

**THE WRITING ON THE WALL:
The Work of Joane Cardinal-Schubert**
Edited by Lindsey V. Sharman

ISBN 978-1-55238-950-8

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RECOLLECTIONS

BY TANYA HARNETT

Keeper

*Keeper of the Vision
Spirit of the Four Directions
Your Heads*

Thrusting

Screaming Out

*Keeper! Keeper!
Scream for
All Creatures
on the Earth.*

*Your Warshirts
Marked with the White – Hot
Brands
of Words
of the
Lost Generation.*

*You bring forth
Your Animal Spirits
resting on their
barren stumps –*

Grave markers.

*Let the next
Generation
be born
with the knowledge
of what has passed*

– Joane Cardinal-Schubert¹

Our proximity to each other reveals un-perceivable forces that create unique experiences. Our narratives intertwine. When someone passes on to the next world the mysterious forces at work can seem even more intangible. In that place where our stories and memories are suspended and are so very real and true. It makes it all that more important for us to keep our stories sincere, close to our hearts, and with respect. Keeping, retelling, sharing, and passing those stories on to the future generations is a responsibility to be exercised with great honour and care. In celebration of Joane Cardinal-Schubert's life and work, it seems only fitting for us to participate in this spirit by sharing some of our own collection of Joane stories.

The English language is a poor fit for describing Plains Indian cultural practices and belief systems. English is the mainstream language in Canada. It's accessed by the majority, but a multitude of other languages enrich and expand thought with different ways of knowing that result in a much richer and greater whole. Diversity is important. In a traditional First Nations construct, it is largely understood that the spirit of those have who have passed before us remain with us, but in the English language or Western European thought, the deceased are more often referred to in the past tense. This contradicts Plains Indian belief systems so we run into a colonial wall. It is a stumbling writer's block. I will tend to write about Joane in the present tense

thus acknowledging her continued presence as ancestor. Not surprisingly, I imagine a crossed-armed Joane Cardinal-Schubert reminding us that her spirit is still here and that she is not a woman to be ignored.

At the Banff International Curatorial Institute Symposium *Making A Noise! Aboriginal Perspectives on Art, Art History, Critical Writing and Community*, Joane delivered a paper entitled “Flying with Louis.”² It was a fun and humorous metaphorical story of an Aboriginal Art Community flying on an Aboriginal Concorde. In Joane’s story, she included a full cast of Aboriginal characters with references to Bill Reid, Jane Ash Poitras, Doreen Jensen, Daphne Odjig, Jackson Beardy, Eddy Cobiness, Norval Morrisseau, Everett Soop, Gerald Tailfeathers, Herbert Schwartz, Harold Cardinal, Robert Houle, Leo Bushman, Morgan Wood, Skawennati Tricia Fragnitto, Terrance Houle, Teresa Marshall, and Alex Janvier – with the Aboriginal Concorde piloted by Louis Riel and co-piloted by Pauline Johnson. It is a story well worth the read. Joane’s poetic skit is an Aboriginal art history sampler that teases her audience. Although it is tongue-in-cheek, she calls for serious attention to the field of Aboriginal art history. It is a direct call made to the

future generations to maintain our stories about Aboriginal Art – she made a fun little trail for us to follow.



In a recent keynote address in the *New Maternalisms Redux* colloquium hosted by the University of Alberta, the visual art theorist and cultural analyst Griselda Pollock answered a question from the audience.³ In her reply, she described a kinship model for art praxis that was not held to a fixed place, but rather in relationships connected through generations, with each of those generations demarcated by the intersections of socio-political events. It may have been revolutionary to some, but for First Nations people it is a normative understanding. That kinship model describes how the Aboriginal contemporary art community relate to each other. We tend to identify with each other in familial relationships – cousin, aunt, uncle, grandparent. In the *Making A Noise!* symposium, Joane identified herself as being positioned in a “second wave” of Aboriginal contemporary artists, and she credited Alex Janvier for coining the term. Following this kinship model, Joane would be my art auntie and I, along with

many cousins, may be considered to be in a “third wave.” Of course, following my generation is a “fourth wave” that are busy at work in the circle that will go around and around again.

Being an Aboriginal professor at the University of Alberta, teaching Contemporary Native Art history and studio art practice, I feel a greater responsibility to make sure that our history is passed down, shared, and to remind people that the stories we carry need to be passed down. During my tenure of teaching at the University of Lethbridge, in Blackfoot country, we established the first BFA Native American Art (Art History and Museum Studies) degree. What does it mean to be an Aboriginal art historian? What is the skill set needed to navigate in this field of research? What is this field of research? How will these stories be gathered and disseminated? How does ethics factor into Indigenous research? What are the responsibilities? Will field research mean going home? What is home? I am curious to know how these questions will be answered. But for now, I will simply put up a sign for Joane – “Historians Needed” or better yet, posted in big red neon pulsing letters, “Keepers of the Vision Needed.”

With curiosity, I have wondered about my auntie’s stories, her escapades, her encounters, her exchanges with people, and her adventures. I wondered what stories could be gathered, shared, and celebrated. I am sure that there would be many. Joane has always left an impression on people. With the absence of Joane in the physical world, her spirit has become more available for us to (re)call upon. Our stories about Joane are sometimes shared orally – perhaps sitting with friends in laughter and lament – or in a knowing exchange between people, where the pace of time slows. With Joane in her place with the ancestors, our conversations may feel a little bit more one-sided, but the work and the ideas she left for us have given us a way to move forward.

As an Urban Indian artist, writer, educator, poet, activist, theorist, and provocateur – Joane has challenged the walled city, the ivory tower, and the houses of government. She infiltrated them. She has navigated the terrain of Western European thought to suit her needs and to the best of her advantage. It was always clear that her intention was to translate, transform, deconstruct, to shake, and to dismantle the colonial thought process. She stated, “I picked art because I could be involved

in that physical expression of making imagery. But also because it was the only alternative for me in other ways too. It was a discipline that crossed boundaries and there were clearly boundaries for Native people when I was going to school.”⁴ It was those unjust boundaries or limitations that called Joane into action. She used her weapons of physical expression to confront and defy those boundaries. Joane gave a wide and timeless call for all Aboriginal artists to pick up their arms and join in the fight. She believed that, “as artists, our only weapon is this battle for survival, because battle it is. It is our knowledge, responsibility and a commitment to share our world view with others. Even if we reach only one person and change their mind, it is a conquest.”⁵ From her peers, and for good reason, Joane Cardinal-Schubert has warmly, earned the title *Joane of Art*.

Joane was no backyard warrior. She positioned herself on a national and international stage. She opposed the colonial framework by entrenching herself amongst the Indigenous art community writ large and positions herself on the frontlines. She worked in grand gestures that can be seen in several bodies of her visual art practice, such as in her series of *Warshirts* and in

the profound work on residential schools with *The Lesson*. A fine example of Joane at work can be seen in her art piece entitled, *Preservation of a Species: DECONSTRUCTIVISTS (This is the House That Joe Built)* (1990). The work was included the 1992 seminal exhibition *Indigena: Contemporary Native Perspectives in Canadian Art*. This all Aboriginal art production was curated by Lee-Ann Martin and Gerald McMaster. The exhibition celebrated the works of nineteen artists; Kenny and Rebecca Baird, Carl Beam, Lance Belanger, Bob Boyer, Joane Cardinal-Schubert, Domingo Cisneros, Joe David, Jim Logan, George Longfish, Mike MacDonald, Lawrence Paul, Edward Poitras, Jane Ash Poitras, Rick Rivet, Eric Robertson, Luke Simon, Lucy Tasseor, and Nick Sikkuark. The accompanying catalogue includes six essays by the Indigenous writers Gloria Cranmer Webster, Alooook Ipellie, Georges E. Sioui Wendayete, Loretta Todd, Alfred Youngman, and Lenore Keeshig-Tobias.

The exhibition *Indigena* marked the 500 years after Christopher Columbus’ “discovery” of the “New World.” Of course, the climate surrounding the show was politically charged and the exhibition itself challenged the normative Western institutional

museological approaches in exhibiting an Aboriginal art show. It was an Indigenous juggernaut brilliant in its design. Simply by hosting a completely Indigenous exhibition it changed everything. *Indigena* is a creation story. After *Indigena* Aboriginal artists, curators, writers, and academics gained freedom, multiplied in numbers, and held some authority. It is a momentum that continues to spread out into diverse territories and to ones yet to be imagined. Joane is one of our decorated veterans that returned home from *Indigena* in honour and she will always be known as a warrior who participated in that crest of change.

In 1984, this “second wave” of artists brought about a new organization called the Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry (SCANA). It was a national body aimed at the advancement of Aboriginal artists that continued the call for inclusion into the galleries, collections, cultural centres, and in the institutions of higher learning. Joane played an active role in this organization. At the 1987 Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry “Networking Conference” in Lethbridge, Carl Beam and Joane sat on a panel. In a humorous moment, the two revealed difference philosophical approaches to their way

of life and their art practice. David General was the moderator of the panel and he addressed Joane:

David General: Do we need that mainstream? Do you think we should be cautious and stay away from it, Joane?

Joane Cardinal-Schubert (JCS): Well, it's there. I mean, we don't drive our cars on dirt paths anymore. You know we ...

(Carl Beam interjects.)

Carl Beam (CB): Sure. I do.

JCS: Did you drive down here or did you fly?

CB: I drove. I drove a lot of dirt roads.

JCS: Okay. That's fine. That's your choice. It's about choices right?⁶

These two strong-minded heavy hitters kept very different lifestyles. In this moment, Joane held a position and she advocated for urban spaces for Aboriginal artists. Not only did she make space for herself,

she defended the urban territory for future generations of Aboriginal artists producing artwork in the city.

As an active community member in the City of Calgary, Joane served on the Calgary Aboriginal Arts Awareness Society (CAAAS) from 1988 until 2005. Israel Lachovshy recalled Joane working very hard to curate the annual CAAAS art shows. He stated that it was always a successful endeavour. She reached out to younger Aboriginal artists, to support and to make way for them. She was very generous in making pathways for others and I was fortunate enough to be a witness, and recipient, of that generosity.



While an undergraduate student, I was asked to contribute artwork to a CAAAS exhibition entitled *White Buffalo's All* (1995). The artwork was collected by a fellow First Nations art student, Kimowan Metchewais, and he in turn delivered the work to Joane as she would not step into the University of Alberta's Fine Arts Building due to racism she had previously experienced there.⁷ I was scared to go to the opening. I had no idea how my work would

be received in the CAAAS exhibition. I was making contemporary art and I had this ridiculous notion that my artwork would not be deemed as Indian enough, so I didn't attend the opening reception. Two days later, when I was brave enough to sneak into the Triangle Gallery and I visited the exhibition. I was shocked to see my prints run up the full length of the wall and directly opposite to a wall of Alex Janvier's paintings. It was as if my work was having a conversation with Alex's. I could see things in my work that I hadn't before. More importantly, I found place. As tears welled up, I had to leave the building. It was just such a profound moment for me. Her efforts to outreach to younger Aboriginal artists changed the way I think, look, and see.



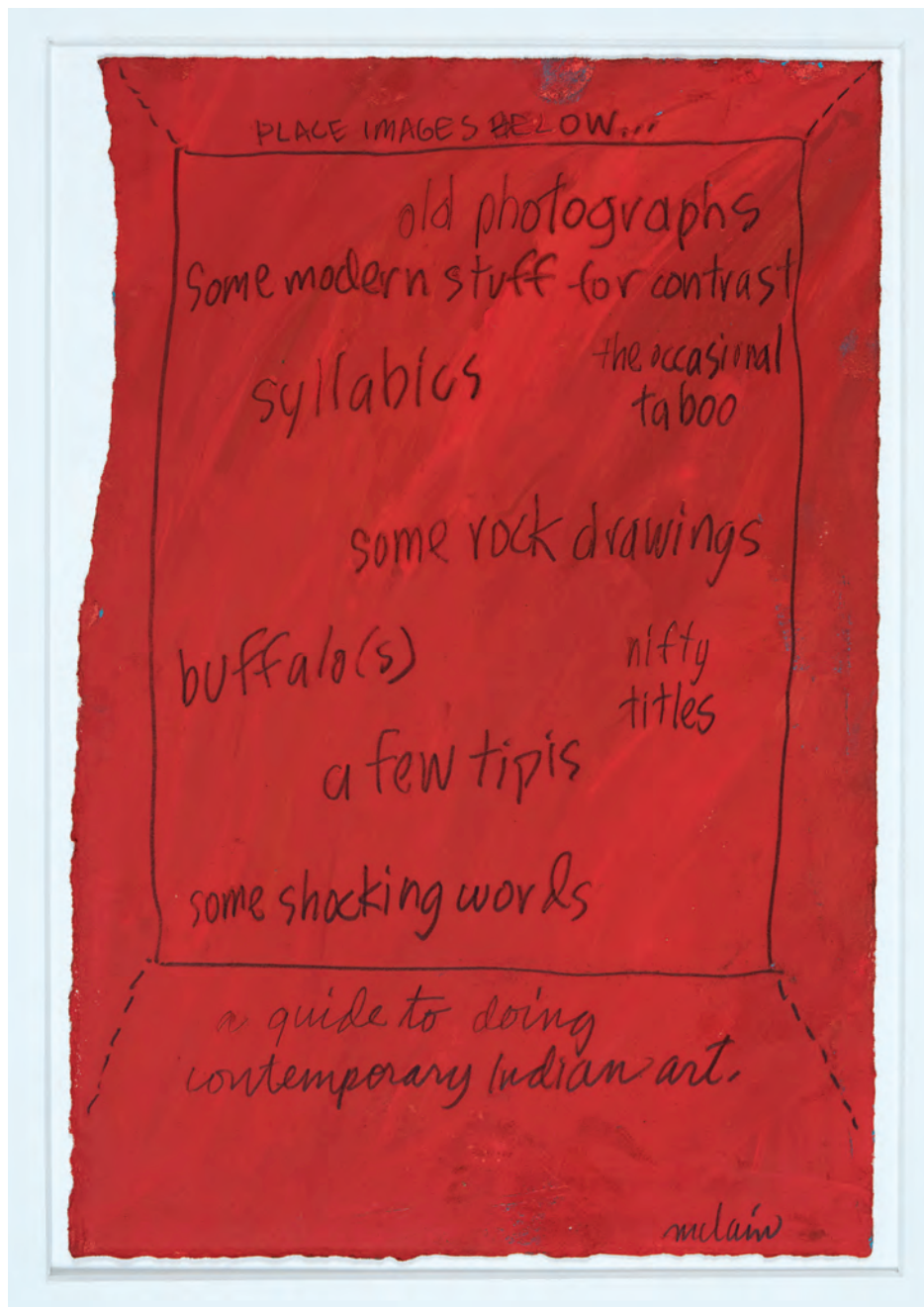
Joane kept a special space for the colour red. It is the predominate colour in her palette. Joane and Kimowan Metchewais share a special something and when Kim made a small red painting on paper, he humorously entitled it *A Guide to Doing Contemporary Indian Art* (fig. 51). Joane recognized the humour and she purchased it. The piece suggested a line drawing in a one-point

perspective system that took up much of the surface area of the work, then with dashed foreshortening lines that seem to deny that notion. A penciled- free hand written text detailed the instructions: place images below, old photographs, some modern stuff for contrast, syllabics, the occasional taboo, some rock drawings, buffalo(s), nifty titles, a few tipis, and some shocking words. It was cheeky play with a mentor and she loved it.

The personal stories from those of us in the “third wave,” and who might have had some on the ground or face-to-face associations with Joane, may connect with her as “auntie.” She treated us as an auntie would. She was in her “kitchen of art” making sure that we all were fed. The Blackfoot dancer and choreographer and my friend, Troy Emery Twigg describes Joane as a close adopted auntie, a mentor, camp fire keeper, and as one of his best friends. Troy spent a good deal of time with Joane and he stated that one of the most important teachings he received was when Joane said: “Listen Troy. Don’t ever think that you are better than anyone else and don’t let anyone think they are better than you.” She was fast with good advice.

Delia Crosschild, a contemporary Blackfoot painter and contemporary of

Joane’s, spoke fondly of her fellow artist. She recalled a playful moment when the two Blackfoot artists were lying down on the floor of the Glenbow Museum looking up at a painting of Delia’s entitled *Trickster’s Shift* (2001). It was mounted on the ceiling. They spent a good deal of time there talking about the colour, the movement, discussing Napi stories and, of course, laughing. Delia has taught art at the Kainai High School since 1997 and every year she shows the 1994 Loretta Todd film *The Hands of History*, where Joane makes a feature appearance. As a result, hundreds of proud Blackfoot students have been exposed to the work of Joane Cardinal-Schubert. Delia’s daughter Joel Crosschild received the first BFA in Native American Studio Art, at the University of Lethbridge. Art goes down a family line in their house. Joel remembers being a very young girl when her mother took her to a performance of *The Lesson* (1990). It’s hard to imagine how big and monumental that piece may have appeared in the eyes of a young child. It was shocking to adults. Delia continues to celebrate Joane’s work with the young people. She mentioned how she loves the part in *The Hands of History* when Joane says with a grin “I’m Joane Cardinal-Schubert – and I play a lot.”



51. Kimowan Metchewais
A Guide to Doing Contemporary Indian Art, 1989
28.6 x 19.1 cm
11.25" x 7.5"
Oil on paper
From the Estate of Joane Cardinal-Schubert



Joane was an iconoclast. Some people found her intimidating, and she could be. Joane was often positioned on the frontline of many Indigenous political events, but she repeatedly insisted that she was not political. “I started on this road to paint about my personal ... but because I am Aboriginal, my work is considered political. I don’t think about it as political ... I think of it as personal.”⁸ Still, the major works *Preservation of a Species: DECONSTRUCTIVISTS (This Is the House That Joe Built)* and *The Lesson* are definitely political.⁹ Her work is packed full of political narrative. This can be seen in Joane’s installation *Preservation of a Species: DECONSTRUCTIVISTS (This Is the House That Joe Built)*. In a quite negative review entitled “Whose Nation? Two Recent Exhibitions at the National Gallery of Canada and the Canadian Museum of Civilization Raised Disturbing Questions about the Positioning of First Nations Art in the White Mainstream” by Scott Watson in the 1993 spring edition of *Canadian Art*, Watson goes on to describe Joane’s installation:

The title [of the installation] refers to the death-bed of the artist’s father, Joe Cardinal: ‘If I had made a stand – you wouldn’t have to. You’ve got to stand up to them.’ In this installation, Cardinal-Schubert has painted the walls black and covered them with writing in chalk, invoking the memory of a school room, a site highly charged with memories of brutality for many First Nations people. Mixing memory, polemic and history, the artist has written accounts of oppression and defiance. As a non-status Indian, she protests, “What does part Indian mean? (which part?) You don’t get 50% or 25% or 16% treatment when you experience racism – it is always 100%” One had to peer into a small room to see her statement. It felt like one was intruding.¹⁰

Scott Watson’s very dismissive review begrudgingly gives weight to Joane’s artwork by acknowledging its impact.

It was impossible to quibble with the force of Cardinal-Schubert's work as activist statement. It stared you down without blinking and was fiercely honest. But as an artist, Cardinal-Schubert deployed strategies that worked against the message she wished to convey. There was a sense that much was executed in haste, that the installation was provisional. While this created a feeling of urgency and readiness for action, it also undercut the seriousness and deliberation of what she had to say. It's the difference between scattershot and a well-aimed bullet.¹¹

Buckshot was exactly what Joane wanted to convey, after all her work was just across the river from the nation's capital and Joane would not want go to Ottawa without leaving her mark. She had a lot of ground to cover.

Dick Averns gave account of Joane's unwavering iconoclastic character. While seated in the audience at the 2006 Alberta College of Art and Design (ACAD) convocation, Dick witnessed the delivery of an

alumnus award to Joane Cardinal-Schubert. Averns provided context to the event as he described the ACAD institutional climate as a place with waning morale and high staff turnover.

It's almost as if Joane could sense that in the manner in which the award was bestowed. [The award] was as much about the President/College seeking to benefit by claiming Joane as one of their own ... as much as it was about Joane being honoured ... and what struck me was the way in which Joane had delivered her comments. It was not quite with derision, but certainly with a clip and tone that drew the breath and humour of the audience ... as if to say, you don't need a piece of paper to succeed. It certainly didn't strike me as condescending to the grads in the audience, but a form of veiled warning about not succumbing to the pandering of institutions ... It could be that Joane was hamming it up, calling bluff or performing a whiff

of nonchalance. Either way, her message was one of self-reliance, conveying the value of speaking truth to power, and that one can make art of value by engaging deeply with your belief regardless of status.¹²

Joane held the wise voice of experience. Higher institutions of learning did not put out the welcome mat for Indigenous people and many people looked away as the doors were closed on Aboriginal artists. It was rare to see those in the “second wave” in teaching positions. Things have shifted a bit, but not as much as one might think. It is still a coup, or a major battle, to claim entrance into the ivory tower. In the past decade, more tenure and tenure-track academic positions have opened up for Aboriginal people. Joane would have made a fantastic academic studio teacher and positioned in a different time she would have been, but she was solidly mentoring a “third wave” of artists anyway, and she positioned herself right at the front door of the art institutions.

Joane held the position of curator at the University of Calgary’s Nickle Arts Museum from 1977 until 1985. She spent many waking hours dedicated to the museum and

she worked there for eight years. Joane is largely recognized as an artist working in a wide range of media, but not as many people are aware of her extensive arts administration and her experienced curatorial skill set. In this environment, Joane was just as much of a mentor to the people working in the art gallery world. Gallery work is a profession where training is gained through mentorship and, if you’re lucky, under strong tutelage. Many people credit Joane for teaching them the craft. Her standards were high and she expected good work.

Now retired, Lesia Davis, a former City of Red Deer Culture Superintendent and the former Executive Director of the Campbell River Museum, has had thirty-five years of experience working in the arts. She started her career as an unemployed walk-in, with no formal training, no resume, and without a job posting. Joane saw something in her person and hired her immediately. Within a week she was tagged with the position as curatorial assistant. “I was mentored in all aspects of art and art curating through the mind and eyes and heart of Joane. Only in retrospective did I realize what a generous gift that was.”¹³ Galleries keep stories. There is institutional memory and for sure, the Nickle Arts Museum is

imprinted with Joane Cardinal-Schubert's spirit. It seems very fitting that the first full retrospective of Joane Cardinal-Schubert's work be held within those walls and I can only imagine the weight felt by the curator Lindsey V. Sharman to "get it right." I also imagine Joane's spirit in the gallery, advising, and giving direction to her own retrospective. She has passed on to the other side but she is still with us.

Kristy Trinier, Director of Visual, Digital and Media Arts at the Banff Centre for the Arts and former curator at the Art Gallery of Alberta recalled working on the installation of Joane's mid-career exhibition at the Art Gallery of the South Okanagan in Penticton, BC, in the summer of 1998. It was her first time working in an art gallery. She described Joane as open and generous as they installed Joane's iconic work *The Lesson* (fig. 24).

Watching her install *The Lesson* was a powerful experience I will not forget: the sound of the chalk and the time she took in writing each word. Sourcing the apples, she held each one in her palms before setting it on the chair: 'the apples must be red on the outside

and white on the inside, the way they wanted us to be.' Exhausted at the end of the installation, I remember we walked outside the gallery to the edge of Okanagan Lake and she looked for a long time over the water.¹⁴

The silent contemplation was just as profound as the work itself. The work on the subject of residential schools is heavy.

Perhaps, Joane Cardinal-Schubert's most important curatorial contribution was to the Narrative Quest project with the Alberta Foundation for the Arts (AFA). The AFA recognized a weak representation of Indigenous artwork in the collection holdings and intended to do something about the matter. In a forward thinking gesture of affirmative action, the AFA contracted Joane to compile recommendations for Aboriginal artworks to be considered for the AFA's curatorial acquisition committee. Joane took this responsibility very seriously. In a rather intimate telephone conversation I had with Joane, in 2008, we exchanged stories about our shared experience in facing cancer. We discussed at length the responsibility she felt in her effort to include as many artists as she

could be balanced by a strong representation of artwork from contemporary Aboriginal artists. She mentioned her concerns about knowing that she could not include every First Nations artist who resided in the invisible boundaries of Alberta, but she did a wonderful job. The AFA targeted initiative added an astonishing seventy-three pieces of artwork by senior, mid-career, and emerging Aboriginal artists giving a more accurate representation of the presence of Aboriginal artists in Alberta and the final result added much more colour to the AFA collection.

To celebrate these new additions to the collection, Gail Lint, an AFA art collection consultant, curated the *Narrative Quest* exhibition. Not surprisingly, Gail recognized that the Indigenous additions to the collection had a prevalent theme based on storytelling. The *Narrative Quest* exhibition was displayed across Alberta. Initially exhibited at the AFA Arts Branch in 2009 and then shortly followed by exhibitions at the Royal Alberta Museum, the Art Gallery of Grande Prairie, with edited versions on display at MOCA and the Red Deer Museum and Art Gallery. In 2015, an edited version of *Narrative Quest* was exhibited in Tokyo, Japan at the Embassy of Canada in

the Prince Takamado Gallery. The work is now folded into the main collection.

Each artist that Joane approached regarding the AFA initiative had one-on-one conversations with her not long before she passed. These artists hold stories of their last conversations with Joane in close regard. It was as if the spirit world opened pathways that gave the way for Joane to visit and to touch the hearts and minds of her Aboriginal art family before she moved on to the next world. Joane's last physical studio act was to submit the teepee poles for her own work *Medicine Wheel (There is No Hercules)* (1985) (fig. 52) for *Narrative Quest*. When the folks from the AFA came to her home in Calgary to pick up the teepee poles for the piece she was too ill to be able to make it to her door. Her husband Mike and her son Justin brought the teepee poles outside on her behalf. She never made it to see the *Narrative Quest* exhibition.

In Joane's poem she calls out to us, the keepers of the vision, the guardians of our stories, to hold on to our responsibility to protect our stories. There are old stories going back thousands of centuries and there are our new stories that fold into the continuum. She asks us to be true to our stories, to retell them again and again and to keep



52. *Medicine Wheel (No Hercules)*, 1985
233 x 172.1 x 111.1 cm
92" x 68" x 43.75"
Acrylic on canvas and lodge pole pine
Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts



53. *Sunset Beginning*, 1985

66.5 x 101.8 cm

26" x 40"

Oil and coloured pencil on paper

Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts

them in the circle. That was where Joane positioned herself. "I exist at the centre of a big circle. My 'stories' are circular, the end and the beginning linked ... referenced ... and I can cross over the circle and spin off into little circles."¹⁵ I wondered what other circles did she have. Who held more stories and would share them.

As Joane depicted so many people on her Aboriginal Concorde, I wondered where she saw herself in the story. Then it occurred me – she wouldn't be on the Concorde. She would be on the ground – in the control tower, directing traffic.

Joane, our dear aunty, please save a slow waltz for us all in the sweet hereafter. I was told once by an elder that you'll never see two colours in heaven: red and black. But I am sure that you've advocated for your favourite red cowboy boots up there, and I'm sure you're wearing them now, laughing it up, celebrating, checking up on us all and seeing

that all of your hard work, all your trailblazing has paid off. We enjoy so many things now because of your hard work and all you've inspired. Yes, save a slow waltz for your friends and family. There'll be a long line. And we'll visit in line to see you once again. I hear the bannock and jam up there is superb. And the tea? Handpicked by angels and ancestors all laughing together.

You will always be a cherished soul to all who knew you, and I was very lucky to share time with you. Thank you for reminding us all what this life is about: to lighten the load for others, to make the world a better and brighter place for the future generations, to fight hard for common sense and what's right everywhere. Mahsi cho. Thank you so very much for the light you brought us all. A ho!

– RICHARD VAN CAP¹⁶

NOTES

- 1 The poem "Keeper" is from the back of a University of Alberta Fine Arts Building Gallery exhibition poster for the Joane Cardinal-Schubert *Passage to Origins I: Joane Cardinal-Schubert*. Edmonton, 1993.
- 2 Keynote address "Flying with Louis" by Joane Cardinal-Schubert. It was delivered as a part of the 2003 Walter Phillips Gallery and the Banff Centre's Aboriginal Arts Program *Making A Noise!: A Forum to Discuss Contemporary Art, Art History, Critical Writing, and Community from Aboriginal Perspectives* and the subsequent publication edited by Lee-Ann Martin.
- 3 Griselda Pollock delivered the lecture "Feminist Art Ethics and the Anthropocene," held in conjunction with the *New Maternalisms Redux* public colloquium hosted at the University of Alberta and organized by Natalie Loveless and Sheena Wilson.
- 4 The quote is from Loretta Todd's 1994 film *Hands of History*.
- 5 Quote from the University of Alberta Fine Arts Building Gallery exhibition poster for the Joane Cardinal-Schubert *Passage to Origins I: Joane Cardinal-Schubert*. Edmonton, 1993.
- 6 This exchange was recorded in the 1987 Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry "Networking Conference" in Lethbridge. They are housed in my office at the University of Alberta. Art Historians wanted.
- 7 Macleod, Jennifer. "Joane Cardinal-Schubert: At the Centre of Her Circle." *Galleries West* (Spring 2003): 10–11.
- 8 Ibid.
- 9 Joane performed several versions of *The Lesson*.
- 10 Scott Watson, "Whose Nation? Two Recent Exhibitions at the National Gallery of Canada and the Canadian Museum of Civilization Raised Disturbing Questions about the Positioning of First Nations Art in the White Mainstream," *Canadian Art* (Spring 1993): 34–43.
- 11 Ibid.
- 12 In correspondence and telephone conversation with Dick Avern.
- 13 In correspondance with Lesia Davis.
- 14 In correspondence with Kristy Trinier.
- 15 Jennifer Macleod, "Joane Cardinal-Schubert: At the Centre of Her Circle," *Galleries West* (Spring 2003): 10–11.
- 16 Richard Van Camp's tribute to Joane Cardinal-Schubert. *Facebook*. Edmonton, 16 September 2009.



54. *My Mother's Vision VII*, 1983
 80.3 x 192 cm
 31.5" x 75.5"
 Oil, pastel, and charcoal on paper
 Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts

55. *Moonlight Sonata: In the Beginning*, 1989
171.5 x 122.5 cm
67.5" x 48"
Oil on canvas
Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts

"Was it the Robin's egg, I scrambled up the fence to view ... sometimes there sometimes not ... but then there ... was it the snail I squeezed between my fingers at 5 as I squatted at the edge of the creek ... or the succession of hawks, bears, muskrats, Canada geese ... deer and other birds and animals that we intimately gained knowledge of in our family ... or was it the setting sun on our lake with the deep blue black clouds arching over us while the bittern sounded gulong gulong ... and the loon whom I was sure was a person, laughed its loony laugh ... or was it the fact that the importance of these things were pointed out to me ... was I emerging ... emerging from what ... emerging as a single human being ... with specific interests ... hmmm emerging ..."

– Joane Cardinal-Schubert, RCA
"Surface Tension" from the artist's personal documents





56. *Crowsnest Mountain and the Seven Sisters*, 1989
 75.6 x 106.1 cm
 30" x 42"
 Oil on paper
 Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts



57. *This Is the Land*, c. 1988
 150.5 x 242.5 cm
 59.5" x 95.5"
 Oil on Masonite
 Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts



58. *I Dream of Horse/Counterpane*, 2002
 183.2 x 122.2 cm
 72" x 48"
 Acrylic and gold leaf on canvas
 Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts



59. *Yellow Plywood*, 2005
75.5 x 105.5 cm
30" x 41.5"
Mixed media on rag paper
Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts



60. *Flutterby (Birchbark Letter)*, 1998
 120 x 99.5 cm
 47.5" x 39"
 Mixed media on canvas
 Collection of the Alberta Foundation for the Arts