

THE RESTORATIVE AESTHETIC OF GREG STAATS

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LOST DEEP IN THE GRIEF over the death of his daughters, Hyenwatha sat dejectedly in the dark woods. While his heart dropped to the ground, his mind was trying to ease his consternation. As he stared at the Mother Earth, special word-thoughts came to his mind. As he strung together tiny, tubular shell beads that he had found those word-thoughts began to fall into sequence, creating a rhythm of healing.

“This would I do if I found anyone burdened with grief even as I am. I would take these shell strings in my hand and console them. The strings would become words and lift away the darkness with which they are covered. Holding these in my hand, my words would be true,” Hyenwatha said to himself.

At the edge of darkness, Hyenwatha consoled himself with the thoughts, words and actions he invented. Thus began a long-standing tradition of restoring sanity and sense of belonging among the Haudenosaunee (People of the Longhouse), known today as the Six Nations.

To this very day a man is appointed to speak those same words of healing for the sake of those who have been mourning the loss of a loved one. He metaphorically kneels by their smouldering fire, the embers barely glowing. As he speaks those powerful words, his breath blows on the embers, making the embers glow brighter. The more words he speaks, the brighter the embers become until the fire has been rekindled.

The speaker is helping people recover from their loss, renewing their spirit and lifting the mental anguish they have been burdened with. If he is expert with words and precise with his memory, he paints beautiful pictures in the minds of the mourners, using culturally-rich metaphors and the words that carry sympathy, empathy and hope. I see this kind of word-thought and precision in presentation in the work of Greg Staats.

The Requickening

This restorative process has been called the Requickening. *Quickening* is a medical term for the first fetal movements felt by a pregnant woman, usually after about 18 weeks gestation. It is a sign that the baby is alive and becoming animated.

Tuscarora anthropologist J.N.B. Hewitt defined *requicken* to mean the *prescriptive acts and set forms of words* intended to restore to life the relatives and co-workers of the deceased. The *requickening* is therefore a healing of the wounded body; the soothing of the grief-stricken mind; and the installation of a replacement who will live in the official name and stead of the deceased lawgiver (Chief). It was also intended to *quicken* (to come, or return to life) and preserve the living from the ongoing hostile actions of the Great Destroyer — the spirit of death.

Through the Requickening, the grief of the past is laid to rest, the hearts and minds of the grieving are uplifted, and people can find their

way back to a place of productivity. The art of Greg Staats has to do with the restorative and reflective nature of such a ceremony. He has turned an ancient ceremony into a form of personal healing, and developed a sophisticated restorative aesthetic as a result.

The Edge of the Gallery

This Requickening concept is part of what is called the *Edge of the Woods Ceremony* whereby a new leader is installed with the Confederacy Council of Chiefs. More properly, it is about being near the *thorny bushes* after a difficult journey, in need of restoration, refreshment and uplifting of the spirit.

When I first “saw” the work of Greg Staats in a group exhibition entitled “Alter/Native: Contemporary Photo Compositions,” curated by Lynn A. Hill at the Canadian Museum of Contemporary Photography in Ottawa in 1996, I experienced a new way to understand this ancient Ceremony of Condolence. For the first time I felt someone had captured the emotion and intelligence of this ceremony in a profound visual way.

Greg’s photographic series *the requickening address* with attached wampum strings had the power to wipe away our tears so we can see how beautiful the world really is, and how much people really care for us; help us to recover our hearing so that we can experience the kind words of healing offered to us, as well as the voices of children as they move around us; and clear our throat so that we can breathe with ease and comfort once again.

Like Hyenwatha, Greg was condoling himself. However, not until the Peacemaker stepped forward to repeat back to him his very words did Hyenwatha become healed. So who stands in for the Peacemaker for people like Greg, the ones with no traditional titles, no Longhouse family, no real experience in how the ceremony of healing works? Perhaps his art is his Peacemaker.

As I walked through the gallery that held his work, the words and images he used became my condolence as well. They accomplished the same thing that the older ceremony did for our leaders. It appears to me that Greg needs to know that despite what may have happened to him, his culture has a time-tested way of helping real people help themselves through their shared experiences.

Spirit Capturing

It became a cliché that Native Warriors of the past did not want to have their photograph taken, fearing it might harm their spirit, and make them restless. Yet, that is exactly what I see when I “read” Greg’s photography. Held within the stark and subtle tones and shapes of his images are the unseen forces that he senses when he looks through the viewfinder. In his decisive moments, he captures the essence of those unseen forces, then masterfully represents them to us, to make of them what we will.

He creates a new landscape for us and uses the mnemonics of memory to help us situate ourselves in the landscape. Greg speaks of the profound power he finds in *wordless gestures*, from both the sacred process of Creation, to the profane process of leaving human marks on that sacred landscape.

In some ways this is the most natural affinity for Indigenous people who were raised to speak the language of their colonizers. Our conscious mind is dazed and confused by the “logic” of English; while our subconscious mind continues to seek the sanity and restfulness of Indigenous thought and philosophy. We seek to comprehend our place in the universe, learn to navigate in that place, and then seek to excel in our navigation — be it as artisan, storyteller, speaker, or philosopher.

“The sadness that is felt from the personal loss of the Mohawk language, and the networks defined by culture motivates the recent works to date,” Greg writes to explain the shared pain carried by the post-residential school generation who had their Mother Tongue severed from their mouths. He has no choice but to make his art a wordless gesture, because he does not know how to say what he really means, not being able to think or speak in Mohawk. The loss of heritage languages can create shame, embarrassment, and anger. It is often replaced by swearing, which you can’t do in the Mohawk language. Yet, Greg exhibits a certain kind of grace in not letting those emotions blind him to his own reality.

Greg views his photographs as windows to the mnemonics of his internal memory. Many of them are still private memories and he does not want to share the details of that inner experience, so we are allowed to respond to his mnemonic devices in our own way. However, the purpose of this kind of restorative aesthetic is to recall our own memories,



connections and consternations, and use the Haudenosaunee model of condolence as a vehicle by which we connect to our sources of resiliency. His art transports us inward in order to rethink what it has meant, or what it could mean, but not to be stuck in the past.

Therefore, we find the avenues to our own mystical place to be offered in the wordless gestures of the landscape, often created by the many people who have also visited that landscape. We can derive great personal meaning from their collective action. We can witness culture in action without getting all tied up in interpretative overlay and contradictory meaning that spoken language can create.

Mary Carruthers wrote that a speaker [artist] uses their art to create memory associations that will outlast the presentation:

“Even what we hear must be attached to a visual image. To help recall something we have heard rather than seen, we should attach to their words the appearance, facial expression, and gestures of the person speaking as well as the appearance of the room. The speaker should therefore create strong visual images, through expression and gesture,

which will fix the impression of his words.” [Carruthers, Mary (1990). *The Book of Memory* (first ed.), Cambridge University Press, pp. 94.]

In looking at the works in this exhibition, I could not help but feel that Greg has attached my personal memories to culturally-defined emotions and actions that we share, coming from the same cultural community. Yet, his experiences are very different from mine. We both carry personal archives that may crisscross and allow for shared experiences at their intersections. But we also stand alone in front of his work, looking into the window of our own internal recall.

Ars Memorativa — Art of Memory

British historian Frances A. Yates wrote *The Art of Memory* in 1966 as a history of mnemonic systems. She did not look at Indigenous mnemonic systems, however, the principles she described are appropriate in looking at visual art that deals with personal archives of memory, such as we see in the work of Greg Staats.

Yates noted that for our natural memory to stay viable, we have to prop it up with “artificial memory,” which is centered in a “place easily grasped by the memory, such as a house, an intercolumnar space, a corner, an arch, or the like. Images are forms, marks or simulacra of what we wish to remember.” This creates an “inner memory” which in turn helps us “see” what it is we are trying to communicate.

Think of this as creating a house within which the knowledge to be remembered is located. It becomes deeply embedded in our minds, made strong by these images with which we adorn the house. For Greg, this internal house is his childhood home **and** the communal longhouse of his ancestors. Two structures and two sets of memories. According to Yates, we chose the internal images based upon their aesthetic appeal to us. Thus, the Art of Memory enables us to bridge the microcosm of our thoughts with the macrocosm of the larger world.

Greg has a set of mentally archived images that he finds beauty in, and has worked at carefully placing those icons in visual landscapes that he encounters. He has looked through the lens to seek evidence of other lives in that shared space. He looked at what was left behind by those who moved on; he examined what they left in a slow state of decay; he

brought forward what was usually ignored; and then he walked on, using what he witnessed to stimulate his own memories. Scenes, images and traces of humanity seemed to fit into his own train of thought at the time he took each image, or the time when he assembled his images into sequences.

While Greg takes an image as a stand alone piece, his fascination with the art of memory allows him to also see each image in relation to the others. Like a family photo album, a sequence of images allows the viewer to add meaning to the sequence. People search for recognizable details, yet each reads the image and its relationship to the next in their own way. Greg seeks clarity for himself in what he sees, feels and thinks. He hopes that this creates a conversation with those who are also seeking clarity in their own lives.

Restoring Order

Order, association, repetition and affect are essential aspects of the Art of Memory. A photographer moves the black frame of the viewfinder around until what is seen falls into a visual and mental order. The viewer of the resulting photograph needs a sense of visual orientation that some say is driven by our human nature. We seek to find the meaning in what we see. It has to make “sense” in order for us to mentally acknowledge it and move on. Maybe it is more precise to say that Greg seeks order out of what appears to be chaotic, and finds harmony between natural patterns and constructed realities. He asks us, the viewer, to place ourselves inside that photographic reality and feel the connections that he feels, without the narrative to explain what we are feeling.

Making Associations

What captures his eye is the possible association we may make to what he is seeing. Not that it has to be a universal truth. Rather, he takes what might be idiosyncratic, and subject to individualized interpretation, and allows our own memory associations to generate a communal feeling that we have all been there before, feeling something about the place he has ordered up for us.

He respects that the viewer will enter his works and derive from them

what they also seek, either intuitively or by his gentle guidance that helps focus their attention on his visual keys of the thoughts. In some ways, Greg sees his work as his way of fending off the loss of self. Despite his own legacy of trauma (which we carry), Greg is looking at the strength he can derive from thinking of tradition, of applying ceremonial words to himself.

When he discusses his work, he mentions the importance of a starting point to initiate a chain of recollection, and the way in which that chain serves to stimulate our deeper memories. We can feel a familiarity to the places he presents because of the associations they create in our own recollections. Thus we retain his places in our mind, affected by the stage he has set.

Repetitive Pacing

In high Haudenosaunee culture, intoning of words — being half way between conversation and singing — elevates the message being delivered. At the core of intoning is a verbal rhythm that paces the flow of the words. This pacing is reflected in the sequencing of images by Staats. When viewing his work in sequence, it is the cumulative pacing that helps the viewer become absorbed in the message of the art.

In many ways the “preciousness” of the photographic print draws us in. We are used to seeing hand-held photos. We are used to examining them for recognizable details. We are used to using them to recall memories from our personal archives of our lives. While Greg increases the scale of his photos so that they are no longer hand-holdable, I find that this actually allows more immediate contact with the memory details.

Affecting the Viewer

From Greg’s point of view, the viewer of his work has to do some work exploring the images. If you understand the cultural context from which his work flows, then you will “read” his images at the intoning level (the ceremonial language level). If you don’t understand the cultural context, he feels that there is still a personal experience in whatever context you bring to the images. Even though cultural meaning is important in his personal explorations, his work also deals with the universal experiences that have become our modern lives.

When he looks through the camera, Greg is drawn to things without obvious explanation. Things left behind, layered with meaning, part of an ever changing landscape. Yet, he might feel both connected to that unknown story, and also connected to the intangible spirit of the natural world that lies beyond that surface story.

What might first look like an unnatural juxtaposition of elements — natural and man-made — becomes a new interplay of old forces. Why is it that we can cherish a prehistoric handprint on a cave wall, but decry modern-day graffiti? Why is one considered art and the other a form of vandalism? What makes a city wall so sacred that it should not be tagged?

The Literal Borders

Greg considers his original home at his father's estate as his "safety zone." Although it was only three acres in size, it held a world of wonder, a place of retreat, and a sense of security that the artist still seeks. This makes him wonder about other people's safety zones, and how a place might be experienced, in real time and in our memories.

Greg left his home community with intention. He relocated himself, seeking a safe, distant place. Moving to Toronto is about as far from Ohsweken as you can get ideologically. Each kilometer puts more emotional distance between home and artist.

The photographs he has taken of his first home are part of his internal recall of his "archive" of memories. He is able to take himself back to those places where he once lived, played and rested. Trees served as both sentinels and places of safety. Bush lines served as borders that connected light and dark spaces, places of security and places of danger.

Even as a youth he would leave the reserve and head into town, keeping a visual log of all the "boundary markers" along the way. Each marker still recalls a sense of being within, or outside, a boundary of his family life.

At the same time, the places where he felt safest, at his first childhood home, keep calling him back for a second, third and fourth look. He is compelled to look at those places in his memory and then seek with his camera, the light and shadows that give him a sense of homecoming.

The Psychological Borders

In discussing these photographs with Greg it becomes apparent that he suffered trauma when he was removed from his backyard sanctuary. It also becomes apparent that his work is seeking reconciliation with his own memories, conflicted emotions within himself, and through the lens of the camera, with the places and images that still captivate his heart and mind.

People don't realize the courage it takes to face one's past in such a way. He is not bearing his broken soul, but he is methodically dissecting his past for the precise memories and feelings it can generate, then reaffirming what he finds through his own visual language. He comes across visual clues as he lives in the city that helps him reflect on what his reserve experiences were like. He calls this his Restorative Aesthetic.

Cultural Contortionist

John J. Valadez and Cristina Ibarra, filmmakers who produced *The Last Conquistador*, describe growing up Mexican-American as akin to being "cultural contortionists straddling the literal and psychological borders all around us."

"In the process we saw that many Mexican-Americans were embracing their Indian roots and were calling themselves Chicanos. Others were struggling to disassociate themselves from that aspect of our heritage and were calling themselves Hispanics. It is a joy to be Mexican-American, and we love who we are. But it can also be confounding," they conclude.

This is a perfect way to describe what I know of Greg Staats and what I have seen in his work. By one definition: *One who contorts, especially an acrobat capable of twisting into extraordinary positions*, Greg skillfully walks a tightrope between perceived cultural reality and his real-life experience as an Ongwehonwe (Original Person). This requires a lot of twisting, squirming and transforming to find a place where he fits in comfortably.

By another definition, *a performer who contorts his body for the entertainment of others*, Greg has had to display his contortions in public, through his art and his curatorial point of view, skillfully showing us some

of the highlights, and more skillfully, keeping some of his experiences (good and bad) private. We are “entertained” by his work, his acute sense of observation, his finesse in printmaking, and the emotional tonality that is the undercurrent in all his work. However, it is a profound amusement in that he digs into our hearts and minds with uneasy questions about loss, grief, trauma and fear of being left behind.

Greg deals with death and dying, decaying and transforming, memories and realities, as well as reflections and contemplations. In this way he can gain enough courage to look back at the places of his past, the places where he felt safe and secure, to gain strength to accept the loss of that security net. Along the way, he asks himself: “What does it mean to be Mohawk?”

He, like most of us, was motivated by the 1990 events that unfolded in Kahnawake and Kahnasatake (Oka). For Greg, his seminal work may be the four piece photo series which he took at Akwesasne. Each was given a title, that capsule that era: *positive*, *distinct*, *forward*, and *movement*. As he sought an aesthetic response to Kahnasatake, he was forced to re-immense himself in the landscape of his personal culture.

That led Greg to a new set of questions: “Why was I born in a place such as Ohsweken? What was it that actually happened to him there? How can his experiences help others understand more about themselves?”

To answer these questions, Greg has had to become a verbal/visual contortionist, *a person who twists or warps meaning or thoughts*. Not in the sense of twisting them out of context. Instead it is the art of twisting within the art, and making the art twist around him, so that they can co-exist comfortably. His life, and therefore his photography, are the literal and psychological borders that Valadez and Ibarra talk about.

In 1995 Greg began to explore the relationships between land, nationhood, community and family. He sought an understanding of the underlying connectedness of these elements. Perhaps in that connectedness is a meaningful existence, something to comfort one’s self, and a way to re-organize one’s life, in harmony with that inner connection. It creates a safety net that is strong enough to help people bounce back from loss, accepting change, and moving forward, affected by, and

hopefully enhanced by, the experience of death/loss/grief.

This is why Mohawk Hymns had a certain resonance with Greg along this journey. The tone, rhythm and perceived meaning of the Mohawk words suspend one inside a healing sphere of sound. Yet, it is the self-realization of the feeling of both loss and recovery that makes one resilient. This self-realization then leads to more questions to stimulate our minds to go further:

How did it start?

How does it work?

How great is it?

How do I get some of that?





Auto mnemonic six nations is an installation that, even though set in an urban situation, is easy for me to read. That is because Greg and I have a similar frame of reference. We have been thinking about similar things, contemplating the meaning of similar events. The images are a mnemonic device for me as I can “hear” their message. It might not be as Greg intended, but it feels like home and the ironic contradictions that we grow up with, living as descendants of an ancient society of order within a seemingly lawless era of purposeful neglect.

It also recalls our Condolence in which order is restored to-chaos. The old leaders are like trees. In fact when a chief dies, some will say “Another tree has fallen.” Our Great Law tells us that our leaders are like trees, standing tall, intertwining their roots deep in the ground so as to hold firm the ways of our ancestors.

But every now and then, a seat becomes empty, the leader is gone and we metaphorically see blood on that seat — the stain of loss — that needs to be cleansed through ceremony. This can be seen in the empty

chairs that reoccur in his art as his own intuitive symbol of both the need for cleansing of his losses, and the act of restoration that his work provides.

The temporary coverings of a burnt-out lodge remind me how the “fire” within us diminishes when we suffer loss and grief. We often turn to band-aid fixes rather than get to the root of the problem and fix the passageway. Doors get blocked by door keepers. Cultures die when imprisoned by gatekeepers who won’t let anyone in.

Another tree emerges and we replace the lost one with the hope that peace will continue for one more generation. The tree is our symbol of hope. Trees capture the memory of the land and help define the cultural landscape.

The large monolithic stone in *auto mnemonic six nations* seemed at first to want to have a deeper meaning for me — a *2001: A Space Odyssey*-type message about progress, or the lack of it. However, it turns out that it is simply one of the memory markers of his youth, a standing sign along the ride into town. Seeing it recalls those journeys for him.

A Tree in the Forest

In Greg’s mental archives, a tree stands out. When he was young, this tree was a place of safety that he could climb and get a time out from the world below. The tree was a place of forgiveness.

Greg will readily admit that he has been on a long road of re-discovery and healing for himself. The images he puts forth are visual evidence of his reflective moments along the journey. Since he relies on intuition when he makes images, he does not labor the moment with too much intellectual or emotional baggage. Neither should we.

At the same time, he feels uncomfortable in his own skin, as if the skin holds the memory of the past trauma. Greg therefore wonders: “Who is my body in this world?” He is like a tree growing in the city. It is still a tree with tree functions and tree purposefulness. It might be surrounded by urbanity, but it does not lose its essentialness as a tree.

Natives who self-locate from the reserve to the city are still themselves.

However, there is one thing that is clear from his work and his words.

Greg carries a feeling of solitude, almost a fear, of being left alone, being left behind like many of the objects in his photographs. His search for meaning within his ancestral culture has led him to study the culturally-rich Mohawk language. Like many modern-day Indigenous people who think in English or French, he carries a fear, a horror, of what it would mean to be “language-less.” This also helps to explain his attraction to word-less gestures and deep-seated memory.

It is his hope that the cultural text is a value-added asset for those of the culture. However, he hopes that we seek commonalities rather than differences. Through his art Greg is raising his own voice, not as a representative of a culture, but as an individual who is seeking their own truth and reconciliation within themselves.

As he journeys through his life, be it in the city or back on the reserve, trees therefore hold special memories for him. The tree holds memories. Think of what a 300 year-old tree has witnessed. Think of it passing its memories into the earth through its roots, to intertwine with the memories of other trees and other layers of memory from the people who once held this tree place as he did — a safe zone.

The Edge of His World

The solitary pine at the property line within the image *at the edge of the woods* could be the most overlooked work in the exhibition. You have to know a lot to understand its meaning. The Edge of the Woods is the special cultural space that I discussed earlier. In this image, Greg turns the camera around and now looks back at that space. He is now in the light, open zone of safety and security. We peek back into the darkness of the heavy woods. We cannot see what lies on the other side.

Yet in the middle of this wall of branches are three lighter green boughs hanging out toward us. They appear like the Great Tree of Peace, a tall white pine, with far reaching lower branches that offer us peace, protection and security.

The three “words” of the Great Law are said to be Peace, Strength in Unity, and the Righteousness of the Good Mind. That is what I see in those three branches.

New Directions

Greg’s digital print *tashina general* is a significant change in what he is presenting. Whether you knew her or not, her murder affected the entire Six Nations community which Greg is still part of, despite his residence in Toronto. By taking the press photo of Tashina and digitally manipulating it by inserting into the source code selected phrases from the Condolence Ceremony and from the reports of where she was found, Greg allows the technology to affect the image. In doing so, Greg makes several statements:

The “violence” to the image mimics what happened to her.

Her eyes look at us, rather than us looking at her.

The color shifts resemble chaos replacing order.

The medium is not the message, there is more to her than her murder.

The title, *where submerged bushes tremble* recalls to me the idea that underground there is a whole other world, a world where darkness and danger go hand-in-hand. Intended or not, it fits the image I have of what a spirit of a person must feel when it is first placed in the ground. At a traditional funeral we say that we are placing the body in the living arms of the Mother Earth for safekeeping. Tashina was buried in a shallow grave in a desperate attempt to cover-up her murder. She was the trembling bush that was pushed below the surface.

The Message of the Cane

At first, the silkscreen work *new spaces* seemed so out of character with Greg’s body of work. Not only was the technique quite different from what I had grown to expect, the jumble of images produced a new kind of visual chaos.

However, when I examined the work more closely, the tangle of images began to sort themselves out. In the 1920s, men at Grand River began to make a special wooden cane that was to be used in the Condolence Ceremony. To help them recall the titles bestowed upon our male leaders (Chiefs) the cane is divided into five alternating sections. In each of these sections are a series of small wooden pegs that represent the fifty titles of the Haudenosaunee leaders. Underneath each of these

pegs is a small pictograph that serves as a mnemonic device so that the speaker/singer can remember the titles in order.

In addition, when one chief dies, that peg is removed to represent the vacant seat that must be filled. Thus the Condolence Ceremony is intended to complete the roster of chiefs once more. Greg took those pictographs and overlaid them in order to create a new space of multiple layers of titles. I'm not sure he meant it, but it does remind me of the jumble we have inherited, with duplicate titles that we never intended to be so, borrowed titles from clan to clan, and contested title holders. We are no longer of one mind on who is a "condoled" leader, who holds their proper titles and what the Great Law instructs us to do to resolve these matters. Yet, this work creates new shapes caused by the overlaying, creating new spaces, thereby suggesting new avenues within an older structured format of the permanent Chief's titles. It creates room for the past to recreate itself, as if it is seeking to survive change.

We also are wrestling with conflicting definitions of who is Haudenosaunee and who is not. We have many people within our society who don't have a clan and are often ostracized by proponents of the Great Law of Peace which is premised on equality, fairness and respect. One of



the ironic contradictions I spoke of earlier. But like our real struggle, *new spaces*, has beauty in its randomness. It makes you want to reach in and begin to lay out the symbols in their right order — to restore sanity.

People of the Longhouse

In 1951, one year after I was born, the National Film Board of Canada made a film titled *Longhouse People*. It was only twenty three minutes long, but it had a lot of scenes about the life of traditional people at Grand River. Despite being staged, the film showed various cultural events that have remained important to the Haudenosaunee.

Greg took stills from that film and created a six-image tableau. He selected images of people with their heads bowed. Are they grieving loss? Are they looking to the earth for healing? No matter what his intent, the act of lowering one's head creates a visual rhythm.

The title helps us understand this work, *six nations condolence*. The first image is of a man walking, recalling the part of the ceremony in which a singer walks to the mourners, singing a special healing song. It is very solemn but strangely uplifting to hear his words. From a time when everything seems scattered, we gather together the thoughts and wishes of our ancestors to restore the Great Law.

The two parties meet at the metaphorical zone called the Edge of the Woods. The speaker talks about being beside the Thorny Bushes and a ceremony takes place whereby those travelling to the mourners are greeted and refreshed from the journey "through the dense woods." Those who are travelling will also clear the tears, ears and throat of the mourners so that they can fully participate and be affected by what is about to take place.

The "edge of the woods" concept becomes a recurring image in Greg's work. He has sought that place in his own life, where we transition from darkness into the light, where we survive the travails of life to arrive at a place of understanding and fulfilment. To Greg, this is a place of completeness, where he will be accepted, welcomed and take his rightful place with others. It is a journey that many Native People have been on ever since the first child was whisked away to residential school.

The third image in this sequence is the uplifting of the mind that takes

place. The burden of grief is uplifted, like a weight off your shoulders. This is where the first three strings of wampum are used to wipe away the tears of grief so that you can see how beautiful the world really is; to remove the blockage in your hearing so that you can hear the loving words shared for your benefit; and the blockages in your throat are removed so that you regain your voice and can nourish yourself again.

The old longhouse is the place of completeness. The house is put back in order through this ceremony. Death that had been stalking the house is chased away and the new day brings a new life.

The image of people harvesting the corn reminds me of the meal that is served at the end of the condolence. The chiefs serve food to the people. At all other times, the chiefs eat first. On this occasion, however, to express their thankfulness, they deliver food to each person in the longhouse. The image also reminds me of how the life cycle continues because of the Condolence.

The last image of the empty bench against the empty wall looks like a classic abstract expressionist painting. In its stillness is movement. There is order, not chaos. There is serenity in the peaceful placement of the elements of the longhouse. If you recall what I mentioned about looking at a space and seeing what people leave behind, this image then speaks of order, discipline and simplicity. The restoration has taken place.

"I assembled these images in sequence very intuitively and obviously unconsciously," states Greg about this work, yet when I saw it, I could not help but see the old logic in what he was doing, as if the film stills had their own memory and were guiding his placement to create new natural spaces for themselves to exist. The inner message of the image was reset by Greg's initial selection of the images as well as the new sequencing that he gave them. He has thought about the Condolence so much that it is now part of his intuition.

Healing Journey

Greg Staats has been on a healing journey during which he uses his art for momentary pauses on that journey. These pauses allow him to reflect on what he has experienced and how he feels about those experiences, and to make art which reaffirms his understanding of himself.

His preoccupation with the Condolence as a time-tested form of healing and regeneration is the spring board that allows him to jump ahead on that healing journey. Knowing that we have such a great tradition of healing and restoration gives Greg the courage to move forward. Honouring that tradition in his work is the way in which he makes the "medicine" of Condolence work for him. He is not a title-holder who would actually participate in the Condolence Ceremony. However, he is the beneficiary of the words, actions and images of the Condolence.

In a world torn by bitter strife, war and murder, the focus on internal healing might seem selfish. However, the Peacemaker told our ancestors that unless we heal ourselves and remove the sources of our burden of grief, we will always turn to violence to solve our problems. Instead, he asked us to use the power of our minds to create, maintain and spread peace.

I draw great strength from Greg and his work to create this zone of healing not just at the edge of the woods, but at the edge of the world where we engage each other. I am enriched to be able to stand in that zone he has created with his work, and can feel the healing capacity of our ancestors.

In the end, Greg Staats appears to be seeking what we all seem to want — some recognition that he matters and an acceptance that what he has to offer could have application to others who are purposefully wandering and intuitively practicing the art of memory.

Richard (Rick) W. Hill, Sr. is an independent curator working from his home base at Six Nations Territory along the Grand River. He served as Assistant Director for Public Programs at the National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institution; Museum Director, Institute of American Indian Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico; and Manager, Indian Art Centre, Department of Indian and Northern Affairs, Ottawa, ON. He studied Fine Art Photography at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and holds a Master's Degree in American Studies from SUNY at Buffalo.