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Alone on the Snow, Alone on the Beach: "A Global Sense of Place" in *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain*

JESSICA L. HORTON

An Anishinaabe artist bound and gagged on the steps of a fortress in Havana; the voices of Haida elders in a theater in Stuttgart; scenes of Lakota displacement in the Sydney Museum of Contemporary Art: in contemporary art biennales and film festivals, representations by and about Native North Americans circulate far outside the boundaries of any single community or nation.[1] The transnational life of recent art and film has in turn provoked a debate about how to conceptualize indigenous places—and the role of place more generally—amid global conditions of transit and flux. Two particularly evocative scenes, both rendered in digital video, emerge at the frontlines of this consideration:

> *An endless expanse of snow and melting ice. A naked man runs, with three other men in pursuit. Shaky, hand-held close-ups reveal his feet slapping against the ice, his laboring torso and face shining with sweat. Along the way he splashes through puddles, slips, falters, and rights himself. Long shots of his tiny, lonely figure against the vastness of white snow are accompanied by the sounds of didgeridoos, flutes, shouts, and heavy breathing. The chase ends with his impossible slow-motion leap through the air across a fissure in the ice; his figure recedes until it is all but swallowed by a glistening horizon of snow and bright light.*

And

> *A deserted industrial beach. Piles of discarded wood burst spontaneously into brilliant flames against a dreary sky. A woman struggles against the waves with an unknown burden, her desperate thrashings breaking the frame of the camera as it slowly pans close to her anguished body. The soundtrack captures her exasperated grunting and the wild splashing of water. In the wide shot that follows, she advances toward the camera carrying a bucket; the dull gray of the ocean stretches to infinity behind her frame. As she heaves the content of the bucket at the camera, the landscape disappears and her face stares through a streaming veil of crimson.*

Much of the visceral power of these scenes comes from their staging of struggles between fragile bodies and immense, overpowering places. Detailed shots of flesh and muscles in contact with tactile substances such as water and ice transition to images of small figures pitted against the immensity of tundra and ocean. Despite such evocations of embodiment and locality, we can read both scenes as dramas of *dis*placement. Marking the climax of a narrative based on an ancient Inuit legend, Atanarjuat, the hero of the globally popular feature film *Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner* (2001), directed by Inuit filmmaker Zacharias Kunuk, journeys ever farther from the warm confines of his community, entering a state of precarious, involuntary exile on the ice. Likewise, the lone body of Anishinaabe artist Rebecca Belmore is precariously poised in a zone of transition, between land and sea in South Vancouver (where the video was shot) as well as at the crossroads of the Venice Biennale, an international travel destination for nomadic artists and their audiences, who encountered *Fountain* in the Canadian Pavilion in 2005. In addition to their transnational lives as objects, both works have additional homes on the internet, where they are available on demand to distant audiences.[2] Senses of emplacement and displacement are simultaneously present as an uneasy tension at the level of the works' contents, forms, and contexts of address.

Building on an existing body of criticism of these works, I offer a detailed analysis of *Atanarjuat*'s and *Fountain*'s respective visions of place by focusing on their mobility, both as "moving images" in a cinematographic sense and as objects that have circulated globally. On the one hand, my aim to put *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* in conversation with one another is complicated by their conditions as narrative feature-length film and video art—conditions that cause them to function quite differently as aesthetic objects and to circulate in separate, though intersecting, institutional contexts. Notwithstanding these important distinctions (which will be considered in more detail in the following sections), film and video art participate in a

global circuit of objects and images that enter the perceptual field of diverse audiences far from home. More importantly for my argument, *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* share a concern with human experiences of place and attendant Native epistemologies, as well as with the potential for sound and moving images to explore how these issues are currently in dialogue with global processes.

Focusing on their spatial concerns, I position *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* as significant contributions to a growing interdisciplinary conversation that queries the place of Native North American identity and cultural production under conditions of transnationalism.[3] What are the contours of this debate? For many Native and non-Native people, the descriptor *indigenous* conjures up values such as rootedness in place, maintenance of tight-knit communities, and continuity in spiritual and cultural practices. Despite both a scholarly and popular focus on processes of hybridization and transculturation in recent decades, proponents of ongoing decolonization efforts in the Americas frequently assert the importance of establishing indigenous subjects' autonomy from colonizing processes. Native-led projects involve overtly political components such as land and repatriation claims, the revitalization of language, spirituality and material culture, and related practices of *visual sovereignty* that involve deconstructing and reclaiming representations of Native peoples generated by non-Natives.[4] Here some borders appear to be necessary in order to support the decolonizing process of asserting indigenous rights to both material and intellectual goods. How, then, do such concerns compete with the "logic" of globalization, conceived as the crossing of cultural, economic, and geographical boundaries in late capitalism?[5] Recognizing that contemporary global relations are profoundly shaped by former and continuing colonial formations, can Native subjects simultaneously participate in transnational processes, remain critical of their colonial dimensions, and continue to form and maintain deep local attachments? How do Native cultural producers visualize these dilemmas?

As the contributors to the recent volume *Indigenous Cosmopolitans: Transnational and Transcultural Indigeneity in the Twenty-First Century* make clear, binaries that contrast indigeneity with the "global" are themselves colonial constructions. In the introduction, Maximilian C. Forte borrows from recent theorizations of "vernacular" and "rooted cosmopolitanism" to argue that forms of translocal and transnational connectivity were present between indigenous communities in the Americas long before their contact with Europeans.[6] Forte's long view of history is a useful starting point for considering indigenous cultures as potential sources for conceptualizing transnational processes, rather than inert systems under attack by globalization. Still, in attempting to resolve the seeming conceptual contradictions between indigeneity and cosmopolitanism once and for all, Forte perhaps presents *too* benign of a picture. Actual case studies, in the book and elsewhere, reveal ongoing battles over borders and meanings. Thus they highlight that definitions of indigeneity are changeable and require significant historical nuance. This is brought to the fore in another recent text, *Mapping the*

Americas: The Transnational Politics of Contemporary Native Culture, in which Shari M. Huhndorf analyzes the political dynamics of post-1980s literary and visual production in Canada and the United States. She explores the ways in which transnational political forces have challenged and at times undermined Native assertions of sovereignty. Huhndorf does justice to the complexity of these dynamics by simultaneously considering how a recent focus on transnationalism has created a discursive space for critiquing the patriarchial and colonialist ideologies that have too often informed articulations of indigenous nationalism.[7]

It is my contention that *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* likewise move an indigenous politics of place beyond the presumed boundaries of the local. Furthermore, I demonstrate that considering scenes from the two works side-by-side underscores the degree to which their considerations of place dispense with any presumed polarity of Native/non-Native and local/global concerns.[8] Their concerns resonate with historian of contemporary art Miwon Kwon's recent call for new modes of conceptualizing "locational identity" that neither uncritically celebrate, nor hide from, the mobility that characterizes contemporary life.[9] They likewise echo the words of Standing Rock Sioux author Vine Deloria, Jr., who argued some thirty years earlier for the transformative power of Native place-senses on a globe shaped by ecological disasters and warfare. Deloria writes, "Spatial thinking requires that ethical systems be related directly to the physical world and real human situations, not abstract principles [that] are believed to be valid at all times and under all circumstances."[10] *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* participate in such spatial thinking, anchored in images of human bodies interacting with concrete places. Nonetheless, each works outward from these specificities to make ethical demands on its global viewers. How is such a fluid changing of scales achieved? In what ways do *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* work outside of traditional place definitions—those that see place as a reactionary bastion of authenticity trapped in perpetual resistance to the homogeneity of "global space"—to offer up notions of places that are dynamic, relational, and open to political transformation? I am convinced that answers can be found within the layered quality of landscapes and soundscapes that has permitted their diverse and contradictory readings as spiritually coded topographies, sublime or problematic universals, ecological crisis-zones, articulations of Native sovereignty, and forms of exilic poetry.

Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner

Atanarjuat's sprint across the ice to the pounding of drums and muttering of didgeridoos is memorable not only for its visual splendor and emotional intensity; it is one of few sequences in the film when something definitively *happens*. As numerous critics have noted, the nearly three-hour-long feature, filmed in a remote community of present-day Nunavut, Canada, and featuring dialogue in Inuktitut with subtitles, requires patience from viewers attuned to the fast pacing and nonstop sound and

image barrage typical of popular cinema. Inuit actors untie sleds, prepare meat, and shave ice blocks for countless long, silent takes. Dialogue and music are extremely spare. Dances and rituals, for all their visual and aural richness, provide additional challenges for uninitiated viewers because their cultural meanings, as well as their place in the film's larger narrative, often remain opaque.

Michelle H. Raheja argues that the film's unique chronotype articulates "visual sovereignty," wherein the filmmakers reject ethnographic modes of documenting Inuit life as an object of knowledge by and for outsiders.[11] Based on an Inuit oral legend set in a time before European arrival to the Arctic, the film is read as a tool for recovering and disseminating indigenous histories and lifeways in a contemporary community long shaped by colonial relations. Significantly, Inuit people conceived and realized the project under the auspices of Canada's first Inuit-run independent production company, Igloolik Isuma Productions (Isuma), founded by Kunuk and others in 1990. Former vice president Paul Apak Angilirq wrote the original screenplay in Inuktitut. Norman Cohn, Isuma's only non-Inuit cofounder, directed the cinematography and wrote the English version of the screenplay. Isuma's grassroots, democratic approach to filmmaking involved lengthy consultation with elders about correctness of cultural forms as well as horizontal decision-making practices that sought community input. It also provided financial help to a community suffering from a more than 60% unemployment rate—according to Faye Ginsburg, more than one hundred members of the town of Igloolik were employed during the making of the film, adding $1.5 million to the local economy.[12] Not coincidentally, the filming began in 1999, following the momentous founding of Nunavut as the first territory governed by indigenous people in Canada. *Atanarjuat* can be read as complementing the region's newfound political status by simultaneously laying claim to Inuit intellectual property, its modes of representation, and its economic rewards.[13]

In light of its successful global marketing scheme and scores of film-festival wins, any reading that valorizes *Atanarjuat* as a purely "local" form of resistance is problematic. This would place *Atanarjuat* at the center of a profound paradox, circulating globally as a mobile signifier of what Lucy Lippard has termed "the lure of the local."[14] The fullest articulation of this position has been put forth by Russell Meeuf, who critiques the film for "failing to account for the complex relationship of the local and the global."[15] *Atanarjuat*'s legend of good and evil, set in an imaginary Inuit past before European contact, is read by Meeuf (among others) as an allegory for the destructive effects of colonialism. It posits, by way of a solution, a return to Inuit sovereignty, language, and tradition. As such, Meeuf argues, it is a narrative of resistance that relies too heavily on primitivist nostalgia, putting forth a view of untouched Inuit traditions and landscape that can be passively consumed by a global marketplace obsessed with difference and exoticism. Meeuf finds further evidence for the film's failure to self-consciously evade the trap of the primitivist global marketplace in the delight critics took in both its "timeless" portrayal of difference and its "universal" lessons for humanity. The same independent storytelling that

Raheja interpreted as a form of "visual sovereignty" is thus rendered problematic in Meeuf's account. He concludes that there is a "disjuncture between Atanarjuat's status as a politically engaged act of local resistance and a multicultural fetish object within the global marketplace" (742). Huhndorf reaches a similar conclusion in her chapter on *Atanarjuat*, stating that the film's dependence on "a global visibility . . . threatens to mute nationalist arguments for autonomy"—a tension, she argues, that is self-consciously addressed by the filmmaker in *The Journals of Knud Rasmussen* (2006), the second, and less popular, film in the Fast Runner trilogy.[16]

While accepting the outlines of this problem, I wish to reorient the discussion of *Atanarjuat* away from its rigid terms to consider alternative visual and aural approaches to working through local and global commitments. While discussions of *Atanarjuat* have involved excellent, detailed research into elements of the film's production, its historical and discursive contexts, and its reception with global audiences, very little has actually been said about the film as an *object*. Meeuf's and Huhndorf's arguments, for example, rest less on detailed unpacking of the film's narrative and aesthetic qualities than on analyses of its production and reception. In particular, I resist repeating the widespread allegorical reading of *Atanarjuat*'s narrative of strangers and exile as a moral tale about the evils of colonialism. While such an interpretation is persuasive, it has too often functioned as a kind of one-liner that at once summarizes the film's critical intervention and prohibits further watching/reading. It is as if the terms of *Atanarjuat*'s engagement were decided long in advance, while widespread textual evidence of both its successes and failures further rendered any viewing of the film ancillary to the debate. The allegorical reading tells us nothing, for example, about how the film is shaped by creative camerawork and its visceral effects. Nor what kind of experiential world is conjured by the peculiar aural landscapes of Australian didgeridoos and Bulgarian choruses that suddenly break with the ambient soundtrack. Nor, finally, how all that snow and ice comes to be more than just a passive backdrop for the film's astounding lack of action. It is my goal to recover some of *Atanarjuat*'s complexity as a layered visual and aural text that has been lost in the film's literature thus far. I turn now to a detailed consideration of *Atanarjuat*'s sequences of travel, where I will argue that music and imagery offer a different sort of accounting for the "complex relationship of the local and the global."[17]

Atanarjuat's legendary sprint across the ice dwells in great length on images and sounds of travel that may have slipped past, unheeded, elsewhere in the film. As the climax of the film's action, the sequence splinters the narrative, formerly focused on events inside the community space, into multiple locales. The scene follows on an emotionally intense passage in which Atanarjuat's rival, Oki, joined by his two sidekicks, attempts to spear Atanarjuat and his beloved brother, Amaqjuaq, to death while they are sleeping in their tent. Atanarjuat escapes unscathed and begins running for his life. Just prior to the chase sequence, we witness the women in the family returning from camp to find Amaqjuaq's bloody body. Their anguished

mourning, to the wailing of bittersweet flutes, provides a break in the action long enough for viewers to register the impact of this significant turn of events. With Amaqjuaq's death and Oki's ascent to unrivaled leadership, the community of Igloolik appears doomed to ongoing cycles of violence and hatred. Any hope for redemption lies solely with Atanarjuat's survival. His sprint, with Oki and conspirators close behind, is thus an intensely emotional culmination of the growing tensions between characters in the film. Significantly, this climax takes place in a widening gap between home and elsewhere.

As Atanarjuat breaks free of the fallen tent, another protagonist enters the action: the land itself. Stripped of his protective clothing, Atanarjuat's nude body is at the mercy not only of Oki's spears but of the frozen tundra. It is springtime, and the ice is beginning to melt; huge puddles of water are barriers that slow down the pursuit, causing the characters to slip, falter, and occasionally fall. Yet these same puddles provide Atanarjuat with water to quench his thirst, cupped hastily in his hands as he glances over one shoulder to watch Oki draw near. Near the end of the chase, an enormous uncrossable crack in the melting ice would seem to ensure Atanarjuat's entrapment and death; yet with the help of a shaman, he is able to sail across to safety. A kind of solidarity between our hero and the land seems further concretized as Oki slides into this same crack, immersed up to his neck in frozen water. Throughout *Atanarjuat*, the land and its vicissitudes are intimately tied to the human characters' bodily and spiritual survival. Atanarjuat's run is but one significant instance of the film's greater preoccupation with human–place interactions, which emerge as dynamic forces sculpting individuals and their community. In other words, the land is not merely a physical topography or an "inert container" for the film's action; it is a *place* in the sense that it is socially shaped, spiritually personified, and layered with meanings.[18] How, then, is this important element portrayed?

I identify at least three overlapping senses of place that are conveyed throughout this sequence. The first I will refer to as *corporeal*. Close-ups of Atanarjuat's bare feet slapping against the melting ice as water droplets fly through the air produce an image of acute sensory discord—the warmth and softness of flesh colliding with a hard, slippery, unrelentingly cold plane. I suggest that this detailed vignette serves to awaken bodily memories in the viewer of analogous fleshly encounters. In other words, such corporeal senses of place allow for a sympathetic alignment of bodies on film with bodies in real-time viewing space. Close miking of loud panting and smacking sounds accompanies images of Atanarjuat's laboring body, further collapsing the distance between the body of the viewer and the character.[19] Furthermore, sounds of bodily contact and evocative images of naked flesh colliding with ice encourage identification with a body *in* a place—one composed of real, felt physical substances. This "sense of place" is immediate, physical, and can be unconsciously experienced by the viewer.

The second sense of place is *cultural*. As Oki pauses on the ice, panting, he shouts to his friends, "he is trapped by the crack! He can't get away." At this

moment, the viewer is alerted that the seemingly undifferentiated landscape of snow and melted puddles is, for the Inuit characters, familiar and infinitely varied terrain. No longer a haphazard journey into the unknown, Atanarjuat's sprint intersects with the specificity of a place known intimately by its inhabitants. Nor is this knowledge of a purely geographical nature. Oki's statement supports my suggestion that the land is accorded its own special agency—it can push back against the characters, help them or "trap" them. It is known, yet unpredictable, changing seasonally but also according to its own particular whims. Even as Atanarjuat is confronted by an impossible expanse of water that seems to ensure his death by Oki's spear, a mysterious voice suddenly pierces the air to change his course. "Over here!" it calls. A human-like figure materializes, waving Atanarjuat on. In a superhuman leap, guided more by faith than physical certainty, Atanarjuat clears the fissure and is miraculously spared. A sense of place as culturally and spiritually potent, a collectively known geography that is nonetheless shaped by unseen, unexpected forces that can occasionally take physical form, begins to emerge. In keeping with the opaqueness of the rest of the film, here the viewer is privy only to select manifestations of cultural knowledge. While the camera makes the spirit-voice visually manifest, this image alerts us to a far more complex world of beliefs and powers at work in the land, sensed but largely inaccessible to those viewing the film from outside the culture.

The third sense I will call *metaphysical* insofar as it marks a departure from the corporeal realism and cultural boundedness of the previous two senses. This sense is conveyed in part through the profoundly disorienting camerawork that attends images of travel. A handheld camera circles around Atanarjuat's moving figure, providing jolting, tilting images of cut-off torsos or legs that at moments depart completely from the sense of gravity and uprightness that grounds human bodies in real space. In these instances, to identify with the body of the on-screen character is to lose perspective, entering a spatial void. Cropped close-ups are cut with long, fixed shots of Atanarjuat and his pursuers moving through the land, either toward the camera or horizontally across the screen. These images, for all their contrasting stillness, are disorienting in yet another way. The pale, muted tones of the snow-covered earth frequently bleed into the sky, so that the horizon line all but disappears. At other times, this line becomes starkly abstract, as in a painting by Barnett Newman, or sky and earth are transformed into adjacent color fields, as in a Mark Rothko canvas. In the English version of the original Inuktitut screenplay, Cohn describes the transition between abstract and concrete in these terms: "SILENT. Huge. As far as we can see, a blue and white sky mirrors shimmering blue pools on the endless white ice. At first, a loss of scale . . . an abstract painting. Then our view orients to the vastness of this landscape: it is the sea, only solid, the distant grey horizon is the mainland. . . . DESCEND SLOWLY AND BLEED IN SOUNDS of running, splashing, heavy laboured breathing. Gradually we pick out four black specks barely moving toward a curved black line."[20] In the final version of the film, images vacillate between long, medium, and close-up shots, human figures alternately recede and

approach the camera, and real-time sound is layered with music. Thus there is no absolute divide between intimate and abstract scales. Nonetheless, the appearance of muted color fields, punctuated by "specks" and "lines," moves away from the concreteness and cultural specificity of the previous two senses of place. This third sense of place evokes the mixed euphoria and terror provoked by what lies beyond known horizons. In Western aesthetic philosophy, the experience of an object without form or limit is considered *sublime*.[21] The materiality of a surface gives way to the infinite depth of a metaphysical void. As the figures that people *Atanarjuat*'s landscapes come into focus and assume detail, we regain some sense of scale—one that nonetheless can overwhelm us, given their seemingly fragile position in such a vast world. This affect is perhaps most powerful as the chase ends in abstraction. Atanarjuat's tiny figure is nearly swallowed from view by the sheer brilliance of light and snow, evoking the ambivalence of a radically uncertain future.

The sprint sequence is the most memorable of *Atanarjuat*'s numerous images of transit. Yet vignettes of departure, arrival, and return drive the entire narrative trajectory of the film. Through these comings and goings, daily life is disrupted, challenged, and, eventually, renewed. The cause of Atanarjuat's sprint into exile can be traced back to the opening of shot of the film. A dusky shot of figures on ice and the howl of dogs announce the arrival of a mysterious stranger from "up North" to Igloolik, who will wield deadly power and disrupt the leadership of the community. Elsewhere in the film, Atanarjuat makes love to Puja in a cold storm far from home, marking the beginning of a relationship that ultimately tears apart his family. Oki murders his father on the ice and rapes Atuat while she picks purple blossoms away from the community. Atanarjuat's wounds also heal on the same vivid tundra, beneath a blue sky filled with white birds whose flight seems to connect him to memories of loved ones dearly missed. His triumphant return to Igloolik is later announced by images of his dog team traveling across the ice. Simultaneously connecting and separating the characters, the Arctic expanse is a liminal zone of contact, flux, and change. On the ice, cultural taboos appear to be suspended, creating openings for both traumatic encounters and healing powers. Again we have moved beyond mere geographic space. As the expansive landscape in *Atanarjuat* merges with the potentially limitless space of the metaphysical, characters grapple with dangerous, transformative, and profoundly uncertain forces that reshape them and their communities—for better or for worse.

The almost exclusive pairing of music with images of travel heightens this sense of a limitless horizon and connects it to notions of the global. Punctuating the silence or gentle ambient sounds that occupy most of *Atanarjuat*'s soundtrack, music becomes an intensely emotional, positive presence in these passages. Its style is in stark contrast to the largely instrument-free Inuit ritual and leisure songs that are filmed within the community space of Igloolik. It is, literally, a global mélange of sounds. The airy sweetness of Native American flutes, the stylized staccato of Australian didgeridoos, gravelly Tuvan throat-singing, and the peculiarly dissonant

chorales of the internationally famous Bulgarian Voices are some of the key players.[22] In contrast to the rough documentary style by which seemingly "real time" sound is captured elsewhere in the film, this highly stylized soundtrack communicates both the sophistication of an outside recording industry and marked vocal and instrumental differences indicating foreign indigenous musical traditions. The listener is thereby drawn, with the characters, outside of confines of Inuit culture in which the majority of the film takes place, into an aural space where difference and strangeness are encountered and negotiated. Paired with spatially disorienting landscapes, music creates pathways out of one remote locale to open up connections to others. Such metaphysical senses of place posit a horizon without limits, opening onto the abstract space of the global and inviting both its dangers and its possibilities.

Have we stumbled on one of the exoticizing tropes that gave the film's critics such trouble? Highly abstract, aestheticized landscapes and global "ethnic" music would seem to invite, even participate in, the projection of fantasies onto the "uncluttered backdrop or canvas" of the land.[23] As Sophie McCall has described, the assumed "timeless and spaceless existence" of the Inuit permits the specificity of their culture to be abstracted into universal subject matter, available for outsider consumption and appropriation (25). Arnold Krupat likewise expresses his reservation that contemporary audiences "respond to the film's production of the beautiful as a purely formal matter, giving rise to an experience at best to be contemplated or else simply consumed."[24] Although none of the film's critics address at length the use of non-Inuit music, its presence could easily be assimilated into an argument about exotic and ahistorical abstractions, lending itself to a kind of pan-ethnic celebration of "otherness."

To reach such a conclusion, I contend that the viewer must select single images from the filmic stream and freeze them into inert canvases. Experienced as montage of images and layers of sound, *Atanarjuat*'s travel sequences vacillate between the three senses of place that I outline above. As bouncing, tilted torsos and limbs threaten to enter a placeless white void, a steady camera relocates human figures on the plane where earth meets sky. As those distant horizons begin to melt into Rothkoesque abstractions, a close-up of bloody feet and spraying water reasserts the primacy of physical matter. The layered soundtrack closes even this temporal gap. As Atanarjuat runs, we hear heavy breathing and slapping footsteps alongside drums, tambourines, flutes, and didgeridoos, providing concrete corporeal identification even as the imagination wanders. The music pauses to make way for dialogue—always in Inuktitut with subtitles—where the voices of both "real" and supernatural characters travel across space, make contact with others, and communicate relational networks based in cultural protocols and reservoirs of knowledge. Such negotiations between concrete, embodied experience, specialized cultural knowledge, and abstract, metaphysical unknowns begin to confuse the essentialism of these terms. Rooted in images of Nunavut's present-day lands, these

passages articulate a more flexible model for viewing human subjectivity and place as dynamic, entwined processes.

The multilayered senses of place that I have described can be further elaborated in the context of film and video's unique capacity for montage. Their effect is more than just the accumulation of two or more elements; it is a still unnamable "other" that media artist and theorist Hito Steyerl has described as "something different between and outside these two, which would not represent a compromise, but would instead belong to a different order."[25] Steyerl's understanding of montage offers a way out of the stasis of discrete, fixed identity (one reinforced by two-term oppositional binaries) in favor of the openness, movement, and change. We might consider how this conception of montage as producing something beyond mere addition works against a dichotomous spatial imaginary that tends to see place as "closed, coherent, integrated . . . meaningful, lived, and everyday," in contrast to empty, abstract, homogenous, global space.[26] Doreen Massey criticizes a prevalent conception of place as linked to a presumed stasis of identity—lifeways firmly grounded in continuity and tradition, protected by boundaries that stave off difference and change. Global space, in contrast, is construed as enabling a radically cosmopolitan subjectivity—open, unbounded, endlessly malleable. Massey insists that neither of these modes is adequate to a conception of personal or political agency; the first is rendered inert by stasis, the second by perpetual uncertainty. What happens, she asks, if we were to instead envision places, in all their uniqueness, situated on the indeterminate horizons of the global? Places with futures that are firmly tied to their social and historical specificities, but which are also open to the unexpected—and hence to the possibility and necessity of political change—because of their connections to other people and places? Such rooted indeterminacy is captured in Massey's intentionally oxymoronic phrase, "a global sense of place."[27]

The situated indeterminacy arising from *Atanarjuat*'s montage is first and foremost an effect of the film's aesthetic arrangement on a viewer. I have described *Atanarjuat*'s sprint sequence as comprised of a layered soundtrack and images that vacillate between utter abstraction and physical and cultural forms of embodiment—sounds and images that can be mapped, roughly, onto traditional notions of global space and local place. However much these elements are interwoven on-screen through editing techniques that privilege the back-and-forth of montage, the work of reconciling these different scales can only occur in the mind and body of the viewer. Indeterminacy, in this sense, is not merely a piece of the drama unfolding on-screen; it is also an appeal to the viewer to become an active participant in the construction of meaning. Thus, as the highly local and particular place of Igloolik is shown, cinematically, to be open to an unpredictable outside, it is simultaneously made to open onto *our* world, in the separate space-time of viewing. Montage, in the context of this local/global dialectic, is the precondition for an ethical form of viewership. It is important, however, that such an engagement ultimately transcend affect, i.e.,

excitement and disorientation immediately provoked by rapidly unfolding images. A more robust appeal to ethics must further involve a more profound sense of the political and historical stakes of *Atanarjuat*'s tale.

Such a transition is enabled by tracing the uncertainty conveyed through montage into the greater events and themes of the film. While Atanarjuat mends in a community far from home, we watch his wife Atuat struggle as a community outcast, scarcely able to feed herself and her child. This precariousness is extended to the whole community when the evil Oki murders his father and assumes leadership of the town. Throughout this split narrative, music and imagery continue to link disparate geographies and experiences. The recovering Atanarjuat is shown limping across the tundra newly drenched in bloom, holding the hand of a child that is not his own. Their figures are dwarfed against a deep blue expanse of sky and vivid purple earth, accompanied by wind instruments and the mournful vocals of the internationally recognized choir, the Bulgarian Voices. The camera suddenly cuts to an image of a placeless white bird against an expanse of blue sky, soaring as if held aloft by the duet of male and female voices. The music then bridges scenes as the camera cuts to Atuat. Leaving her own child with relatives, she heads alone onto the tundra to gather purple blossoms. Again we see the image of a white bird; the music abruptly stops and its ominous cries fill the air. Atuat's face, reflected in a pool of water against a backdrop of blue sky, becomes shadowed by ominous figures of Oki and his two henchmen, who subsequently rape her. Husband and wife are here shown to be a split family, torn by exile; the child clasping Atanarjuat's hand is but a temporary surrogate for his own small son back home. The images of the placeless white bird and soaring music function to transcend this geographic distance, enabling the viewer to imagine that the characters are in psychic proximity despite an impossible separation of bodies. Yet the cold, physical realism of ensuing rape serves as a harsh reminder that Atanarjuat's absence has more than just emotional consequences for his wife and his child.

Embedded in *Atanarjuat*'s legend of exile, a larger question emerges about the role of family and community responsibilities in a world where choices point to an open, not inevitable, future. The good-natured and peaceful Atanarjuat faces a painful choice in risking his life to return to Igloolik and face Oki's spear. But rather than unmooring him from the ties of place and identity, Atanarjuat's life away from home is permeated by memories and dreams of distant loved ones. Here he reaffirms his commitments as an active decision that in turn bolsters his sense of determination and strength. Mended in body and spirit, the formerly reticent protagonist prepares for the difficult journey home. Thus it is in and through the horizons of uncertainty that the specificities of place are reasserted as the locus of ethical engagement in *Atanarjuat*.

Rather than viewing the film exclusively as an allegory for colonialism, we might consider how *Atanarjuat* envisions place as an ongoing process of change and renewal that accounts for the significance of its relations to other places and

peoples. In this larger frame, the violent ruptures of colonial histories might be seen as a dark but not conclusive chapter of an ongoing narrative of place—one that, as Huhndorf suggests, is detailed far more explicitly in *The Journals of Knud Rasmussen*.[28] Of immediate relevance to the political subtext of *Atanarjuat* are the present-day struggles of Nunavut, Canada's only indigenously governed territory and a locale that, for all its geographic remoteness, is in the global eye. As McCall has discussed, Zacharias Kunuk has spoken publicly about the failure of Nunavut to support local cultural projects such as Igloolik Isuma Productions, even as its trust fund has investments in Coca Cola and other corporations at the frontlines of a global market. His earlier documentary production, *Nipi (Voice)* (1999), critically examines the fraught conditions of governance in which "rapid change from traditional to modern life in Nunavut has concentrated power, wealth and information in a few hands."[29] Isuma's most recent documentary, *Qapirangajuq: Inuit Knowledge and Climate Change* (2010), likewise moves beyond national boundaries to present Inuit perspectives on global climate change and related human rights issues.[30] The fraught nature of Nunavut's relations, both inside and outside of its geographical borders, underscores the degree to which this contemporary experiment in indigenous sovereignty demands an expanded, rather than bounded, understanding of place. *Atanarjuat*'s vision of such a place reimagines mythologies attached to the deep histories of place as wells of knowledge relevant to reconceptualizing indigenous futures. It also helps us to see Nunavut as a temporally unfolding process that transcends its fixed point on a map, one with both historical roots and future uncertainties due to its precarious position in a network of global relations. Such a place requires the renewal of ethical commitments to culture and community, not just on the part of its Inuit inhabitants but on the part of global film viewers with whom its future is firmly entwined.

Fountain

While *Atanarjuat* presents pristine landscapes that are loci of Inuit values and culture for untold centuries, Rebecca Belmore's *Fountain* introduces us to a radically different kind of place. A sewage pipe, strewn logs, a heavy gray sky. . . . *Fountain*'s sullied, contemporary beach is the outdoor correlate to what Marc Augé has called the "non-places" of "supermodernity"—airports, supermarkets, motorways—which function as uniform, inorganic spaces of transit in between the meaningful places of social life.[31] At first glance, *Fountain*'s beach appears to be the forgotten neighbor of such people-filled, resource-intensive spaces ubiquitous in late capitalism. The video was in fact filmed at Iona Beach, a regional park located on traditional Musqueam lands at the intersection of the waterways of Canada's logging industry, a series of sewage treatment ponds and the flight path of migratory birds, as well as jets headed to Vancouver's international airport.[32] Still, identifying the geographic and historical specificity of this place requires a foray outside of *Fountain*'s short two-

minute video loop. Through just a few concise images, the on-screen events do much in their own right to establish the marginality and degradation of an industrial backwater. Here the hostility of pollution, as well as other invisible yet violent forces, appear to converge and do battle with the body of a woman offshore.

Fountain's opening shots, which pan across dull gray skies and empty beach scattered with logs, suggest an asocial and potentially poisonous locale. The close-ups of Belmore thrashing about in the gray water underscore that her body is dangerously out-of-place. Her long-sleeved, dark-blue shirt is soaked through and clings to her skin, conveying the tactility of cold, heavy wet cloth dragging against flesh. Waist-deep in the ocean, she seems unable to gain her footing; the camera, likewise, pans wildly across her figure. She grunts in panicked exasperation above the sound of splashing water. Next we see the side of a red bucket emerge from the sea. Belmore seems to struggle against more than the mere physicality of polluted water as she attempts to wrestle an unknown burden from the depths of the ocean. A corporeal sense of place thus bleeds into recognition of unknown, disorienting, supernatural powers at work in the water—powers that are invisible except when expressed on and through her heaving body. A brief interlude of slow-motion struggle fades into a steady long shot that zooms toward her now still figure. She appears precariously alone in an endless void of gray water and sky. Yet as she slowly emerges from the water, upright and grasping the bucket, she appears to have won her battle.

This is but one of three instances in which the video visualizes mysterious powers. During its initial pan across the beach, the camera focuses on a pile of logs that bursts spontaneously into flames. No physically convincing reason presents itself for this unexpected bonfire in an otherwise damp, still scene. In the final instance, the transformation of water in the bucket into a crimson substance that strongly evokes blood is a logical impossibility that is nonetheless manifested on the screen—literally bathing it in a sea of red.

Scholarly interpretations of these images have typically moved between cultural (specific, bounded) and metaphysical (limitless, open) notions of place. Jolene Rickard has suggested that *Fountain* reflects ideas about "Micipijiu or the 'great horned cat or underwater lion, the night panther who could raise storms with a flick of his tail.' The Micipijiu lives in the waterways of Anishinabe memory and embodies the unthinkable tragedies of human existence." Transcending these coded cultural references, however, Belmore's bathing of the screen is for Rickard an act of uniting: "this gesture provides a connection between viewer and water—an act that symbolizes how water connects the entire world, and in this moment we are connected to all of humanity."[33] Lee-Ann Martin also reads water in *Fountain* as a symbol of global connections, opening up pathways between Belmore's home in coastal Vancouver, Europe's fascination with fountains, and the watery city of Venice. However, in contrast to Rickard, she argues that when the contents of Belmore's bucket are transformed into blood, a wall comes to *separate* the artist's indigenous

self and the work's global audience. In "a powerful metaphor for the burden of First Nations history . . . she flings responsibility for the cycles of bloodshed found within the history of colonialism in the Americas back to their European source."[34] Charlotte Townsend-Gault sees in the flexible symbolism of blood, fire, and water the "spiritual syncretism of the Anishinabe, many of whom converted to Christianity," while she reads the act of throwing blood as a "shriek against historical theft" that reveals how "these rights and wrongs are part of a broader moral universe."[35]

As these varied responses suggest, the signifiers in Belmore's work threaten to float free of specific referents and enter a kind of postmodern landscape of interpretive play. Yet I insist that we cannot give up the groundedness in corporeality and place that make *Fountain* viscerally and intellectually compelling. This is an effect that Belmore goes to great lengths to emphasize. As other critics have noted, her decision to project *Fountain* on a sheet of falling water at the Canadian Pavilion in Venice favors an experience of embodied tactility over the discrete device of the monitor that holds much contemporary video work apart from its immediate environment (737). Each time in the repeating loop that she hurls the contents of her bucket on a Vancouver beach and the "screen" in Venice turns red, it is as if she has flung the water straight into the Pavilion tent. This effort to transcend the impossible distance that separates the artist and her international audiences reminds us that Belmore's preferred medium is performance, not video. It marks an effort to overcome the flat, bounded digital sphere of the screen that inevitably mediates between the time and space of the performance and its reception as a document. The body and land first rendered as so many pixels undergo yet another material transformation, but one that is qualitatively closer to the original conditions at the moment of filming. The vast ocean, wet body, and liquid-filled bucket pass through a mobile recording medium and turn back into falling drops of water. However partial a compromise, the "fountain" in Venice marks an effort to experientially link the pristine, abstract space of exhibition in the Canadian Pavilion with the degraded, marginal beach in Vancouver.

With this in mind, I read the project as dramatizing a struggle for place—or more particularly, a *place to stand*—amid the flux and uprootedness that characterizes much of the contemporary experience of late capitalism. In the unexpected linking of the industrial beach with the Canadian Pavilion in Venice, Belmore rejects two conceptually easy approaches that present themselves. The first would be to wholly retreat from destabilizing global forces by locating her work soundly within the confines of Anishinabe identity and place. But in the exhibition catalogue, Jann LM Bailey and Scott Watson emphasize that this choice is anything but clear: "Belmore belongs to a generation who were discouraged to learn Ojibwa and the old ways. . . . Language divides her family and community between those who can speak the language and those who cannot."[36] While the Inuit of Northern Canada continue to inhabit their traditional places and language, Belmore's work implicitly acknowledges the exceptionality of such conditions for many

contemporary Native individuals who join the worldwide ranks of physically and psychologically displaced peoples. An alternative would be to, in Miwon Kwon's words, "give in to the logic of nomadism." As an internationally successful artist, Belmore has bargaining power in a world where, Kwon asserts, "Whether we enjoy it or not, we are culturally and economically rewarded for enduring the 'wrong' place. It seems we're out of place all too often."[37] But Belmore's video expresses none of the cosmopolitan fluidity that might attend habitual invitations to the "wrong" places. Pointedly distancing herself from both the assuredness of community and the privileges of itinerant dwelling in international galleries, her work dramatizes the dangers of displacement and the possibilities for *em*placement through a struggle in a marginal place.

Kwon's provocative, if sketchy, consideration of the "wrong" place provides a helpful frame for considering Belmore's ambivalent position on an international stage. After attending the Ontario College of Art, Belmore applied her art school training to develop a corpus of work deeply involved with First Nations traditional and diasporic communities within Canada, including performances that worked to uncover both Anishinabe spiritual connections and violent histories in places that might otherwise remain invisible. Like Zacharias Kunuk and many other of her artistic peers, Belmore has consistently asserted that her first allegiance lies with Native communities, many of whom have deeply troubled relationships to the regional and national government authorities. Belmore's commission for the Canadian Pavilion follows her increasing successes in Canada that have led, inevitably, to a global demand for work. Belmore's global visibility as the first female aboriginal artist to represent Canada in the highly nationalistic space of the Giardini in Venice might go a long way toward righting historical wrongs and creating a more equitable global arts stage. However, in light of a body of work that has highlighted local sites of resistance over and against both nationalist tendencies and international vagrancies, the Canadian Pavilion can be seen as the "wrong" place in more than one sense. Simultaneously marked with the stamp of nationalist approval and its location within the largest and oldest of international art-world biennales, such an overdetermined exhibition space presents a seemingly insurmountable challenge to Belmore's local, resistant allegiances.

Kwon goes on to argue, however, that the "wrong" place can in fact stimulate a new kind of recognition, of the self and its conditions of estrangement: "An encounter with the 'wrong' place is likely to expose the instability of the 'right' place, and by extension the instability of the self." Such recognition, she acknowledges, can be both liberating and shattering (157). Rather than ending here, we can consider that such encounters and the choices they present are stimulating conditions for renewal of those place- and community-based identities and bonds that depend not on self-same identity and wholeness but on constant renegotiation. While Atanarjuat's experience of exile on the snow marked a turning point in the film's narrative of community disruption, Belmore's landing in the "wrong" place of the

Canadian Pavilion demands a thorough accounting of exactly what place-based ties—indigenous and otherwise—might mean against a horizon determined by the uncertainty of global relations. Thus Kwon argues, "We need to be able to think the range of the seeming contradictions and our contradictory desires for them together; to understand, in other words, seeming oppositions as sustaining relations" (164). Belmore's *Fountain* negotiates this contradictory world, not by providing us with specific contents to fill the seeming void of the exhibition space, but precisely by dramatizing the push and pull of such oppositions. In my reading, *Fountain* becomes a kind of road map for simultaneously coping with psychic uncertainty and imagining strategies of re-emplacement.

Against the destabilizing forces that threaten to pull her into the undertow, Belmore calls on a variety of resources to secure a footing. Rather than concern ourselves with semiotic decodings, we might consider that the video's elements correspond to *processes* by which marginal places become inscribed with place-senses, with meanings and memories that begin to reconstruct the subject in the midst of extreme uncertainty. Here water plays a role analogous to the ice in Atanarjuat's sprint sequence, where I suggested that the tactility of warm soft flesh colliding with a frozen surface provokes bodily responses in the viewer. *Fountain* pushes such corporeal resonances to an extreme by combining detailed imagery and sounds of a body immersed in water with the literal presence of falling water. The specific experience of places thus collides with a kind of unconscious bodily memory that links new and unfamiliar encounters—be they in an exhibition space or on a beach—with prior experience to provide continuity in time. Fire, in addition to its equally visceral effects, materializes from the psychic and spiritual activity by which places are further inscribed with layers of significance normally invisible to the eye. The scattered logs, cast-off commodities of the Canadian logging industry, are subject to a creative transformation during which their materiality is reinvested with meaning beyond their market (de)valuation. Whether such activity draws on the resources of Anishinabe cultural knowledge, Christian iconography, or unbounded acts of imagination remains ambiguous, but nonetheless Belmore draws our attention to the act of ascribing. *Fountain* bestows on the unexpected fire the power to transform a seemingly mundane degraded place into one layered with meanings.

The act of throwing is, finally, as an act of outward-oriented communication that establishes the forgotten beach as a node in a wider network of relations. The ambiguity of this gesture, which simultaneously highlights the presence of the screen as a mechanism of temporal and spatial separation and allows the actions on video to enter into *our* space, I understand as necessary to maintaining the openness of these relations. While *Atanarjuat* offered a dialectical movement between images of corporeal space and landscapes that fade into Rothko-like abstractions, *Fountain* ends with the transformation of the screen itself into what Martin calls "a monochrome painting."[38] Yet just as quickly, the shadowy face of Belmore staring through the crimson comes into focus, cutting short a sublime encounter with the

screen as limitless object. The projection surface remains loaded with the connections the video has set up among a degraded industrial place, corporeal violence, and an indigenous female body, now extended to an international exhibition space and global audience. To definitively read Belmore's gesture as an expression of blame for historical wrongs, as flinging "responsibility for the cycles of bloodshed . . . back to their European source" (52), threatens to lock the work into a vision of unending colonial relations in which traumatic cycles of resentment are repeated as the sole foundation for new relationships. Instead *Fountain*'s final image manifests something of the indeterminacy that Stereyl locates in filmic montage and that Massey argues is necessary for an open future. Clearly implicated, viewers are nonetheless challenged to consider what concrete historical ties they might have to distant places, ecologies, bodies, and struggles, as well as what future form these relations might take.

For Belmore to open up these relations by addressing her international viewers, she first has to become grounded. Establishing a conceptual map for finding (or making) such a place is perhaps *Fountain*'s clearest aim. As long as Belmore thrashes about in the vast gray ocean, in a state of destabilizing and disorienting flux, the bucket and its contents remain a burden withheld from view. With the shore firmly beneath her feet, however, she is able to advance. We watch her body transition from the vulnerability of being out-of-place to a stance of physical and mental determination, mustering the strength to heave the contents of the bucket at the camera. *Fountain* shows us that the sharing of burdens—corporeal, historical, emotional—depends first on a place of articulation, a firm footing from which to launch one's address. In turn, such communication is a precondition for opening up places from their hermetically sealed fates to consider their constitution through relationships to others.

Atanarjuat and *Fountain* visualize global relations unfolding not *in spite of* but *because of* the specificities of places and the people that occupy them. Whether the articulation of place-based commitments bolsters an expanded notion of indigenous self-determination or carves a space for individual artistic address, these places implicate others in a future that is materially and ethically entwined. In this essay, I have suggested some ways that the medium of the works, mobile in more than once sense, is linked to both the creation and dissemination of multilayered notions of place. I would like to end by emphasizing that neither *Fountain* nor *Atanarjuat* allows us to imagine that the global media networks through which they circulate—including gallery and film theater spaces as well as the internet—have somehow replaced or displaced the rural locations that each strives to depict. It is true that images on the screen function as evocative "simulacra," or virtual representations of lands that the viewer is likely to never experience firsthand. An illusion of access to these cinematically created places is indeed offered up, as Belmore and Kunuk draw on the camera's capacity to visualize "real" bodies and places. The works additionally manifest invisible forms of knowledge in the figures of spirits and fires and turn

landscapes into metaphysical abstractions. These elements are what begin to allow *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* to reach into a wider world comprised of mutually constitutive connections between distant places and peoples. But in the opacity of community life from which Atanarjuat departs and to which he returns, and in the crimson screen through which Belmore's determined face can still be glimpsed, we are directed toward what Homi Bhabha calls the "incommensurable 'localities' of experience and memory" that the camera can only offer up as image.[39] The works engage a mode of viewing that is premised at once on the closeness of identification with evocative scenes of bodies and places and, ultimately, on the recognition of psychic distance. *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* render a "global sense of place" as a movement between surface and depth, near and far, shriek and song.[40]

Notes

[1] Anishinabe artist Rebecca Belmore performed "Creation or Death, We Will Win" at the Castillo de la Fuerza at the Fifth Havana Biennial in 1991; it is available on her website at http://rebeccabelmore.com/video/Creation-or-Death.html (accessed October 10, 2010). "Surviving Sounds of Haida," by Haida director Frederick Otilius Olsen, Jr., was one of forty films screened at the third installment of the European film festival "Indianer Inuit: The North American Native Film Festival" in Stuttgart, Germany, in 2009. The short documentary can be watched at http://youtu.be/HBjx5_cMPpw (accessed April 30, 2012). Artist Dana Claxton's four-screen video installation, "Sitting Bull and the Moose Jaw Sioux" (2003), was on view at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Sydney as part of the 17th Sydney Biennale, "The Beauty of Distance: Songs of Survival in a Precarious Age," in 2010. The work relates the history of her own Lakota ancestors as they followed Chief Sitting Bull to Canada following the Battle of the Little Bighorn in 1877. Unfortunately, not enough copies of the biennale catalogue were printed for international distribution; hence, it is not currently available in North America. See the online retrospective curated by Tania Willard, available on Claxton's website at http://www.danaclaxton.com/ (accessed October 10, 2010).

[2] *Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner*, digital video, directed by Zacharias Kunuk (Igloolik, NU: Igloolik Isuma Productions, 2001), http://www.isuma.tv/hi/en/fastrunnertrilogy (accessed September 21, 2010); and Rebecca Belmore, "Fountain," video installation, 2 min., 2005, http://www.rebeccabelmore.com/exhibit/Fountain.html (accessed September 21, 2010).

[3] Since I only have space in the body of this essay to briefly discuss a few recent texts, I would like to mention here the emergence of a small but growing art-historical literature looking at the intersection of Native North American art and visual culture and global arts discourse. For a few examples, see Bill Anthes, "Contemporary Native Artists and International Biennial Culture," *Visual Anthropology Review* 25, no. 2 (2009): 109–27; Nancy M. Mithlo, "'We Have All Been Colonized': Subordination and Resistance on a Global Arts Stage," *Visual Anthropology* 17, no. 3 (2004): 229–45; National Museum of the

American Indian, *Vision, Space, Desire: Global Perspectives and Cultural Hybridity* (Washington, DC: National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institution, 2006); and Elizabeth Kalbfleisch, "Bordering on Feminism: Home and Transnational Sites in Recent Visual Culture and Native Women's Art" (PhD diss., University of Rochester, 2009). Some publications have also addressed earlier twentieth-century transnationalisms in Native North American art, such as Janet Catherine Berlo, *The Szwedzicki Portfolios: Native American Fine Art and American Visual Culture, 1917–1952* (Cincinnati: University of Cincinnati Libraries, 2008), http://digitalprojects.libraries.uc.edu/szwedzicki/01000000.pdf; Elizabeth Hutchinson, *The Indian Craze: Primitivism, Modernism, and Transculturation in American Art, 1890–1915* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2009); and Ruth B. Phillips, "The Turn of the Primitive: Modernism, the Stranger and the Indigenous Artist," in *Exiles, Diasporas and Strangers*, ed. Kobena Mercer (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2008), 46–71.

[4] Michelle H. Raheja, "Reading Nanook's Smile: Visual Sovereignty, Indigenous Revisions of Ethnography, and *Atanarjuat (The Fast Runner)*," *American Quarterly* 59, no. 4 (2007): 1161. Raheja's understanding of visual sovereignty is indebted to Jolene Rickard, "Sovereignty: A Line in the Sand," in *Strong Hearts: Native American Visions and Voices*, ed. Peggy Roalf (New York: Aperture, 1995), 51–59.

[5] See Arjun Appadurai, *Modernity at Large: Cultural Dimensions of Globalization* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1996), 28–47.

[6] See Homi K. Bhabha, "Unsatisfied: Notes on Vernacular Cosmopolitanism," in *Text and Nation: Cross-Disciplinary Essays on Cultural and National Identities*, ed. Laura Garcia-Moreno and Peter C. Pfeiffer (Columbia, SC: Camden House, 1996), 195–96; and Maximilian Christian Forte, *Indigenous Cosmopolitans: Transnational and Transcultural Indigeneity in the Twenty-First Century* (New York: Peter Lang, 2009), 6–7.

[7] See Shari M. Huhndorf, *Mapping the Americas: The Transnational Politics of Contemporary Native Culture* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2009), 3–4, 23–24.

[8] In fact, a recent explosion of interdisciplinary literature has focused on regrounding transnational studies in considerations of place. My reading of *Atanarjuat* and *Fountain* resonates especially with work by Doreen Massey and Margaret C. Rodman. See Massey, *For Space* (London: SAGE, 2005); and Rodman, "Empowering Place: Multilocality and Multivocality," in *The Anthropology of Space and Place: Locating Culture*, ed. Setha M. Low and Denise Lawrence-Zúñiga (Malden, MA: Blackwell, 2003), 204–23.

[9] Miwon Kwon, *One Place After Another: Site-Specific Art and Locational Identity* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2004), 166.

[10] Vine Deloria, Jr., *God Is Red: A Native View of Religion*, 3rd ed. (Golden, CO: Fulcrum, 2003), 73.

[11] Raheja, "Reading Nanook's Smile," 1177.

[12] Faye Ginsburg, "*Atanarjuat* Off-Screen: From 'Media Reservations' to the World Stage," *American Anthropologist* 105, no. 4 (2003): 828.

[13] Raheja, "Reading Nanook's Smile," 1178.

[14] See Lucy R. Lippard, *The Lure of the Local: Senses of Place in a Multicentered Society* (New York: New Press, 1998).

[15] Russell Meeuf, "Critical Localism, Ethical Cosmopolitanism and *Atanarjuat*," *Third Text* 21, no. 6 (2007): 742.

[16] Huhndorf, *Mapping the Americas*, 94.

[17] Meeuf, "Critical Localism," 742.

[18] This definition of place resonates with Margaret C. Rodman's insistence on the "multilocality and multivocality" of places, each of which is "socially constructed" and "has a unique reality, one in which meaning is shared with other people and places" (Rodman, "Empowering Place," 205–6).

[19] See Michel Chion, *The Voice in Cinema*, trans. Claudia Gorbman (New York: Columbia University Press, 1999), 50–53.

[20] Paul Apak Angilirq et al., *Atanarjuat: The Fast Runner*, ed. Gillian Robinson (Toronto: Coach House Books/Isuma Publishing, 2002), 107.

[21] See Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Judgement*, trans. James Creed Meredith (Raleigh, NC: Alex Catalogue, 1999), 64–91.

[22] See the film credits on the IsumaTV website at http://www.isuma.tv/hi/en/inuit-culture-education/credits (accessed October 10, 2010).

[23] Sophie McCall, "'I Can Only Sing This Song to Someone Who Understands It': Community Filmmaking and the Politics of Partial Translation in *Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner*," *Essays on Canadian Writing*, no. 83 (2004): 25.

[24] Arnold Krupat, "*Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner* and Its Audiences," *Critical Inquiry* 33, no. 3 (2007): 609.

[25] Hito Steyerl, "The Articulation of Protest," trans. Aileen Derieg, *Transversal* (September 2002): 5, available on the European Institute for Progressive Cultural Policies website at http://eipcp.net/transversal/0303/steyerl/en.

[26] Massey, *For Space*, 6.

[27] See ibid., 81–89.

[28] *The Journals of Knud Rasmussen*, digital video, directed by Zacharias Kunuk and Norman Cohn (Igloolik, NU: Igloolik Isuma Productions, 2006), http://www.isuma.tv/hi/en/fastrunnertrilogy (accessed February 2010).

[29] McCall, "'I Can Only Sing This Song,'" 40–41.

[30] The world premiere of the film took place during the 2010 ImagineNATIVE Film + Media Arts Festival in Toronto. *Qapirangajuq: Inuit Knowledge and Climate Change*, digital video, directed by Zacharias Kunuk and Ian Mauro (Igloolik, NU: Igloolik Isuma Productions, 2010).

[31] See Marc Augé, *Non-Places: Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity*, trans. John Howe (London: Verso, 1995).

[32] Charlotte Townsend-Gault, "Rebecca Belmore and James Luna on Location at Venice: The Allegorical Indian Redux," *Art History* 29, no. 4 (2006): 737.

[33] Jolene Rickard, "Rebecca Belmore: Performing Power," in *Rebecca Belmore: Fountain*, by Jessica Bradley and Jolene Rickard (Vancouver: Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, 2005), 73–74.

[34] Lee-Ann Martin, "The Waters of Venice: Rebecca Belmore at the 51st Biennale," *Canadian Art* 22, no. 2 (2005): 52.

[35] Townsend-Gault, "Rebecca Belmore and James Luna," 741–42.

[36] Jann LM Bailey and Scott Watson, introduction to Bradley and Rickard, *Rebecca Belmore: Fountain*, 9.

[37] Kwon, *One Place After Another*, 156–57.

[38] Martin, "Waters of Venice," 52.

[39] Bhabha, "Unsatisfied," 197.

[40] Massey, *For Space*, 131.

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