite substantial evidence” that policies of multiculturalism are “replacing older forms of ethnic and racial hierarchy with new relations of democratic citizenship,” there are many who feel such policies have failed. He proceeds to offer objections
to this point of view, which he argues are based on misconceptions about the nature of
multiculturalism.


The relocation of Inuit from arctic Quebec to the high arctic has received much attention in the
media; however, there have been numerous other relocations of Inuit by government and
Hudson’s Bay officials which have not made the headlines. This book gives detailed and
extensive information about many other moves and is necessary reading for those who wish to
understand Inuit relations with the federal government.

Langgaard, Karen and Kirsten Thisted (Eds.) (2011). *From Oral Tradition to Rap: Literatures of
the Polar North*. Nuuk: Ilisimatusarfik/Forlaget Atuagkat.

The eight articles in this volume constitute the first attempt to treat the literature of northern
peoples as a whole. The contributions by Kennedy and McDermott focus on literature by
Canadian Inuit in English and Inuktitut, and together provide a comprehensive reference which
should be very useful to those interested in the subject.


Churchill: Oblate Fathers.


In a clearly written article Legare details the many different ways in which a collective identity
is/can be constructed and then applies these to the territory and Inuit of Nunavut. The Inuit sense
of identity, Legare claims, comes primarily from their strong attachment to the land but is
reinforced and made widely known by other discrete symbols.

Martin, Keavy. (2010). “Is an Inuit Literary History Possible?” *American Indian Culture and

Martin quotes Mary Simon recounting, how, as a child she listened with her grandmother to
Greenlanders singing on the radio. She says, “And while we listened to these songs, she would
tell us that even though they live in a distant place called Akukituk (Inuktitut for Greenland), we
were all one people and that someday we were all going to get together.” Having considered the
possibilities for the unification of Inuit as a political entity, Martin goes on to suggest that an
Inuit literary history is not only possible, but, in her words, “it is necessary.”

This is an important and seminal text. The writer takes Inuit literature seriously and shows how readers may come to an understanding and appreciation of its unique and culturally defined characteristics by divesting themselves of preconceived notions of what to look for. Inuit literature has found a sensitive, learned and passionate advocate in Keavy Martin.


Matthiasson’s book is an account of the time he spent living with the family of Jimmy and Elisapi Muckpah in their camp outside Mittimatalik on the northern tip of Baffin Island. The author describes his book as “personal ethnography” and the style of writing is less scholarly and therefore more reader friendly. The book is valuable because of the insight it gives into the operation of a traditional camp just before Inuit were to begin moving into settlements.


McCall focuses her exploration of collaborative authorship, aboriginal and non-aboriginal, on a variety of genre, documentary, narrative, film and ethnography. She contrasts the making of Flaherty’s *Nanook of the North,* where Flaherty is central to the whole process, with the making of *Atanarjuat,* which “followed a more collaborative, cross-cultural, community based” model. By producing art according to the principles of *Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit,* McCall considers Zacharias Kunuk, and Isuma Productions, to be raising broad political questions that challenge notions of “democracy, power, and economic and cultural development, both in Nunavut and also in Canada.”


The topic of the residential schools is at the heart of how indigenous people in Canada were treated by a rapacious, colonial enterprise and McKegney’s book gives a clear account of how indigenous writers used their experiences to begin addressing the pain and terrible hurt suffered by their people. McKegney shows how the life story of Anthony Thrasher, *Skid Row Eskimo,* while being an account of appalling and tragic waste is also a statement of defiant and heroic achievement.


In this “Open Letter Concerning Non-Native Scholars of Native Literatures,” McKegney discusses some of the problems and concerns that arise when non-Native critics attempt to engage with Native literature. McKegney suggests that too many non-Native critics are afflicted
with “tremendous anxiety,” resulting in what he describes as a “retreat into silence” that succeeds only in “obfuscating Indigenous voices and stagnating the critical field.” He proposes strategies for “ethical engagement” for the non-Native critic, building on the idea of an “ally” that embodies, in the words of Cherokee author, Daniel Heath Justice, “attentiveness, intellectual rigor, and no small amount of moral courage.”


The author sees the establishing of the territory of Nunavut as the realization of Inuit efforts to resist and to control colonial incursion into their territory which began with Frobisher in 1576.


This is the standard introduction to the subject which traces the movement of arctic peoples across the land bridge from Siberia about four thousand years ago. Full of detail, augmented with plentiful illustrations and written in a plain style.


Schwartz points out that the written word has “never been an inherent part of Inuit culture,” which makes Michael Kusugak all the more remarkable. Kusugak makes his living as a writer of children’s books, the settings and the themes of which all reflect his Inuit heritage. As Schwartz describes it “Kusugak strives to present the authentic reality of Arctic life and culture.”


Sarah Silou, who originates from Qamanittuaq, has written a very useful short introduction to Inuit stories and traditions. She refers to the oral tradition as “the social conscience of Inuit culture” and considers that the retelling of Inuit unikkaaqtauq contributes to the preservation of Inuit values today.


Sperry has written an interesting and lively account of his life and work as an Anglican missionary in the Qitirmiut (Central) district of Nunavut. Sperry arrived in Qurluquq in 1950, and was witness to the last period of Inuit camp life before the shift into government settlements.
He writes with great affection for his Inuit parishioners and describes with humour some of the difficulties he had when learning Inuktitut.


David Pelly has spent years living in and writing about the arctic and is well known to and respected by many Inuit for his sympathetic rendering of their culture both in print and in photographs. *Sacred Hunt* focuses on the central activity of all Inuit groups (except a small group of inland dwellers), the seal hunt, and explains clearly, mainly through Inuit testimony, just how important the seal was and is to Inuit.


This is an excellent anthology of writing and comment by Inuit on many different aspects of their lives. Divided into four sections, each with a short introduction by the author, the entries move from the “Oral Tradition” to “Early Contact Literature,” “Personal Narratives” and “Modern Writing by Inuit.” This anthology is required reading for anyone who wishes to understand what Inuit aspire to achieve within Canada and the world.


This short article focuses on the contribution being made by David Serkoak to teach and promote Inuit culture both in Canada and beyond. Originally from the interior, west of Arviat, Serkoak now lives in Ottawa where he teaches course in Inuktitut and particularly drum dancing to young Inuit.


The author states that his aim is to “attempt to sensitize Canadians to the major issues Canada will have to face as…Inuit work towards building Nunavut.” Approached from a legal position, Purich sets out clearly the obstacles and challenges that will be (are) part of the effort in setting up the new territory.


As the title suggests this book covers the history of Canada’s native people, including First Nations and Inuit. Its value, therefore, apart from the splendid illustrations, is that the reader can place the story of Inuit in relation with that of native people as a whole.

This important report details comments and discussion by Nunavut Government employees together with selected Inuit elders about how to incorporate *Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit* (Inuit ways of knowing and doing) into all aspects of government operations. This exercise shows clearly that Inuit are determined to ensure their culture lives even within the framework of modern administrative practices.


The *Inuit Studies Reader* is a companion volume to the movie *Atanarjuat* and offers the reader a mini-course in Inuit history from the 1800’s to the present. Explorers, whalers, missionaries and traders are all represented in short extracts from diaries, journals and interviews together with comment and complaint by Inuit at non-Inuit behaviour. The many illustrations add to the text and clarify descriptions, especially those that involve the spirit world.


This is a highly readable account of archaeological discovery in Canada’s high arctic regions. Schledermann gives a clear and intimate account of the significant findings made by his group which give much interesting information on Inuit longhouse dwellings, together with evidence of Norse presence, even at such high latitudes.


Stevenson offers an alternative to environmentally oriented theories of Inuit social structures based on what he describes as “naalaqtuk” and “ungajuq.” He examines in detail social organization among three different Inuit groups, those of Cumberland Sound, the Iglulingmiut and the Netsilik and finds variations amongst all three. This thoughtful study is worthwhile reading for anyone who wishes to understand the dynamics that contribute to Inuit social solidarity.


The three Inuit women Wachowich interviewed from the high arctic community of Mittimatalik offer fascinating and challenging opinions on the relationship between Inuit and non-Inuit. What makes the book so interesting is that the three women represent different stages of Inuit involvement with non-Inuit through three generations, grandmother, mother and daughter.

Wenzel’s article raises an important question which is often asked by younger Inuit and non-Inuit who seek to define what it means to be Inuit. For academics, Wenzel suggests the discussion centering on the opposition between the “acculurationist and adaptionist positions” is not complete without the views of Inuit themselves.


By the mid-1960s most Inuit were living in the recently developed settlements which were built around the Hudson’s Bay post and the Anglican or Raman Catholic mission. Wilkinson’s book is valuable because it describes a time when Inuit lived in small family oriented camps and hunting provided the mainstay of their lives.


The part played by the imposition of western schooling on native people in Canada is now much more widely known than at any other time due to the Royal Commission on residential schools. Williamson focuses on the devastating consequences to Inuit when their language, naming practices, religious concepts and other cultural markers are ignored and replaced by other beliefs and practices.


As the title implies, Womack contends that valid statements about native literature can only be made by native critics, for whom every statement is political and serves to reinforce a sense of autonomy and separation from the majority culture. Womack feels that “Native perspectives” will emerge by “prioritizing Native voices” and by “allowing Indian people to speak for themselves.”
Appendix A: A General Introduction to Unikkaaqtuat

The stories in this volume are not organised in any particular order. They are presented just as they were recorded, with false starts, repetitions and many diversions. This arrangement may irritate some readers but it provides something of the flavour of the live occasion when the recordings were made, and it also presents the elders as more than just mouthpieces for tales. The suggestions offered here are meant to be a general introduction to the topic of unikkaaqtuat and are not specifically related to the stories in this volume. The intention is to provide the reader new to the genre with enough information to allow him or her to recognise certain themes and characteristics as they arise in the stories. However, it is important to remember that the comments here are not intended to be exhaustive, prescriptive, or authoritative, but are offered only as a potentially interpretive resource and no more. Attentive readers will be able to see for themselves, connections and meanings that may have been overlooked here. The story of Atanarjuat, as told by Herve Paniaq, is used to briefly identify some of the characteristics and themes running through the present collection. This is then followed by a more detailed account of some of the other main themes in the unikkaaqtuat.

The reader may likely be familiar with the story of Atanarjuat because of the success of the movie version directed by Zacharias Kunuk of Isuma Productions from Iglulik, Nunavut. The film won the Camera d’Or prize at the Cannes Film Festival in 2001, and was proclaimed by many as a masterpiece. The movie follows the outline of the well-known story, with some embellishments added by Herve Paniaq and other Inuit who worked on the script, and provides a productive entry point into the world of traditional Inuit culture, especially unikkaaqtuat (McDermott 45). The action is initiated by jealousy on the part of hunters who are less successful than Atanarjuat and his brother Amarjuaq. Envy is a common theme in these stories and often
leads to disaster, as is the case for Atanarjuat and also in the story told by Naukatjik to Rasmussen, “Women Become Dangerous When They Have No Husbands” (Petrone 10). The other hunters, led by Uqi, Atanarjuat’s rival, plot to kill him, and while they succeed in eliminating his brother, Atanarjuat escapes, having been warned by an old woman. Relentlessly pursued by his enemies, Atanarjuat outruns them and is given shelter and a place to hide by an old couple. Old people, women in particular, are often the mediators or means of preservation in traditional stories, as in the case in Kiviuq, for example. They heal Atanarjuat’s wounds and he plans his revenge, which is calculated and detailed, as it often is in other stories. No one escapes the anger of Atanarjuat, and he mercilessly clubs his enemies to death.

Violence in these stories is never softened or mitigated and is often graphic and horrible. Atanarjuat takes control of the camp, allows the wives of the slain hunters to live, and has their sons do the hunting and other necessary work. The story ends by noting that nothing is known about Atanarjuat’s later life or how he died. In this story, as in many others, little is resolved. Widows and orphans must depend on and take orders from the killer of their husbands, brothers and fathers. What appears to be a resolution has all the potential of becoming a living nightmare with the possibility of future violence motivated by further revenge. Envy, revenge, violence and murder, are among the main themes of this, and many other traditional stories.

Events that have no obvious logical explanation have an important part to play in the story of Atanarjuat, and indeed they are essential components of many traditional Inuit stories, whose action simply could not unfold without them. The Inuktitut term tuurngijuq, which means,

15. In this story, jealousy, at the success of two hunters by their campmates, results in multiple murders and a complete breakdown of family and community life.
“to call on a helping spirit as a shaman would do,” may be useful in explaining the otherwise inexplicable elements in the unikkaaqtaat. These stories are full of such actions, as when Kiviuq is saved from possible death by the actions of an amauligaq (McDermott 25). While Kiviuq is desperately trying to reach his clothing, the amauligaq suddenly appears in the tent and tips the drying rack, allowing Kiviuq to access his clothing, get dressed quickly, and escape. Clearly related to this characteristic is the person of the angakkuq, or shaman, who invoked the help of a tuurngaq or helping spirit, in times of need.

An angakkuq could be either male or female, and possessed powers not available to ordinary people. S/he could be identified by special markings, articles of clothing worn, or by the presence of many amulets or charms, such as a bone, a rabbit foot or any piece of animal skin sewn to a coat or attached to a belt (Bennett and Rowley 183-4, Lechat 15, Rasmussen 267-77). Respected and feared by the community, the angakkuq could see into the future, cure the sick, direct hunters to where animals could be found, expose those who broke taboos, kill his or her enemies, and most importantly, visit the sea spirit Sedna to ask that she release the animals from captivity to relieve the suffering of starving people (Aupilaarjuk 17-19). The angakkuq could not depend on his or her powers alone. After serving an apprenticeship with another angakkuq, each candidate sought a tuurngaq or helping spirit to assist in his or her work. The tuurngaq could be an animal or any object, but the more powerful animals were the more useful helpers, and the polar bear is one that appears consistently throughout unikkaaqtaat (Bennett and Rowley 179).

Transformation is a theme common in these stories as it is in the stories from other cultures. Animals often change to human shape and humans change into animals. As Naalungiaq remarks, “both people and animals lived on the earth, but there was no difference between them….A person could become an animal, and an animal could become a human being” (Bennett
This kind of change implies much more than simple disguise, though this is clearly an important element. Many of the stories in this volume tell of a time when humans and animals lived together as one. Even though they maintained their individual shapes and retained their unique characteristics, they often shared language and dwellings and hunted in the same manner. Bears ate as bears normally do, foxes maintained their distinctive smell, and humans walked upright, but this was an inclusive world inhabited by humans and animals on equal terms. This is a very different place to that in which the princess kisses a frog only to discover it is, in reality, a prince. In Inuit traditional stories the animals are not humans waiting to be released from their prison state, but complete and autonomous inhabitants of the world where they interact with and exchange form with their human counterparts.

Another theme prominent in traditional stories is fear of strangers. Frequently, as travellers approach a village new to them, they move cautiously and with suspicion (Jenness 20-22, Rasmussen 10). This is understandable when we consider the huge expanses of land and sea where Inuit lived and travelled without contact with other people besides their own relatives and group. Strangers and visitors were few, and it was therefore prudent to exercise caution when encountering them (Robinson 62-64). This fear therefore has a pragmatic basis, which makes it a sensible and useful social tool, but it may also be related to the idea of transformation. One could never be sure that the person who approached was indeed human. It might actually be a bear, ready to wreak havoc on the village and inhabitants. Caution could literally save one’s life.

An important purpose of all Inuit stories is to teach a lesson or lessons; however, the moral to be learned is seldom overt or plainly stated. Rather, the Inuit way of teaching is by inference, so that those for whom the story is intended are neither singled out nor referred to. The reader is therefore encouraged to ask the question, “What is the teaching here?” There is no right
or wrong answer to this question but there are answers that, if they are consistent with, and evolve from the details of the story, will satisfy. There is a body of stories, however, where the lessons to be learned are transparent, and most of these were directed towards the children (Arnakak 5). Readers acquainted with Aesop’s Fables will be familiar with the type and will recognise a similar pattern here. Often vanity, naivety, or inexperience, or a combination of these, leads one character to humiliation, a loss of possessions, or even death (McDermott 190). What is characteristic of many unikkaqtuat, including the animal fables, is their lack of sentimentality.

Another dominant characteristic found in these unikkaqtuat is violence, which often leads to murder (Boas 174). There is hardly one story in this volume that does not feature violence in some form, physical or emotional, and the violence is often premeditated and cruel in the extreme. A common catalyst for violent action is anger and jealousy, whether related to a wife’s infidelity, real or imagined, or to a hunter’s envy of the skills of another. A single violent action often leads to more violence in retaliation, and what ensues is a blood feud, such that the outcome becomes unsatisfactory, merely auguring further violence (Metayer 173, Petrone 10). Revenge is therefore a common theme. One family member will urge a survivor to plan and execute the death of those responsible for murdering a father, brother or other relative. Many stories have no clear resolution, and the future is left uncertain and unpredictable.

The orphan is a recurrent figure in these stories and the hardness of traditional life ensured that they were not in short supply.16 Orphans in these stories usually live with their grandmothers on the margins of society and are often subject to the most intense cruelty and

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16. I. Nuligak, edited by Maurice Metayer, is a detailed account of the life of just such an orphan. Metayer notes that “such stories (orphan and grandmother) are what in reality must very often have happened” (10).
humiliation by the other villagers (McDermott 18). They are given the most menial of tasks to perform, such as emptying the chamber pots and rendering seal fat for the *qulliq*, the stone lamp. They are often obliged to sleep in the porch of the *iglu* with the dogs and feed on scraps. A few people in the village, usually older women, treat the orphans with compassion. Eventually the orphan grows in strength and exacts a fearsome revenge on the tormentors, taking a place in society as head of a new family (Petrone 16-19). The moral in this kind of story may seem to be clear: don’t mistreat orphans or they will get their revenge. However, the stories raise other disturbing questions about the kind of society that gives rise to such a person. The orphan is not portrayed as the likeable conquering hero, but rather is vengeful, calculating, and extremely cruel to those he allows to live (Bennett and Rowley 333). It is the values of the society as a whole that these stories call into question and not the actions of one or two persons.

Another common feature of these stories is how often old people, usually women, have a grandchild living with them-sometimes but not invariably a girl. In traditional Inuit society each person was required to make a contribution to the running of the camp. The vagaries of the hunt and the weather meant that food and clothing were often at a premium and the prospect of starvation was real. Therefore, those who contribute least or who are a burden on the resources of the camp were the most expendable. To some, the number of girls was a cause for concern, as were the old or infirm, and so they were the ones most likely to be left behind when the group moved on (Fossett 227-231, Gedalof 59-60, Jenness 207-209, Laugrand & Oosten 157-158, Laugrand & Therrien 119). This was not done out of malice or spite but in order to give the best chance of survival to those who were most healthy and likely to live. Of course, as many of the stories attest, those who unnecessarily abandon or abuse orphans and elders might live to regret their actions.
Problems in marriage can lead to tragedy in these stories. It is important to remember that marriages were arranged in traditional Inuit society. The idea of romantic love, which dominates perceptions of relationships between couples in western society, had little relevance for Inuit. The western insistence on the autonomy of the individual and personal choice was completely at odds with Inuit ideas of the purpose of marriage and community. Couples married because they were told to do so by their elders, who had already arranged and chosen partners for them, often while the couple were still infants (Laugrand & Oosten 17-18, Wilkinson 247-8). What mattered most were the welfare of the community and the continuance of society, not what an individual desired. A person who refused to marry was, therefore, not simply exercising his or her will but deliberately and emphatically defying and rejecting the norms of Inuit society. Such behaviour threatened the existence of the group, which depended on its members to follow the traditions in order to ensure survival (Briggs 26). There were, and still are in some Inuit families, strict guidelines governing the behaviour of males and females in marriage relationships. For example, a daughter-in-law is not allowed to address her father-in-law directly, and vice versa, and brothers-in-law cannot even make eye-contact with their sisters-in-law. Married couples could exchange partners if they so desired, (Laugrand & Oosten 37-38) but the consequences were not always happy, and jealousy and anger might give way to gender based violence and the break-up of the marriage (Wilkinson 250-251). Wives who cheat on their husbands are often treated with disdain and punished severely.

Marriage, however, was not merely a convenience but a necessity. In many of the stories we read about hunters who, on arrival at a camp, find a woman living alone and immediately

17. Personal communication with the author by Phillipa Ootoova, Pond Inlet, Nellie Kusugak, Rankin Inlet and David Serkoak, Ottawa
take her as a wife (McDermott 28). Hunters will even take an animal for a wife—a fox, a goose or a raven being most common. Although this may sound strange to non-Inuit readers, the importance of having a partner for Inuit men and women cannot be overstated. It was simply too difficult to survive without one. The man provided the food, skins and shelter, and also made the tools needed for hunting and use in the camp. The woman prepared the meat, cleaned the skins, made and repaired the clothing, and most importantly, bore and cared for the children. Their mutual interdependence ensured that each had a role and a responsibility to the other. While a man could prepare and sew clothing, and a woman could hunt, working together gave them a better chance of survival. Not the least of the attractions was the fact that companionship, especially where husband and wife were compatible, made a normally demanding and difficult lifestyle more palatable. In The Inuit Way: A Guide to Inuit Culture, David Boult states that “The relationship between a husband and wife was one of partnership and cooperation. The amount of effort and knowledge required to raise a family in a harsh environment made mutual dependence between man and wife essential” (24).

In a world inhabited by spirits, Inuit were exhorted to be careful about how they used words (Petrone 4, 30). One never knew who or what might overhear a conversation and use it to their advantage against the speaker. Words were to be used sparingly, and idle chatter was discouraged. Inuit believed in the power of words to create whatever was spoken (Dorais 1). For example, night and day were made because the fox and the hare wished it to be so, each to suit its own needs. Parents taught their children to be careful what they wished for, even if they were not serious, because they might regret the consequences. This is precisely what happens in the story of “The Three Girls” who discuss what their preferences in a husband would be. While two of them are rescued from their unwanted marriages, the third is condemned to suffer a living
death as she gradually turns to stone, a severe consequence for a piece of childish fancy.

Many of the unikkaqtuat are populated with monsters and strange creatures that are the stuff of nightmares. There are few persons living in Canada today who can imagine what it was like to live as Inuit traditionally did. The sheer vastness of the land and sea, the extremes of climate, the long winter nights and the lack of contact with other people, created a fertile imaginative space in which the unfamiliar became frightening, threatening and real. Gathered around the dim light of the qulliq, the stories being told assumed a power of their own and became part of everyday life and experience. The people with long fingernails, those with no anuses, spider women, dwarfs, giants, cannibals, shadow people, child-stealers and the rest, were a formidable crew that one discounted at one’s peril. The air was filled with such monsters, and Inuit had to be on their guard lest they fall prey to their machinations. Not all strange creatures were malevolent, but vigilance was a necessary tool to ensure one was not caught unawares.

Observation of taboos helped Inuit to live in right relationship with their environment, especially the animals on which they depended for survival. In The Inuit Way, Boulé notes that “a variety of taboos affected many aspects of life and a rich mythology explained both the natural and the supernatural world” (4). A breach of taboo could potentially threaten not only the individual guilty person but the whole camp. Traditional Inuit society was highly regulated and order was maintained by observing many different taboos. There were rules governing most aspects of life: childbirth, naming, death, eating, sewing, hunting, and so on (Petrone 115-125). As one might expect, a large number of taboos revolved around the proper care and treatment of animals without which Inuit could not survive. It was believed that animals gave themselves to the hunters, and so it was incumbent on the Inuit to show respect for this favour. Failure to do so could result in a scarcity of game as the souls of offended animals would inform others of the
indignity and they would refuse to be caught. As a sign of respect and acknowledgement of this belief, the hunter had to perform certain actions to propitiate the soul of the animal. For example, a hunter would cover the eyes of a fish with soot to ensure the fisherman would not be recognised, and a seal was given a drink of fresh water so that it would not report negatively on the person who killed it (Boult 4).

Out of necessity, Inuit used every part of an animal they caught. This ensured there was no wastage of precious food. Sharing food was another sign of respect, and also insurance against future need when the action would be reciprocated. “The practice of sharing was held to be of utmost importance to Inuit” (Boult 33). A hunter should never boast about his catch because the spirits of the animals might be listening and take offence. Pregnant women were not allowed to eat certain foods nor eat from the same pot as their husbands; some women could eat meat given to them by particular men but not from others; clothing had to be sewn a certain way; women were not allowed to stay out too long at night; only men were allowed to eat a first catch, and so on (French 2, Petrone 120-123). Inuit feared, above all, angering the spirit Sedna, who was said to control all the seal mammals, so they went out of their way not to transgress any of the taboos associated with her. Taboos varied from group to group but they all had the same basic purpose: to ensure good weather and hunting by avoiding offending the spirits that controlled and inhabited the same world as the Inuit.

Among the most significant characters in unikkaaqtuat is Kiviuq, whose epic adventures are related across the circumpolar world. Like Odysseus, the hero of Greek myth, Kiviuq wanders far and wide trying to return home. Having survived a storm that drowns all the other hunters, Kiviuq has to rely on his own resources to stay alive. However, he is not entirely alone; he has two spirit helpers to aid him, a bird and a bear. On his way, Kiviuq encounters many
obstacles and sees many strange things. His life is threatened and he is many times in imminent danger, but with a combination of good fortune and a little help from his spirit friends, Kiviuq overcomes all difficulties and finally arrives home (McDermott 17-70).

Kiviuq’s homecoming is not the unmitigated joyful occasion one might anticipate. Time has passed, people have changed, and many difficult and painful adjustments have to be made to accommodate his return. Each of the many episodes in Kiviuq’s travels has something to teach, and the lessons are often hard-won. But overall there are two aspects of the Kiviuq legend that stand out. One is that even the most resourceful person may at some time or another need help, no matter how independent or powerful she or he may be. The other, is that Kiviuq never gives up. Every setback, and there are many, is a temporary delay as he relentlessly continues his journey. These two points may help to answer the question of how relevant these stories are today. While they are entertaining, and give the reader a glimpse into the traditional world of Inuit, they also provide useful lessons, for both Inuit and non-Inuit, on how we might live in a world that appears to be growing more chaotic, unpredictable and dangerous.

In many of the stories, the narrator names the particular place where the events take place. This gives a sense of reality and credibility to the incidents. It is as if the storyteller is saying, “What I am telling you really did happen and I can show you the very place.” As Arnakak remarks, “these stories are adaptable to local places and landmarks…The island to which the mythic hero flees can be found near Igloolik, and the island in the self-same story may also be found near Kangiqtauapik” (6). But no matter how localised the setting may be, two aspects of unikaaqtuat remain unknown: we never know when the story was first told or who told it. This has the opposite effect to that produced by naming the place of origin. There is a sense of timelessness about the unikaaqtuat, which suggests they are deeply rooted in the
culture and traditions of the people. They are simply part of who Inuit are and need no further authentication. This sense of timelessness is reinforced by the universality of the themes addressed in the stories. Envy, anger, violence, anti-social behaviour and the struggle to make meaningful community are not confined to the pages of this volume, but are the common inheritance of humankind. The original storytellers did not waste time trying to describe the ideal life. They did even better. They allowed individual listeners to reflect on their part in seeking to maintain order and community by showing clearly and without qualification the destructive forces of self-interest at work.

The general impression a reader may take away from many unikkaaqtuat may be one of a world full of cruelty, murder, and chaos, leaving many questions unanswered and discrepancies unresolved. This is inevitable when the stories, as we have them, lack the explanation or exegesis of knowledgeable contemporary Inuit. However, if the reader accepts the premise, reiterated by the elders, that these stories had two main purposes, to entertain and to teach, then it is possible to begin to understand that there is a consistently implied message throughout. Behind all the chaos, violence and gratuitous cruelty, the stories point to what the norm is and ought to be. If a hunter kills his companion because he is jealous of his accomplishments, and is in turn plotted against, pursued and murdered by relatives of the dead man, then clearly there is no satisfactory resolution. The relatives of both parties are condemned to repeat the mistakes of their forebears. The lesson to be learned is clear: jealousy is a destructive emotion that should be avoided at all costs. “The most common types of behaviours considered improper were lying, stealing, laziness…and excessive bragging” (Boult 10). This is especially true in small close-knit communities such as those in which Inuit lived, where everyone knows everyone else. Men and women, who, like Sedna, refuse to marry, are not making a courageous and laudable individual
stand against the tyranny of their parents. They are denying all that makes their society work: respect for the elders and the traditions they embody. The world of violence and chaos is the opposite of what a functioning and enduring society should be, and this is essentially what these stories have to teach.
Appendix B: Inuktitut in Written Form

Reading and writing in Inuktitut spread with great speed throughout the Canadian Arctic (Gedalof 7, Harper 15). The missionaries helped to create a literate society because of the rapid and widespread acceptance of Christianity among Inuit (Sperry 115). This was aided by the work of Inuit catechists, such as Luke Kidlapik and Joseph Pudloo, who travelled thousands of miles throughout Baffin Island and the Kivalliq, teaching their fellow Inuit to read and write the syllabic system adapted by Peck from Anglican missionaries Horden and Watkins (Harper 13). Camp leaders across the arctic, faithfully and regularly, held religious services in igluit (snow houses) and qammait (sod houses) in the absence of a priest or minister (Briggs 48-9, Freeman 70, Wilkinson 252-3). By the early 1930s, a great many adult Inuit could read and write, although their reading was restricted to biblical passages translated by Moravian, Roman Catholic and Anglican missionaries (Harper 26). With little or no access to writing implements, pens, ink and paper and no models available to them except biblical tracts, it is not surprising that Inuit were slow to take to writing as a means of expression beyond that of sending personal messages (Harper 27).

Paper, pens and ink were deemed unnecessary items and the kind of luxury Inuit could do without, while literally having to carry all their goods from place to place. The majority of Inuit were living in small camps and spent their time hunting and trapping for a living. Their semi-nomadic lifestyle meant they had little time and, more importantly, no need for writing. This does not mean that Inuit did not communicate with their relatives in other camps by writing to them. Mathiassen records that “most Iglulik Eskimos can read and write… and they often write letters to each other: pencils and pocket books are… in great demand” (Harper 17). However, the oral tradition, still dominant and efficacious, provided the ideal method for the dissemination of
news both local and general as people met each year in spring. But with the introduction of and embracing of Christianity by the Inuit, reading and writing were here to stay.

Inuit across the Canadian arctic have two different writing systems at their disposal. Roman orthography is used in the Inuinnaqtun communities of Nunavut and the Northwest Territories and also in Labrador. This is essentially the same writing system used in Alaska and Greenland (Chris Douglas 12). Throughout Nunavut and Nunavik, the preferred writing system for Inuktitut is known as syllabics, which is visually distinctive and highly efficient. Both writing systems were originally developed by missionaries who introduced Inuit to the Bible and to prayers and hymns belonging to their various denominations. Syllabics proved to be congenial to many Inuit, who quickly learned them and as just as quickly taught them to other Inuit. Unfortunately for the development of a written Inuit literature, however, the different churches taught their own particular brand of orthography. The linguist Raymond Gagne noted the many inconsistencies in the versions of both syllabics and Roman used by the different religious denominations and ascribed them to “the various personal interpretation made of the phonological structure by their inventors who were mainly French, English and German missionaries, each of whom was strongly influenced by his own linguistic background” (Harper 40).

As Government became more involved with the lives of Inuit and families gravitated from their camps into settlements, the demand for more print materials in Inuktitut grew. With this growing demand, the need for a standard orthography became apparent. In 1974, Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC) set up the Inuit Language Commission, whose mandate included responsibility “to study the present state of the written language and recommend changes” (Harper 52). Under the chairmanship of Jose Kusugak, the commission recommended use of a
dual orthography, using a standardized syllabic system completely compatible with the Roman symbols (Harper 58). In 1976, the Inuit Cultural Institute (ICI) approved the standardized dual writing system—a copy of which is given on page 360—with the consent of the Anglican and Roman churches and Inuit organisations (Harper 58). Among the many changes and refinements to the church systems, the most notable were the reduction from four to three columns of symbols, and the introduction of new symbols corresponding to *ngi, gnu, nga, shli, shlu, shla and qi, qu, qa*. The latter makes clear the important distinction between the k and q sounds in Inuktitut. One significant result of the development of the dual writing system is that conversion from one set of symbols to the other is straightforward and consistent.

The Inuktitut writing system has three vowels, *i* (ee), *u* (oo) and *a* (ah) and fourteen consonants, *p, t, k, g, m, n, s, l, j, v, r, q, ng, and shl*. The letters are sounded much as they are in English with four exceptions; *j* which is pronounced with a y sound, *r* which is said like the r in French, *q* which is sounded at the back of the throat, and *shl* which is pronounced by expressing sh up against an l. H is used for loan words such as *haluiin* (Halloween).¹⁸ Each character of the system is a combination of a consonant and a vowel and together makes one syllable, hence the name syllabics. The letter *p*, for example, has three sounds, *pi* (pee), *pu* (poo) and *pa* (pah). The syllabic symbol which corresponds to these three resembles an isosceles triangle without the base, ᐱ, giving the sound *pi*; its apex turned to the right, ᐳ, *pu*; and to the left, ᐸ, *pa*. This is the basic pattern for all fourteen consonants and the three vowel symbols (Douglas 14-17, Harper 59). The Inuktitut word for snow knife is *pana*, and is made up of the two symbols for *pa* and *na*

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¹⁸ Some central arctic dialects use the h sound in place of s. Thus, *siku* (ice) is *hiku*, *pisuk* (walk) is *pihuk*, *isuma* (think) is *ihuma*, and so on.
(くなります). Medial and final consonants, where necessary, are inserted as superscript. The word *panik* (daughter) combines the two symbols *pa* and *ni* and the final consonant *k* (<σb>). *Iglu* (dwelling) is comprised of two characters *i* and *lu* with the medial *g* between them (Δv−). While most Inuit know the Roman orthography, it is the syllabic system that is widely used in Nunavut and Nunavik (Douglas 12).

According to Census Canada (2006) there are approximately 35,000 Inuktitut speakers in Canada out of a total population of 50,000. In Nunatsiavut (Labrador), where Moravian missionaries introduced a writing system in the 1760s, out of a population of some 4,000 people, 550 or 14% describe themselves as speakers of Inuttut. Similarly, of 4,000 Inuvialuit in the western arctic, only 20% are speakers of Inuvialuktun. In the central region, where the majority of Inuit live, the figures are almost completely inverted. Nunavut, with the largest concentration of Inuit at 24,000, has 80% speakers of Inuktitut, while Nunavik (Arctic Quebec), with a population of 12,000 Inuit, records 90% Inuktitut first language users. This sizeable number of Inuktitut speakers at the centre of the Inuit world, suggests that the language is healthy and thriving. While orally this may be true, the development of a consistently sustainable written literature in Inuktitut has yet to occur. And although the task may seem formidable, the seeds are already there with examples for those Inuit who wish to express themselves whether in autobiographies, (Freeman), essays (Amagoalik), poetry (Attagutsiak), short stories (Qitsualik), novels (Nappaaluk), songs (Partridge), or other genre.
Standard Writing System approved by the Inuit Cultural Institute. Source: Government of Nunavut, Department of Culture, Language, Elders and Youth. Reproduced with permission.
Appendix C: “My Breath” by Orpingalik

This is what I call this song, for it is just as necessary to me to sing it as it is to breathe.

I will sing a song,
A song that is strong.
Unaya-unaya.
Sick I have lain since autumn,
Helpless I lay, as were I
My own child.

Sad, I would that my woman
Were away to another house
To a husband
Who can be her refuge,
Safe and secure as winter ice.
Unaya-unaya.

Sad, I would that my woman
Were gone to a better protector
Now that I lack strength
To rise from my couch.
Unaya-unaya.

Dost thou know thyself?
So little thou knowest of thy self.
Feeble I lie here on my couch
And only my memories are strong!
Unaya-unaya.

Beasts of the hunt! Big game!
Oft the fleeting quarry I chased!
Let me live it again and remember,
Forgetting my weakness.
Unaya-unaya.

Let me recall the great white
Polar bear,
High up its black body,
Snout in the snow, it came!
He really believed
He alone was a male
And ran toward me.
Unaya-unaya.

It threw me down
Again and again,
Then breathless departed
And lay down to rest,
Hid by a mound on a floe.
Heedless it was, and unknowing
That I was to be its fate.
Deluding itself
That he alone was a male,
And unthinking
That I too was a man!
Unaya-unaya.

I shall never forget that great blubber-beast,
A fjord seal,
I killed from the sea-ice early, long before dawn,
While my companions at home
Still lay like the dead,
Faint from failure and hunger,
Sleeping.
With meat and with swelling blubber
I returned so quickly
As if merely running over ice
To view a breathing hole there.
And yet it was
An old and cunning male seal.
But before he had even breathed
My harpoon head was fast
Mortally deep in his neck.

That was the manner of me then.
Now I lie feeble on my bench
Unable even a little blubber to get
For my wife’s stone lamp.
The time, the time will not pass,
While dawn gives place to dawn
And spring is upon the village.
Unaya-unaya.

But how long shall I lie here?
How long?
And how long must she go abegging
For fat for her lamp,
For skins for clothing
And meat for a meal?
A helpless thing—a defenceless woman.
Unaya-unaya.

Knowest thou thyself?
So little thou knowest of thy self!
While dawn give place to dawn,
And spring is upon the village.
Unaya-unaya

Rasmussen (321)
Appendix D: Ethics Approval Letter

March 04, 2014

Mr. Noel McDermott
Ph.D. Candidate
Department of Cultural Studies
Queen's University
Kingston, ON, K7L 3N6

GREB Romeo #: 6006678
Title: "GCUL-016-12 Inuit Traditional Stories"

Dear Mr. McDermott:

The General Research Ethics Board (GREB) has reviewed and approved your request for renewal of ethics clearance for the above-named study. This renewal is valid for one year from March 6, 2014. Prior to the next renewal date you will be sent a reminder memo and the link to ROMEO to renew for another year.

You are reminded of your obligation to advise the GREB of any adverse event(s) that occur during this one year period. An adverse event includes, but is not limited to, a complaint, a change or unexpected event that alters the level of risk for the researcher or participants or situation that requires a substantial change in approach to a participant(s). You are also advised that all adverse events must be reported to the GREB within 48 hours. Report to GREB through either ROMEO Event Report or Adverse Event Report Form at http://www.queensu.ca/orc/researchethics/GeneralREB/forms.html.

You are also reminded that all changes that might affect human participants must be cleared by the GREB. For example you must report changes in study procedures or implementation of new aspects into the study procedures. Your request for protocol changes will be forwarded to the appropriate GREB reviewers and/or the GREB Chair. Please report changes to GREB through either ROMEO Event Reports or the Ethics Change Form at http://www.queensu.ca/orc/researchethics/GeneralREB/forms.html.

On behalf of the General Research Ethics Board, I wish you continued success in your research.

Yours sincerely,

Joan Stevenson, Ph.D.
Chair
General Research Ethics Board

c.: Dr. Sam McKegney, Faculty Supervisor
Dr. Richard Day, Chair, Unit REB
Ms. Danielle Gugler, Dept. Admin.