

“The stories that will make a difference aren’t the easy ones”: Outdoor recreation, the wilderness ideal, and complicating settler mobility

Abstract:

In this autoethnography, I read my history of and connection to outdoor culture, with an eye towards interrogating my complicity in historical and ongoing settler-colonial violence that has rendered my love of “the mountains” both possible and ostensibly unproblematic. In so doing, I unsettle (my) understandings of the connections between land, embodiment, masculinities, and able-bodiedness, exploring how settler attachment to the mountains is *predicated on*, and serves to perpetuate, a(n ongoing) history of land dispossession. I also, however, consider a “different temporal horizon” through a discussion of settler futurity as it relates to outdoor recreation, complicating settler mobility in the process.

Keywords: OUTDOOR RECREATION; WILDERNESS; SETTLER COLONIALISM; NATION; MASCULINITIES

There is such a powerful eloquence in silence. True genius is knowing when to say nothing, to allow the experience, the moment itself, to carry the message, to say what needs to be said. (Ojibway author Richard Wagameseⁱ, 2016, p. 18)

Proem

July, 2017

I wake before anyone else, and slip out of the tent as quietly as possible. This is my favourite time of day in the mountains.... It's the silence. There are no cars, no appliances, no buzzing of artificial light. Wagamese describes my everyday world all too well: "I am constantly surrounded by noise: TV, texts, the internet, music, meaningless small talk, my thinking. All of it blocks my consciousness, my ability to hear the ME that exists beneath the cacophony" (2016, p. 25).

It is the absence of these noises that speaks so loudly to me on this gorgeous morning. As the sun begins to make its presence known, I follow the trail around Bertha Lake, taking in the majesty of what is now commonly known as Waterton Lakes National Park. I wander slowly, reveling in the glorious views in the early morning light, a blissful smile firmly in place. As Wagamese puts it, I find myself in a world "so still you swear you can hear her breathe" (2016, p. 26).

Having arrived last night, I am only now hearing beyond the silence. It is not silence at all, of course, but an entirely different cacophony... the wind rustling the trees around me, small non-human animals searching for cover in the underbrush... my own breathing, my own heartbeat, my own contentedness.

Most people do not quite understand my enjoyment of backcountry camping. "So, you want to sleep on the ground, and not have running water or a flush toilet, and risk being eaten by a bear?", some will say, more or less playfully.

“Exactly,” I respond, more... or less... playfully.

But it’s much more than that, I want them to understand. I feel a sense of connection this morning, one that eludes me in the city, but awaits me every time I visit the backcountry. And this weekend, I get to share that with my favourite eight-year-old for the first time, and it is... *magic*. Yesterday, after we set up camp, we wandered part-way around Bertha Lake, and Quinn was as in awe of this place as am I (see Figure 1).

[Insert Figure 1 about here]

Figure 1: Author backcountry camping with son.

[Alt text: The author, a middle-aged white cis man, with then eight-year-old son, against a backdrop of bear-grass in full bloom. Both are wearing t-shirts, caps, and sunglasses.]

We are with two other friends, both, like Quinn, new to backcountry camping; all four of us are stopped in our tracks by the Bear Grass in full bloom right now. Quinn and I jump into the glacier-fed lake in a moment of father-son revelry that is sometimes difficult to find in the day-to-day of home.

In moments like this, to borrow from Sparkes, we are creating “embodied memories [that will] connect my flesh to [his]. In shared movement, in sinews, masculinities crystallise. Him-I-he-me-we-touching trajectories in time and space” (2012, p. 178).ⁱⁱ

As night falls and we bushwhack in search of an overlook at the top of a stunning waterfall, the scraping of legs against branches is punctuated by Quinn’s words to his friend Liam, over and over again: “This is such an *adventure*. I can’t believe we’re having such an *adventure!*”

This is, without a doubt, one of my most memorable moments as a father. I am sharing something that I love deeply with Quinn, and watching him fall in love with it as well.

*But here is the rub: More than a simple love of the mountains is connecting the two of us right now. There is something deeper lurking there, something more troubling. What is troubling – the trouble with which I grapple in this autoethnography – is my **occupation** of this land. It is my relationship to the land, its history, and its future. And it is... it should be... troubling for those of us who are trespassers here.*

“The Truth About Stories”

“The truth about stories,” Thomas King suggests, “is that that’s all we are” (2003, p. 2). “Stories are wondrous things,” he elaborates... “[a]nd they are dangerous... So you have to be careful with the stories you tell. And you have to watch out for the stories you are told” (2003, pp. 9-10). One of the stories most Canadians are told (and tell) about “the larger invention we call Canada” (Wynn, 2012, p. xiii) is that we are an open, tolerant, multicultural society that fosters equality and opportunity for all. And yet, any careful consideration of our histories reveals otherwise, troubling this narrative, and suggesting more insidious, harder-to-access stories lurking in the shadows, waiting to be told (King, 2003).

Building on King’s point, Cherokee Nation/□□□□ □□□ scholar Daniel Heath Justiceⁱⁱⁱ asserts that “the stories that will make a difference *aren’t the easy ones*,” adding: “If they don’t challenge us, confound us, make us uncomfortable or uncertain or humble, then I’m not sure what they offer us in the long run, because to my mind it’s the difficult stories that offer hope of something better” (2018, p. 102, emphasis added). Though Justice writes here of a different kind of story than I tell in these pages, the central point holds: It is only by writing into a space of discomfort, of writing that discomfort into *being*, that we might bring these other stories to light.

In crafting these stories, I write into my *own* discomfort, conceptualizing that process as generative. Moreover, I invite (settler) readers to be open to their own discomfort, their own

ambivalence, as they engage with my stories and, perhaps, their own. While many autoethnographies justifiably aim to provide “refuge and comfort for [others] going through similar situations” (Dean, forthcoming), my goal here is, to a large extent, the *obverse* of this; I aim to interrogate and *disrupt* a place of refuge and comfort that many settlers find in their experiences of outdoor culture, to *unsettle* those experiences, to interrogate the comfort itself. I use autoethnography as an entry point to pursue the provocative question posed by Marie Vander Kloet (2010, p. 5): “What does our desire to be in particular wildernesses reveal about the sort of people we imagine ourselves to be”?^{iv} This is not, however, the end point of the current project. Rather, this question serves as an anchor as I consider the kinds of futures we might imagine if we trouble the stories we’ve been telling about (ourselves in/and) outdoor spaces.

(Un)sett(l)ing the Stage

In this particular autoethnography, I follow Anishinaabeg scholar Leanne Simpson, who writes: “My body and my life are part of my research, and I use this knowledge to critique and analyze” (2017, p. 31).^v More specifically, I do so in order to interrogate how systems of power systematically hinder our capacities to appreciate the connections between our own experiences and those of others past, present, and future (Finney, 2014; Thorpe, 2012). My aim in so doing is to participate in the project of “unmapping,” which is “intended to undermine the idea of white settler innocence... and to uncover the ideologies and practices of conquest and domination” (Razack, 2002: 5). Moreover, as settler colonialism works in conjunction with multiple systems of alterity in the production of ideas about the nation and who is welcome therein, I engage in an intersectional analysis in an effort to “disrupt the continuance of settler colonialism in colonial nation states” (McGuire-Adams & Giles, 2018, p. 209).

A key dimension of my current work is to consider my own positioning as a cis-gendered heterosexual (apparently) abled white man. Though I employ the term “settler” above, Leey’qsun scholar Rachel Flowers cautions that the term settler is often employed “without a critical understanding of its meaning and the relationships embedded within it, rendering it an empty signifier” (2015, p. 33). “The main problem,” Flowers continues, “is the reduction of a set of privileges and practices to fit within a binary of Indigenous and non-Indigenous identities rather than thinking through the term ‘settler’ as a set of responsibilities and action” (Flowers, 2015, p. 33). It seems to me that the central aim of my work in these pages is to do precisely this: to use my experiences with recreational camping and hiking to think through my settler positioning not as a static location, but as a complex, layered, and dynamic set of relational responsibilities. With this in mind, I heed Glen Coulthard’s (2014) advice to describe myself as a “colonizer.”^{vi} As Justice notes, this language “returns us to a discussion of colonialism that attends specifically to structures of *power*, ...an understanding that there are many ways of being in relation to this land” (2018, p. 12). Simultaneously, it serves as an acknowledgment that I benefit from settler colonialism in an ongoing way, even *as* I critique it.

November, 2018

I drive to pick up our littlest one from daycare, the picture of bourgeois daddyhood in our minivan. Quinn, now nine years old, sits in the backseat, and as we discuss his nervousness about an upcoming school presentation, I think I might ease his tension a bit by mentioning a talk based on this autoethnographic work.

At a certain point, I recognize a different opportunity... “Do you want to know what my talk on Friday is about?” I ask, invitingly. Getting no answer, I up the ante: “It’s about you and me backcountry camping.”

“What?!” He is leaning forward, trying to catch my eye in the rear-view mirror. “About camping,” he says excitedly, “or about *us* camping?”

I pause, trying to keep him on the hook. “About us camping,” I say, keeping my voice level.

“But what... How... I don’t... Hunh?”

I fight the smirk reaching for the edges of my mouth. “Well, it’s kind of about the histories of *where* we’ve gone camping, and how we’re part of those histories,” I offer.

“Oh,” he says, flatly. “So, it’s *not* about us camping.”

“No, it is,” I prod. “But it’s an autoethnography, so it *starts* with my experience, but then connects it to broader histories, broader patterns...” I trail off, not feeling like I’m speaking nine-year-old right now...

Wilderness and Nation

Wilderness is neither a self-explanatory term, nor one that exists outside of power structures (Thorpe, 2012). Furthermore, there is nothing inherently “wild” about the wilderness. As Spence cogently puts it, “...uninhabited wilderness had to be created before it could be preserved” (1999, p. 4). Central to this process of creation, Vander Kloet argues, is the question of who is imagined to exist in wild spaces; wilderness, she posits, is “produced in and through subjects who are imagined within it” (2010, p. 20).

In tracing histories of three iconic U.S. national parks, Spence (1999) sheds light on how ideas about wilderness, and specifically about Indigenous peoples’ presence therein, shifted historically, and aligned with developments in policy and practice. Over a period of several decades between the late 19th Century and the early/mid-20th Century, Spence argues, these processes culminated in the expulsion of Indigenous peoples and communities from park spaces

in the name of conserving “pristine” wilderness. These processes of dispossession were undertaken in the service of producing particular kinds of park experiences for visitors, and particular ideas about nature and its place in North American recreation culture. The (ongoing) entrenchment of these ideas works to elide the violences through which they have been written:

Generations of preservationists, government officials, and park visitors have accepted and defended the uninhabited wilderness preserved into national park as remnants of a priori Nature (with a very capital *N*) ... For the most part, these romantic visions of primordial North America have contributed to a sort of widespread cultural myopia that allows late-twentieth-century [North-]Americans to ignore the fact that national parks *enshrine recently dispossessed landscapes*. (Spence, 1999, p. 5, emphasis added)

The process of creating wilderness is central to the production of ideas about ‘civilization’ – who and what are constitutive of ‘modern,’ ‘advanced’ societies. “The land,” Razack argues,

must bear visible evidence of the colonizer, signs, that is, of modernity’s presence. It is mapped, place names are changed, and a steady Europeanization of the landscape begins and continues apace. Wilderness and parks are parts of this Europeanization as spaces are created for modern man to know his modernity” (Razack, 2011, p. 266).

“Modern man” knows his modernity, that is, by exerting *control* over ‘wild’ spaces, by mastering them, (re-)mapping them, navigating them. He knows himself as *civilized*, in other words, in and through the process of *conquering* that which he perceives to be *uncivilized*.

In the context of this particular autoethnography, it is vital to explore both how particular ideas about the wilderness *are produced*, and how they are simultaneously *productive of* particular ideas about bodies, subjectivities, and nations. As Razack points out:

The routing of race through notions of nature shows how racial, class, and... gender identities are ‘formed, naturalized, and contested’ through concepts such as wilderness (Kosek, 2004, 126). If ‘unspoilt nature’ is where white men and women must go to understand themselves as white, then it is indeed imperative to understand the relationship between subjectivity and the beautiful things that come with colonization. (Razack, 2011, p. 265)

I linger, here, with the notion that these processes are “contested.” Too often, we gloss over the forms of resistance that lead to a reshaping of relations, of systems of meaning. I do not intend the discussion above, for example, to suggest that these processes of dispossession were uncontested, or are, in any way, *settled*. Many scholars have noted the important forms of resistance in which Indigenous peoples and their co-conspirators have engaged as they have contested colonial claims to land, claims frequently tethered to settler sport and recreation. For several months in 1990, to cite only one (in)famous example, in a protest aimed at preventing the expansion of a golf course onto their sacred burial grounds, the Mohawks of Kanehsatà:ke stood up “against the government and their security forces with nothing but their spirituality and hope [and defeated] the Federal government of Canada (O’Bonsawin, 2017, p. 420). Abenaki scholar Christine O’Bonsawin (2010) has also persuasively argued that Indigenous protests of Canadian-hosted Olympic games have been key sites of Indigenous resistance and resurgence. More recently, Indigenous nations have endeavoured, as one anonymous reviewer highlighted, to “resist erasure and to regain sovereignty over land and history as re-told stories” through legal channels, including land claims that render mountain parks contested spaces.^{viii}

As one reviewer pointed out, it is important to recognize that “there has been a tipping point reached in Canada’s relations with Indigenous communities in and around parks and

protected areas.” Edézhíe Protected Area, located in “traditional Dehcho territory in the southwestern part of the Northwest Territories,” is the “first Indigenous protected area designated in Canada under Budget 2018’s Nature Legacy, and it is an important step toward reconciliation with Indigenous Peoples” (Government of Canada, 2018). Many more Indigenous Protected Areas and Indigenous Protected Conservation Areas are set to be announced in the coming months, and can be understood as part of Canada’s efforts to achieve its “2020 Biodiversity Goals and Targets,” arising out of the United Nations Convention on Biological Diversity (biodivcanada, nd). It is against the backdrop of this “tipping point” that I story my own outdoor experiences.

On Playgrounds

I grew up in Calgary. And like many Calgarians, one of the things I appreciated most about the city was that the Rocky Mountains were “on our doorstep.” Also like many Calgarians, I came to understand Kananaskis Country and Banff National Park as playgrounds for me and other outdoorsy folks. Calgary’s proximity to Bragg Creek, Canmore, Banff, Lake Louise, and more, coupled with its high proportion of wealthy folks, means that numerous outdoor industries are thriving, and are big business. The activities supported by these industries are also common practice among those who don’t think of themselves as among the elite in a keeping up with the Joneses city.

Sometime in the early 1990s...

Up early, as always, my dad finds me in the kitchen, packing for a day hike as quietly as I can so as not to wake my mom and sisters.

“Where’re you headed?”, he asks, trying to make conversation.

“Kananaskis,” I offer, briefly. I can’t be bothered to be more specific than this, sure as I am, in my late teens, that my dad doesn’t care about these things. I do not aspire to be like him... to enjoy “puttering in the garage” and watching *The Waltons*, *M.A.S.H.*, and *Little House on the Prairie*. Instead, I aspire to be like the people I see in MEC catalogues, searching out adventure in wild places.

The affect I attach to MEC is part of my complicity in a number of broader projects. As Vander Kloet puts it: “...while MEC is obviously a place for outdoor enthusiasts to purchase consumer outdoor recreation goods, it is also a place to consume wilderness and nation” (2009, p. 232).

“Hm,” my dad ponders, clearly searching for the right words, “but don’t you get bored going back to the same place again and again?”

Inside, I chuckle at my dad’s naiveté, his lack of appreciation for the mountains. Not only are there hundreds of trails in K-Country, I indict, silently, but going to the same trail at different times of day, different times of year, or different years altogether, means going to different *places*.

I distanced myself from my dad in the moment described above, and in so doing elevated my own perspective on the mountains and mountain culture. But reflecting on this moment, the differences in our perspectives are not what matter. Rather, it is the common root that is revealing. In this story, our understandings of the mountains are those of *consumers*. In my dad’s logic, the mountains might be important because, and so long as, they offer us something novel. In mine, meanwhile, they are important precisely because they cannot do other than offer something novel. Both are consistent with dominant rationalities of the Anthropocene, a

“geologic epoch determined by the detritus, movement, and actions of humans” (Davis & Todd, 2017, p. 762). The ecological effects evident in the Anthropocene have arisen out of the “privileging of human-ness and particularly settler human-ness” (J. Newman, personal communication, Aug. 21, 2019). As Davis and Todd contend, the Anthropocene can be conceptualized in order to illuminate “the current state of ecological crisis as inherently invested in a specific ideology defined by proto-capitalist logics based on extraction and accumulation through dispossession – logics that continue to shape the world we live in and that have produced our current era” (2017, p. 764).

Both my dad’s logic and my own stand at odds with the following articulation of one of Courtney Mason’s research participants, whose homelands – my ‘playground’ – were stolen by both the *Rocky Mountains Park Act* of 1887 and the constellation of colonial policies and practices that accompanied and followed it: “We’ve never owned the land... The land has, and it always will own us” (Mason, 2014, p. 29).

The disjuncture between Eurocentric and Nakoda understandings of land and resource ownership, Mason points out, lies at the heart of disputes about Treaty 7.^{ix} But Treaty 7 worked in conjunction with other sinister processes of land dispossession and assimilation. The introduction of a pass system in 1885, for example, coincided with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and criminalized the movements (and, consequently, the practices tied to those movements) of local Nakoda peoples, with the clear purpose of protecting land and “resources” (e.g., wildlife, hot springs) *for* the consumption of colonizers. As Vander Kloet points out, the “shift to seeing wilderness as pristine and sublime [in the late 19th Century] ... corresponded with desires for ‘untouched’ or empty wilderness spaces which necessitated the removal of Indigenous People from newly significant wilderness sites” (2009, p. 233).

Initially, the pass system was not strictly administered in and around Morley, AB, a settlement within the Stoney 142/143/144 reserve in southern Alberta. In the ensuing decades, however, enforcement became a higher priority. Mason notes:

a significant factor motivating the enforcement of these restrictions in years to come was the formation of the [Rocky Mountains Park, the precursor to Banff National Park]. The Rocky Mountains Park Act specified that the forceful exclusion and removal of “trespassers” who did not adhere to the new park regulations was critical to the early development of the park. Indigenous subsistence land uses, including hunting, gathering, trapping, and fishing, became a source of conflict between park managers and local Nakoda communities. (2014, p. 52)

Mason further outlines how the pass system, in concert with other colonial practices, gradually dispossessed Nakoda peoples of their land *in the service of* rendering it productive (defined, of course, in Eurocentric terms) for colonizers and the tourism industry. On one hand, Mason highlights, there was a system of punishments for Nakoda peoples who challenged or ignored colonial rules limiting their movements. On the other, incentives were constructed to encourage Nakoda community members to stay close to their new so-called home. For example, Mason highlights how “access to health facilities and education, although limited, were incentives for some to remain on the reserve and participate in activities supported by the Indian agent and missionaries, such as attending church or school and engaging in agricultural production” (2014, p. 73).

Nakoda hunting practices were a particular concern for colonizers connected to both tourism and sport hunting industries. Paradoxically, colonizers worked to deviantize and curtail Nakoda hunting practices at the same moments as they advertised the park as a haven for (white)

sport hunters. Moreover, in the eyes of colonizers, Nakoda peoples' perspectives on the relationship between humans, land, and non-human animals constituted ipso facto evidence of their supposed lack of civility and the so-called need to regulate their activities (Mason, 2014).

What Mason's work makes clear is a specific example of what other scholars have persuasively argued: that the formation of, and engagement with, park systems is part of a nation-building process that necessarily values some kinds of bodies over others. As Ray (2009) highlights in the case of U.S. parks and environmental movement, "the mountains" function metonymically as the "frontier," and become a site for the production of certain kinds of revered bodies and bodily capacities.

Bodies 'Out of Place'

As Carly Adams notes, "Sporting spaces... are constitutive of and constituted by particular bodies, by how certain bodies are invited into that space, and by the actions and movements of these bodies" (2014, p. 203). One of the central elements of the production of the wilderness, of course, is the relationship between outdoor spaces and the human animals that engage with these spaces. In a discussion of how the marketing practices of Mountain Equipment Cooperative (MEC) discursively produce the wilderness, Vander Kloet notes: "MEC scripts humans out of the wilderness. Although there is a concession for humans to visit, they are clearly not envisioned as part of it. Rather, humans are produced as outside the wilderness, imagined simultaneously as a threat to its sustainability and as its protector" (Vander Kloet, 2009: 239).

The matter is not simply, however, whether or not humans are understood to be "outside of the wilderness." More pointedly, the question is of *which* bodies are imagined as constitutive of particular spaces and places, of "how particular bodies are positioned as of and in a space, while at the same time not quite belonging to it" (Puwar, 2004, p. 8). Puwar posits that "social

spaces are not blank and open for any body to occupy... Some bodies are deemed as having the right to belong, while others are... in accordance with how spaces and bodies are imagined (politically, historically, and conceptually), circumscribed as being ‘out of place’” (2004, p. 8).

Of direct relevance to the current study, Norman, Hart, and Petherick note that “displacing, spatially confining, and restricting mobilities are pivotal strategies by which European settlers have dispossessed Indigenous peoples of their land and sought to destroy the ability of the ‘group to continue as a group’” (Norman et. al., 2019, p. 113). As noted above, however, it is not simply settler bodies imagined as “of and in” wild spaces, but masculine, fit, able settler bodies. In the contemporary imaginary, encounters with wild spaces are constitutive of a particular – and culturally revered – brand of Canadian masculinity (Vander Kloet, 2010). ‘Real’ (Canadian) men can encounter – even seek out – the hardships, inconveniences, and dangers of wild spaces, and emerge with their civilized sensibilities intact. Even affirmed. But affirmed precisely because these men display the (individual, self-reliant) courage and know-how to navigate these spaces; they are, in Vander Kloet’s (2010) terms, “calculating adventurers.” Sarah Ray highlights the connection here to discourses of (dis)ability:

...if the wilderness movement was responsible for imbuing the fit body with values of independence, self-reliance, genetic superiority, and willpower, and if wilderness was the setting in which to rehearse these values and reify the fit and healthy body, then “wilderness” and “disability” are constitutively mutually constructed. (2009, p. 270)

Ray’s analysis highlights that various nation-building projects must be understood *in relation to* one another, a point to which I return below.

Settler Futurity

Though an interrogation of the past and present of settler colonialism is indispensable, it is, at the same time, insufficient. As Unangan scholar Eve Tuck and Latinx collaborator Rubén Gaztambide-Fernández note, when we “locate the present of settler colonialism as only the production of the past, we overlook how settler colonialism is configured in relation to a different temporal horizon: the future” (2013, p. 80). In other words, we must ask after the ways in which settler colonial structures, practices, and investments are oriented towards the continued dominance of settler colonial logics, that, as Tuck and Gaztambide-Fernández argue, work towards *replacement*. On one hand, replacement is about the replacement of Indigenous peoples. On the other, it is about replacement of ideological challenges to the system of settler colonialism itself: “Here,” they posit, “the future of the settler is ensured by the absorption of any and all critiques the pose a challenge to white supremacy, and the replacement of anyone who dares to speak against ongoing colonization” (2013, p. 73). On the latter point, the Canadian project of multiculturalism is directly relevant: “Anything that seeks to recuperate and not interrupt settler colonialism, to reform the settlement and incorporate Indigenous peoples into the multicultural settler colonial nation state is fettered to settler futurity” (Tuck & Gaztambide-Fernández, 2013, p. 80). Canadian multiculturalism, then, works towards “a liberal multicultural future that requires Indigenous peoples to disappear” (Hunt, 2018, p. 72).

“Something to be Done”

November, 2018

“...it’s an autoethnography, so it *starts* with my experience, but then connects it to broader histories, broader patterns...” I trail off, not feeling like I’m speaking nine-year-old right now.

“Oh, ok... It’s called what?”

Though *tempted* by Quinn's interest in autoethnography, I opt instead to push a bit further. "You know," I venture, "the places where we've been camping, they're part of parks now, right?"

"Yeah," he agrees, simply.

"Well," I continue, "do you know *how* that became park land?" I glance in the mirror, see that he's with me, and press on.

"When European settlers first arrived here, they treated this place as if no one was here, even though First Nations peoples had been living here for *thousands* of years." I know Quinn is impressed by big numbers, so I lean on "thousands" like it's an old friend.

I can see that he's doing his gob-smacked face, so I continue. "Europeans really wanted the land for more settlers to come, so they basically *took* it from the First Nations peoples... You've heard of reserves, right?"

"No," he says, his brow furrowed. "We haven't talked about that in school."

"You don't know what a reserve is?!" Anger bubbles up, but I soon realize that it is misdirected.

*It is not a failure of our educational system that is relevant here. It is our failure to bolster and challenge what Quinn **encounters** in our educational system on this particular score. We have been doing so in terms of gender and sexuality for years, but in writing this paper, I have come to realize that we have not done nearly as much to help him develop language and awareness with respect to white supremacy and settler colonialism. We are very much still learning that language and awareness ourselves.*

I gather my wits and deliver a micro-lecture on broken treaties, the pass system, and land dispossession aimed at clearing the way for settlers and the tourism industry.

After letting that settle for a few seconds, I prod: “So, what do we do, buddy?”

“What do you mean?” he asks, raising an eyebrow.

I pause, biting my lower lip. “What do we do about being part of this history?” I consider my words before continuing: “What do we do to change this?” I pause again, still fumbling...

“Do we... not go camping?” A pang accompanies the last question.

“We could pick up our garbage when we hike,” he offers, tentatively.

I swallow my impatient response and hold the silence, not wanting to squish his suggestion. Instead, I prod: “How does that help the communities who had the land taken from them?”

“We could follow in their footsteps and take care of the land,” he offers, perking up. “We could become one with nature.”

Not yet satisfied, I decide to let this one sit. I can feel Quinn genuinely grappling with my question, and decide that silence is what is needed at this moment.

Neither Quinn nor I know “what to do” just yet, but perhaps the simple recognition that, in Gordon’s terms, there is a “something to be done” (1999, p. 119) is an important – if unsatisfying – starting point. There is much more to be done, though, indicated, not least, by my own discomfort with the spectre of not going camping anymore. My settler fragility (Hunt, 2018) is on display here, and I am working through that at the same time as I’m worried that Quinn is imagining the kind of Totem transfer story that Cree scholar Dallas Hunt highlights, in which “white settlers leave the chaotic and restrictive confines of the city and flee to the idyllic and enlightening expanses of the rural or natural world” (Hunt, 2018, p. 73). In these stories, Hunt notes, Indigenous peoples are invoked principally in order to transfer ownership –stewardship –

to settlers and then, he says, “return to the dirt to make room for the progression of a/the new world” (2018, p. 77).

“K-Country”

Alberta Parks’ online description of the history of Kananaskis Country (colloquially – K-Country) includes the following text (see Alberta Parks, nd):

Natural History (excerpted)

- The jagged peaks and u-shaped valleys in Kananaskis Country are 12,000 year-old reminders of the last ice age. They were revealed as kilometre-thick, million-year old glaciers melted to mere remnants.

Cultural History

- Archaeological evidence of humans in Kananaskis Country goes back over 8000 years. The Stoney-Nakoda, Siksika, Blood, and Kootenai First Nations all have deep connection to this land.
- Captain John Palliser chose the name Kananaskis 150 years ago on his expedition through the area.
- The name comes from the Cree "Kin-e-a-kis" - the name of a warrior who survived an axe blow to the head.

Kananaskis Country - An Experiment that Worked (excerpted)

- As early as 1902, parts of Kananaskis Country were included in the Rocky Mountain National Park (now Banff National Park). This land was removed in 1911. It was eventually turned over to the Government of Alberta in 1930.
- In 1972, the Alberta Wilderness Association proposed a wilderness area west of Calgary in the Elbow, Sheep and Kananaskis Valleys.
- That same year, the Environment Conservation Authority identified a need to set aside this area to protect watershed and to provide resource development, tourism and recreation opportunities.

- Banff-Cochrane MLA Clarence Copithorne, a rancher in the Jumpingpound area, recognized the growing pressure on the eastern slopes from Calgarians wishing to escape the city in the late 1960s and early 1970s. As Minister of Highways, Copithorne planned to upgrade the road into the Kananaskis Valley to divert people away from ranchlands.
- Calgary architect and environmentalist Bill Milne challenged the government to consult the public about the highway upgrade. Through Mr. Milne, the Government of Alberta received over 48,000 responses to a survey about the future of the eastern slopes. The majority supported creating a large protected area.
- Many say Mr. Milne and Minister Copithorne convinced former Premier Peter Lougheed to create Kananaskis Country with a single helicopter flight over the Kananaskis Lakes. It can easily be argued that simply seeing the magnificent ranges and valleys, the endless forests and rushing waters was all the convincing the Premier needed...
- In 1978, Premier Peter Lougheed officially dedicated Kananaskis Country and Kananaskis Provincial Park (now Peter Lougheed Provincial Park).
- Nearly two-thirds of the multi-use area envisioned by Peter Lougheed is now protected as a park, ecological reserve or recreation area.
- The needs of industry, ranching and tourism are still balanced with the mandate to preserve the animals, plants, and processes that keep the Kananaskis Country ecosystem healthy.

This official account is instructive in a number of respects. Most importantly, it neatly sidesteps the question of land dispossession. In this story, land came to belong to the government (seemingly by magic!), with First Nations people acknowledged, but located principally (and vaguely) in the distant past. Archeological evidence is cited, along with a vague reference to the “deep connection” four First Nations have to this land, without any specific anchoring in time.

Vander Kloet argues:

Vague descriptions and an emphasis on the spiritual mark left on the wilderness by Indigenous peoples suggest that these places were abandoned long before colonization and present day recreationists' encounters with the wilderness. The story of how these places came to be under the control of white settlers is obscured. The assumption underlying these types of narratives is that Indigenous peoples are now, for reasons unknown, absent. (2010, pp. 107-108)

The brevity of the “cultural history” section is telling as well, as it suggests that the euro-western history of the park exists outside of culture. This ‘cultural history,’ in other words, seems to be a (too brief) history of *other(ed)* cultures – a tokenistic acknowledgment that leaves euro-western perspectives, decisions, and actions as unquestioned and ostensibly neutral.

Finally, land is commodified and externalized, with the “needs of industry, ranching, and tourism” as a key facet of a so-called balancing act. Overall, then, this account frames K-Country as the product of thoughtful and determined settler politicians and stakeholders committed to protecting – and commodifying – the “magnificent ranges and valleys,” not least so that Calgarians could “escape the city.” (There is a cruel irony to this phrasing, as most visitors to K-Country literally drive *through* Stoney Reserve 142, 143, 144 – a reserve home to approximately 5000 members of the Stoney Nakoda nation – in order to “escape” the confines of the city.) Texts like this, Hunt argues, work to “figure Indigenous peoples as obsolete and having no place in the future, as they have already served their necessary function in the legitimation of settler presence. In these narratives, settler futures are therefore premised on the denial of Indigenous futures” (2018, p. 74).

September, 2017

An early first snow dusts the foothills as we approach Peter Lougheed Provincial Park, the southern-most section of Kananaskis Country. “Peter Lougheed” is my favourite part of K-Country; it is deeper into the mountains, and thus provides access to more wild spaces. So, it is with enormous pleasure that I get to share this place with Quinn, Adam, and Liam.

As we packed up to hike out from Bertha Lake in July, “the boys” were campaigning to stay a second night. Exchanging knowing glances, Adam and I capitalized on their excitement, planning this weekend’s adventure as soon as we could manage it. On the hike out from Bertha, I leaned in so that only Adam could hear me, and said “Next time, Quinn gets a real pack. I was happy to carry all of his shit this time, but now that he’s hooked, it’s time.” Adam’s knowing smirk was all of the confirmation I needed; in asking more of Quinn, I was doing my duty as a dad... I was making Quinn into the kind of rugged outdoorsy kid I wished I had been. Here, I am guilty of the phenomenon described by Jay Coakley with respect to organized youth sport, wherein I “reaffirm traditional gender ideology at the same time that [I] meet expectations for father involvement” (2009, p. 157). Moreover, it is not simply dominant gender ideologies that I am reproducing; in addition, I am interpolating Quinn into a broader matrix of ideologies that prop up settler colonialism, white supremacy, and ableism.

With a brand-new pack for Quinn, and a brand-new ultralight tent for me,^x we get ourselves organized at the Interlakes trailhead before setting off for our 7-kilometer hike to Forks campground. In the first kilometer or two, we stop several times to make minor adjustments to Quinn’s pack.

“It’s heavy, Dad. It’s pulling on my shoulders,” he whines, that look in his eyes that I know so well.

We're cutting it tight for getting to the campsite in daylight; I grit my teeth slightly before replying. "Buddy, I get that. But here's the thing. That's the *deal* with backcountry camping. You have a bit of a heavy pack, 'cause we have to carry everything we need for the next few days. I know that it's a bit uncomfortable, but that's just part of the adventure."

"Part of the adventure," it seems, involves both enduring some level of physical hardship and learning individual responsibility (at age 8). Here, I expose a hidden curriculum of our backcountry adventures: I am teaching Quinn to become a "calculating adventurer," who, "in his quest for independence and careful examination of the dangerous wilderness, is evidently invested in his physical strength and competence... The overemphasis on self responsibility and self reliance suggests that any degree of interdependence or dependence is undesirable" (Vander Kloet, 2010, p. 131).

It's day two, and our campsite is perfect... We set up in twilight when we got here last night, then had popcorn by the light of a campfire before snuggling into our sleeping bags. This morning, we're setting off for Three Isle Lake carrying only lunch, water, and a couple of other essentials.

As we head out, both boys are in great spirits, and so are both dads. "Guys, look around you," I offer. "This is the beauty of multi-day trips like this one... We get to set up, then wander and explore without carrying all of our gear." Quinn and Liam grunt in acknowledgement, more interested in looking for sticks just off the trail than in reveling in the majesty.

A short while later, we are negotiating a steep section of the trail, gaining a couple hundred meters of elevation in less than a kilometer. It's not easy going, particularly since we don't yet have proper hiking boots for Quinn.^{xi} He's doing well, but he's ready for a rest. Adam

and I spot a small outcropping that looks perfect, so we direct the boys there. The views are stunning, and we take several photos, one of which will serve as my lock screen for the next several months. It's a picture of Quinn on the outcropping, a crystal-clear view of almost our entire route from the trailhead visible thanks to the elevation (see Figure 2).

[Insert Figure 2 about here]

Figure 2. Author's son, backcountry camping, September 2017.

[Alt text: A nine-year-old boy, dressed in winter clothing and holding hiking poles, stands on a rocky outcropping overlooking a mountain valley.]

Images like this, Vander Kloet points out, are important in the production of "empty wilderness":

...by presenting an isolated person arriving in an untouched place, the very real status of an empty wilderness is secured... There is a sense that the adventurer has found his way far enough away from other humans to be completely alone and encounter the authentic empty wilderness. (Vander Kloet, 2010, pp. 101-02).

I nuzzle in next to Quinn as we munch on trail mix. "Do you know how few people have seen the view we're seeing right now?" I pause, noting that he is totally focused – present in ways I don't often get to see. Wrapping my arm gently around his shoulder, I offer: "I am so happy that this is something we get to share, love."

He leans his head against *my* shoulder. "Me too," he says, simply. I am in this moment, knowing that it will be a touchstone in the relationship Quinn and I have. It will be something to remind myself of when he is annoying his sister, not listening to his parents, or both.

Reflecting on this moment, however, it is more complicated than that. This moment, and our camping trips more generally, are more than simply salve for my soul, more than a

collection of touchstone moments and Facebookable photos. I am introducing him to something that I love, something that feels to me like a spiritual home, of sorts. But there is another education at work here, one that I have yet to trouble with him in the ways that I can or should. There is an education here about how we conceptualize wild spaces, (able) bodies, the relationship between humans and animals (ALL in air quotes), and more. In these adventures, we are creating stories together, he and I. But what kinds of stories are we making?

*The notion that “few people have seen the view we’re seeing right now,” for example, begs for deeper analysis along several axes. First, it hearkens to a priori Nature, “an empty, uninhabited, primordial landscape that has been preserved in the state that God first intended it to be” (Spence, 1999, p. 131). Second, in my conversation with Quinn, I erase both the long history of Indigenous peoples’ (especially Stoney Nakoda) presence on these lands, and the fact that these folks **lived** here.^{xiii} For them, this was not a “view” to be consumed, but a territory with which they lived **in relation**. Third, it invokes the idea that these places are valuable precisely because they are difficult to access. Only those with the abilities, fitness, and fortitude to reach such places are able to appreciate views such as this one.*

What future(s)?

The formation of park spaces such as Banff National Park is always rooted in, and productive of, particular racialized logics. Though these founding moments are in the past, they, and the colonial structures built upon them, haunt the present, and are reinscribed by our – by my – participation in and support of them. As Tuck and Gaztambide-Fernández point out, the “violence of invasion is not contained to first contact or the unfortunate birthpangs of a new nation, but is reasserted each day of occupation” (2013, p. 73).

As I grapple with my own occupation of these lands, I wish to linger with silence for a moment, to think of “silence” (more correctly, the removal of other noise) as productive. Borrowing again from Wagamese, “I want to dive into those small bits of silence. They contain the ocean of my being, and our togetherness” (2016, p. 32). The silence I so appreciate in the mountains is, of course, not silence at all, but the absence of the usual noise (of so-called civilization) that makes it near impossible to attend to other sounds. The other noises, even the echoes thereof in my mind, make it difficult to hear the sounds of what Justice would call my other-than-human kin in the mountains. Similarly, my own silence around my complicity in settler colonialism wasn’t silence at all; it was selective attention, shaped by the sounds with which I grew up. By the stories I was told. The stories *I told*. And it is a silence – an ignorance – that I see front and centre in the following excerpt from Justice:

The more people move around and become distanced from legacies and histories of place, the more their identities become commodified and separated from specific obligations to kin and community, the more they privilege the nation state and its consumable symbols for notions of belonging – and the more they dismiss and disregard kinship- and land-based identities. The contemporary nation state, in fact, depends upon people understanding themselves in this way to ensure that they privilege their obligations to country and commerce above those to kin and relation to territory. (2018, p. 58)

Justice’s words take me, once again, to Flowers’ admonition to think “through the term ‘settler’ as a set of responsibilities and action.” What might that set of responsibilities and action look like, and how might they allow me, allow us, to recentre obligations to “kin and relation to territory,” as Justice says? Towards what possibilities might this approach point? What might be the possibilities, to borrow from Audra Simpson, in refusal, in questioning “what all

(presumably) ‘sensible’ people perceive as good things” (2014, p. 1)? In particular, in this moment, I am urged by the work of Suzanne Lenon to consider “the refusal of a story of determined non-innocence to explain our lives, changing it instead to the project of accounting for ourselves under conditions of white supremacy and settler colonialism”; following Lenon, I ask: “What will it take for us to do this meaningfully and ethically?” (forthcoming, p. 566). What will it take for me to foster “obligations... to kin and relation to territory” with Quinn in meaningful and ethical ways? In particular, what will it mean to do so when so many structures and practices – what McKegney calls a “nexus of coercive alienations that [lays] at the very core of the Canadian nation-building project” – have been aimed at disrupting those very obligations and connections among Indigenous peoples on these same lands (2013, p. 13; see also Forsyth, 2012; Norman, Hart, & Petherick, 2019; O’Bonsawin, 2017)?

I worry, now, that Quinn and I have been creating what Justice calls “single stories” (2018, p. 38), when we might be better served aspiring to the “wonderworks” Justice describes, though he does so in a very different context. In these wonderworks, Justice posits, “...there are other ways of looking at and living in the world, different ways of engaging with one another and our other-than-human relations.” Wonderworks, Justice writes, are “rooted in the land – not generic landscapes but specific places with histories, voices, memories” (2018, pp. 155-56). Perhaps, in aspiring to write wonderworks together, we can do more than simply share the beauty of “the mountains.” Perhaps we can interrogate our own privilege in visiting these places, our own complicity in the systems upon which they are built and that they serve to reproduce. Or perhaps we need to ask different questions altogether, rather than starting from an assumption of *our own* settler futurity. As Hunt notes:

for decolonization to take place, promised white futures do have to be reimagined—or, rather, dismantled—to the point where the structural position of the settler ceases to exist as such. This would not require the literal death of people who currently inhabit the position of settler, but the total transformation of existing relations (or we might say, nonrelations) between Indigenous peoples and settlers toward something as yet unimagined that would ensure the thriving of Indigenous lands and lives. (2018, p. 86)

What would that dismantling look like, what shapes might it take? Might it, for example, include the “repatriation of all National Park lands to Indigenous nations as part of a decolonizing and reconciliatory process that genuinely addresses past theft through land redistribution” (S. McKegney, personal communication, Nov. 27, 2018)?^{xiii} No doubt many Canadians would balk (and more) at this idea, assuming a right to these spaces that have been understood as part of their country for most/all of their lifetimes. “But,” as Gchi'mnissing Anishinaabe scholar and public intellectual Hayden King (2015) argues, “in this supposed era of reconciliation, surely Canadians can make the necessary institutional and legal changes to accommodate multiple sovereignties, diverse legal orders, and long-delayed justice on the land.”^{xiv}

In a similar vein, Leanne Simpson argues that settler “Canadians should all listen [to Indigenous peoples] and ask, what can I give up to promote peace?” (Simpson, 2015, para. 9). What am I willing to give up? Giving up backcountry camping, it seems to me, misses the point entirely. Giving up my “entitlement to unfettered movement,” though, which constitutes “the very bedrock of settler colonialism as a system of oppression” (S. McKegney, personal communication, November 27, 2018) ... *That* might be a generative possibility to consider. Do I know what this looks like, how it might be imagined? Certainly not. But if the mere spectre of

even imagining my (recreational) movements being constrained dissuades me, then perhaps I *should* have no place in the “as yet unimagined” future.

To return to Justice, there is an opportunity to tell different stories, more “difficult stories that offer the hope of something better.” I take heart in his notion that “stories find their way free to disturb the status quo and to liberate people to express all the rich, bewildering diversity of their lived experience” (2018, p. 38), even if I’m not yet sure of which stories to write myself. What I *am* sure of is that I must write stories that evoke discomfort... my own, my kids’, and, hopefully, that of (some) readers. These stories must be anchored to the pivotal question posted by Hunt (2018, p. 84): “If futures are not circumscribed by the parameters of settler colonialism, where, in fact, will we go?”

Coda

Dear Quinn,

Have I told you, my love, that being a father is the hardest thing I’ve ever done? It’s the most rewarding, but also the hardest. And it’s hard in new ways, too, as I worry about different things. One of the things I’m worrying about these days – as you approach your teenage years – is what kind of future you’re going to help build. You’re so smart, so determined, and so passionate, that you will make a real impact. What *kind* of impact, I wonder?

I hope that you will do better than I have done – than I AM doing – at working “toward something as yet unimagined that [will] ensure the thriving of Indigenous lands and lives.”

The question is, how will you get there?

This summer, we’re going camping again – this time to Lake O’Hara in Yoho National Park. Us not going camping doesn’t address the issues I’ve written about... not in the least.

Instead, we need to better understand the “histories, voices, memories” of the places we go. With that in mind, I want to take you, this summer, on a bus tour operated by Glacier Sun Tours, who offer “daily Blackfeet Interpretive tours through Glacier National Park... and throughout Blackfeet country” (<https://www.glaciersuntours.com/>).^{xv}

I also want us to learn about the other parks we visit, and about a number of Indigenous-led movements to create new parks and bring other ones under Indigenous control and management. I want us to visit places like Point Grondine Park, where outdoor recreation is tethered to cultural education and appreciation, where the “histories, voices, memories” of the land are shared with visitors, and are part of the experience itself.

The point here is that we have a role to play. Indigenous peoples and organizations have been doing this work for a long time. Our job is to listen to them, and figure out how to make space. As Leanne Simpson points out, “there is virtually no room for” you and I in resurgence (2017, p. 228). But we can – we must – be part of tearing apart the structures that continue to impede the important work Indigenous folks are doing.

To be clear, my love, this is not so that we can be kind, or benevolent. Rather, it’s about asking ourselves what kind of future we want to be part of.

With the deepest love for you, and for the world I can’t quite see yet,

Dad

Letter first composed in July, 2019

Notes

ⁱ I note, at this early stage, my approach to, and ambivalence about, locating scholars as I do in these pages. Initially, I identified most/all authors as I do here, according to either the specific identifier (Ojibway, in the case of Wagamese), or as “settler” scholars. As one reviewer pointed out, however, the risk here is that this “renders non-Indigenous identities as unproblematically settler, while Indigenous categories are presented as homogenous. Where is the diversity that is inevitably present in all or both?” Moreover, it hearkens to a kind of essentialism that I wish to refuse in my work. At the same time, these identities are sometimes invoked – including by these very authors – precisely *because* they do a certain kind of work for a certain kind of audience. All of this leaves me wondering whether there is “more power in marshalling an identity – and a history, it’s a history – or in *refusing* the specificity itself” (K. Granzow, personal communication, October 28, 2019). Ultimately, I do both in the pages that follow. At times, I draw on the author’s self-identification, even while understanding that this may shift for different audiences and over time. At others, I provide no such identification, whether because I couldn’t find the author’s own lead to follow, or to refuse the essentializing and reification of the identification itself. Or, often, both. Overall, it seems to me, the result is a somewhat messy, uneven, and perhaps even contradictory politics of identification. And perhaps this is generative when we are dealing with the messy, uneven, and contradictory realm of settler-Indigenous relations.

ⁱⁱ As in my past autoethnographic work (e.g., Laurendeau 2014; 2018), I use italics in these autoethnographic vignettes as “analytic memos written at various points of this project... to employ polyvocality and *show* readers the process of working on/with/through ideas” at every stage of a research project (Laurendeau, 2014, p. 11). Further, I will note that I refuse both a

chronological approach to autoethnography, and an explicit articulation of my ‘procedures’ as part of an “ethics of messiness and multiplicity” – an acknowledgment of the messiness of bodies, emotions, experiences, and, not least, the research process itself (Avner et. al., 2014, p. 61). Perhaps some readers will find this messiness *unsettling*.

ⁱⁱⁱ As with many of the scholars cited in this article, I look here to social media (Twitter, in this case) for how Justice self-identifies for a broad audience.

^{iv} While I take Justice’s point about difficult stories to heart, I am also wary of the politics of writing an anti-colonial piece in which whiteness is centred. Following Granzow and Dean, I ask myself whether my scholarship can “do more than expose the anxieties of settlers” (2016, p. 89).

Granzow and Dean offer a cogent articulation of the concerns that shape my project:

our task is ...a matter of addressing and challenging the injustices of colonial conquest writ large, and hence a matter of bringing the various changing and unstable practices of colonial knowledge production into the visible present to emphasize their ongoing presence (or reenactment) as something other than spectral, as something that has not “passed.” This would include addressing the practices that produce the Settler as well as those that produce the Other—as it is in part this dichotomy which formalizes the distinction ... that grants settlers this comfortable sense of distance from the violence that concerns us... (2016, p. 89)

^v I am cognizant that there is some danger in borrowing too liberally from Indigenous scholars. I do not mean here to suggest that I am engaged in the project that Simpson describes (how could I be?!); instead, I cite Simpson rather than a settler autoethnographer as part of my citational politics, in which we might see “citations as academic bricks through which we create houses. When citational practices become habits, bricks form walls. I think as feminists we can opt to

create a crisis around citation, even just a hesitation, a wondering, that might help us not to follow the well-trodden citational paths” (Ahmed, 2017, p. 148).

^{vi} I grew up in Treaty 7 territory, and some of my family’s roots can be traced back through the early days of what is now known as Quebec, and further back, to France. Without question, my whole life has been structured by the benefits of colonial institutions and practices, though for most of my life I have, like many colonizers, been ignorant of these privileges.

^{vii} Closest to where I live and work, “Southern Alberta’s Blood Tribe [Kainai Nation], the country’s largest reserve, ... won part of its 40-year land claim battle against the federal government” (Grant, 2019, June 12). Though this part of their claim was denied by Federal Court Justice Russel Zinn, lawyers for the Kainai Nation “argued the town of Cardston and part of Waterton Lakes National Park should be included in its territory” (Grant, 2019, June 12).

^{viii} A report by the Yellowhead Institute provides a broader and deeper analysis of “Indigenous cultural and political resurgence” than space allows here (Yellowhead Institute, 2019, p. 3).

^{ix} For a thoughtful and critical account of Treaty 7, see the work of Treaty 7 Elders and Tribal Council and their colleagues Hildebrandt, Carter, and First Rider (1996).

^x Like many MEC patrons, I do not (believe that I) simply buy new gear anytime I feel like it, but do so thoughtfully, purposefully, and with an eye towards minimizing my impact on the earth. In other words, I imagine myself to be the “conscientious consumer” Vander Kloet (2010) describes and critiques. At risk of stating the obvious, the fact that I am can *afford* to be a “conscientious consumer” is rooted, of course, in my economic privilege.

^{xi} According to Vander Kloet, sturdy boots:

reference a type of rugged masculinity that holds tremendous currency in the Canadian imaginary. The hefty boots of these outdoor recreation texts remind Canadians of their ability

(and need) to navigate a complex wilderness place. The men of Canadian mythology – Franklin, MacKenzie, the courier du bois [sic] – are represented with feet in sturdy boots traversing (some more effectively than others) the wilderness” (2010, p. 121).

^{xii} I use the past tense here not to locate Indigenous peoples themselves in the past, but to acknowledge that those who lived here were forcibly removed by the policies and practices described above.

^{xiii} This suggestion was discussed by Hayden King, who had recently given a talk at Queen’s University, McKegney’s home institution. King and Courtney Skye also discussed this topic on the *Red Road Podcast* (especially S2E4) – see Skye and King (2019, June 11).

^{xiv} See King (2015, February 10).

^{xv} This, too, worries me in some ways, as it might be understood to constitute an interpolation of Indigenous peoples “into the same neoliberal logic that has contributed to colonial violence” (A. DeLisio, personal communication, October 21, 2019).

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