

Master of Fine Arts Thesis

Honoring the Ordinary

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Table of Contents

Page 3	Introduction: Honoring the Ordinary
Page 4	Parts of a whole
Page 13	Division
Page 15	Healing the Wound
Page 17	Inside the Armor
Page 23	Bibliography

Honoring the Ordinary:

My grandma could make amazing cookies and as soon as I was big enough to sit on the counter she let me help her make cookies. She would often stay with my sisters and me while my parents were out of town. In the first grade she was taking care of us for a week and I pretended to be sick at school so that I could go home and make cookies with my grandma. This only worked successfully the first time, but we did keep making cookies together until she passed away while I was in college. She had taught me how to sew, how to bake, worked with me on spelling and reading, watched movies with me, came down to the beach and the river to help out with fishing, and taught me many other life skills.

She always insisted on being introduced and identified as Grandma Gladys. This characteristic strongly influenced me. She was not just my grandma she was a grandma to everybody; she interacted with the surrounding community as if they were her family. Growing up with influences like this shaped my experience that human beings have a need to interact or commune with each other and the surrounding natural world. It is an inherent human need similar to food, water, or shelter, but what is to be done when this communion is interrupted?

“Thus structure, technique, and iconography all belong to the non-artistic underpinning of the “fine” arts. The main point is that works of art are not tools, although many tools may share qualities of fine design with works of art. We are in the presence of a work of art only when it has no preponderant instrumental use, and when its technical and rational foundations are not pre-eminent. Works of art are as unique and irreplaceable as tools are common and expendable.” (Kuebler, 16)

Parts of a whole:

I have a registered ID number that correlates to my Native Alaskan blood quantum level, and use small tags printed with a silver hand to verify and validate my artwork as authentically made by a Native Alaskan. When some of my friends came over to my house they asked, “what is that?” I began to explain that the silver hand tag stems from the desire of the art market to authenticate Native Alaskan produced artwork so buyers can know they are purchasing authentic art while support the Native Alaskan community. Upon seeing the tag attached to one of my salmon skin bowls one of my friends asked me,

“Joel, you're not really that native so how is the stuff that you make native art? I mean you live in a house, use electricity, and drive car.”

My other friend responded with “isn't everything that Joel makes native art?”

“Joel’s only an eighth native so how does that work?”

At that moment I stepped in and began speaking for myself rather than having other people dictate what I experience. Explaining that “I use those tags on artwork that I, as an individual artist, feel represents me as a Native Alaskan. I don't use the tags for every piece of artwork I make; however, I could if I chose to. I must reconcile with myself what I want to perpetuate as Native Alaskan artwork.”

“But Joel that's not really fair. How is it that you get to choose who you are when you want it to be convenient for you?” my first friend skeptically asked.

I prefaced the following response with the idea that life is not fair and replied with some examples,

“If a gallery that sold German American artwork got together and came up with its own regulations for what it meant to be German-American would that be ok? How is it fair to men when there is an all-women’s invitational art show? How is it fair when there is an open juried art show and only men's artwork is shown? Fairness has a little to do with the silver hand tag. It largely comes down to economic process of selling artwork and a desire to show respect for intellectual property.”

I am accustomed to having conversations based on generalizations like the topic of blood quantum and heritage. It has been woven into the fabric of my life. In the second grade my elementary school had the students make paper costumes for Thanksgiving. My sister was dressed as a pilgrim and I was dressed as an Indian. This combination illustrates my community, a combination of Native American and European cultures.

Before this Thanksgiving costume story took place I had seen Dena’ina dancing at potlatches and wanted to learn how to make the regalia that the performers wore. When we made paper “Indian” costumes I was thrilled because it was like what the dancers had worn at potlatches. At the start of my third year of undergraduate study I began a four-year journey researching my Dena’ina culture. This research included several trips to museums studying historical garments and participating in museum residencies to learn how to accurately depict Dena’ina physical culture in bronze. I had finally learned how to make historically accurate traditional Dena’ina regalia in order to sculpt the outdoor figurative bronze installation *Luq'a Nagh Ghilghuzht-Fish Camp*. This installation was the culmination

of my cultural and technical research and satisfied my fascination with European bronze figurative sculpture and Dena'ina regalia.

I sculpted the statues to reflect a combination of historical photos and contemporary Dena'ina people so past, present, and future generations can identify with these Dena'ina statues. The bronze statues reconcile living between two cultures and illustrate how we as a people are part of a mixed community. These bronze statues were produced in the classical Greek method of lost wax bronze casting, and for the first time ever, depict Dena'ina with accurate clothing and facial features in cast bronze. The material choice and composition are a visual example of cross-cultural interaction and are my way of combating the concept of blood quantum being a dominant way I am categorized. I finished installing these sculptures the summer before coming to graduate school in 2014.

I wanted to further develop my educational experience. In coming to graduate school I made a choice between seeking a higher-level Dena'ina Native Alaskan education or pursuing a formal higher level Western education. Both were fields I wanted to study and could only be offered in specific locations over 4,000 miles apart. I could only learn Dena'ina in Alaska, and I wanted to attend graduate school in the Northeast. Time and place became the fundamental reasons I came to graduate school in the Northeast.

My educational decision came down to the desire to learn two different forms of language, Western Fine Arts and Dena'ina ways of living. I was concerned that by coming to New York I would have to put my Dena'ina cultural learning on hold and become separate from one community to be involved in the other, but I was wrong. I focused on being a teaching assistant, adjunct professor, and a graduate student, and continued teach salmon skin workshops in Alaska, Washington DC, Saratoga Springs, New York, and helping plan and

participate in Dena'ina ceremonies in Washington DC and Alaska. I have learned to expand my community.

Graduate school brought into question when was the right time to pursue which style of education? How to best steward my time, educational opportunity, and how to deal with the responsibility of learning information from the remaining 15-30 fluent Dena'ina people alive on the planet? I came to New York with the understanding that some elders may not be alive when I finished graduate school and that if I did not come to graduate school now I may never come back to it, resulting in a partial education.

The seriousness of my choice to attend graduate school resulted in my outrage at how the Primitivism art history course is taught here at Alfred. The course glorified the conquest and outcomes of continental genocide in Africa and the exploitation of the people in the South Pacific. It taught me that indigenous people were not capable of making Fine Art, rather indigenous people made artifacts and Europeans made artwork. I “learned” that the horrors conducted during this time in history were “ok” because they created “fascinating academic explorations.” I nearly transferred to a different institution as a result of the discriminatory nature of this class, but ultimately chose to stay at Alfred because I felt like I had something to learn here and something to offer. I was sacrificing learning from invaluable people who were in the hospital with life-threatening conditions in Alaska in order to sit in a classroom in Western New York being force-fed discriminatory propaganda. The course was a raging war on me as a human being. In contrast I was simultaneously receiving excellent advisor-based teaching and was able to communicate my frustrations through artwork. My artwork became an explanation of the complexities I was feeling as a result of

this disrespectful, irresponsible instruction of Primitivism and led to the show, *Catalog of Madness*.

Catalog of Madness was an autobiographical anthropologic analysis of myself that was an experiment to express place, adjusting to a new community of people, and the idea of othering. The catalog was inspired by Christopher Paolini's statement that "war is a catalog of madness." (Paolini, 575) I presented myself in the same ethnographic research style that I use when studying natural history museum collections. The gallery was set up to resemble a classic Western museum format of vitrines and catalog entries. The vitrines included a pair of my eyeglasses, work gloves, pants, wallet with identification cards, various shoes, swim trunks, super hero T-shirts, a Bible, and myself. The objects displayed had personal significance, and were categorized by individuals in the Alfred community as "other" or "weird."

Each vitrine was mounted to the wall in a fashion that made the vitrine appear to be floating. A shipment tag was posted on a small nail next to each vitrine. The tags corresponded to the catalog posted on a pedestal next to the vitrine that housed me. I was bare skinned except from my waist to upper thigh, which was covered with a one-foot-wide piece of archival fabric. I was laying down in a human-sized vitrine that was supported from the floor. The glass top was four feet from the ground so viewers could not see that there was a nearly nude live human in the space until they came close to the glass. There was a shipment tag tied around my right big toe, a posted sign stating "LIVE SPECIMEN KEEP FROZEN," and an analysis of me which included my basic personal information: height, weight, age, and marital status as well as statistics for a Native American male my age, for example: life expectancy 56 years, likelihood to serve jail time for a violent crime 1 in 5,

likelihood to commit rape 1 in 15, likelihood to graduate from high school 40%, likelihood to become an alcoholic 1 in 2.

By placing the statistical analysis data sheet on the outside of the shipping crate next to my head I was able to hear people's responses. This orientation acted as a lens through which people could view me. The data for what I face is normal in my home community. It is why I feel that educational stewardship is so important, without it I would be in a negative place. *Catalog of Madness* became a way for me to visually convey my cultural and experiential identity and illustrate what I must reconcile within myself. It was a combination of my encounter with Primitivism at Alfred and some of the issues I face today as a Native American.

The issue that Primitivism is taught in a favorable manner is not isolated to Alfred University but stems from the larger impact of colonization. In the 1600 and 1700's, indigenous peoples around the world faced the need to rapidly adapt in the wake of European colonization. This period in history was brief but many of the effects have been lasting. Colonization is the root of much of the inaccuracies and stereotypes surrounding indigenous peoples that affect me and countless others. Today colonization is largely a cultural war that uses education as the battlefield to divide people and the written word as weaponry.

“The survivors’ [of the Great Death] children are the grandparents of the present day Eskimo, Indian, and Aleut. It is these traits, these symptoms of posttraumatic stress disorder, which are handicapping the present generation of Alaska Native people. Several generations of suppressed emotions, confusion, and feelings of inferiority and powerlessness now permeate even the very young.” (Harold, 20)

The failure to recognize indigenous peoples by their names has systematically taught us to be invisible and has taught the West that indigenous people have disappeared. This

stems from the effects of Social Darwinism defined as, socially elite classes (as those possessing wealth or power) possessing biological superiority, resulting in the West categorizing indigenous peoples as sub-humans. Many examples of this can be found in literature from the 1800's. For example, *Brown Men and Women* is a book produced for the British Royal Geographic Society that describes the South Pacific in the 1890's. Considering when it was published the author, Alex Reeves, does a remarkable job at objectively providing critical analysis of the effects of colonization on that area. However, throughout the book the indigenous peoples are qualified as "savage." By describing indigenous people as "savage" in educational Western literature the West effectively justified colonization of the world.

The modern day city of Fairbanks, Alaska originated as a gold mining tent city and has grown to be the second most populated city in Alaska with approximately 30,000 people. I lived in Fairbanks the seven winters before coming to Alfred. For several weeks every winter it would dip down to 40-60 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. My cut off temperature for riding my bike the eight miles to school was 35 below zero. Any colder and the brakes would seize up. When late winter arrived here in Alfred, I was excited for the 19 below zero weather because I finally got to wear some of the sweaters I brought with me.

This type of cold makes me feel alive. However, the general populous had a different reaction to the cold. "I feel like I am dying" was a common exclamation. The students survived relatively unscathed but the honey bees I helped keep the previous year were hit hard. We had lost seven of the ten hives and I was shocked at the piles of dead bees when spring came. I am accustomed to large quantities of dead animals. Every fall my elementary

school would smell of rotting salmon when the spawned out dead fish washed up on shore, but the dead bees were different experience.

I felt the need to commemorate the lost bees out of thankfulness for all the work they do to provide food, not only in honey but also importantly pollinating the food that I eat. The idea of making caskets and having individual funeral services became overwhelming and not true to the collective community of the hive. I decided to make a memorial to all the bees lost due to the Alaskan arctic weather New England experienced that winter. The bees did recover and rebuild from the harsh winter.

In the seemingly absurd idea of conducting funerals for insects I began to see this as opportunity to explore how I depend on the sacrifice of others and living entities to make my artwork. Reacting to this experience, I made a memorial service and monument surrounding the bees. I constructed wooden funeral pyre barges and floated them on the pond a couple hundred feet in front of the hives. I placed heaps of dead bees on the barges and lit them on fire and sent them floating off on the water. I built a memorial of the event for the show *Reflections*.

Reflections was an irregular hexagon made of eight-foot-long pine boards that held smoked muslin fabric suspended from the ceiling like an opened scroll. The entire installation floated off the floor. Inside the installation was a cast glass hexagon pool that held one of the funeral barges from the pond. The cast glass hexagon was made by ladling molten glass onto oak planks, then peeling the charred wood away. The glass captured the texture of burnt wood. Some pieces of char survived the annealing process.

To smoke the fabric, I constructed a makeshift tee-pee and wrapped the white muslin fabric around the frame. Inside the tee-pee I built a smoldering fire using willow wood. This

is the same type of fire I use to smoke fish, one that is smoky but does not produce a lot of heat. The fabric acted like a filter and captured the smoke smell and resulted in sepia brown tie-dye like patterns. This dyeing technique renders an image of the ephemeral smoke and carries it into the gallery. It is like a gas made solid but retaining its motion. The entire space was scented by the smell of the smoked fabric and carried reflections of fire.

“The whole body is connected, all parts are in relationship. Change in one part changes the whole. Acknowledging relationship. Change in one part changes the whole. Acknowledging relationships between parts of the body brings the possibility for both differentiation of the parts and integration of the whole.” (Hackney, 39)

Division:

In 2012, my cousin and I were at the cultural visitor center in my hometown. We were looking at various Dena’ina art objects and came across a vitrine that focused on Captain James Cook’s voyages to the Pacific. One of the notes in the vitrine said that Captain Cook buried a jar of gold coins on the beach at Point Possession, Alaska and that the descendants of Point Possession to this day are searching for the buried gold. My family are the descendants of Point Possession. I turned to my cousin and asked her if she “had been searching for gold?” We had a good laugh about it, but there it is, an odd feeling reading about oneself in a museum display. The display once again brought up the issue of blood quantum, by categorizing us as descendants.

Descendent means, “proceeding from an ancestor or source” which carries multiple connotations; one interpretation of descendent validates where a person originates from and qualifies them as “authentic,” while another interpretation is that lineage is a way of tracking how far removed the descendent is from the ancestral original source. This is why calling indigenous people groups by their names is so important, the name symbolically carries the identity of the people group from the past into the future. Names are a way of recognizing independence and sovereignty of that people group.

Colonization affects the community and families of those being colonized as well as the families and communities of those who are doing the colonization because it divides people and scars the soul. *Ghosts* was an outdoor installation that explored the idea of the

scarring affects that colonization has on family and community, resulting in nameless invisible people. I made a table and two benches from hand planed highly polished sawmill scrap Black Locust wood and installed them in a creek. One bench stretched the entire length of the table. The opposite bench was two feet shorter which left a seat open on either end of the bench. There was no seating offered for the head or the foot of the table. Smooth flat river rocks with a slightly concave carved center acted as a place setting for each seat at the table. The two open seats had crushed rock for their place setting, evidence of traumatic experience that causes that seat to be empty and show how difficult it is to let the ghosts from the past go. The body wants to release traumatic experiences but when they are ingrained into the framework of community it can be difficult to let go of these haunting ghosts.

All the wood had live raw edges. I used no metal fasteners but rather stitched the table and benches together using cord. The tabletop was four feet wide and seven feet long. Six approximately five-inch-wide boards placed side-by-side made the tabletop. The live edges created undulating gaps between the boards, allowing the viewer to see the creek flowing beneath the table. As the viewer sits at the table they are immersed in place. Their feet are in the creek with the water flowing around them. The sound of the creek washes away all other sound. The entire tabletop can flex because it is stitched together. The benches are constructed in the same manner and have the ability to rock side to side. These objects will bend with the pressure from the creek rather than breaking. The table and benches were sewn together like a wound stitched together to heal.

“Alcohol is the third vampire which beats its evil wings as yet in vain against the strict laws of Tonga and Fiji” (Reeves, 115)

Healing the wound:

How do we move forward and work to reconcile the wounds caused by colonization? Moving into the early to mid-1900’s educational material focuses on the “Primitive.” Western art history labels this period as Primitivism, or the period where European artist traveled to the colonies and observed indigenous people, the “primitives,” and made artwork inspired by them. MOMA had a show in the 1980’s called *Primitivism* showing a Western art object like a Picasso, next to the anthropological object that was thought to inspire it. This show illustrates the lasting effects words have and how well the Western education system has maintained the stereotype of the barely even human indigenous person. It communicated that the “primitive” is not civilized enough to make art.

In sharp contrast to the MOMA exhibit I was invited to produce work for the 2014 show, *Here & Now: Native Artists Inspired*, at the Burke Museum, Seattle, Washington. The museum has a research residency program in which I participated. They invite artists to come and research their ethnographic collection. Afterward the researchers are invited to make artwork inspired by their time spent at the museum. *Here & Now: Native Artists Inspired* is an example of a museum displaying historical indigenous artifacts as artwork alongside contemporary indigenous artwork. The Burke Museum is an excellent example of how a Western educational model can working together with indigenous people to respectfully steward their collection of indigenous art. They are leaders in education working to put the negativity of colonization in the past by acknowledging what happened, not using derogatory terminology, and working cross-culturally to heal.

Personally, I combat the effects of colonization through art making and by being involved in my community. My studio practice has evolved to include teaching workshops. Teaching workshops allows me to develop community and individual involvement. Workshops also allow me to address the conceptual challenge of knitting together my experience of a specific time and place with making artwork that expresses community, passing on culture, and challenging student's perceptions. Workshops are a way to communicate my concerns, methodologies, and thoughts that relate to education and stewardship.

Indigenous people often have to make a choice between showing sacred or customarily privately owned practices with outsiders in order to keep the art form from dying out. As a culture bearer, a living archive, and steward I am faced with the question, do I just show Native Americans the Dena'ina art system, just my family this process, or do I show anyone who wants to learn?

As a teacher and culture bearer I have chosen to teach anyone who is willing to respectfully learn and will pass on the knowledge to someone else. This teaching model allows me to thrive, rather than living in fear that others will steal the knowledge I show them or feel threatened that a student will outgrow me. It is how I reconcile being entrusted to take care of cultural knowledge and allows me to interact with the community rather than becoming separate or other.

“Every event can be experienced both in its duality as individual parts, and as a unified whole. Those which are perceived in a unified manner through the felt sense can bring revelations about how to undo the trauma. To harness the instincts necessary to heal trauma, we must be able to identify and employ the indicators of trauma that are made available to us through the felt sense.” (Levine, 68)

Inside the Armor:

During second year Christmas break I purchased four acres of beach that is ten miles away from the mouth of the Kenai River. It is a place that makes me feel safe, grounds me, and will allow me to continue my research after graduate school. It is a place where I can shake off the baggage that ties me down. The property is four miles away from a traditional village site that was evacuated within the past century. The people relocated to where the city of Kenai is today. At this property I am physically sandwiched between the past and future. I can witness the future as the fish and whales migrate through every year, the bluff erodes, the ocean rises, and the volcanos erupt on the other side of the inlet.

I grew up on one hundred and sixty acres of homestead property, and lived an eighth of a mile away from my dad's parents. My grandfather was a first generation German immigrant who became a doctor and served during World War II. After the war he and my grandmother came to Alaska to homestead. He became the first doctor west of the Seward mountains on the Kenai Peninsula. He would fly patients over the mountains to the hospital in his single engine, two-person airplane. After he retired he continued building small airplanes and was an avid hunter. I would spend time helping my dad work on cars in the airplane hangar while my grandfather built small airplanes. I also helped butcher moose, deer, and caribou that he hunted. Some of my earliest childhood memories are of spending time around him. I was interested in medical school so I took chemistry, physics, and calculus in high school to prepare for college. When I talked to my grandfather about

calculus he said, “ugh that's easy.” He had stopped going to school after the eighth grade so he could help out his parents on the farm in South Dakota and then later finished high school in two years before completing medical school.

My grandparents traveled internationally and had objects from around the world displayed in the house that I played with as a child. Growing up in this environment influenced my curiosity and desire for learning. By choosing to come to Alfred, I knew I would be exposed to different learning possibilities compared to those of my undergraduate experience. I came to New York excited to be on a new learning adventure and further explore Western Fine Art. Through my experience as a teaching assistant I have learned a tremendous amount about how to develop community through teaching Western Fine Arts. I had the goal of learning how to translate my personal experiences to an audience that is not familiar with the place I am from. Also, the review process at Alfred has been extremely helpful for me to learn how to communicate culturally specific feelings without ostracizing the viewer.

When an individual describes a culturally specific experience it does not have to be exclusive. We all share common needs as human beings and the way we meet these needs is part of what defines cultural identity. For example, when another culture shares how they eat food or what words are different in their language it can be an educational opportunity. This is an extremely individual experience but when someone expresses this highly individual feeling of place, those listening can be transported to their own sense of place rather than feeling isolated or different from the person sharing. The listener can consider how they meet those same needs in their own life but in a different way? Could they respectfully learn something from the person who is sharing their personal life experiences? People tend to take

pride in where they are from and can make a listener feel like an outsider, other, or rejected. So the challenge for the person sharing and the listener becomes how they are the same, rather than focusing on differences.

The summer between first and second year of graduate school I returned to Alaska to work with children and teenagers, and fish for food for the year. While hanging salmon in the smokehouse I realized that these summer activities express how I commune with others and illustrate what I want my legacy to be. The challenge became how to translate this deeply personal, sacred, and spiritual connection into a gallery space in a way that does not make the viewer feel like an outsider.

The installation *Honoring the Ordinary* brings the outdoors into the gallery space and creates opportunities for moments of discovery, intrigue, and possibly discomfort as a way to transport a viewer to a place of their own choosing. As the viewer enters the space they are confronted by a large twenty-foot by thirty-foot wooden frame threshold. The threshold is made of eighteen-inch-wide, four-inch-thick wooden planks with live wooden edges. These milled tree segments are silent witnesses to the surrounding world. Their grain rippling and undulating is a reference to the time they have spent on earth. The floor inside the wooden planks is covered in a layer of sand. Large panels of smoke dyed fabric are suspended high overhead to create an enclosed tent-like space. A soft, pleasant willow smoke scent emanates from these smoked fabric panels. There is a large stack of wooden slabs that make up a simple fifteen-foot-long bench in the middle of the installation.

The act of walking on the deep sand draws attention to how a viewer senses the world through their feet. “The felt sense can be said to be the medium through which we experience the totality of sensation.” (Levine, 68) I work to create a sense of equality,

vulnerability in the space, and communication by drawing attention to the connection of the physical body to the surrounding world and other viewers. Most people have feet. This universal physical quality is a way to draw attention to the fact that ultimately we are all human beings, share a connection to the natural rhythm of life, and serves as a conversation starter. A large portion of people have experienced sand either directly or through culture references, for example walking on a beach, playing in a sandbox, playing in a playground, or seeing pictures of sandcastles. The feeling of sand on bare feet will elicit an immediate sensory response.

Inside the tented center space is a moment of possible intersection between the present viewer, the past viewer, and myself. The sand increases to approximately a foot deep in the center, deep enough to build a sandcastle. It is a community space where the viewer can see the previous sand castles, footprints, or small sculptures the other viewers have left behind. Some viewers choose to engage with the sand while others may choose to simply walk around and observe people enjoying the basic human tactile experience of playing in the sand. By providing optional degrees of involvement each viewer is able to interact with the space on some level.

The smoked fabric is a snapshot or a frozen moment in time. It is made using the same method describe in *Reflections*. By softly scenting the air with willow smoke I am providing every viewer who breathes air in the space an opportunity to experience the installation. Smoke draws attention to breath and has references to fire, the outdoors, and primal human connections. It is a gas made solid and solid made gas. Every viewer who possesses the sense of smell has an opportunity to interact with the installation, even if they don't want to take off their shoes and walk inside on the sand.

The smoke dyed fabric serves as a form of protection. It blocks others from seeing the viewer in the inner tented space. Each panel represents a day of the fishing season for the late run salmon runs on the Kenai River in my hometown in Alaska. The panel widths and corresponding gaps are determined by the hours of daylight and night in Kenai, Alaska on each date in July. The fabric panels have red and gold machine embroidered tally marks. Each red tally stitch represents a single sockeye salmon and each gold tally stitch represents a single chinook or “King” salmon that literally escaped harvest or death that day and made it up the river past the sonar station. These salmon represent the stock that has escaped to spawn starting the next generation of salmon.

Approximately 900,000-1,200,000 late run or July sockeye salmon need to successfully escape harvest and death and reproduce to ensure the next cycle of salmon come back in subsequent years. This represents about an eighth of the total sockeye population for this run. On average eight to ten million sockeye return to this one river in the month of July but seven eighths are harvested to keep the spawning beds from being destroyed by too many fish in a small space. These large numbers of salmon are less of a novelty to the people who live on the Kenai Peninsula. In contrast when I showed people from Alfred these numbers they are typically shocked or think that the number of fish that go up the river in a day is the amount for the year because it appears so large. These large numbers have become normal to me because I grew up with it. This resource faces many threats and requires careful watch to insure it will continue into the future. I treasure this resource as it is part of the last wild large scale salmon fishery on the planet that is surrounded by some of the world’s largest coal deposits, gold deposits, and moderate petroleum exploration with horizontal hydraulic fracking practices poised ready to be implemented.

Salmon were once a local resource to nearly a quarter of the globe's Northern Hemisphere coastal populations. Salmon are part of the natural cycle of giving back and providing for the community. They are a physical manifestation of time. They raise the question; what impact do we have on those around us? What do we leave behind after we are gone from this earth?

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