

**Listening to a Sense of Place:  
Acoustic Ethnography with Billy Proctor in the  
Broughton Archipelago, British Columbia**

**by**

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B.A., University of Victoria, 2007

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in the

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## **Abstract**

The thesis explores soundwalking, memory and aural history through participatory exploration. My ethnographic work involves extensive documentation of a private museum in Echo Bay, a remote fishing and logging community in the Broughton Archipelago, BC. This museum houses artifacts, many of which have acoustic components. The proprietor and elder, Billy Proctor, has many stories to tell about his collection and how it reflects the history and ecology of the area. My work aims to show how approaching history and memory through listening and soundmaking constitutes a unique experiential methodology, different from visual methods of observation. This qualitative study explores the embodied, sensuous, performative, narrative and dialectic aspects of the documentation, recording, and listening process and practice. In addition, the technique of “memory soundwalks” is added to the lexicon of soundscape and memory studies. The utilization of such creative soundscape methodologies and epistemologies enables this ethnographic work to extend into the public sphere via multiple modes, media, and formats for the general public, for example, as an audio-tourism project for the Billy Proctor Museum, and as multi-media documentations and art presentations, such as the award winning short film, “Listening to a Sense of Place” (2012) co-created with Greg Crompton.

**Keywords:** Soundscape studies; storytelling; memory; soundwalking; museum archives; ethnography; aural & oral history, coastal communities

## Dedication

*For my parents, Jill and David Schine.*

## Acknowledgements

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My first thanks must go to Billy Proctor who has taught me how to appreciate many things: salmon, cold and wet early mornings, and a south easterly wind. More importantly, Billy has taught me how to listen to the coast and to a place that he calls the Mainland. I want to express my gratitude for Billy's guidance, stories, and friendship. Thank you Billy for teaching me what it means to be a Mainlander.

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To my parents, Jill and David Schine, you have given me a sense of belonging in this world. Thank you for your boundless love, support, and belief in my work. To my siblings, Tod Van Dyk, Cathleen Schine, and Eric Schine, I am lucky to be a sister. To my extended family and all my good friends, too many to name, I am grateful for your joy. My friend and colleague, Greg Crompton, I am in awe of your creativity, aesthetics, and dedication. Thank you for the countless hours of work you contributed to our film.

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# 1. Introduction

## 1.1 A Journey from an urban to a rural place in Echo (echo) Bay

It is dawn in Echo Bay, British Columbia, and I stumble over logs and roots, trying to keep up with seventy-nine year-old Billy Proctor, who has selected the perfect Douglas fir for us to hand-log. Billy is far ahead of me, up the forested mountain with a one-hundred year-old crosscut saw, taken from the shelves of his museum, slung over his shoulder. I catch up, audio-recorder in hand, and amplified through my headphones I hear the songbirds waking up the day and the sound of my heavy breathing. Then Billy's voice cuts into the soundscape: "Jenni, are you ready?"

I think to myself how did I get here? How did an urban student who has lived and worked in cities from Copenhagen, to Cape Town, to the upper west side of Manhattan, end up off-the-grid and in a town with seven permanent residents, cutting down a tree with a one hundred year-old saw and a seventy-nine year-old teacher? As Billy cuts into the fir, I record both the sound of the saw slicing into hard wood and the stories that he tells about his past logging days; in that moment, I realize that I am witnessing a way of life that might shortly no longer exist. Billy is teaching me not only how to listen to history, but how to belong to the coast.

The isolated settler community of Echo Bay is located on Gilford Island in the Broughton Archipelago, a group of islands along the mid-west coast of British Columbia. Once a thriving logging and fishing town, Echo Bay is now a fading echo of Canada's early, labour intensive, resource extraction industries. Hardly considered a town now, the population of this coastal community consists of roughly seven year-round residents. On the same island about a twenty minute boat ride away is the main village of Gwa'yasdams of the Kwicksutaineuk First Nation. Their present population is 250, 35 of whom live on the Gilford Island reserve. Although my research didn't take place directly

with members of Gwa'yasdams, I'm examining how memory shapes contemporary realities and because I am concerned with not just the study of sound and the recovery of the past, but with living communities, it is important that these two cultures and the colonial/settler relationship between them is acknowledged<sup>1</sup>. In this vein, the work of this thesis has been to document life in Echo Bay and the Broughton Archipelago through recent field recordings in a platform that will explore the idea of memory versus history, remoteness, culture, and communication. This research examines how our experience of listening can inform us about the pioneer experience, the transformation (and continuity) of resource based living to environmentalism, and the contemporary importance of sound in the cultural history of British Columbia's coastal communities. These ideas are considered by examining how relationship to place and personhood is created, experienced, and remembered by listening to, being in and moving through the environment through the practices of soundwalking and storytelling. Through active listening, which can occur while soundwalking, this research has used a combination of dialectic, ecological, political, aesthetic and communicative approaches.

The catalyst for this thesis stems from my volunteer work in the Broughton Archipelago in 2009 and 2010. Under the supervision of Dr. Alexandra Morton, Dr. Martin Krkosek, and station manager, Scott Rogers, I assisted in a salmon restoration project at the Salmon Coast Field Station. During that time, Scott Rogers introduced me to elder and neighbour, Billy Proctor who told me that he has decided to ensure that the children of his community and beyond have the opportunity to live on a planet where the ecosystems of the temperate coastlines thrive. Billy has spent a lifetime studying, living and listening to the rhythms of the Northwest coast; he is a prominent Canadian figure for his work as a high-liner fisherman, logger, trapper and homesteader. In recent years, Billy has become renowned for his role as an environmental activist, specifically for his

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<sup>1</sup> As a researcher, I was initially invited into the community of Echo Bay and it has taken four years to build strong and meaningful relationships there. Understanding that such relationship-building is not only an important process, but one that should be requested by the community with whom one works, means that only after years of engagement in the Broughton Archipelago region have I begun to make real connections in the area. Perhaps in time, such connections will develop into other relations and research collaborations requested by other communities along the coast, including the village of Gway'yasdams.

work defending British Columbia's wild salmon stocks and their habitat. Billy is also known as the proprietor of the Billy Proctor Museum that houses artifacts found over the course of his life. It was at the age of six that Billy found his first artifact, a small jade knife in Freshwater Bay and this discovery ignited his lifelong passion of beachcombing and collecting what he calls "old junk". Most people who have traveled or live in the Northern Vancouver Island area know who Billy Proctor is. This is partially because he was born and lived in the Broughton Archipelago his whole life, leaving the region only a handful of times. As an elder in the area who has witnessed the transformation of the coast, he is also known as an important knowledge keeper described by many as "the heart of the community". His personal collection is thus an important memorial archive and part of a shared history and culture of British Columbia's coast.

Since the summer of 2011, my ethnographic work has involved extensive documentation of Billy's private museum where I have been audio recording antique and disappearing sounds relating to Canada's settler history. These recordings also include Billy's prompted stories about his collection and how his artifacts reflect the history and ecology of the area. By exploring oral and aural history, soundwalking, and storytelling through participatory exploration, this thesis aims to show how approaching history and memory through listening and soundmaking constitutes a unique experiential methodology, different from methods of observation. This qualitative study explores the embodied, sensuous, performative, narrative and dialectic aspects of the documentation, recording, and listening process and practice. In addition, the technique of "memory soundwalks" is added to the lexicon of soundscape and memory studies. Such creative soundscape methodologies and epistemologies have enabled this ethnographic work to become multi-media documentations and art presentations, such as the award winning short film, "Listening to a Sense of Place" (2012) co-created with Greg Crompton, which has screened at both national and international conferences and festivals. As part of an audio-tourism project for the Billy Proctor Museum, the recordings of these artifacts will be given back to the community of Echo Bay; they will also be catalogued as part of the World Soundscape Project (WSP) at Simon Fraser University. In addition, such recordings will be incorporated into various public programming, including Western Front New Music's production, "Music from the New Wilderness" as part of the Rio Tinto Alcan Performing Arts Award Music (2014) and CBC Radio's "Living Out Loud" series.

My initial visit to Echo Bay was the first time in my life where I met people who actually lived in the wilderness, and the friendships I made with the residents, especially Billy Proctor, Scott Rogers, and the Salmon Coast crew began to affect how I viewed the world that I had come from. I started to ask if it was possible to build a new kind of life that could reconcile both a pioneer and modern world. What were the contemporary realities of living off-the-grid and on the coast? Inspired by Billy's stories and his personal, historical and sensorial knowledge of the area, I listened to both his memories and the sounds of historical artifacts from his museum. Through these encounters, I realized that Billy, the other residents, and Echo Bay itself could be the basis of my studies. Learning from Billy wouldn't be the first time that Billy Proctor taught someone how to live off-the-grid; with his legacy as a teacher, he has shown many young and willing persons how to build a home and make a living from the available resources in the area. Just go to Billy's homestead and you'll find an old float home now belonging to Scott Rogers that Billy pulled up on his land with his model d4 caterpillar Hyster tractor (to date, Billy has dragged 50 float homes from water to land with this piece of machinery). On the point of his property sits Nikki's log cabin, which she built with the help of Billy, and adjacent to her home is a small hand-made split-cedar shack that Billy and I built in the summer of 2011 so that I could always have shelter in "Proctor Bay". Throughout his life, Billy has made parts of his land available to people who might stay in the area and make the community grow. He continues to welcome people into his world and to help us find our own place in the Broughton Archipelago.

## **1.2 Soundwalking: Listen to where you are**

In 2007, I discovered the practice of soundwalking through the Vancouver Soundwalk Collective with Hildegard Westerkamp. During my first soundwalk, I realized that I had never actually listened to my city before. It was a profound experience to open up my ears to a seemingly familiar environment and one which set me on the path to getting my Masters in acoustic communication under the supervision of Barry Truax. As a soundscape researcher, I'm interested in how we listen to our sonic environment. I want to understand how sound and listening affect our well-being and explore the many ways in which we listen: personal, social, historical, and ecological. And as an ethnographer in coastal British Columbia, I also want to understand how the act of

listening can contribute to understandings of environmental change, local knowledge, and the production of memory.

Through audio recording the aural and oral heritage of BC's coastal communities, my time in a wilderness soundscape has given access to a certain kind of listening and imagination that can only really happen away from the sounds of the city. In society, there are generally unhealthy imbalances in the relationship between sound and the environment, and city dwellers are often inundated with many meaningless sounds. In order to cope, some of us have become desensitized to hearing and have learned to "close" our ears as a survival mechanism. This has serious effects on how we perceive, interact, and engage with our environment, our community and our self. The fields of acoustic communication and soundscape studies, along with the practice of soundwalking, stress the importance of re-learning how to listen and to move towards an acoustic awareness: the goal of which is to reveal knowledge about both the self and social consciousness and collective memory of place. My time in the Broughton Archipelago has thus been both a retreat for my ears and an opportunity to listen to the islands, forests, waters and communities of coastal BC. Listening to this part of the world has helped establish a connection to and form deeper knowledge about the places I call home<sup>2</sup>.

With communities like Echo Bay vanishing, the motivations underlying my research efforts are layered. When asked, "why study sound?" I explain that sound is one way into understanding worldviews, and listening is a way to comprehend and experience another person's way of life. Of course, there are other entry points into such understandings, but I am interested in this transformative act of listening. The work required in order to document the life histories of others demands a present and intentional listening stance. As soundscape researchers, the research process always

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<sup>2</sup> My research does not attempt to build on the dichotomy between "urban" and "wilderness". Nor do I hope to suggest that the answer to noise pollution is to leave the urban environment and go live in a cabin in the woods. However, in order to understand how we listen today, it is important to consider how sound reveals larger understandings of place and culture: this includes an exploration of noise, sound, and silence in all environments.

comes back to listening: this is our entry point. And so, through sound and listening, my work documents a coastal way of living that is disappearing and a life world that Billy Proctor is a part of right now. This thesis thus aims to describe the sounds and soundscapes that make up Billy's world; however, the intention is not to reduce such descriptions and events as illustrations, but to activate a phenomenological moment that brings the reader into engagement and opens up their sonic sensibilities. The recorded sound events recounted in this work in both writing and as audio recordings for the WSP are thus more than a narrative story: they initially enabled Billy to activate his world with me during fieldwork and they now constitute a phenomenological world that captures and communicates Billy's philosophical place and his story to others.

### **1.3 Chapter Summary**

This thesis is in the form of five chapters. This first Chapter introduces my research claims and objectives, motivations and influences, and the Broughton Archipelago context. It does so by situating myself as an ethnographer in Echo Bay through a personal narrative of my own research journey. Sharing my story and not just the cognitive component of my research is a conscious way to illuminate a reflexive approach while acknowledging that both the storytelling and research processes are co-created between narrator and listener; this space for narrative continues to integrate itself throughout the upcoming chapters. In addition, the Introduction assists the reader in approaching my research and helps to identify the purpose, intention, organization and motivation for this work.

Focusing on the broader research context, Chapter 2 positions the fields of acoustic communication and memory studies within the qualitative research landscape. Starting from Barry Truax's acoustic communication model (Truax, 2001), this chapter explores concepts of memory (McAllister, 2010) and storytelling (Cruikshank, 2005 & 1998), including phenomenological ways of knowing (Pink, 2009), and concepts of emplacement (Howes, 2005) and acoustemology (Feld, 1995) in order to provide a platform to investigate place and the relationship between listener and environment. In addition, this chapter examines the historical developments of soundscape methodologies in academic and applied examples while offering key themes and

convergences within and across interdisciplinary areas. Here the soundwalk is identified as an important methodological approach, a methodology that establishes a different and richer way of understanding history and memory than visual methods of observation. This provides a necessary backdrop against which to understand my research design and analysis discussed in later chapters while situating my ethnographic case study in relation to historical and disciplinary trajectories.

Chapter 3 describes the methodological and practical approaches of this research, including my research plans and how I set up my ethnographic work upon arrival. Here I identify and discuss my research design, including the method of memory soundwalks. I extend the discussion to review how methods in memory work and soundscape studies, most notably the precedents of the World Soundscape Project, were used to elicit sonic and embodied memories, knowledge, and practices of my research participant. Part of this description explores methods of contextual recording and interviewing, including how artifacts from the Billy Proctor Museum were documented in situ. The second part of Chapter 3 describes how active listening as method informed my ethnography as I attempted to follow certain principles and ethics in the way that I designed my interactions with Billy. The last section of this chapter explains how a typical research day unfolded and how the data collection process resulted in many themes (including personal, community, and environment), which I selected as they emerged.

Chapter 4 approaches the issue of analysis. Here, I explore listening and sound as a way to challenge and rethink ethnographic practices and research. In doing so, I draw from a series of case studies from my fieldwork that attend to the soundscape and aural and oral practices. In order to bring readers into the life world of Billy Proctor, I describe various scenes throughout this chapter, which reveal Billy's philosophical and physical place from where this thesis unfolds. The emphasis here is to describe sound event examples that can capture and communicate Billy's "sense of place" to others. My analysis is not only concerned with representations of the past, but the *process* of recollecting, revisiting, and remembering past events; this includes how the audio recording of artifacts from Billy's museum evoked both Billy's biographical relationship to the Broughton Archipelago and the ways in which contemporary communities in the region are bound together socially, politically, ecologically, and sonically (McAllister,

2010). To account for the broader topics that emerged throughout this research, Chapter 4 is presented into three general themes: 1) the private aspect of home and belonging; 2) the shared and cultural sense of place; and 3) notions of stewardship and environmentalism.

The final chapter of this thesis, Chapter 5, concludes with a commentary about the importance of listening in ethnographic research and the ethical responsibilities as listeners/researchers engaged with people. Throughout my research, I have been guided by a question: Why study sound? While this thesis is intended to contribute to soundscape studies and memory scholarship in academia, the acoustic material from my ethnographic work has enabled this research to extend into broader audiences. This is due, in part to the medium of sound, itself. Sound and listening in research is a way to invite new forms of ethnographic knowing and routes into other peoples experiences (Pink, 2009). The results can be both creative and applied while challenging conventional written and visually dominated scholarship. As such, several different audiences will find interest in the work of this thesis, including those who are invested in research and creative methodologies within both scholarship and artistic practices.

## 2. Literature Review & Context

This thesis investigates the possibilities afforded by aural culture studies, acoustic communication, and memory studies within contemporary ethnographic research. The theoretical commitments of these disciplines to the lived experience, ways of knowing, notions of place, and memory are being taking up across the social sciences and humanities. Moreover, these theoretical commitments resonate through the work of interdisciplinary scholars who are making connections between biography, the senses, movement, and specifically the practice of walking. The work done in this thesis is thus timely in several respects, notably the increased interest in cultural studies in aural culture (also known as auditory culture), which provides expanding literature and field studies to draw upon. Likewise, the emerging fields of acoustic ecology and acoustic communication have garnered support worldwide, resulting in innovative scholarship within an interdisciplinary, communicational framework. Some of the most key concepts and methods in this growing field have been developed at Simon Fraser University over the past forty years, including the internationally renowned World Forum for Acoustic Ecology (WFAE) and the World Soundscape Project (WSP). The soundscape methodologies developed by these projects are thus highly relevant for current ethnographic research and memory work that attends to notions of the body, place, and movement, and can offer an acoustic framework for future interdisciplinary research and practices.

Across the fields of study, soundscape, sensory, and memory scholars (Truax, 2001; Feld, 1996; Howes, 1991; Stoller, 1997; Classen 1993; Pink, 2007) maintain that ethnography is a reflexive and experiential process through which understanding, knowing and knowledge are produced (Pink, 2009). Building on these understandings, the qualitative research practices employed in this acoustic ethnography (in both academic and applied research contexts) differ from visual methods of observation by offering a unique experiential methodology and innovative approach to history and memory. Through listening and soundmaking, this qualitative study explores the

embodied, sensuous, performative, narrative, and dialectic aspects of the documentation, recording, and listening process and practice. The utilization of such soundscape methodologies and epistemologies enables this ethnographic work to move beyond established approaches in anthropology, social sciences, communication and culture studies, and instead focus on creative ethnographic processes that bring the lived experience into being (Casey, 1987; Ingold and Lee, 2008). In addition, as part of the WSP collection and through various applied projects, my recordings and research are able to extend beyond the confines of academic discourse and position social scientific knowledge into the public sphere.

## **2.1 Context: Soundscape and Methodologies**

The exploration of soundwalks has been used as a tool for aural awareness by scholars within the field of acoustic ecology and communication since the early 1970's (Schafer; Westerkamp; Smith; Järviuoma; Southworth). During this era, Simon Fraser University and its academics developed teaching programmes of soundscape studies, acoustic ecology, and acoustic communication: initiatives that emerged from the research endeavour, the World Soundscape Project (WSP) led by composer and sound researcher, R. Murray Schafer and fellow members: Barry Truax, Hildegard Westerkamp, Bruce Davis, Peter Huse, and Howard Broomfield, among others. The WSP researchers studied the acoustic environment systematically in terms of individual and community relationships while documenting historical and cultural changes in the soundscape. The term soundscape can be credited to Schafer, who defines it as: "The sonic environment. Technically, any portion of the sonic environment regarded as a field of study" (Schafer, 1977, pg. 275). In his *Handbook for Acoustic Ecology*, Truax extends the soundscape definition further as an "environment of sound (sonic environment) with emphasis on the way it is perceived and understood by the individual, or by a society. It thus depends on the relationship between the individual and any such environment" (Truax, 1999). By emphasizing a perceptual definition of the soundscape, the WSP was able to move beyond conventional areas of study within acoustics and explore the intersection of fields such as aural perception, listening and soundmaking, community soundscapes, the physics of sound, and the psychology of sound.

Reflecting the environmental movements of the 1970's, the WSP was also an educational research group and activist project that promoted public dialogue around noise pollution, placing "the listener at centre" (Truax, 2001). This approach positions the listener *inside* the soundscape as an integral component of the acoustic system. It is the recognition that individuals and community members can understand the soundscape without an expert's interpretation; rather, as active participants, listeners can listen to, analyze, and make their own critical evaluations about the soundscape. As composer and WSP member, Hildegard Westerkamp reminds us, "like all human beings we are listeners and sound makers in this world and therefore active participants in the creation of our soundscapes" (Westerkamp, 2006).

The WSP inaugurated a multidisciplinary research approach used in their soundscape fieldwork in both Canada and Europe. The key components of these projects included the practice of soundwalks and informant interviews called "earwitness accounts". According to Westerkamp, a "soundwalk is any excursion whose purpose is listening to the environment. It is exposing our ears to every sound around us no matter where we are. Wherever we go, we give our ears priority" (Westerkamp, 1974, pg. 18-19). For soundscape researchers and ethnographers, it is therefore important to listen to the soundscape while moving in and throughout the environment as every sound has the potential to carry specific meanings for community members and individuals no matter the locale and culture.

Initially, soundwalking was used by the WSP as an empirical method in order to identify sonic components in the soundscape. Their first venture consisted of soundwalking and audio recording the Vancouver soundscape; this project developed into a cross Canada field recording tour and then later a study of five villages in Europe (Schafer, 1977). According to Truax (2001), due to Vancouver's relative youth as a city, there was great opportunity to study the historical soundscape through archival research, interviews and soundwalks. Additionally, the WSP discovered that the earwitnesses with whom they interviewed and soundwalked had amazingly vivid aural memories, even if they were recalling acoustic memories from years past. From these accounts, an "acoustic map" of the early city was produced which suggested that historical Vancouver "was defined geographically in at least some people's minds by its sounds" (Truax, 2001, pg. 84).

These soundscape methodologies employed by the WSP and described above demonstrate how different sounds provide useful information, patterns of association, and perhaps most importantly in memory work, which sounds are meaningful enough to be remembered. An historical reflection of the discipline, discussed further in the next section of Chapter 2, reveals: 1) how memories (both individual and collective) can be invested in the soundscape; 2) the importance of the aural practices of participants; and 3) how memories and narratives can be invoked through an ethnographic process that attends to the body and place through listening and walking.

## **2.2 Soundwalking: extending the methodology & practice**

Soundwalking methodology has developed from a way to explore and record sonic environments in field research to more creative methodologies and practices in academia, applied research, and artistic contexts. The use of soundwalking as an ethnographic methodology (and even as an ethnographic representation technique [see Pink 2009]) has garnered interest in other fields in the social sciences and humanities (e.g. geography, anthropology, cultural studies, etc.) that examine concepts of place and sensory experience. As mentioned earlier, it is important to note that these long-term interests in place and sensory/embodied theory that converged in the work of soundscape researchers create a rich trajectory from which an acoustic approach to ethnography can draw. Moreover, as the definition and use of soundwalks continues to be informed and broadened (most notably by Hildegard Westerkamp, Andra McCartney, Heikki Uimonen, and Helmi Järviluoma), the practice of soundwalking can offer an informative source of knowledge and material for contemporary academics, applied researchers, and artists alike.

WSP member, soundscape composer, and sound activist, Hildegard Westerkamp has been fundamental in expanding the practice of soundwalking. Her work includes a radio series appropriately called “Soundwalking” (Westerkamp, 2004), which aired in the late 1970s on Vancouver Cooperative Radio. In 2003, Westerkamp also initiated the Vancouver Soundwalk Collective based in Vancouver, British Columbia: a group still active today that organizes free guided soundwalks for the Vancouver public. It was by attending one of these walks in 2007 that I discovered the practice of

soundwalking and joined the collective. This experience prompted me to learn about the disciplines of acoustic ecology and acoustic communication, which then inspired me to study at the School of Communication at Simon Fraser University.

Throughout her work, Westerkamp's intention has been to engage people to listen more closely to their sonic environments and, in doing so, to discover their own relationships with the sounds that they hear. By playing the soundscape of local places back to radio listeners, often with a commentary about the specific location, Westerkamp's radio series prompted her audiences to make such emplaced and embodied connections to their sonic environment and to their listening habits. Westerkamp also reminded her listeners that a soundwalk can be done anywhere at any time of day, alone or among others. In this way, her audience members were invited to continue to reflect on their sonic environment even after the radio show had ended.

As Westerkamp's work reveals, soundwalking is not only a research methodology in order to know an environment by the act of listening: it is also an artistic practice, an autobiographical process, and a way to *remember* the sounds and narratives attached to place and space. Indeed, the acts of both listening and walking can be reflexive actions that draw together aspects of place and biography through the soundwalk, itself. There are various levels of listening that can occur while soundwalking; these levels not only include the physical acoustic spaces involved, but temporal levels of seasonality and times of day, emotional levels, historical levels, economic levels, and levels of memory. Through this listening and walking process, Westerkamp notes how the practice of soundwalking "reveals the environment to the listener and opens inner space for *noticing*. It is precisely this that creates a sense of inspiration, excitement and new energy" (Westerkamp, 2007, pg. 1). Through the simple acts of listening and walking, a soundwalk is thus an invitation for inspiration and insight in order to know a place more deeply, as noted by Westerkamp: "I find that you don't forget places where you have done a soundwalk. Cities and places, whether you're a visitor or live there, become internal maps...and become signifiers. Other [places] are not as defined because they haven't been soundwalked, yet" (Transcription, 9 November 2010).

In this vein, soundscape researcher Andra McCartney explores how sound can reveal larger understandings of place, culture, and politics; her perspective offers a way to navigate concepts of place and belonging by paying attention to the many ways in which we listen. For McCartney, “a soundwalk is an exploration of, and attempt to understand, the socio-political and sonic resonances of a particular location via the act of listening and moving through the place, sometimes recording as one moves” (McCartney, 2005, pg 3). In this line of thinking, there are many possible ways to listen, especially during a soundwalk. McCartney explains that one can listen: 1) musically, focusing on the pitches, harmonies, textures, and rhythms in the surrounding sounds; 2) historically, reflecting on both the autobiographical and collective history of the area; 3) politically by asking, which sounds are masking other sounds? Who is in control of those sounds that mask, and who is in control of those sounds that are being masked?; 4) sensually and/or multisensorially through the experience of heightened senses, either as independent or interconnected sensory modalities; and 5) evocatively, focusing on sounds that evoke memories or even other soundscapes (Transcription, 9 November 2010). By asking her soundwalk participants to be aware of these many listening possibilities over time, McCartney hopes that this practice will contain something surprising and thought-provoking for all her participants.

McCartney’s current research project, *Soundwalking Interactions*, emphasizes the (un)familiarity of place by choosing an area and soundwalking it repeatedly over time: the venture utilizes both soundwalks and interactive installations as a way to engage audience members while raising issues about various locations and their histories. Inspired by Michel de Certeau’s “Walking in the City”, where Certeau leads us to a theory of everyday practices, lived spaces, and what he describes as “the disquieting familiarity of the city” (De Certeau, 1984, pg. 96), McCartney conceptualizes soundwalking as a potential for “a different perspective, movement, and route through a place” (McCartney, 2005 pg.3). Her research demonstrates how revisiting a site and soundwalking it over and over again has the potential to engage these many “ways of listening” or “listening levels” as stated above.

The technique of revisiting place has also been explored by an interdisciplinary Finnish collective who, twenty-five years after the WSP’s *Five Village Soundscapes* project, produced a follow-up and extension study, *Acoustic Environments in Change*

(AEC). This study revisited the villages of the former WSP project in order to develop original ethnographic research methods and theoretical ideas around concepts of memory and sound. In addition, the collective repeated some of the former WSP tests and data collection methods in the five villages hoping to identify continuities within changes (Järviluoma et al., 2009). One such comparison focused on a key informant Mr. David Graham, a former town clerk in Dollar, Scotland, who was interviewed by both the WSP researchers in 1975 and in the AEC study, almost three decades later. This was the first time that the WSP researchers used the technique of taking an informant back to places of memory. Once he returned there physically, Graham's personal and sensorial memories were prompted and he was able to communicate extensively about the past soundscape in Dollar with exceptional sensory detail (Schafer, 1977).

As leader of the AEC project, ethnomusicologist Helmi Järviluoma studied sonic memories in order to raise questions in the contexts of social memory studies, soundscapes and societal transition (Järviluoma, 2009). Inspired by memory scholars Annette Kuhn and Svetlana Boym, her work strives "to clarify and define the overlapping concepts of social, collective and cultural memory" (Järviluoma 2009), an approach that requires an understanding that the past is constantly being mediated and produced through memory work. In order to induce sonic memories from her participants, Järviluoma created a soundwalking technique called "sonic memory walks", crediting the precedent for this practice to Nicholas Tixier of the CRESSON group in Grenoble, and their "situated listening walks" (Tixier, 2002). She explored the concept of social memory in the French village, Lesconil by using group interviews, soundwalking methodology, and by considering soundmarks which, like landmarks, focus the reminiscences of individuals within a shared social frame of reference (Boym, 2001).

The notion of soundmarks is indicative of sounds that are unique and imbued with strong associations within a shared acoustic community (Truax, 2001). Such sounds are used to convey information (or act as sonic markers) and have become preferred sounds of a community. Since soundmarks usually gain status over years of listening, inhabitants understand these sounds to be a part of the community's identity. As such, soundmarks achieve an historic importance and become cultural artifacts worthy of preservation (Schafer, 1977). In addition, soundmarks are important with regards to the acoustic profile of a community and help to define the "acoustic horizon"—

the most distant sounds that can be heard in a soundscape—which creates an acoustic border for those who live both in and outside the area. The acoustic profile of a soundmark can be defined as a shared acoustic space for a community.

In the AEC study Järviluoma used a gendered analysis of the soundscape, with a focus on memories of middle-aged and elderly women in the fishing town of Lesconil, France. Her method established two small groups of women (all of whom were born in Lesconil). Each woman was asked to choose a path charged with meaning and lead the group along the landscape. The outcome of this study revealed that the groups prompted each other in their remembering, suggesting that many sounds experienced by the acoustic community became social memories shared by a large group of the town's inhabitants. For example: the sounds of storms were experienced by the groups as unpleasant; however, these negative memories associated with storms were not necessarily transmitted between generations. Fishing as a livelihood in Lesconil has largely disappeared and so for the younger generations, the sounds associated with storms do not necessarily signify fishermen struggling to keep their boats afloat. The sounds of storms thus elicit different meanings and memories for the younger and older generations in the town (Järviluoma 2009).

Soundwalking as methodology has been taken up by other interdisciplinary and international soundscape projects, including a UK venture, the Positive Soundscapes Project (Davies et al, 2007). Composed of researchers within the fields of acoustics, communication, psychology, and the division of health, the project “adapted the concept of soundwalking and acoustic design [which can be credited to Truax’s *Acoustic Communication* (2001)] into a sociological methodology for identifying and understanding people’s experiences and perceptions of the acoustic urban environment” (Davies, 2008, pg. 2). Incorporating insights from sonic art, ethnographic investigations of the soundscape, and quantitative psychoacoustics, the project focused on participants’ everyday practices in an attempt to understand their professional and personal impressions of the relationship between the soundscape and the built environment. The project incorporated a WSP inspired approach, recognizing that individuals and community members can understand the sonic environment by listening to, analyzing and making their own critical evaluations about the soundscape. Such an understanding includes which sounds are important enough to be protected and how to

acoustically design the environment. To do this, soundwalking as methodology was utilized in order to engage and collaborate with professionals established in urban design and urban development (i.e. city planners, developers, and architects). From the outset, the study's intention has been to encourage such professionals to move away from a negative noise focus and instead acknowledge the relevance of positive soundscapes: the hope of which is to incorporate such intentionally (and positively) designed soundscapes into city planning in the UK and beyond.

To sum up, as demonstrated in the above research and applied projects, the acoustic awareness that the practice of soundwalking affords (as both a methodological tool and artistic practice) allows for various levels of engagements with sensory and emotional experiences, memories, ways of knowing, and knowledge production. As the applied Positive Soundscapes Project states, soundwalking as methodology has the potential to create opportunities “for the researchers and the participants to have a shared sensory experience...enabling a deeper and more meaningful semi-structured interview to take place” (Davies, 2008, pg. 6). Acoustic ethnography, research, and applied projects that employ the qualitative and experiential methodology of soundwalking thus have the capacity to: 1) enable both research participants and researchers to engage in an embodied and emplaced experience; 2) reveal such embodied and emplaced connections that participants have with their environments; and 3) offer a route to understand the acoustic experience and therefore the sense of place of others.

## **2.3 Memory Studies**

Using methods from cultural studies, the field of memory studies examines how memory shapes contemporary communities and experiences. Apart from being inherently interdisciplinary and possessing origins in historical and cultural inquiry, memory studies has cultivated a paradigm distinct from the discourse of contemporary cultural studies and historical research. Memory theorists (most notably: Kuhn, 2002; McAllister, 2010; Cruikshank, 1998 & 2005; Boym, 2001) question the narratives and materiality of history, including: the archive, the photograph, museums, and historical texts. By doing so, these scholars are able to contest representations of past events as

factual evidence and records of historical truths, thus defying modernist assumptions of time, progress, and history. As such, these scholars present historical mediums and concepts as part of a larger and interconnected memory process, which seeks to understand cultural memorization as a non-linear and fragmentary activity constantly occurring in the present.

This perspective presents new and valuable insights into the fields of cultural studies, historical research and soundscape studies through which significant cultural, political, and social inquiry can be negotiated. In her book, *Terrain of Memory: A Japanese Canadian Memorial Project*, McAllister gives an account of the Japanese Canadian elders who built a memorial in the village of New Denver, BC, an area that has transformed into both a site of political violence and a space for remembrance. She explores how memory has shaped this contemporary village by examining the memorial's historical displays, spaces of mourning, the elder's oral accounts, and the responses of tourists. Similar to soundscape scholar, Järviluoma (described in section 2.2) whose approach seeks to overlap concepts of social, collective and cultural memory, McAllister also understands memory as a "collective cultural activity" (McAllister, 2010, pg. 6).

As a memory scholar, McAllister is not just interested in the recovery of the past, but is concerned with the living community in the present. She states:

Cultural memory projects begin with the premise that recollection, which includes not only oral accounts and photographic practices but also the activity of research itself, both occurs in and affects the present... Memory, as well as the act of writing about memory, operates in a political field of power, desire, denial, and struggle, something that not all historical scholars recognize as a valid area of inquiry.

(McAllister, 2010, pg. 7)

McAllister (2010) substantiates that her scholarly activities contribute to the very production of the communities with whom she researches and works. Recognizing this concern means that collaborative and community projects should be fundamental for memory work, which seeks to redefine official and historical narratives. In other words,

“research and writing not only constructs ‘the past’ but also produces social, political, and psychological (after) effects” (McAllister, 2010, pg. 8). As such, it is the responsibility of the scholar to understand the ways in which her/his research interacts with the community with whom she/he works. The objectives of such cultural memory projects should be based on the community’s own terms and for its own ends.

## **2.4 Movement and Place**

### **2.4.1 *Emplacement: locating the “living-moving-body”***

Perspectives on the construction of locales, space, and place are common within the discursive terrain of social science (Casey, 1996; Massey, 2005) and the relatively recent investigation of the senses (Porteous, 1990; Thrift, 2004; Pink, 2009; Howes, 2005) has become a way to rethink, understand, and analyze both the theoretical commitments to place-making or place, and the mind-body holism debate (Csordas, 1994; Shilling, 1993; Nast and Pile, 1998). According to sensory anthropologist Sarah Pink, the questioning and problematizing of place by social anthropologists “raises a set of methodological and theoretical issues for ethnography and ethnography researchers” (Pink, 2009, pg. 29). Such questions require an examination of politics, power relations, global flows, phenomenology, and everyday embodied and sensory engagements, especially as ethnographers consider other people’s place-making practices. In her book *Doing Sensory Ethnography*, Pink “offers a framework for rethinking the ethnographic process, and the situatedness of the ethnographer, as a *multisensory* concern” (emphasis added: Pink, 2009, pg. 29).

In order to follow this multisensorial framework, it is important to consider a phenomenological perspective (Husserl, 1970; Merleau-Ponty, 1962; Csordas, 1994), an approach that understands that it is with our body that we come to know and act within the world. The concept of embodiment is crucial here as it means to be grounded in the everyday experience through the perceptual self, which includes the interrelated and interconnected sense of touch, sight, smell and sound. Based on this embodied awareness, Pink and other sensory scholars claim that the body’s sensory system involves multi- and/or cross-sensory interactions, or what anthropologist David Sutton

describes as synesthesia, “the crossing experience from different sensory registers” (Sutton, 2001), a phenomenon that reveals that the sensory body is deeply complex. Complicating the body even further, anthropologist and author of *Empire of the Senses*, David Howes extends the notion of embodiment out into the environment through the emergent paradigm of emplacement, a term that Howes describes as: “the sensuous interrelationship of body-mind-environment” (Howes, 2005, pg. 7). The concept of emplacement is highly relevant when discussing the sensory and acoustic experience of place insofar as it acknowledges that the world is at once experienced, understood and known through the body while being within (and listening to) a particular environment.

Philosopher Edward Casey’s phenomenological theory of place (Feld, 1996; Pink, 2009) is fundamental when considering an emplaced ethnographic process and practice. In his article, “How to Get from Space to Place in a Fairly Short Stretch of Time” Casey (1996) questions the concepts of space and place by making a distinction between the two. He suggests that western modernity has historically treated space as a universal category (one that is mappable and measurable because of Cartesian coordinates), while place has been identified as a restricted notion. Challenging this hierarchy, Casey argues that both space and time are contained *in* place, and as such, it is *place* that is the more universal (but not pre-cultural) concept (Casey, 1996, pg. 46). Crediting Kant as the first Western thinker to recognize the importance of bodily structure for emplacement, and following Merleau-Ponty’s understanding that perception is primary, Casey stresses that it is the “*living-moving body*” that is central to understandings of place:

The living-moving body is essential to the process of emplacement: lived bodies belong to places and help to constitute them... By the same token places belong to lived bodies and depend on them... Just as there are no places without the bodies that sustain and vivify them, so there are no lived bodies without the places they inhabit and traverse... Bodies and places are connatural terms. They inter-animate each other.

(Casey, 1996, pg. 24)

This idea of the “lived-body” as central to our understanding of place acknowledges that one knows a place through being “in a place” (Casey, 1996). In other words, lived bodies and the sites that they move through and inhabit are inseparable and inextricably linked<sup>3</sup>. Just as Merleau-Ponty stresses an embodied “being in the world”, Casey makes a point that we are “always already emplaced” (Casey, 1996, pg. 44), a reminder that since “we are never without perception, the existence of this dialectic means that we are not only *in* place but *of* them” (Casey, 1996, pg. 19).

To sum up, given that we cannot escape from place, it is place, itself, that forms an ethnographer’s primary context for research. According to Pink, “it is what we’re seeking to understand...and it is where our sensory experiences are produced, defined, and acted on” (Pink, 2009). With this in mind, for soundscape scholars and acoustic ethnographers, the acoustic dimensions of place (experienced, produced, defined and acted on through listening, soundmaking, soundwalking, and the soundscape) form our primary context for research. As the next section reveals, such soundscape methodologies and epistemologies offer unique and innovative approaches to ethnography.

#### **2.4.2     *The Acoustic Experience of Place: an emplaced acoustic community***

The legacy at Simon Fraser University has provided a fundamental approach to understand and interpret place-making by way of sound and the sense of hearing. Barry Truax’s *Acoustic Communication* (2001), an informative text in the field of soundscape studies, discusses the value in understanding and interacting with sonic phenomena. For Truax, sound can be understood and experienced in various ways: as a sensation, vibration, relationship, conceptual paradigm, and a sign and symbol for what it denotes and connotes. He suggests that in order to understand the interrelated system of the soundscape it is important to consider the relationship of the listener within place/the acoustic environment and his or her listening processes and practices. Truax regards listening as a primary interface between the individual and the immediate environment, given that all of the sounds experienced not only identify sources, including oneself, but

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<sup>3</sup> Concepts of movement and place, and specifically walking will be taken-up further in section 2.5.1 Walking in Ethnography; 2.5.2 Walking and Remembering; and 2.5.3 Walking and Memory Recall.

are also coloured by their acoustic interactions with the physical space. It is therefore the primary experience of *listening* that is crucial when considering the notion of an acoustic experience of place.

Truax extends this idea by using the concept of an acoustic community, where sound functions positively to create a unifying relationship with the environment (Truax, 2001). For this characteristic to occur, it is necessary for sound to be heard clearly within a bounded area and to reflect the community life. Acoustic cues and signals are aural reminders and temporal nods to the rhythms of daily life: they help define an area spatially, temporally, socially, culturally, and ecologically. An acoustic community is thus linked and defined by such sounds that signify not only daily and seasonal cycles, but also the shared cultural and ecological activities of the area. According to Truax, a community with good acoustic definition can easily recognize, identify and derive meaning from the soundscape. These distinctive and varied acoustic features (including Schafer's analytical concepts: sound signals, keynotes, soundmarks, etc.) form a unique and memorable soundscape. After years of listening, members of the community acquire strong associations with such sounds and thereby create a strong continuity with the past (Truax, 2001).

The acoustic experience of place has also been taken up by ethnomusicologist, Steven Feld with the term *acoustemology*, which he defines as: "an exploration of sonic sensibilities, specifically of ways in which sound is central to making sense, to knowing, to experiential truth" (Feld, 1996, pg. 97). Feld's work explores how places are named and evoked by the Kaluli people of Bosavi, Papua New Guinea and suggests that "the experience of place can always be grounded in an acoustic dimension" (Feld, 1996, pg. 97). Drawing from Drew Leder's *The Absent Body* (1990) and Merleau-Ponty's *The Phenomenology of Perception* (1962), Feld frames acoustemology through the examination of embodiment, synesthesia, and memory, claiming that the body is never a simple presence insofar as the lived experience involves constant shifts in sensory figures and ground. Feld explains how the sensuous experience is deeply immersive in the way in which we perceive places (1996). He writes: "as place is sensed, senses are placed; as places make senses, senses make place" (Feld, 2006, pg. 179). Here, Feld addresses how the senses, and specifically sonic sensibilities, form and participate in the understanding of one's sense of place.

In order to explore the sonic experience of space and place, Feld draws from Truax's acoustic communication framework (2001), geographer Denis Cosgroves' notion of landscape (1984), and the pioneering work of Edmund Carpenter (1960) and Marshall McLuhan (1964) on "acoustic space". By doing so, Feld is able to situate such space and place concepts within an anthropological and ethnographic context, as demonstrated by his exploration of the acoustic experience of place both physically and culturally. He states: "places are potentially reverberant as they are reflective, and one's embodied experiences and memories of them may draw significantly on the interplay of that resoundingness and reflectiveness" (Feld, 1996, pg. 97). What Feld is referring to here is the experience of sound as a physical vibration, which includes how sound sources in an acoustic environment interact (i.e. in the forms of echoes, reverberation, resonance, reflection, absorption, etc.). In this same line, Truax reminds us that our *acoustic experience* of place in space influences our perceptual relationship to the world we live in (Truax, 2001). Thus, the cultivation of sonic awareness through active listening not only offers a viable alternative to visual perception, it also helps to flesh out the sensuous lived experience. Indeed, by developing such sonic skills, ethnographers can gain a richer understanding of the culturally specific experiences of place and the many meanings invested in the soundscape (Blessner and Salter, 2007).

According to Truax, in order to fully *hear* place, one must be able to sonically analyze the function of space as well as the materials from which the space is constructed (2001). Moreover, not only do the spatial qualities of a community affect the soundscape, but the acoustic qualities of place influence the psychological, emotional, and cognitive meanings for the inhabitants of a community. As mentioned earlier, soundwalking has been used as a tool for analyzing community soundscapes: it is a practice that has the capacity to create a perceptual shift, highlighting sound and hearing over sight and seeing. As Westerkamp states, soundwalking is a way to "*notice* the unique soundscape characteristics of a location" (Westerkamp, 2006, pg. 2). Therefore, the active listening that can occur during a soundwalk allows one to explore how sound sources interact in an acoustic environment and thus "*reveals* the environment to the listener and opens inner space for *noticing*" (Westerkamp, 2006, pg. 2).

To sum up, the perceptual engagements of the senses are critical to the conceptual constructions of place. For scholars invested in the soundscape, sonic

sensibilities are imperative in order to understand how people make sense of experiences, memories, and environments. Moreover, it is the act of *listening* that is fundamental in the development of this conscious and embodied relationship to place and acoustic communities. Therefore, emplaced experiences, memories, and ways of knowing are deeply related to the sounds of place, created within space.

## **2.5 Walking in Ethnography**

### **2.5.1 Walking as a multisensorial methodology**

The links between place, movement, memory and biography are beginning to be explored by such interdisciplinary fields as: soundscape studies (Järviluoma et al., 2009), ecological anthropology (Ingold and Lee, 2008), and ecological psychology (Gibson, 1989). Moreover, there is a growing literature developing around the role of walking as part of the ethnographic practice (Ingold and Lee, 2008; Geertz, 1973; Pink, 2009; Evans and Jones, 2011). The work of anthropologists, Tim Ingold and Jo Lee recognize walking as a valuable methodology and examine it as a multisensorial activity. Their anthology, *Ways of Walking: Ethnography and Practice on Foot* (2008) brings together a collection of ethnography across disciplines and from various theoretical perspectives with a particular focus on walking. Taking Marcel Mauss's essay, "Techniques of the Body" (1934), Pierre Bourdieu's concept of the *habitus* (1977), and Maxine Sheets-Johnstone's notion "thinking in movement" (1999) as a starting point, the collection of essays address contemporary social science research that focus on ways of walking. Such themes in the anthology include: the human body and its movements, perception and the senses, space and place, wayfaring and storytelling, and the relations between humans and non-humans.

Ingold and Lee's own work outlines the practice of walking within an anthropological framework. Their essay, "Fieldwork on foot: perceiving, routing, socializing" (Ingold and Lee, 2006), focuses on the relationship between walking, embodiment and "the sociability that is engendered by walking *with others*" (Ingold and Lee, 2006, pg. 69, original italics). Through interviews, participant observation, and walking diaries, their study examines the ways in which walkers describe and

demonstrate different modes of interaction with their environment. By blurring the boundaries between body, environment, and movement, Ingold and Lee describe the potential for a double awareness between inner and outer perceptions (both as individuals and as groups) that can occur while walking:

Firstly, walkers can progress outwards to perceive their surroundings in a detailed way, and secondly, they can also turn inwards to the realm of thoughts and self. In between such outward and inward perceptions, however, there can arise a directness to some of the feelings and experiences generated by walking.

(Ingold & Lee, 2006, pg 72)

This recognition of walking as a dynamic experience between environment and person is also explored by soundscape scholars who consider the double awareness of inner and outer listening stances that can occur while soundwalking. According to Westerkamp, the act of listening can both affect the inner self and inform the shared environment, as she describes: “I often suggest to [soundwalk] participants to listen to both the environment as well as their own inner sounds, thoughts and voices...[this gives] us information about our relationship to the environment and the situation in which we happen to be” (Westerkamp, 2006, pg. 3). With this in mind, as both walkers and listeners we experience a relationship as we walk, understanding both our inner voices and a larger shared social environment where we are all connected.

In other words, walking, like listening, is social (Ingold and Lee, 2008; Truax, 2001; McCarteny, 2005; Geertz, 1973; Turnbull, 1961): we share both the ground on which we move and the sounds that we hear. This observation may seem obvious, however little attention has been given to such concepts in social science research. The act of listening and the movements we make then draw together aspects of both individual and shared experience through our aural perceptions, senses, bodies, and environments (Ingold and Lee, 2008; McCartney, 2005). Ingold and Lee understand walking routes as a form of place-making (Ingold and Lee, 2008), “bring[ing] to the fore the idea that places are made through people’s embodied and multisensorial participation in their environments (Pink, 2009, pg. 77). Similar to the method of

soundwalking, they suggest that walking can be used as a sensory ethnography methodology, which allows ethnographers to participate in the place-making practices of the people they work with and learn about while enabling the creation of a shared experience between ethnographer and research participants.

### **2.5.2 *Walking and Remembering: storytelling as journeying***

By walking, we are also in direct dialogue with the environment; both literally and figuratively, we resituate ourselves into our story. This metaphorical relationship between walking and narration has been taken up by various scholars (Edensor, 2008; Parkes, 1992; Berger, 1982); many of whom write about the bodily experience of the storyteller/narrator while walking. Some even make the comparison of footprints to words and punctuation (De Certeau, 1984; Solnit, 2000). However, the act of storytelling, itself, can be compared to a metaphor of movement as it moves us, transports us, and carries us away (Jackson, 2002). And so, operationalizing a conception of storytelling in ethnography can be achieved by taking the metaphorical notion of journeying in literal terms. Here, the concept of “journey” (Jackson, 2002) is extended to include: the physical path on which we move, an experiential trajectory towards an embodied nature of experience, and an evolving dialogic process where the moments of storytelling can be enacted through walking. For soundscape researchers, this process can occur on a soundwalk. Taking this notion one step further, Ingold and Lee connect storytelling to an emplaced experience, suggesting that the act of “walking can be understood as a personal biography: the body moves, in part, due to its links between past, present and future in a life” (Lee, 2004). In other words, the physical act of moving our body through meaningful environments unifies the senses, places and ways of knowing, bringing together the local past into the present experience (Casey, 1987). Indeed, as we walk through familiar places, we inscribe our own stories onto the routes that we make, as Casey describes: “think only of what it means to go back to a place you know, finding it full of memories and expectations, old things and new things, the familiar and the strange, and much more besides” (Casey, 1996, pg. 24). What this suggests is that movement (specifically walking and/or the practice of soundwalking) has the potential to evoke memory and acts of remembering.

Similar to the idea of “storytelling as journey” is the methodology, “interview process on the move”, which geographers, Phil Jones and James Evans have begun to use. In their article, “The walking interview: Methodology, mobility and place” (2010), Evans and Jones have developed a qualitative GIS technique to analyze the effectiveness of walked interviews in capturing data relating to people’s understanding of place. Their study explores two issues: 1) the relationship between what people say and where they say it; and 2) qualitative and quantitative differences between data generated by walking and sedentary interviews (Evans and Jones, 2010). Their results show that walking interviews generate richer data because “interviewees are prompted by meanings and connections to the surrounding environment”: these walking interviews are “profoundly informed by the landscape [and one could argue soundscape] in which they take place” (Evans & Jones, 2010, pg. 1).

### **2.5.3 *Walking and Memory Recall: the exercise-memory link***

Such “theories on foot” (Ingold and Lee, 2008) and walking methodologies described above situate walking as undeniably basic to ethnographic practice. Indeed, as a method, walking can be useful to explore how human behaviour is affected in the interrelationship of the psychological, physical, and social. Moreover, walking is not only a reflexive action, but an activity, that has the capacity to evoke remembering. The effects on the practice of walking on memory retrieval have been studied within such disciplines as: psychology, education, social sciences, health and medicine, and gerontology. Exercise and dance movement therapy have also reported on the positive affects of movement within the context of people with dementia and memory recall (Stones and Dawe, 1993).

Health research now shows that there is strong evidence for an exercise-memory link (Eisner, 2004; Stones and Dawe 1993). Theory behind this link suggests that cardiovascular exercise significantly improves oxygen to the brain, which translates into measurable benefits in cognitive functioning. Such health studies note that exercise helps individuals perform tasks associated with the frontal lobes of the brain—an area that demonstrates the earliest and greatest amount of age associated losses, including functions for working memory (a system that maintains information in memory in midst of distraction). This research reveals that the body is capable of recovering memory

through movement and specifically through the practice of walking. This idea is further extended into the realm of movement and dance therapy, which understands that the body's capability to recover memory is lodged in the *musculature* of the body itself (Kowarzik, 2006; Chaiklin and Wengrower, 2009). According to dance/movement therapists, Sharon Chaiklin and Hilda Wengrower: "the body relays information—our emotional history— that remains stored in our musculature and other physiological systems...manifested in the individual's postures, gestures, use of space, and movements, large and small" (Chaiklin & Wengrower 2009, pg. xv). This research suggests that exercise and specifically, walking has the potential to prompt memory recall.

To sum up, I have suggested that the acts of walking and listening are deeply connected; moreover, both activities have the capacity to evoke memory recall, as demonstrated by both social science and health research, in particular the exercise-memory link. The idea that emotional history, thoughts, and memories of individuals can be uncovered through movement and motor action is connected to such concepts of "storytelling as journey", the "interview process on the move", and the practice of soundwalking. These methodologies have the capacity to explore communication as a theory of place (Pink, 2009): an understanding that storytelling/narration and movement are part of a process through which verbal, emotional history, sensory, material, social, and other encounters are brought together. Ultimately, this section has revealed that a reflexive understanding of routes, journeys, and explorations helps to theorize place, movement, and memory.

### **3. Methodology: the experience of listening in the field**

#### **3.1 Research Design: memory soundwalks**

My ethnographic research, inspired by the precedents of the WSP and soundwalk researchers and artists, Westerkamp, McCartney and Järviluoma, et al., extends the concept of soundwalks in a technique that I call “memory soundwalks”. This methodology includes audio recording a participant’s reflection of memories and stories while walking or moving through a particular place imbued with personal meaning for them. In addition, as mentioned in Chapter 2, physiological research shows that physical movement enhances memory (Eisner, 2004; Stones and Dawe 1993). As such, I suggest that it is the physical act of moving our body through meaningful environments that unifies the senses, places and knowing and that brings together the local past into the present experience (Casey 1987). Here, I take up Michael Jackson’s definition of storytelling as a narrative imaginary that transforms public into private meanings, with existential emphasis on interexperience (Jackson, 2002, pg. 11, 14). In other words, storytelling is a creation of a social relation between self and other. I broaden Jackson’s approach as the premise for my methodology that applies the notion of storytelling to an emplaced and embodied journey—one that occurs contextually in a particular place and time, but is also part of a larger dialogic process (between listener and storyteller) that deeply requires active listening. The practice of memory soundwalks is further influenced by the embodied practices within the discipline of memory studies (most notably by such scholars: Kirsten Emiko McAllister, Dori Laub, and Annette Kuhn) and Indigenous storytelling and research methods taken up by Margaret Kovach.

I returned to the Broughton Archipelago for two months of fieldwork as a graduate student in order to explore how the experience of listening (inspired by the fields of acoustic communication and memory studies) and through sound and listening methods (i.e. soundwalking and audio recording) can inform us about the pioneer experience and

the transformation (and continuity) of resource-based living to environmentalism. As a soundscape researcher, I also wanted to understand how the act of listening can contribute to understandings of environmental change, local knowledge, and the production of memory. My intention was to audio-record the stories of Billy Proctor, an elder and pioneer of the Echo Bay community. This audio-documentation of Billy's life history, oral narratives and knowledge of the area was requested by the members of the Echo Bay community, who wanted to ensure that the stories of Billy Proctor, told in his voice, would be archived for future generations. In addition, it was planned from the beginning that these recordings would be used as part of an audio-tourism project for the Billy Proctor Museum. Billy had previously written two books chronicling his life: *Heart of the Rainforest: A Life Story* (1998), co-authored by biologist and neighbour at the Salmon Coast Field Station, Alexandra Morton; and *Full Moon Flood Tide* (2003), co-authored by artist and neighbour, Yvonne Maximchuk. However, the community of Echo Bay had a strong wish for Billy's stories to be documented not only as text, but as recordings recounted as oral tradition. As a child, Billy was taught how to read by his mother; however, it was later in his adult life that he learned how to write. Billy's narratives therefore originate mostly from an oral storytelling method. With this in mind, there is an inseparable relationship between his stories, knowing, and telling. Given the centrality of bodily experience in oral history, the method of memory soundwalks was an extremely well-suited technique to invoke Billy's narrative. The method also accounts for the interrelationship between the storyteller (Billy) and the receiver/listener of the story (me), which includes the great responsibility of requesting and listening to an oral history (Kovach, 2009; Laub, 1992).

In order to introduce concepts of listening and soundwalking, and to make Billy feel more comfortable with an audio recorder, my plan was to first ask him if I could record artifacts from his museum in situ. Since part of my work was also to audio record disappearing and historical sounds from the Broughton Archipelago to be catalogued for the WSP at Simon Fraser University, it was important that Billy felt at ease with both my presence and that of audio equipment. I also had little knowledge and experience with antique logging and fishing tools, and certainly lacked the skills to operate them. Billy would not only have to make his gear "sound" for the sake of audio documentation, but also show me how to operate this gear.

Decisions about location, style, content and montage of sound in a soundwalk have political, social, and ecological implications (Paquette and McCartney, 2012). With this in mind, and once a level of trust was established, I asked Billy to take me to places that were meaningful to him both personally and historically. I was also interested in areas in the Broughton Archipelago that had ecological and cultural significance. This research was promoted to Billy as an oral history project and a means of having his stories documented, which included an audio-tourism project for his museum. I didn't conceal the fact that I was also interested in developing the method of soundwalking for my graduate thesis nor that these recordings would also be archived for the WSP. Given this, Billy was motivated to share his knowledge, childhood haunts, and stories with me. On our outings Billy defined the route and constructed his version of where and what defined important areas in the Broughton Archipelago. These areas included locations on his homestead in Echo Bay and other locales where he grew up as a young boy near Knight Inlet, specifically in Fresh Water Bay. Moving through these areas also involved many boat rides, as the majority of locations in the archipelago are boat-access only. Our excursions (including boat rides and walks) were largely unstructured, and likewise so were our conversations and interviews. This allowed for dialogue and listening to flow, although the central narrative of these conversations figured around memory, concepts of home and belonging, and the transformation of the area both culturally and ecologically.

It is conventional to assume that interview techniques emphasise questions and talk; however, I take up Sarah Pink's rethinking of the interview "as a theory of place" which involves "understanding the narrative of the interview as a process through which verbal, experiential, emotional, sensory, material, social and other encounters are brought together" (Pink, 2009, pg. 95). Similar to Jean-François Augoyard's approach of "qualified listening in motion" and the WSP's "earwitness accounts" both can be understood as ways to abstract the interview. As in memory soundwalks, participants may be recorded as they walk through an area that they know well while commenting on sounds that they hear, other senses that they experience, and memories that are elicited. This process encourages a fluid and open relationship between researcher and participant (Augoyard, 2005) and demands a high level of active listening from both soundwalk guide and soundwalk recorder. The capacity of audio recording interviews

during a soundwalk can thus communicate not only about sound qualities in the sonic environment, but can offer researchers valuable emplaced encounters with other peoples' experiences, meaning-making, and ways of knowing.

Part of my own emplacement in the field was the immersive element of living next door to Billy at the Salmon Coast Field Station. Here, I stayed in his childhood home, a small float house that once resided in Fresh Water Bay (twelve kilometres from Echo Bay), where Billy lived with his mother for twenty-one years. With his tractor and winch, Billy helped to move his old float house ashore for Alexandra Morton: it would later become accommodation for visiting researchers at the station. It was significant for me as a researcher to live in the same house that Billy grew up in as a child, especially since my ethnographic work considers storytelling as an embodied journey. And so my situated living became another potential route to understand and communicate about emplaced knowing. Everyday, I would wake up and walk the same steps to the kitchen that Billy must have made years ago.

### **3.2 Active Listening as Method: listening with others**

Active Listening as a method informed my ethnographic research insofar as it became a way to create an ethical and respectful relationship with Billy while witnessing and listening to his life stories. Similar to memory work (Laub, 1992; Kuhn, 2002) and Indigenous methodologies in storytelling (Kovach, 2009), the practice of listening during memory soundwalks is not a passive action, but rather an active one that needs to acknowledge and recognize the words, silences, and embodied actions of the speaker. Additionally, the discoveries surrounding the act of storytelling (i.e. remembering and perhaps voicing memory) are complex and, at times, may be a difficult and painful process (Kuhn, 2002). It is thus imperative to understand that by asking participants to bring their memories to light, researchers are also asking them to reflect on their own lives and mortality in the present. As part of a soundscape approach, researchers must consider their responsibilities as listeners—how one receives and witnesses such information—and the ethical questions in this dialogical relationship. Indigenous methodologies in storytelling involves another approach that recognizes the importance in receiving a story. The method asserts that a researcher assumes a responsibility that

the story shared will be treated with respect—this includes a responsibility to the story in how it's used, reproduced, represented, etc. *and* a responsibility to the storyteller as one listens during the storytelling moment, itself. Margaret Kovach's, *Indigenous Methodologies: Characteristics, Conversations, and Contexts*, became an influential text for me while in the field. The passage below was a reminder that stories shared are not only emplaced, "born of connections within the world", but are also "recounted relationally" as part of a dialogical process between the listener and the teller. The relationship between listener and storyteller thus shapes the very telling of the story in the present, and consequently the stories told thereafter:

Stories remind us of who we are and our belonging. Stories hold within them knowledge's while simultaneously signifying relationships. In oral tradition, stories can never be decontextualized from the teller. They are active agents within a relational world, pivotal in gaining insight into a phenomenon. Oral stories are born of connections within the world, and are thus recounted relationally. They tie us with our past and provide a basis for continuity with future generations.

(Kovach, 2009, pg. 94)

In order to operationalize active listening during memory soundwalks, I conceptualized a set of guidelines to employ while in the field. These guidelines were specifically inspired by Dori Laub's article, "Bearing Witness or the Vicissitudes of Listening" (Laub 1992), where Laub describes the function of "the listener" as "a party to the creation of knowledge" (Laub, 1992, pg. 57), and specifically addresses "the listener" as a witness to the tellers of trauma. I extended Laub's listening approach beyond the subject of trauma to include "the ethnographic listener" as a witness to *all* life-events and stories recounted by participants. In doing so, I created six items to consider as a researcher and active listener during my interactions with Billy:

1. Consider the listener's own research and personal agendas and how they may interfere with the ability to listen.
2. Consider how the listener is at once a listener to the participant and a listener to oneself. In other words, the listener must integrate the narrative

of the speaker on an embodied level, within one's own bodily knowledge and experience.

3. Consider the importance of the storytelling moment—its very happening—since knowledge is more than a factual given or set of data, but a genuine event, itself. Consider the *place* where the cognizance, the “knowing” of the event is uttered, and the listener's role in that creation of knowledge.
4. Consider how the listener can trigger narration and how the listener should honour the process and pace of such narrative content.
5. Consider how to listen to and hear the silence. Speaking can be done both in silence, in speech and through action. The listener “must recognize, acknowledge and address that silence, even if this simply means respect—and knowing how to wait” (Laub, 1992, pg. 58).
6. Consider the many ways that we may listen: embodied, emplaced, multi-sensorially, analytically, individually, collectively, inwardly, outwardly, etc.

From this process, I learned that the practice of active listening is at once both a deeply meaningful and extremely challenging endeavour. My recording sessions with Billy were on average six hours per day; and many sessions I would finish feeling exhausted. The ears that were required of me in order to actively listen demanded an immediate reception of the storytelling and one that necessitated my full, present and constant attention. It was therefore my intention to focus my energies and listening towards the reception of such stories, and, as Laub states, to “recognize, acknowledge and address that silence, even if this simply means respect—and knowing how to wait” (Laub, 1992, pg. 58). With this in mind, I attempted to listen to the silent pauses, and follow the pace of Billy's narrative. However, throughout this approach, I also negotiated my own research and personal agendas, which included the need to document high-quality audio recordings and my desire to gather appropriate material for my thesis. Active listening as method thus required an incredible balance between self-reflexivity and the act of listening on an embodied and present level, as the following account of my visit to Billy's museum for a recording session indicates.

I am aware that my microphone may alienate me from Billy, that by placing earphones over my ears and holding a recorder out in front of me, positioning my body to the right or left, my arm extended towards his words, I am not entirely myself. My body is holding itself in another way. In this way, I am a 'catcher' of sound. It is important to understand how I receive Billy's stories. I am also aware of my own breath, voice and bodily sounds. I am constantly wiping my nose onto my jacket sleeve so not to make a sniff into the microphone. I want to laugh out loud, long and hard with Billy, but I restrain myself to softer chuckles appropriately placed between his pauses so as not to interrupt any flowing sentences. The pace of Billy's stories is slow and rich with responses.

(Field Notes, 8 May 2011)

### **3.3. Data Collection & Analysis**

The fundamentals of soundscape research are essentially qualitative and descriptive (Truax, 2001), requiring carefully structured research design that involves listening, Field Notes, audio-recorded interviews, and the sound of artifacts. As such, my ethnographic research utilized a subjective, participatory, and self-reflexive model (Ember & Ember, 2001) in order to use storytelling and soundwalking as a valuable means of generating and analysing data. As part of my analysis, I have examined Field Notes, interviews, and audio-recorded the sounds of artifacts and memory soundwalks as they have been collected. I have organized my audio recordings into an extensive database, first arranged by the date of the recording and then subsequently categorized by: 1) the recording's length; 2) the time of day in which it was recorded; 3) a short description of the event; 4) later reflections after completing a full transcription; and 5) its potential uses (i.e. WSP, thesis, and/or museum related). In addition, I have selected significant audio recordings to be transcribed; consistent with a soundscape approach, the transcriptions include verbal and non-verbal sounds.

As I have previously mentioned, my actual encounters in the field started with the audio recording of artifacts from Billy's museum in situ. This was a way for Billy to get comfortable with the presence of an audio-recorder. My first week, when I walked up

Billy's dock, I would be greeted daily with: "Well, hello there! I see you've got *that* thing, again!" as Billy pointed to the audio-recorder in my hand and the earphones around my neck. As the proprietor of the Billy Proctor Museum, Billy receives over four thousand visitors annually, so he is no stranger to being the subject of documentation nor to the presence of video cameras or recording devices. However, Billy still likes to make a point that he's "being documented" and "how silly it is to have cameras constantly being directed at [him]". One of the strengths of an audio recorder is its ability to be discrete. Unlike the potentially invasive quality of a video camera that must be directed at the subject's face for a "good" shot, an audio recorder can be subtly placed to the side or left on a kitchen table, etc.

Initially I asked Billy if we could record "things that make sound" in his museum, but Billy didn't really know what I was asking—it was a strange request to be fair. "I don't have any music boxes or instruments", he told me. This statement indicated to me that Billy, like many of us, had been accustomed to conventional forms of listening. In this line of thinking, sounds "worthy" of being recorded are considered to be standard musical sounds. I told Billy that I would like to record the sounds of his old fishing and logging gear. He took a look around his museum, smiled, and said, "this old junk?", a phrase that I would continue to hear in reference to his artifacts over and over again. But, once we started pulling out his old tools to make sound, Billy's listening transformed, and the process of collecting and recording disappearing sounds became an entry point and way to listen to Billy's life history. For Billy, operating his gear from his past to make sound (in what may be considered a "sound event" or "sound act") was a way to re-experience and communicate what it was like to live in the Broughton as a child and witness his community transform as an elder.

I met Billy in both 2009 and 2010 when I was volunteering at the Salmon Coast Field Station. Scott Rogers, the station manager, had introduced us in hopes that I would be a good fit to record Billy's stories. Because Billy is inundated with unfamiliar faces throughout the summer, when we re-met in 2011 he had mostly forgotten our initial encounters. I wrote about my first impression re-meeting Billy and my first time as a researcher in his museum:

Scott and I got off of her boat and greeted Billy on his dock. Scott asked Billy if he remembered me. “Oh yes, I remember the face, but I’m bad with names”, he said. “She’s going to be doing some recordings and talking to you about your logging gear”, Scott reminded him to which Billy replied, “Gonna be asking a lot of questions”. As the conversation progressed, Scott mentioned that I would be up here for two months. “Oh Christ!” Billy responded. Underneath it all, I can sense that Billy is pretty happy about talking about his memories and showing me his old logging tools. I imagine that it’s like playing your favourite piano after forty years of it being tucked away in storage.

Billy and I walked passed the chicken coop and up the museum steps. “A whole lot of junk”, Billy said as he opened the museum’s door, “This here is a whole lot of junk”. He was talking about his artifacts, found over the course of his life all along the low-tides of the Broughton Archipelago. I started to search for items that would make sound. The building was full of objects: glass bottles, small flints, stones, arrowheads, china figures, newspaper clippings, etc. “Oh no,” I thought. “Where are the sound-making artifacts?” I saw an old phone—maybe that would make an interesting sound.

Perhaps if I prompted Billy to tell a story we might find a sound-making object that I could later record: “Do you have any stories about some of these items?” I asked. “Oh Christ, I don’t know. I just found this junk”. I looked at Billy and started to feel a slight pang of panic, but after a little while he walked over to items and started to turn cranks and push down levers. Pressing the buttons of an old till he said, “I use to have one of those when I was a kid”. I moved closer to the till and listened to the sound of him pressing down the stiff metal tabs. This seemed to prompt Billy to make other objects sound...Stories started to flow once we actually touched, moved, and heard the objects within the room.

(Field Notes, 7 May 2011)

That day I learned that the till Billy found so satisfying to touch and listen to was similar to the one that his mother, Jae Proctor, owned in her fish-buying store in Fresh Water Bay. There, from November 1934 to March 1956 she bought fish from trollers, gill-netters, and seine boats for the Anglo-British-Columbia Packing Company (locally known as the ABC Packing Company) located in Glendale Cove in Knight Inlet. What is important to note here is the sound of the till prompted the telling of this story which moved Billy to reflect on the decline of the salmon stocks and the current state of the fisheries in the Broughton Archipelago. This pattern of the re-activation of a particular sound from an artifact leading to contextual memories, historic reflections, and current issues was one that repeated over the course of my fieldwork. The data collecting process thus resulted in many themes, which included the personal, community and environment. I therefore made thematic selections as they emerged (see Chapter 4).

The chosen artifacts from the Billy Proctor Museum were primarily related to fishing and logging activities (see Chapter 4), ranging from: a whistle-punk horn, to the sound of cork boots on the dock, to the splitting of cedar, to the building of a logger's shack, to finally the falling of a Douglas fir with a hundred year-old crosscut handsaw. However, artifacts relating to Billy's childhood (i.e. his windup toy bear and his mother's oil cans) were also recorded as they elicited memories found in the performativity of such objects "to which bodies are central" (Connerton, 1989, pg. 4-5). As noted by other memory theorists and sensory scholars, memory, place and movement are inextricably linked (Casey, 1987; Feld, 1996) and so this specific acoustic ethnography with the re-sounding of objects became a way to: 1) prompt memories by the re-enactment and re-sounding of artifacts; 2) gain insight as an ethnographer through a shared emplacement; and 3) understand the way in which past memories impact the present storytelling moment, shedding light onto both historic understandings and current issues of place and community.

A typical day would include me rowing over to Billy's homestead at around seven in the morning, where I would be greeted by Billy on his dock. All my interactions with Billy were audio-recorded, including these greetings. Initially, Billy and I walked through his museum until one of us came across an object that would be suitable to record. After the first week, Billy often had a certain artifact in mind; if this was the case, we removed the object from his museum and re-activated it in situ. Including the set-up, take-down,

and interview, this process took approximately three hours. Tourists began to visit Billy's museum around ten in the morning, so the first half of our recording sessions finished at this time. I would revisit Billy later in the day for tea or lunch when we would either sit inside his house, walk around his homestead, or motorboat to a specific location nearby. These debriefs were opportunities for further conversation and reflection, allowing for larger themes and details to emerge from the earlier event of the day. Some days Billy had a particular plan and place in mind, which would often require a boat ride and involve an activity, such as: jigging for rock cod, digging for clams, fishing salmon, searching for artifacts on a low tide, or leading me on a specific tour. During these boat rides, Billy would point out areas charged with meaning for him and almost always we would dock and walk the shoreline at these locales. On occasion Billy brought old photographs of the areas we visited and the people who used to live there, which indicates that Billy had pre-planned our route quite extensively. The visited areas included: historical and cultural places where "old-timers" had resided (most of whom Billy knew and some with whom he had worked), places from Billy's childhood, and places connected to Billy's career as a fisher, trapper, and hand logger. The movement required for these encounters was itself a way of knowing (Ingold and Lee, 2008); as I traveled with Billy I followed both the pace of his footsteps and his narrative. Likewise, our movement in a motorboat constituted a way of knowing as we followed and navigated the impending changes in the weather, the activities of animals, and the ebb and flow of the tides. The day would end around dinnertime with me rowing back to the Salmon Coast Field Station or Billy dropping me off at the dock, where we would say our goodbyes. Billy consistently came up with activities and artifacts for me to record, and although it was he who became the initiator of these recordings, he conjectured these ideas as mine: "Well, okee doke," Billy often said as I left his dock. "See you in morning. I'm sure you'll have something for us to do tomorrow".

To sum up, stories cannot be decontextualized from the teller (Kovach, 2009). The dialogical and collaborative interactions involved in storytelling through the roles of narrators and listeners emphasize the concept of storytelling as a social practice (Jackson, 2002, pg. 18). It is important to note that the relationship between storyteller/narrator and listener/witness is of particular relevance, especially in the case of ethnography where researchers have historically had an authority to talk *about* the

people that they study instead of speaking and listening *with* them. As such, the acts of listening and witnessing are not merely passive practices, but like the action of storytelling, can be active actions of meaning-making, revealing understandings about complex connections between people, places, histories, and identities.

## 4. Analysis: Ways of listening to sense of place

My analysis seeks to capture and communicate the sensory material of my fieldwork. I do this by describing scenes about sound and listening, enabling me to unearth both Billy Proctor's philosophical and physical place from where this thesis unfolds. As previously mentioned, historical artifacts from the Billy Proctor Museum were used as a means to explore and return to moments and places in the past (for a complete list of the recorded artifacts see Appendix A). Out of this index, I have selected examples that capture the most "sense of place" and recounted these case studies throughout this chapter. These case studies are not necessarily discursive *about* sound; rather, it is *through* sound and listening that we are able to enter into Billy's life history and explore concepts of memories and place in general. The purpose here is to communicate the various levels of information that both soundwalks and sound events embody. On a larger level, this analysis describes how abstract themes of place and belonging have worked through my research material. I have done so by categorizing my work into three general themes: 1) the private aspect of home and belonging; 2) the shared and cultural sense of place; and 3) notions of stewardship and environmentalism.

It is important to note that the stages of data collection and analysis have not been separate entities in the course of my research (i.e. the data collection was completed first and then analyzed later). Instead, my analytical thought began as a situated ethnographer in the field, where I initially began to detect patterns and analyze themes as they emerged. As Pink states, "an initial and fundamental way to situate analysis is to place it within the knowledge production process. In this formulation, analysis can be understood as a way of knowing" (Pink, 2009, pg. 119). And so, my own practice of analysis has been developed throughout my fieldwork, later during the treatment of research material (i.e. audio recordings, interviews, photographs, Field Notes, and memories), and now in the writing process as I interweave description, theory, sounds, stories, history, and sensory moments together. The descriptions offered here in words are not meant to reduce events, stories and sounds as illustrations; rather, what this

chapter considers is how to convey the changing Canadian settler experience through the activation of a phenomenological moment. In doing so, the reader can hopefully establish connection with the research material through her or his sonic sensibilities.

In her book, *The Social Life of Stories: Narrative and Knowledge in the Yukon Territory*, anthropologist Julie Cruikshank rethinks the translations of objects in ethnographic collections by comparing two seemingly exclusive ethnographic approaches—the analysis of oral tradition and the analysis of material culture (Cruikshank, 1998, pg. 99). Cruikshank’s juxtaposition is a good starting point from which to discuss the acoustic qualities of the objects in the Billy Proctor Museum. As discussed in Chapter 3, once re-enacted in situ, these artifacts took on additional meaning insofar as their sound events acted as memory aides for the telling of Billy’s stories. For example, the first artifact that I recorded Billy enacting in situ was a whistle-punk horn, which evoked a narrative about his first job when he was a boy, including personal reflections about how he had once experienced and understood the land, forest, and timber as a young hand-logger. As a whistle-punk, it was Billy’s job to give acoustic signals to his fellow loggers and hook tenders with a wire that ran from the forest down to a steam-engine donkey at sea. Reactivating the horn again was the first time that Billy had heard the horn since the 1960’s. “Christ! I haven’t heard that noise since, when was the last time I worked in the woods? I guess 1964” (Transcription, 8 May 2011). What transpired during the event was that the sound of the horn prompted Billy’s memory and he was able to re-enact the acoustic signals that he once gave decades ago. This incident is described in the Transcription below.

*Billy Proctor:* You expect me to remember all the signals and I haven’t blown whistles since 1947? [*chuckles*] ...Well, one was go ahead like [*Billy blasts the horn. BLAST!*], like that, that was the go ahead. And, if you wanted them to go ahead easy, like go ahead slow, if ya had a log that was in a bad place or something you’d [*BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!*] three, like that...when the riggin’ was hangin’ up high like that, if you were loggin’ off a hill and the riggin’ was hangin’ up high and you needed the choker to slack down, you’d blew [*BLAST! BLAST! pause BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!*] two and four, two and four that was slack the haul back. And if you wanted to slack the main line, you’d just blew a

whole series [*BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!*], a series like that...That's about it. [*Laughs*] I'm amazed they work! Christ, that's a long time ago, 1947.

(Transcription, 8 May 2011)

By the end of this event, Billy had remembered a large number of acoustic signals and was actively re-enacting them with the horn. He also began to reflect on the current state, philosophy, and impact of the logging industry on the Broughton Archipelago, so what started as a personal anecdote took on political, cultural, and ecological meanings in terms of contemporary struggles.

## **4.1 Private Aspects of Home and Belonging**

### **4.1.1 Context: *The Biographical and Personal***

This section of Chapter 4 explores personal aspects of home and belonging that are highly specific to Billy as an individual. As an introduction to Billy's museum, I begin with a brief description of a sound event about a series of artifacts from his collection. In addition to providing historical facts about fishing in the northwest coast, this encounter analytically activates notions of Billy's biography and place. From there, I move on to recount the Tidal Pool Story, an important trope in Billy's life and an event that sets up an epistemological framework for my research. For the upcoming scenes throughout this chapter, it is important to note that this analysis is not an examination of the artifacts themselves, instead it examines the ways in which material culture has enabled the process of remembering and allowed other themes to surface within the research. The Billy Proctor Museum also houses a collection of bells that Billy has either found or owned, himself. As he rings each one for me to audio-record, Billy describes how trollers would fasten such bells on their fishing lines to acoustically signify when a fish was caught. The bells range in dimensions from the size of a thimble to an actual cow bell. As Billy lifts up the different bells and jingles them, he explains which ones were used on which boats.

*Billy Proctor:* [When trolling] you used to have these [bells] on each line on the tip of the pole so you knew when you got a fish on it. After you got fishing out where it was rough they were ringing all the time, so we took them off. When I fished in a rowboat, just a little pole sticking out in the rowboat, I had one of these on [*rings a little bell; sound of tiny tinkle*]. Didn't make much noise...but when you're rowing along quietly, you could hear it great...This one is pretty quiet. You'd never hear that out on the end of a pole. On a little boat, it was alright.

(Transcription, 14 May 2011)

The ringing of this tiny bell prompts Billy to tell me about his job as a rowboat fisherman. It was one of his main occupations from 1943 until 1958, when he got his first power boat. Due to extreme exposure in a rowboat, a vessel powered completely by arm strength, the pace at which Billy fished and the possible locales that he could reach were greatly affected by the weather and tides. Billy explains to me that as a rowboat troller he used a handline to fish and only one lure at a time with a one-pound lead. Through the kelp beds where the salmon swim, he would fish thirty to forty feet deep. "Some fellas tied line to their foot. I had mine tied to a small pole with a little brass trollin' bell". Imagine the soundscape needed to hear the detail of a tiny bell tinkling while at sea. In soundscape studies, such an acoustic environment is called a hi-fi soundscape, a soundscape where "one does not have to 'fight' the environment to make sense of it. Rather, it invites participation and reinforces a positive relationship between the individual and the environment" (Truax, 2001, pg. 23). Here there is a balance between listening and soundmaking, impression and expression (Westerkamp, 1990), where the flow of acoustic communication allows for a high degree of information exchange between the listener and the environment. This is in contrast to a lo-fi soundscape, which constitutes an environment where distinct sounds cannot be heard, encouraging feelings of separation and isolation from the environment. As soundmarks, these bells are important with regards to the acoustic profile of the fishing community and help to define the "acoustic horizon", the most distant sounds that can be heard in soundscape, which create an acoustic border for those who fish both in and outside the area.

The sounds of these bells are very familiar for Billy; their associations have been built up over the course of his life. He chimes every bell for me to record and there are over ten, each one with its own personal story and distinctive acoustic qualities. Later that day Billy continues to reflect on the lifestyle of a rowboat fisherman, “We were very independent individuals that needed few things in life..I was the last [rowboat troller] to fish in Blackfish Sound when I got my first motor”. Though not directly concerned with the impact of technology, on an analytical level Billy’s personal narrative refers to the historical changes of the seascape and soundscape in the area, providing a way for us to think about broader issues of modernization and the transformations of the world and its inhabitants today.

#### **4.1.2     *The Tidal Pool Story***

On one of our first outings, Billy brought me to Fresh Water Bay, a sheltered harbour on the south side of Swanson Island and roughly a forty-five minute boat ride from the Salmon Coast Field Station. Billy grew up in this cove with his mother, Jae Proctor and has many personal stories about the land, ocean, and “critters” as well as remembrances about the old-timers who used to live nearby or come visit his mother’s fish-buying store. Like the whole of the Broughton Archipelago, Fresh Water Bay has various levels of memory and history, and articulating both past and present connections to this place takes on an importance in light of Aboriginal ancestry, European settlers, and current consequences of our industrial era. Now an old-timer, himself, Billy describes his relationships between humans, land, and the coast as we walk and listen together on his former homestead. Raised in the settler culture of the twentieth century, Billy is a product of his time, understanding landownership in terms of both formal boundaries (of the Crown and capitalism) and situated knowledge acquired over a lifetime. “I’m part of the forest, so to speak”, Billy told me when I asked him about his notions of home. “Home? Right here, where I’m home. I’m home right now. I don’t know anything else but this. This is my home, so.”

And so, to bring my reader into the life-world of Billy Proctor, I take you to the very biographical location of Fresh Water Bay, where Billy was born and grew up. Here he tells the Tidal Pool Story, which brings private aspects of home and belonging into a narrative about a special and sensorial landmark throughout his life history; it is a place

that Billy continues to bear witness and even invites others to experience. In fact, from the moment I mentioned the concept of my research project, which included the idea of soundwalking, Billy wanted to take me to his tidal pool: “Well, when we take a walk at Fresh Water Bay, we gotta go over and look at my little pool, that’s a must.” Walking along the shore to the pool was one of Billy’s boyhood pastimes; it was also a favourite walk of his mother’s. As mentioned in Chapter 2, the movement of walking can be understood as a reflective action and autobiographical practice (Ingold and Lee, 2008): we remember as we walk, especially if the routes revisited are coloured with meaning. When I asked Billy how he would describe “a day in the life of Billy as a boy” he mentioned the walk to his tidal pool, inviting me to join him and share this piece of personal biography.

*Billy Proctor:* Oh god, a day in the life of me, well I don’t know really. Depending on the time of the year, when I was five or six years old I used to go help mum work in the garden in the springtime a lot cause we had a huge big garden. And then I’d just wonder around on the beach and go sit in the water, and watch the tide come in and out [*chuckles*]...But Mum, she use to like to walk to what she called ‘the next bay’. She’d always say, ‘lets go to the next bay’. So we’ll take a walk over there.

(Transcription, 15 May 2011)

The tidal pool is a small but deep formation cut into the bedrock of the shoreline found next to the ebb and flow of the tides. It’s home to hundreds of little sea-fairing critters that have fascinated Billy since he was a young boy. As a microcosm of a much larger ecosystem of the Broughton Archipelago, this pool sustains a community of living organisms that are dependent on each other and with the environment as part of an interacting system of cycles and energy flows. The pool is also a magnification of the way Billy experiences his environment and a symbol for how he wishes the natural world was treated. Billy tells me that ecosystems are controlled by both external and internal factors: external factors such as climate maintain the overall structure of an ecosystem and the way things work within it. Of course, human beings are a part of this ecology in the way that we connect to, influence, and use our natural environment. In addition, just as the tidal pool may be analysed as a system of interrelated parts, so too can the

soundscape, which reflects the natural ecological balance or “acoustic ecology” of an environment (Truax, 2001). In this vein, even though the tidal pool can be perceived as a visual landscape, as place it holds an embodied and sensorial knowing for Billy. The Tidal Pool Story is thus a narrative example that signifies all three themes of my sound-focused thesis (private, cultural, and stewardship) and so it is appropriate to start here, finding immensity in this tiny world.

Billy’s tidal pool is a short jaunt from his former home. To get there, we walk along a pebbled beach, where our footprints sink into the shore of round stones, worn smooth from years of rolling surf. I wear headphones and my audio-recorder picks up the sonic details of the bay. I hear the cry of an eagle and then it’s gone again. Ravens surround us, their voices mingling with the sound of the ocean’s edge and our footsteps. My microphone picks up the minute sounds of lapping water. Our feet shuffle over the stony shore, Billy, as always, ahead of me and as we round the corner another small bay opens up. Headed towards slick looking bedrock, salted and wet, Billy’s pace quickens.

*Billy Proctor (BP): Well, there’s my little tide pool, it’s still there [sound of an eagle cry]. God, the hours I sat looking in this little place, all the little fish n’ critters, little scalpin’s, and little periwinkles, hermit crabs. I learned a lot about sea life in this little pool. That pink, that pink formation, that’s the little grazers that keep that clean, if they’re not in here grazin’ off of it, it’ll all turn brown. But look at the amount of little scalpin’s. They’re all over down there. The little hermit crabs over there.*

*[We kneel down on the bedrock and stare into the tidal pool. A few minutes pass and then we regain speaking].*

*Jenni Schine (JS): This is an amazing little pool.*

*BP: Oh god, yeah, it’s always fascinated me. Always...[chuckles]. Oh god. Don’t know why I brought these ol’pictures [Billy takes out photographs from his coat pocket].*

*JS: When did you find this [tidal pool]?*

*BP: That’s me sittin’ right where you are when I was four years old [shows me a photograph of himself at four years sitting next to his tidal pool].*

*JS: Oh Billy.*

BP: *[laughs]* That picture's seventy-three years old, seventy-two. Oh god. Right there. That's pretty funny. Oh, I come back here every year and sit here for a while and look at this.

JS: It's amazing.

BP: I'd like to have a little pool like this at home, but...I've been thinking of making one out of concrete, but god you can learn a lot by watching the little different critters, little limpets down there. Barnacles. It's probably a couple hundred critters livin' in there all together. Sometimes a little fish will wash in there and die or somethin' and then little guys eat him up.

JS: Would you come here everyday or?

BP: Oh no. No, I'd always come here after a big storm to see how everything was in the wintertime. But in the springtime I used to come just about everyday cause I used to walk a lot up the shore, lookin' around for drift wood and stuff. Yeah, that's a scallop, he'd just closed up when he see me...

JS: When did you find this?

BP: Oh god, I don't know. Mum showed it to me when I was just a baby, I guess. I never ever done anything to it, I mean, I used to break a little mussel once in a while and throw little pieces in and watch the fish eat it, but I never tried puttin' anything different in it or anything. But that, that scallop wasn't there before *[Billy reaches into the pool with his finger and picks up the scallop, holding it in his hands; sound of water trickling]*. Boy, he's closed up tight now. That's called a jingle shower window oyster. The muscle goes right through this shell and stuck to the rock. You've maybe seen them wind-chimes made out of them, well, that's the shells they use. It's got a hole in it, about a half inch hole, where the muscle goes through. He says, 'put me back where I belong. Don't play with me.'

JS: *[laughs]*.

BP: Course, I used to have voices for all the stupid things.

JS: Like what?

BP: Oh, like little fish talkin' to one another. 'Get out of my way. That's my rock to hide behind, not yours'. I can't believe the amount of scallops that's in there.

JS: Yeah, what a little world, eh?

BP: Oh yeah, it's its own little ecosystem right in there. Well, I've always had a love affair with fish. I love fish. An awful lot of people don't give them credit for what they know. They're a lot smarter than what we want to make believe they are. Too many people think they're theirs just for them to play with.... Yeah, well, that's the way she goes. It hasn't changed a damn bit in 70 years.

(Transcription, 15 May 2011)

Kneeling over bedrock and staring into this tiny aquatic universe filled with life, I felt enveloped into Billy's world and privileged to experience this intimate moment with him. Billy's care for the tidal pool was demonstrated by the way he gently handled the little critters and related his knowledge about the biological and ecological systems. It was also captured in his voice. As text, it is difficult to sense some of the nuances in this transcription without actually hearing the pace, pause, and reflections in Billy's voice. It is also hard to describe how the space for silence was an integral part of his storytelling. But it was the nuances in these rhythms of speech, and the spaces in between such speech that were illuminations for how stories communicate much more than can be told in words. For in this storytelling moment, Billy was not just relaying information about his tidal pool; he was telling me what it means to grow old, to witness a changing world, and to come to terms with life and death. And so, this oral account is entitled *The Tidal Pool Story* not because it contains formal story elements (i.e. a beginning, middle and end), but like a story, it is a narrative that gives shape and perspective to Billy's perception, symbolism and language so that we can be brought into his realm.

As an emplaced ethnographer, it was with my senses that I became situated in relation to the sociality and materiality of Billy's tidal pool. And by using soundscape methodologies, such as active listening, my ears allowed the world in without an impulse to categorize (Westerkamp, 2006). This enabled me to hear the environment for what it actually was and from there become aware of how I received and listened to Billy's story. Such emplaced methodologies can be understood through a phenomenological perspective (Husserl, 1970; Merleau-Ponty, 1962; Csordas, 1994), where the body, grounded in the interrelated and interconnected sense of touch, sight, smell and sound, comes to know and act within our world: this approach brings attention to our own and other people's emplaced experiences and can help to create new routes of understanding in our research. On another level, my engagement and level of knowing

came about through the active participation and co-involvement in the construction of the Tidal Pool Story where I was able to occupy a similar place where Billy's experiences, memories, and imaginations have been formed. Here it was my role as listener that helped shape the story; the way in which I followed Billy's pace (both in walking and in conversation) was part of this collaboration. By sharing this related place and experience, Billy was able to reflect on his life history and presence in Fresh Water Bay, bringing together aspects of both place and personal biography. In addition, audio recording this encounter placed importance to its aural perception, which validated the experience and gave Billy a sense that I was truly and actively listening to him. These recordings now provide a way to flesh out an overall picture of this place and for others to learn about this particular environment.

At the tidal pool, Billy recalled the isolation he experienced growing up on his homestead with his mother, "No, nobody else but mum and I here for ten months of the year. The odd kid would come around on. In the summer time there'd be the odd kid on a boat once in a while" (Transcription, 15 May 2011). It's no wonder that Billy spent many a day absorbed in the wonders of his tidal pool and the natural world, befriending the critters and animals around him. It is difficult to imagine what was involved in living remote in a pioneer era; below Billy provides a description of the isolation he felt as a young boy living in the wilderness:

*Billy Proctor:* Oh, the way it is nowadays [with the luxuries of technology], it'd be a good spot to live, but you just picture yourself living here, just you and your mother all alone, no boat. Just a rowboat, you know, and no means of communication...People ask me now, 'how do you stand the isolation?' Well, they don't know what isolation is. God, it was pretty quiet. I never ever got lonesome, though.

(Transcription, 15 May 2011)

I interpret Billy's relationship with his environment, including his engagement with the wilderness through silence and solitude, as an active awareness similar to the level of ecological consciousness (Westerkamp, 2006) that occurs during a soundwalk. Thus, to document the tidal pool simply as a visual landscape does not articulate the ways in

which this place is sonically and sensually understood nor remembered. In his article, “Places Sensed, Senses Placed”, Steven Feld asks, “But what of place as heard and felt” Place as sounding or resounding?” (Feld, 2005, pg. 182). In the fields of acoustic communication and acoustic ecology, sound ecologists ask such questions by examining the flow of communication as an entire system that constitutes listening, soundmaking, and environment. Pauline Oliveros (2005) describes this system as a symbiotic relationship established by the act of listening; for Westerkamp, it is the soundwalk that enables listening acts to generate an ecological consciousness. The aural/oral experience of *The Tidal Pool Story* thus gives insights into the ways in which Billy experiences and embodies his world, the importance of this encounter is demonstrated in my fieldnotes below.

It was important for Billy to take me here, to this place that he has been visiting his whole life. This was a crystallizing moment for me, for although the tidal pool is quite visual, Billy’s connection with it goes beyond the faculty of sight.

(Field Notes, 16 May 2011)

## **4.2 A Shared and Cultural Sense of Place**

### **4.2.1 *Context: Historical changes in the Broughton Archipelago***

This section of Chapter 4 moves to an exploration of the history and events of the Broughton Archipelago along with the shared experiences and memories of the communities within it. It does so through an examination of memory as a collective cultural activity (McAllister, 2010) by investigating how the act of remembering is a process through which personal, historical and social identities are shaped and formed. According to McAllister, “practices of memory can both change and create new understandings of relations to the past while shaping the manner in which members of cultural communities live in the present and approach the future” (McAllister, 2010, pg. 6). With this in mind, I will explore how the Broughton Archipelago has evolved and developed over time, including present day practices, relations, and understandings at play in the region. This exploration consists of deconstructing the life stories of Billy

Proctor in order to reveal larger understandings of historical and shared events. It reviews an examination of the ecological environment, cultural activities (i.e. logging and fishing), and the geographical/spatial qualities of the coastal community in the Broughton Archipelago. Ultimately, such an analysis will provide a way to understand how the acoustic community in the region is bound together.

As part of a pioneer history, the Broughton Archipelago has been a fishing and logging region which is now transforming into a remote tourism destination. Like many settler locations in British Columbia depicted as remote, this area has historically been dependent on the natural resources as a main economy. Currently, the Broughton Archipelago is confronting major environmental crises, specifically the decline of the salmon stocks and the effects of industrial logging. The region is also home to the highest density of salmon aquaculture in the province and has consequently become a contested site concerning the impacts of salmon farming. With these factors in mind, the ecological and cultural environments of the area are transforming as they directly engage with and are affected by these environmental threats. Billy Proctor remembers a time when the Broughton Archipelago was home to a number of growing communities. From the 1940's to mid-1980's, Echo Bay supported a hotel, post office, school, dance hall, community hall, and shop. After the 1980's, numerous families of the logging community moved away and a new generation of residents arrived, trying to carve out an existence for themselves in a transitioning economy.

*Billy Proctor:* There were six families in the bay when we moved in. One family had five kids. They all moved away shortly in about 1964. Everybody started movin' out...It wasn't long before it was just us [Billy, his wife and two daughters] and Mum in here, that's all. We bought the property in 1979 and started clearing land and built the house. Moved ashore [from float homes] in 1982, just before Christmas.

(Transcription, 14 May 2011)

Billy's family moved to Echo Bay with the dream of living in a thriving community. They lived in float homes in the bay until they bought their homestead where they began to root themselves, literally into the land with the labour of their home. But with the over

consumption of natural resources and the closure of local economies in favour of industrial companies, many families were unable to support themselves off-the-grid and left the area. Currently there are roughly seven full-time residents in Echo Bay. The school has shut down. The dance hall is slowly slumping to one side. Only the post office and harbour remain, mainly as amenities for the visiting summer tourists who now make up the region's main economy. Billy takes in his world around him. It's a place of magic, although sometimes it seems pretty bleak. As we walk through remains of former homesteads Billy often repeats the phrase, "broken dreams".

*Billy Proctor:* So many places I go in this country, it's broken dreams, everywhere you go you see it, you know. The old homesteads where people lived and moved away and done tremendous amount of work. Broken dreams everywhere. People have good ideas and good intentions and then somethin' happens... Yeah, it's a lost era, this place.

(Transcription, 15 May 2011)

Faced with the loss of his changing world, Billy tries to conceptualise ways to build a local full-time economy so that a younger generation can continue to live in the area. "There just isn't work for a young person to do up here," Billy says, "I just wish a young person could buy a hand-loggin' claim and make a livin' around these parts." These feelings of loss, grief, strength, disappointment, and hope soak through the history of Echo Bay and the Broughton Archipelago. They are part of a story retold through the lives of the people who have left, still live or will arrive in the wilderness.

#### **4.2.2 A Tour with Billy Proctor**

Taking my readers on a tour back to Fresh Water Bay, Billy describes the historical changes of the area as we walk through his old homestead, "This was an old, old village, a really old Indian village", he begins. Unlike historical records and studies, Billy's oral history recovers the details of pioneer life through his recollection recalled in situ. In order to understand a shared sense of place, the aim here isn't to recover factual detail through historical documents (although this research does recover historical facts);

rather, this project examines the act of recollection, itself. The following review of the Broughton Archipelago thus gives a historical context of the area through the process of Billy's remembering as we move through the region (either in a boat or on a soundwalk) and/or revisit past events in Billy's life through a sound event. Such events and places are part of a shared history and culture of coastal British Columbia.

Billy explains that before the appearance of European settlers the aboriginal village in Fresh Water Bay had been deserted for roughly 1,500 years. This was indicated by the Douglas fir trees over six feet in diameter that had grown over the village site in the early twentieth century. His record of this bay recounts an important historical moment for Billy that highlights Canadian nationalistic memory. It does so by giving weight to the first Western settlement in the area, recognized by the clearing of land by a European immigrant, as Billy states, "He cleared a bit of land and there was a log cabin built here in 1910". On a personal level, Billy knew the man, "I talked to an old fella that lived in it. He used to come out here and hunt deer" (Transcription, 15 May 2011). On a broader level, this site, like many others in the Broughton Archipelago, is controversial as it sweeps over the places, histories and lives of the Indigenous communities and non-European settlers who lived in the area. Although many of these lives and realities have been erased in "official" records by colonial acts, they are deeply enmeshed in the social memory of Fresh Water Bay and British Columbia at large.

Billy continues to describe his historical account of the area and although it's about the past, his storytelling also gives shape to places, people and events in the present. According to Billy, Fresh Water Bay was further developed in 1914 when a man named Funkly established a fish-buying camp and store on the property (both on floats) and called it White Beach Trading Company. After five years the ABC Packing Company purchased the property, adding both a saltery to the site to salt chum salmon and a bunkhouse to house fifty Japanese workers. This bunkhouse would eventually become the home in which Billy spent his childhood with his mother, as Billy recalls in his memoir, *Full Moon Flood Tide*, "I used to lie in my bed and imagine all those men crammed into such a small house, in stacks of bunks" (Maximchuk and Proctor, 2003, pg. 241). As we soundwalk through the land where the remains of these historical sites are situated, Billy tells me:

*Billy Proctor:* In this corner here, starting back in the woods, right back in there, about where the trees are, there was a building that went from there right out to, to a way out there on piling, it was a saltery for saltin' chum salmon, and it was built in 1919 and they use to be 50 Japanese work at it saltin' salmon, chum salmon, into kegs in the fall of the year.

(Transcription, 15 May 2011)

Billy's interaction with the physical world of Fresh Water Bay is part of a social relationship with the community at large: his story about the saltery bunkhouse which later became his home demonstrates the inseparability of environment from everyday life (Cruikshank, 1998) as it entwines the stories, cultures, and colonial histories of others into Billy's own reality. Thus, through storytelling, public and private realms are demonstrably linked together across time. As he storytells, he continues to reveal the present state of Fresh Water Bay and the Broughton Archipelago at large. Currently, Fresh Water Bay is still privately owned although the proprietor has changed. Like the majority of homesteaders, she has moved elsewhere, away from the wilderness. The smooth pebbled beach is now used by kayakers who stop in the bay to eat lunch or camp overnight. Back in the forest, there are shards of metal and broken brick, a clearing of land that used to hold a house. Jae Proctor's garden beds are wild and overgrown with salal; although there still is rhubarb and bulbs of garlic shooting from the wet soil, and to the left of an abandoned woodstove corroded with charcoal, the crab apple tree still bears fruit.

### **4.2.3 Acoustic Community at Sea**

As part of our journey through the Broughton Archipelago, we continue to cruise along the coast in Billy's 1978 surfer, a motorboat with a loud 64-stroke Yamaha engine. Billy's storytelling is in synch with the stop and go of his boat engine; when it sputters in neutral, he tells me about the changing landscape, seascape, and soundscape of the area, and that revisiting places of his past makes him "feel old". I know that his narrative has ended once Billy shifts his motor boat into high gear and the sound of the engine drowns out his voice as we boat away. We leave Fresh Water Bay and slip through the channels and inlets of Jumble Island, Insect Island, Crease Island, the Twist n'Whirl

Islands and Maud and Pear Islands, stopping at spots imbued with personal and collective meaning. We pause for a substantial amount of time at “the merry-go-round”, a point that was once a hot-spot for fishing coho and chum salmon, if one caught a flood tide. Here Billy explains that due to the collapse of the fishing industry, he hasn’t fished at this “happy land” for over twenty-five years. At that time “there would have been five or six seine boats and three or four trollers waiting for the flood tide to come in”. When I ask Billy to describe the scene of the old trollers anchored at that spot waiting for the tide, Billy replies with a sonic memory, evoking an acoustic community that once existed on the seas: “There were groups of guys traveling together...there were no phones or anything to talk on so you had to just scream at one another or give hand signals, that’s what I always did” (Transcription, 15 May 2011). This sonic memory allows Billy to travel back and forth between past and present listening stances while revealing both anecdotal and informational details of place. For example, the sound of fishers calling back and forth to each other from their boats can be considered as a social memory and a soundmark that was once shared by a group of community members. Much like the concept of landmarks, the notion of soundmarks is indicative of sounds that are unique and imbued with strong associations within a shared acoustic community. Such sounds are used to convey information (or act as sonic markers) and have become preferred sounds of a community. The absence of both this soundmark and the acoustic community at the “merry-go-round” not only signifies the changing fishing zones in the Broughton Archipelago, but it’s an indication that the salmon stocks that once swam past this particular locale in abundance are now in decline. Thus Billy’s story reveals his personal experiences as a troller, but it’s also a tale about the relationship of the past to the present that sheds light on a shared cultural space at large and a transforming way of life.

#### **4.2.4 *Measurement of Time through the Forest***

Billy’s measurement of time through the interpretation of trees is a common awareness for people living in the Broughton Archipelago. Types of trees and their various stages of growth, death or modification can be understood as memorials, as living and dying beings embedded in and responsive to the living world. Whether old

growth remains, new growth blooms or any growth is hindered, terminated or altered is dependent on the biological and social systems of weather, human labour, biological or cultural forces, and the passing of time. Owl Island, for example, is an area where Billy felled timber with his father-in-law. Billy points out that the island is now green with young and sturdy looking trees, “it’s all growing up now”, he says. “Yeah, there was some pretty nice timber on it, yeah. Some of the best stuff had been logged before we started on it though.” While Fire Island is an anomaly in this area because it’s never been logged, as Billy recalls, “That’s called Fire Island. Some of the biggest trees around here, they’re real short, but it’s never been logged, that island and it’s some of the biggest trees around here grow on that island. Big cedar trees, but, oh, the brush! Jesus, it’s thick in there” (Transcription, 15 May 2011). These forests act as points of reference for communicating knowledge and memory of place. As Cruikshank states, “landscapes are places of remembrance and that culturally significant landforms may provide a kind of archive where memories can be mentally stored” (Cruikshank, 2005, pg. 11).

Another historical record in the forest bearing the physical evidence of human activity are Culturally Modified Trees (CMTs). CMTs are trees that have been altered by Indigenous people as part of their tradition, extending back in time. In the Broughton Archipelago, these ancient cedars can be found throughout the forested islands, imprinted with flat surfaces where boards have been split off or bark has been stripped away hundreds of years ago. According to McAllister, knowing such stages and markings of a place (or forest) is also to know how “space becomes responsive to the movement of time, plot and history” (Bakhtin, 1981, pg. 84 as cited in McAllister, 2010, pg. 98). As such, these living organisms with a finite life span preserve evidence of Indigenous forest use during their lifetime. As part of a shared cultural space, it is important to understand the ways in which communities at large interact with these living historical sites. Indeed, to respect the knowledge inherent in such trees is to recognize the aboriginal use of the land that once occurred in the area and acknowledge the present day Indigenous communities that continue to dispute land claims and advocate for their territory. As such, the way such trees are recognized or ignored as historical records (in oral histories, documents, and contemporary discourse) have twenty-first-century consequences in terms of environmentalism, biodiversity, and Indigenous rights.

“Logger shacks” are another example of historicizing human activity within the Broughton Archipelago. These decaying split-cedar structures that dot the coastlines of the archipelago islands or hide in the woods were made by hand-loggers and trappers who would fall one straight cedar tree and split off planks to make shelter. Some loggers would live in these lean-to’s year-round, others would stay seasonally or move from shack to shack depending on where they were logging or trapping at the time. As an addition to his museum, Billy has built a replica logger shack for his summer tourists. During fieldwork, this was an important “artifact” for Billy and one that became inspiration for many of my field-recordings, for example, the splitting of cedar shakes by hand with a fro and mallet, the sound of snapping various animal traps (i.e. traps for mink, otter, and raccoon), the filing and sharpening of a cross-cut saw, and finally the falling of a Douglas fir tree with a with the same saw. As we sat inside his replica cabin, Billy began to articulate the lineage and social movements of these historical structures by making a list of the logger shacks now abandoned throughout the Broughton region.

*Billy Proctor:* Well, the last one fell down in Tribune [Channel] last year and it was built in 1936. Sittin’ in a place like this [next to the museum], it’ll last forever because it’s dry...There were about forty of them down in the beaches [at Tribune Channel]. There was one log cabin at Smith Rock right behind that creek. I found newspapers shoved inside...1910 [was the date]...There was lots of [shacks] around. Pete Johnson he logged down there [Tribune Channel] for fifty years. He was a great big Texan. A guy named Owen White, he had the shack that I just seen that fell down...Blondy Carlson, he had the trap line in Wakeman [Sound] before me and he had seven cabins back the valley...Yeah, they’re still a few shakes and bits of stuff lying around if you look for it.

(Transcription, 14 May 2011)

This conceptualization of the forests, trees, and logger shacks as temporal and spatial markings of history was demonstrated throughout my fieldwork: Billy would consistently provide narratives about the Broughton Archipelago by pointing out the remains of various shacks or the stages of a forest’s growth on a particular island. While I recorded Billy splitting cedar shakes, a sound event inspired by visiting his replica

logger's shack, I asked him how long it would take to build a such a shelter to which he replied, "One week if you're living under your canoe, but we could do it in a month". This comment ignited an idea in the two of us and for the remainder of my field season we hand-built a split-cedar cabin in the same manner that loggers and trappers would have done decades ago. This process entailed splitting poles for beams from a salvaged cedar log and many, many split-cedar boards for the siding and roof. We cleared a bit of land and began to lay the foundation for a cabin. It's construction did take a month; however, we had the help of Echo Bay community members, including researchers from the Salmon Coast Field Station who volunteered to lug armful's of wood and supplies to the base of our shack. What started as a sound event soon became a community outreach activity and a way to bond a younger generation together by learning a cultural practice of the past. Many of them spent their free hours helping us build, the sound of hammers hitting nails would resound around the bay until dusk when the station's dinner bell rang next door.

Building a replica logger's shack was a memory project that enabled both myself as an ethnographer and members of the Echo Bay community to learn (and hear) first-hand about pioneer experiences and identities through the direct engagement of settler practices. Such ethnographic apprenticeships described by various anthropologists (Esther Goody, 1989; Michael Coy, 1989; Pink, 2009; Ingold, 2000) "is not only an excellent way to learn a skill: it is also an ideal way to *learn about* it, and to *learn how one learns*" (Downey, 2005, pg. 53, original italics). As an embodied path to the past, recreating a logger's shack is a culturally specific way of knowing; it's also a way to learn through the senses how the forest was once used, experienced, and inhabited in the settler era. As Pink states, "it is through actually engaging in the activities and environments we wish to learn about that we come to know them" (Pink, 2009, pg. 70). Such an embodied approach requires a reflexive awareness that creates connections between past and present realities. This includes how my own scholarly activities have contributed to the very production of Echo Bay, itself. For one, building a cabin has become visible material of my time spent in the community. It also symbolises a hope of return: for members of this disappearing town there is hope that I will make Echo Bay my permanent home. As such, this shack and my research are now part of the social

relationships and history of the community, incorporated in both Billy's memory of home and a shared understanding of place.

#### **4.2.5 Clam Digging at Low Tide**

In her book, *Family Secrets*, Kuhn states that individual experiences reach beyond the realm of the personal and can spread into extended networks of meaning within the realm of public memories. For Kuhn, the most important part of this process is what goes into the act of bringing memories to light. This particular vignette will activate the sound-event, clam digging at low tide, as a route through which to imagine the tactile and acoustic senses of this activity, a practice that is deeply entrenched in the pioneer experience. By doing so, this text will hopefully engage readers through a narrative that intertwines theoretical, biographical, and shared historical threads.

It's early in the morning and Scott Rogers, the station manager and I are waiting on the dock for Billy to come pick us up. We're standing in our gumboots, each holding a pitchfork. I dangle a plastic bucket from my fingertips. It's a magical time, early in the morning. The sea is glassy calm and the fog is lifting from the trees. We are surrounded in stillness. A wave rolls towards us and I hear the playful squeaks of the dock underneath my feet. In the distance, the sound of Billy's motor boat resonates throughout the bay, becoming louder as he nears the station. "Well hello!" he greets while his boats lulls in neutral, his hand holding onto the dock for us to jump in.

The shell beaches in the Broughton Archipelago are testimony to the large number of Indigenous communities and the mariculture practices that have existed for thousands of years in the area. From these shell middens, Billy, himself knows of over two hundred aboriginal village sites. Anthropological research suggests that Northwest Coast Indigenous peoples both dug natural clam habitat and erected rock-walled terraces. For archaeologists and anthropologists, this scholarly "discovery" disputed a commonly held ideology that pre-contact West Coast Indigenous peoples were "hunter gathers". The Broughton Archipelago has thus become a renowned site for its large number of clam gardens, recognized as a vital foundation for the Indigenous community and economy.

We scuff up the boat on the low tide and hop off onto gritty sand. Billy begins to dig right away and soon tosses a couple of clams in his bucket. I don't know what to look for, so I dig where I stand. With almost every shovel Billy hits a clam. I can hear the metal "twang" the solid surface of its shell. "You gotta get lower down near the tide. That's where they're hiding". Billy tells me that he and his wife, Yvonne used to harvest clams when they were newlyweds. They started clamming in 1958 and the season would run from September to the first of May. In 1966, they decided to quit. "Everybody was making fun of us", Billy explains. Clams were considered a "lesser" food by his community, in part because of the association of clams with Native culture. Since clamming wasn't a coveted occupation Billy and his wife were able to clam dig to make money. Billy adores clams. The beach on his homestead is piled high with white broken shells shucked aside after a meal of greasy clam fritters. He still clam digs regularly, and yet in the following story, Billy describes a sense of loss and nostalgia for both the vanished sounds associated with the activity and the fading away of a vibrant coastal life.

*Billy Proctor (BP):* My wife and I done this for a livin' back in the 50's. We used to get about a thousand pounds a night. And it was three cents a pound...

*Jenni Schine (JS):* So, how often would you go clamming?

BP: Oh, we'd go out every night, if the tides were any good a'tall. In the wintertime, of course, the tides are always low at night. This time of year [Spring] you can't dig commercially after the first of May. *[Sound of digging a pitchfork into the sand]*...Every day at low tide if we could, we'd go clam diggin. Every night. It was always in the night. Once in a while, you'd get a tide in the morning, but mostly at night. That's when it's fun—comin' out in the dark fartin' around. Gas lanterns....Pretty quiet then. The old gas lantern roarin' away, that's about it cause you're always out at night. Pretty quiet on a clam bed.

Scott Rogers (SR): What about the sound of like you and your wife...was she picking them while you dug or?

BP: She was pickin' them all the time, yeah, putting them in gunny sacks. That's about all you'd hear is the clams fallin' into the sack. *[Throws another clam into the bucket]*...They're really nice clams here. I've dug here dozen of times.

JS: Billy, what do you like about clamming?

BP: Oh, I don't know. I just love clam digging. I always did. We used to get about a thousand pounds a night, the wife and I. We were one of their best producers of clam buyers...We only got three cents a pound, so a thousand pounds of clams was only thirty bucks. But we paid the grocery bill with it. We had no money. Just married and broke flat. And that's the way she goes. One night I went out. It was blowin' a gale a southeast and rainin'. Oh, it was just pourin'. And we were tied in that bay down there...And I said to the wife, "I'm not taking you out tonight. It's too god damn miserable". When I'd come back, she'd rowed out to the island. Had four sacks of clams by herself, so. Give me hell because "you're gonna go out and have all the fun and leave me at home, you're crazy".

*[Laughter]*.

JS: So, what is it about clamming that makes it so fun?

BP: Oh, I don't know. I couldn't explain that. It's just getting out there and seein' what's there. I don't know. I love it...People used to come and visit us and if it happened to be a clam tide night, well, we'd always take them out clam diggin'. This one guy, he spread the rumours around the Mainland. He said "Look at the tide book before you go visit Proctor cause he'll have you out there clam diggin'"....*[Billy looks down at his bucket]* Well, that's enough for a big chowder...Lets go over here and have a look.

(Transcription, 18 May 2011)

## **4.3 Stewardship and Environmentalism**

### **4.3.1 Context: Wilderness Places**

This subsection of Chapter 4 extends ideas from the previous two themes: 1) private aspects of home and belonging; and 2) the shared and cultural sense of place. It does so by exploring ideas of stewardship within a neo-colonial period and by complicating western notions of culture, nature, and the vanishing wilderness experience. In order to further understand concepts of place and belonging, I explore how Billy communicates about his care and responsibility towards the places he calls home. Part of this exploration is to understand the ways in which resource extraction industries are affecting the cultural and environmental ecologies along the coast. On another level, this research is also about the local people who live in remote areas.

These residents are not only a part of such ecologies, but are a vital presence in terms of bearing witness to the changing wilderness terrain. What happens when wilderness places don't hold people? Through Billy Proctor's situated knowledge uncovered through active listening, we can begin to think about this question and hopefully realize that the Broughton Archipelago serves as a micro case study for a macro understanding of environmental threats and sustainability worldwide.

It was after two months of fieldwork, of walking, listening and recording with Billy everyday for six-hour stretches at a time that I was finally able to ask him about his notions of "home". We were inside his house drinking tea while the summer tourists ate lunch on his museum's steps. "This is my home" he said. "Yep, I don't want to go anywhere else but this". People from all over the world come to visit Billy and his museum. They arrive by yacht, kayak, tour boat or float plane and although many of them see Billy's homestead as an idyllic dream, they can't imagine living so far away from the "real world". For Billy, Echo Bay *is* the real world. It's the centre of his universe, a place where he feels free and where isolation is cured by a ride in his speedboat.

*Billy Proctor:* Somebody asked me yesterday if I get bored and I says, 'I don't know what the word means. I've never been bored in my life.' When you get a little bit lonely sometimes I just jump in the speedboat and away I go. Get out in the wind and, oh jeez, there's nothin' like it. That's an experience that ninety-five percent of the population will never experience, is getting out early in the morning when it's pouring down rain and windy as hell, runnin' around in the speedboat like an idiot, looking for logs. Get soakin' wet. Come back and the fire is always nice and warm in here and you get some dry clothes on and a cup of cocoa. Jesus, there's nothin' like it. [chuckles] There isn't! I don't know how to explain, Jenni, it's just that it's so cozy when you come in.

(Transcription, 24 June 2011)

I asked Billy if he felt like he belonged here, in Echo Bay. "Oh yeah, definitely", he replied, "Yeah. I'm part of the forest, so to speak". Born and raised in the Broughton, Billy has witnessed the area and the communities within it transform. As such, he is a

part of its legacy as an important knowledge keeper. Talking about his home, Billy reflects on a time when communities used to be able to log their own forests and mill their own lumber on a smaller community scale that kept the benefits local. Now we are in an era where local residents don't commonly own their resources. It isn't an option for community members to get a hand-logging claim, for instance, and generate a local economy. Instead, natural resources are extracted by multinational companies and both the products and profits are exported to another place. These industries from elsewhere, with no long-term investments in the land, will leave when the resources dry up. The importance of addressing such environmental and economic values within the context of past, present and future generations is also about finding meaning in a contemporary context, especially as our ecological and cultural environments in British Columbia have deteriorated over the past century. "We are damaging our habitats and depleting our resources—even those we call renewable—almost everywhere," states ethnobiologist, Nancy Turner, "We see examples of human impacts on ecosystems at every turn" (Turner, 2005, pg. 211).

As I listen to Billy's narratives, it strikes me that before the advent of chainsaws (or multinational companies) many lumberjacks who came to log the islands of the Broughton were also from "elsewhere"; they too lived migratory, following timber harvesting jobs as they opened. In fact, Billy tells me that the majority of the settler society was made up of immigrants hailing from various parts of the globe who worked in canneries or as fishers and/or loggers. From my understanding of Billy's stories, complicating such perspectives (i.e. the settler experience and multinational interests) is revealed in the examination of cultural beliefs surrounding nature, survival, wealth, and environment, encapsulated within the concepts of "wilderness" and "civilization". Due to the length and scope of this research, this thesis does not unpack such concepts in detail; however, it is important to consider how wilderness places in British Columbia have been converted to European-style and industrial production areas, and how perspectives of wealth and value continue to change and transform not only our physical environment (Turner, 2005), but our ideas about place and nature in our cultural landscape. Within this line of thinking, Billy's narratives of movement and detachment, settlement and belonging, wealth and value can be situated from his particular social position, physical location and emplaced knowing. Coming from a particular tradition of

listening, watching, participating, witnessing, and remembering experiences on the land (Cruikshank, 2005), his storytelling provides a way of complicating the past while engaging with the contemporary world. To do so is to understand how current ideas about nature and the environment, including practices of resource extraction inform our relationships to wilderness places.

### **4.3.2 *Complicating Nature and Stewardship***

What I wish to explore throughout this section is the inherent complexities of settler relations to the land, which are entrenched in twentieth century ideas about the categorization of “nature”. The epistemological implications entailed by the nature/society dualist paradigm have long been examined by human ecology and social and anthropological theory. In recent years, rethinking this dualism has emerged from various social sciences and biological fields, including ethnobiology, which examines the relationship between people and the environment. I acknowledge these fields of studies here in order to recognize the ways in which environment and its relations to humans are currently being conceptualized with regards to sustainability, ethics, Indigenous knowledge, social context, and various models of resource use and extraction. Billy’s own relation to the land, including historical knowledge and stories about the Broughton Archipelago have been learned from both situated knowledge and from his elders. His narratives explain modernist changes that have inundated twentieth-century lives. These stories signify revelations about the pioneer era and capture some of the accumulating, vanishing, and changing meanings associated with coastal wilderness, meanings that continue to be enmeshed in the social world (Cruikshank, 2005) of coastal British Columbia. Deeply rooted in this social world are settler/aboriginal dynamics that pervade in areas like the Broughton Archipelago; such dynamics are woven into the fabric of Canada’s pioneer history. It is therefore important to note that this research, which explores the historical and contemporary significance of sound in coastal British Columbia, also brings up notions of the soundscape as a medium for negotiating complex intercultural experiences of post-colonial space, place, history and voice. For although this work did not investigate the settler/colonial relationship directly, such an investigation is located in the broader discussion of pioneer and Indigenous identity, history, and dialogue in Canada, the understandings of which are demonstrated throughout the case studies described in this chapter.

Acknowledging the complex settler/aboriginal relationships in coastal B.C., it is important to consider Billy's seemingly opposing views of the wilderness, which encompass a range of beliefs including trees as timber, the forest as a resource, and nature as sacred. When Billy was a boy, shooting everything was the norm (Morton and Proctor, 1998). Fishers caught as many fish as they could and loggers logged as many trees as they could fall. Even though this resource extraction was local, the objective was to make money. Although entrenched in a neo-colonial framework, Billy's relation to the land also encompasses other forms of knowledge about resources and nature. His friendships with Indigenous elders, for example, were formative in the ways that he now relates to his environment. As such, Billy's worldview contains epistemologies, philosophies and ideologies from Western and Indigenous realities. When I asked Billy if he felt like he belonged to the coast, he told me, "I am the forest". Later on I asked him, "When you're inspecting trees for timber, what do you look for?", to which he replied, "Oh something that's merchantable". He pointed to a twisted old fir and said, "Like that's no good, that one. It's too old and beat up...Lookin' at it as a tree, I guess it's kinda nice, but lookin' at it as a merchantable piece of wood, it's useless, but you get that habit when you've been handloggin' for years. You look up a tree, ya know, and you think, how many boards you could get out of it?" (Transcription, 15 May 2011). These seemingly dichotomous concepts about nature are somehow incorporated into his world view: Billy understands logs as economy, but he also deeply situates himself as "part of the forest". Such imaginations and understandings are a part of shared identities in the archipelago that reveal shifting ideas around wilderness, resources, and environment.

A sound event that explores notions of stewardship and environmentalism is the audio recording of Billy's collection of boomsticks. In addition to fishing and logging, Billy currently log salvages as a main source of income, an occupation that is considered a "green job" by many environmentalists. It's not a stable job as one is dependent on the most number of storms or the discovery of stray logs at sea, but it's still a viable way to make a season's living. During fieldwork, I recorded Billy stamping his boom sticks with an antique log stamp, a tool that Billy once used to brand his logs with his identifying number "928" (now Billy and other log salvagers spray paint their number onto their logs). The audio example is an aesthetically pleasing recording that captures the various timbres and acoustic qualities of the different logs as Billy numbers each one. It also

exemplifies Billy's acoustic competence and sensorial knowledge of this practice as he is able to identify the age, dryness, and type of timber as he brands it. However, this sound event not only reveals Billy's sonic sensibilities, but it demonstrates how pioneer life has developed and how the past continues to shape the present. Log salvaging is no longer a popular occupation, in part because salvaged logs are generally of lower value than fresh green timber. On a larger level, the occupation is disappearing because so are wilderness communities. It takes people who live year-round in coastal areas to make a viable income from this way of life. The amount of time and energy it takes to discover, tie up, and tow back each log is significant. It is a practice that requires people like Billy to boat daily to various locations throughout the year and scout out floating logs or deadheads (logs that are mostly submerged, with one end protruding above the surface of the water). Because it's the winter season that generates the most amount of storms, Billy benefits from witnessing the daily weather and tides in the Broughton Archipelago.

During fieldwork, Billy often spoke of being born and raised entirely in the Broughton Archipelago and how living in isolation has taught him to scavenge useful items from both the ocean and the beaches on the islands. As demonstrated in the example above, he also asserts his belief that life in the wilderness means not using up the land; that log salvaging and hand logging is a way to build one's own home that has led to a closer connection to a place than the 'take and leave' approach of industrialized logging. "It's too bad that things have changed so much," Billy tells me, "I mean there's no way that a young person nowadays can do anything that I'd done, like fishin' and handloggin' and even trappin' or anything" (Transcript, 15 May 2011). Although pioneer occupations such as fishing, logging, and trapping are difficult routes to make an income in the wilderness, Billy views log salvaging as a way for young people to continue to live in places like Echo Bay and the Broughton Archipelago.

### **4.3.3 Cork Boots**

Billy calls his cork boots "shoes with protruding nails". He's been walking in them for decades. "You can always tell a faller when he's walkin' amongst a crowd", Billy says, "They put their feet in front of one another from walkin' down logs in corks for so many years". Corks allow Billy to balance on precarious logs, to run and not to fall, to accomplish work, and get to places that would otherwise be inaccessible. Walking in

them is a movement of familiar gestures that is particularly meaningful in the way that he makes sense of place and personhood. Although it's dangerous to walk on slippery logs and surfaces, especially as an elder, Billy's body relaxes in his corks. He understands their mechanics and as the subject using and moving in space there is a gracefulness to capture. They also have a powerful sound. It's a satisfying series of punctures in crunchy wood imprinted with the rhythm of footsteps. Such a sound is part of the morning ritual of walking down the dock. There is great beauty in this moment; on a cold day, for instance, when ice crystals sparkle from the morning light, the sound is particularly crisp with frost on the ground.

Recording the sound of Billy walking down the dock in his cork boots was a sound event that Billy imagined, himself. "You gotta hear me walkin' down the dock in my corks", he had said, "Now that's a sound from this area". As a soundmark from the pioneer era, it captures many nuances from the life of a lumberjack. It captures the danger inherent in the occupations of a logger, trapper and fisherman. The sound also communicates a very physical relationship to the land that enables a way to move in the wilderness while actually marking the environmental ground through leaving footprints. By wearing his corks, Billy is also able to move between memories of this practice and a more recent and continuing exploration of it. Lee and Ingold describe this connection as the walker's "boundaries between the body and the environment [that] are blurred by the movements of both" (Ingold and Lee, 2006). Billy's cork boot walk thus becomes part of the dialogue with his environment as he begins to connect his personal biography with the way in which he moves.

I describe this cork boot scene because it connects Billy to his phenomenological world, a world that captures and communicates the theme of stewardship and home. Billy and other lumberjacks' footprints throughout the area are incorporated into local narratives of walking, place-making, history, and belonging. They are markings of resource extraction, of falling timber from sites, but they are also impressions of memory, of how people have *lived* (and continue to live) in the wilderness. With this understanding comes notions of belonging: for people in the Broughton Archipelago, their task in life is not necessarily to *occupy* the land, but *inhabit* it (Ingold, 2007, pg.81-84). In this sense, these footprints in the wilderness over time serve as tools that indicate

the whereabouts and usages of local resources. They also indicate the presence of people who belong in and witness the changing wilderness terrain.

To sum up, Billy and many other community members who live in the Broughton Archipelago are invested in the long-term continuity of the area both culturally and ecologically. Because of the high demands of our developing world, the forests and oceans are becoming depleted and the communities who live in these locales are left with the first-hand consequences of a declining natural world. However, as citizens of British Columbia and the world at large, we too are affected by the current model of industrial extraction and are a part of this seismic shift in the way we use and connect to our wilderness areas. And so, in this moment of global crisis and environmental threats, we must begin to realize that Echo Bay is important because it stands as an example of how to live on this coast. And Billy is important because he is a link into this way of life.

## 5. Conclusion

As a soundscape researcher, I try to bring active listening into my work. During active listening, the intention is to be receptive to all environmental sounds, but it's also a way to listen with people. It's a way to receive other peoples' stories and bear witness to the changing environment, soundscape and cultural landscape around us. The idea "to bear witness" is commonly conceptualized as a visual sense; however, there are other ways to witness and receive information. By listening to the sonic environment of the Broughton Archipelago and to Billy's stories, I have become interested in questions of place and belonging, and how we take responsibility for our world. This interest was charged during field work when I met people in the area (researchers, scientists, boaters, fishers, loggers, community members, and tourists) who either lived in the Broughton Archipelago or kept coming back year after year. For residents, it's not easy to live off-the-grid on the northwest coast of British Columbia. It's an active decision to build a life in this part of the world, in part, because daily life is so active. Wood needs to be chopped, water lines need to be hiked and fixed, much food is caught or grown, and specialists, plumbers, carpenters, and the nearest hospital are an hour and a half boat ride away. The daily chores to exist off-the-grid are physical and timely.

While living in Echo Bay as an ethnographer, I asked others questions about place and belonging and in turn I was asked, "Where are *you* from?". My first response was to say Vancouver. I was born there, I grew up there, and I go to school there. But, now after listening to and living in the Broughton Archipelago, I also feel a deep connection to the northwest coast and, in some ways, more of a commitment to that part of the world. Since landing in Echo Bay as a volunteer in 2009, I have become intertwined in the community. Billy has even given me my own radio call sign, "Zorbie" and I have built a split-cedar logger's shack. This structure, beyond being a material artifact from my ethnographic research, has become a home and a symbol of my intent to return to Echo Bay. It has been a challenge wanting to live in the Broughton Archipelago at least part of the year and I have felt torn between these two worlds, the

wilderness and urban life.

Throughout my fieldwork, Billy has taken me to places imbued with personal meaning for him where I have listened to both the soundscape and his stories connected to these locations. By listening, I became aware that Billy was actively passing down his knowledge to me. This knowledge was not merely anecdotal; he was telling me how to *live* in the Broughton, how to make this place my home. As an active listener to Billy's stories, what then were my responsibilities? By passing on his narratives, there was assumption that I would not only listen to them, but learn a lifestyle. From this, I started to ask myself questions about my own sense of place and belonging. At the Salmon Coast Field Station I had the opportunity to interview geophysicist, Dr. Neil Frazer who spoke to me about his own obligation to the northwest coast. He said, "Where you are from is a choice that you make. And it's about deciding what place owns you rather than what land you own.... This is a personal choice. You don't have to tell anybody else, but it's a way to steer your life that has meaning....When you choose to be from a place and internalize an obligation to that place because you belong to it—*it* doesn't belong to you, *you* belong to it—then, your worldview changes and your notion of wealth changes" (Transcription, 21 June 2011). And so, as I am torn between these two worlds of Vancouver and Echo Bay, seeking the value of both while lamenting their shortcomings as well, Neil's quote sums up nicely how my own notion of wealth and sense of place has indeed changed.

The acoustic material from this research has enabled this ethnographic work to extend into the public domain, allowing a range of audiences and listeners to hear the sounds from the Broughton Archipelago and the stories of Billy Proctor. However, these recordings from this particular place also act as an invitation for people to listen to the world around them in real-time in order to make real connections to the sounds that they hear. Such listening is an opportunity to redefine human connection and reclaim sacred spaces, including the places we call home. The ultimate goal of this thesis has been to provide access to a place, medium, and methodology that focuses on listening and sound-making. Such an intention hopefully leaves readers and listeners with an increased awareness of where their place in the world is, and the ability to actively listen to that place. Throughout this work, I have been guided by the question, what happens

when we actively listen to our selves, each other, and the places we call home? This thesis is a record of what I have learned.

## 5.1 The Importance of Listening

The work of this thesis will be of interest for any researcher engaged with people as the act of listening is integral to research, communication, and human interaction. Recently there have been movements in the social sciences and humanities that have included discourse-centered approaches building on sociolinguistics, the ethnography of speaking and communication, and paralinguistic concepts (Farnell & Graham, 1998). However, there is still a lacuna concerning methods of embodied listening in ethnography, where the acts of listening to and witnessing voice, memory, and place have not thoroughly been acknowledged. Departing from the fields of acoustic communication and memory studies, this thesis has offered a route to understand how such soundscape techniques can be employed as a method by ethnographers. It is a method that requires us to process, articulate and sense what it means to speak and listen, including an awareness of how our own bodily practices are constantly being negotiated, responded to, and affected by emotional processes, the environment, and to one another.

The work in this thesis has thus demonstrated that learning about the act of listening must come from living one's body from within (Sobchack, 2004). As memory scholar, Sobchack remind us, "To say we've lost touch with our bodies these days is not to say we've lost sight of them. Indeed there seems to be an inverse ratio between *seeing* our bodies and *feeling* them" (Sobchack, 2004, pg. 179). In this vein, soundscape scholars claim that by actively listening to our environment, to the outer world, we are able to animate our ears into action (Westerkamp, 1974; Truax, 2001). In this way, listening can become more of a creative action and a method that enables researchers to flesh out the sensuous lived experience. Throughout this thesis I have considered, how does my own soundmaking and listening stance impact other people, myself, and the environment? My work has hopefully demonstrated that the ways in which we listen to our soundscape can be transferrable in how we listen to our informants in the interview or storytelling process. Just as in soundwalking, there are social, political, and

personal implications of *what* we listen to and *how* we listen (McCartney, 2005). As researchers involved with people, it is important to understand that the discoveries surrounding the act of storytelling (i.e. remembering and perhaps voicing memory) are complex and, at times, may be a difficult and painful process. As such we need to understand that by asking our informants to bring their narratives to light, we are also asking them to reflect on their own lives and mortality in the present. This presents a series of considerations regarding our responsibilities as listeners and how we receive information.

During fieldwork I have come to understand the profound importance of active listening. At this stage in Billy's life, it is one of the greatest gifts that I can give him. By storytelling, Billy is not merely telling me personal or historical anecdotes about his life history; rather, he is communicating what it means to grow old, to outlive friends and family, to witness a changing world, and to come to terms with life and death. "I'm one of the last ol'stumps", Billy told me during an interview in his home, "Cause I'm the last ol' timer left. There's nobody else left. I'm it" (Transcription, 24 June 2011). Billy's stories are told in both words and in silences; during our audio recording encounters, it was crucial to hear how Billy's pauses were an integral part of his speech and storytelling process. As memory theorist, Annette Kuhn states, "Narratives of identity are shaped as much by what is left out of the account—whether forgotten or repressed—as by what is actually told" (Kuhn, 2002, pg. 2). As a researcher, it has therefore been important to listen to the ways in which Billy told his life events: the spaces for what was *not* said became sudden illuminations for not only my understanding of Billy, but for Billy's understanding of himself. In this sense, it is important to acknowledge that the ways in which we listen to and receive information affects the story being told. In fact, storytellers and listeners co-create such stories. Active listening required me to listen to Billy's silences, follow his pace, and wait for him to begin speech again and again. In doing so, I was able to give him the necessary time to reflect and process his memorial material. The content that developed out of our recorded encounters revealed how the past continues to affect the present.

## 5.2 Contribution to Knowledge

Throughout my research, I have been asked, “Why study sound?”. I can now answer that work such as this invites a certain type of knowing and consciousness that is inflected in the base of sonic awareness. This has the possibility to produce richer understandings and innovative practices, analysis, and representations in ethnographic research, artistic practice and applied work. Soundscape methodologies, such as soundwalking, produce a wealth of data, knowledge, and revelations about the details of everyday life and memories that would otherwise not be recorded. The value attached to such narratives and storytelling arises out of a fine-tuned listening framework: in soundscape studies this is referred to as “active listening”. Such a framework encompasses an ecological and anthropological perspective, which has allowed the work in this thesis to extend traditional ethnography and visual techniques while asking important and complicated questions, such as: How can the act of listening contribute to the understanding of environmental change, local and situated knowledge, and the production of memory?

In addition, the medium of sound allows for the public distribution of this work. Part of my understanding as an ethnographer is about giving back to community and as a researcher I can do this by sharing my ethnographic material. The documentation of coastal life in both this thesis and various multi-media formats (i.e. the film “Listening to a Sense of Place” co-created with Greg Crompton and as part of the World Soundscape Project at Simon Fraser University) has been important for the communities in the Broughton Archipelago region. On a local level, the audio recordings of Billy’s stories were unanimously supported and welcomed by the residents of Echo Bay. In addition, people who travel or live along the northwest coast have often thanked me for such documentation. As such, this thesis has described and archived an important coastal history, a disappearing way of life, and the sensory life world of a Canadian icon, Billy Proctor. Within academia, the overlapping spheres of communication, anthropology, acoustic ecology, and even ethnobiology in my research have helped to locate the contemporary coastal soundscapes within the context of British Columbia’s identity and cultural heritage in Canada. By exploring how the sonic environment of the Broughton Archipelago has changed over time, my research has provided an interdisciplinary

platform in order to examine the past as we move into an era of ecological threats concerning the (mis)use of natural and cultural resources.

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## **Websites**

Andra McCartney's "Soundwalking Interactions":  
<http://soundwalkinginteractions.wordpress.com>

Hildegard Westerkamp: [www.sfu.ca/~westerka](http://www.sfu.ca/~westerka)

Sonic Research Studio: [www.sfu.ca/sonic-studio/](http://www.sfu.ca/sonic-studio/)

The Vancouver Soundwalk Collective: <http://www.vancouversoundwalk.com/>

World Soundscape Project: [www.sfu.ca/~truax/wsp.html](http://www.sfu.ca/~truax/wsp.html)

## **Appendices**

## Appendix A.

### Recorded Artifacts from the Billy Proctor Museum

An estimated 250 hours of recordings were made during fieldwork, and a selection of these, including the below artifacts, can be accessed at <http://www.sfu.ca/sonic-studio/>

Animal traps (i.e. cougar, mink, otter, and raccoon)  
Blow torch  
Boom chains  
Bosun whistle  
Cedar bark (peeling)  
Cedar planks (splitting with fro and mallet)  
Copper flasher for salmon fishing (creation)  
Cork boots walk  
Cross-cut hand-saw (filing)  
Cross-cut hand-saw (setting)  
Cross-cut hand-saw (cutting into wood)  
Cutting limbs off of tree  
Falling Douglas Fir with antique cross-cut saw  
Fishing bells  
Forge  
Grinder  
Hand axe  
Jack  
Lead pound for fishing rods (creation)  
Logged tree shooting into the chuck/ocean  
Logger's shack (construction)  
Metal wedge (hitting of wedge to create beams for logger's shack)  
Metal dogs (attaches log to a tow-rope in order to boat home)  
Peeling bark off Douglas Fir  
Primus stove  
Rotary telephone  
Rowboat  
School bell  
Squirt can  
Steam whistle  
Triangular dinner bell  
Troller engine, "Ocean Dawn"  
Wheelbarrow  
Whistle punk horn  
Wind-up toy bear  
Woodstove

## List of Project Productions

1. World Soundscape Project (WSP) archive
2. Audio-tourism project for the Billy Proctor Museum
3. Film: "Listening to a Sense of Place" (co-created with Greg Crompton)

### Awards for Film:

- i. International Society for Ethnobiology Student Award (2012)
  - ii. The Documentary Organization of Canada (DOC BC) Award for Best Documentary Short Film (2012)
  - iii. The Capilano University Audience Choice Award (2012)
4. Western Front New Music's production, "Music from the New Wilderness" as part of the Rio Tinto Alcan Performing Arts Award Music (2014)
  5. Programming for CBC Radio's series, "Living Out Loud"

## Appendix B.

### Transcription, 9 November 2010

English Bay Soundwalk, led by Andra McCartney  
Soundwalking Interactions (<http://soundwalkinginteractions.wordpress.com/>)  
As part of Vancouver New Music Soundwalk Series

*Andra McCartney (AM)*: Anyone have any thoughts about this walk, either compared with other walks that you've taken here or in other places...I went out on Monday evening to do the same walk because I thought it would be important to listen to this place at the same time of day and I was surprised by how quiet people were just walking along on the street, and how few people there were on the street, possibly because of the rain. During this time of year, it seems more active in the daytime. Even at 5:30pm, there were a lot of people walking their dogs today. By 7pm it seems that those human sounds settle down a lot less. Has anybody lived in this area?

*Nathan Clarkson (NC)*: I actually do live in this area, so I have a lot of connections to it. There was actually one point, walking down—my grandmother lives about three blocks from here and so when we were walking down the street and I heard high-heel shoes, I had memories of walking down the street with my mum to my grandmother's house. Another summer sound that I miss during this time of year is the sound of all the people on the patios that are hanging out.

AM: On all these tall buildings!

NC: All the way up. So, you have these different dynamics—some people bbq, some people talk on their phone, some people just are talking and having drinks after work. It's a wonderful sound.

AM: Well, this area has so much verticality.

*Participant 1 (P1)*: A sound that was reminiscent for me was the clanking of what I thought was metal against a flagpole. I find that that sound, for reasons that I don't understand, brings a lot of joy to me. It might be that it's an elementary

school type sound. Later, as we were walking, much later in the walk, maybe one or two of us accidentally or purposely rubbed up against a pole. That was very interesting because I felt a little bit as though you were cheating me out of my primal experience. I thought that maybe someone was purposely doing that, so.

*Hildegard Westerkamp* (HW): I might have done that. The only purpose I had—I'm always interested in the pitches, whether they're all the same or not and I find pleasure in discovering different pitches and imagining having everybody standing on all those different parking poles and making music. What kind of music do we have inside one block?

AM: That sound reminds me of ships at anchor or boats at anchor because you get a very similar sound from the mast and the sails hitting against the mast. So, it's also a very joyful sound for me and I, on purpose, was kind of going around that flagpole in a circuit because I like that sound so much, I stayed close to it for a while.

HW: Well in Vancouver, you know Jericho beach, when you go past the sailboat places on stormy days, it's this incredible tinkle. It's a very strong sound anywhere where there are sailboats here. When it's very windy it's very busy.

*Participant 2* (P2): Do you have the wind whistling through as well? Because I've heard that in some harbours.

HW: Yes.

AM: One sound that I was kind of struck by was the cart.

Everyone in group: Yes!

NC: The reflection, especially, it highlighted different frequencies and it seemed that the reflection was actually at a higher amplitude than the actual source.

AM: What was really remarkable was that Jenni and I were at that same point an hour and a half earlier, exactly that same corner, and I was thinking about that guy with the cart and he was there, and it was just strange—it was as if he had been waiting for us!

HW: Well I was thinking about a very typical weather sound that we have in Vancouver when it's overcast like this, and it was very striking. I don't know whether you noticed when we walked away from the waves, up the beach towards the street, there was this very intense low frequency rumble. Does anybody know where that came from?

AM: It sounded to me like a jet engine.

HW: It's the airport and that's very typical, and it's remarkable how we can hear it, actually, across the whole city on overcast days in the fall and winter months. There's something about the refraction that happens at that point. And, it's very powerful and when the jets come in and land, of course, there's that very powerful breaking sound. And that rumble was probably that—it may have been a take-off. But if you observe wherever you live on these kinds of days, you can hear it almost everywhere.

AM: But not in the summer?

HW: To me it's typical for this time of year because we have these overcast days where the clouds are so low. I don't recall it so much from the summer. I wonder if it has to do with the temperature too, that somehow sound travels differently in this temperature.

P1: I found it frightening, that sound, because I didn't know where it was coming. It was very ominous.

AM: The high-rises, they really have a big impact on the sound of the area because they're just such massive buildings and so tall and they also have an impact on how you are able to walk through an area because they're like fortresses, and they have fences. I was so happy when Jenni found that tiny alleyway that we walked through. It's one of the very few in the area because I had been looking, going down streets, thinking "I like to cut through". And you couldn't cut through. You have to go all the way to the end of the block, which is part of the reasoning I kept taking us all the way to the end of the block because it's something that is very characteristic of this area. You can't get through. It's because of these buildings and the way they want security and they want to stop people from getting in. The way you get in is with a car. So, it's a way of making sure that the only people who are coming in are the people that live there.

When I think about soundwalks, I think about both of the parts: the sound and the walk. So, how can you walk through an area? This area, in many ways, is very pedestrian friendly, on the main streets and on the pathways, but then not so much in terms of the backstreets. So, when we were walking between the big apartment buildings and backstreets there was no room on the sidewalks because there were cars all the way along the sidewalks and that seems to be true anytime of day.

Another thing I thought about walking was when I did a walk on Monday night by myself. I was walking on the beach and there was less people that night and there was only one runner and I think the most characteristic sound that I find in this area is the sound of people running because there are so many people who jog along those paths at different times of day. But, on Monday evening at about 7pm, there was one guy with a hood, running towards me and I suddenly was very aware of being a woman, walking alone on the beach. The lighting is terrible, so it doesn't feel safe. I immediately was looking for ways that I could run away if it became an unsafe situation.

P1: What would it have been like for us to walk down the final alley that you took us down alone? I'm not from this area. I'm visiting, so I've never been to this neighbourhood in daylight, so this is my first experience of this neighbourhood all together. I was so aware that we were being restored to a sort of sonic protective capsule and I felt that I could recollect the sounds that we had been experiencing much more pleasantly and cumulatively and calmly than in most of the rest of the walk, especially when we were walking down the busy street. I was trying to think about what you were asking us to consider, what would it mean to listen to the sounds of the city like a lover? And I was finding that this was a rather uninteresting lover. Because there's so much—the sounds of car engines and generators. It really is astonishing the extent to which we're not hearing because of that which we've created to make these sorts of sounds. I'm not saying that those are bad sounds, but they were familiar and they seemed to require a lot of work somehow.

AM: The car sounds and the generator sounds? They require a lot of work in...?

P1: To listen to them now and maybe because they're so familiar. Maybe the work was in trying to defamiliarize them or to hear them differently. And I was so aware of things breaking through. Again, I don't know, you'd have to tell me—is it possible that I heard a loon or was that totally fantasized?

HW: Not unless it was a recording of a loon somewhere.

*Anonymous Participant 3 (AP3):* I heard no birds.

P1: It was a fantasy then.

P3: I was struck by the fact that I heard no bird sounds, but I guess at night time you don't and in the daytime you hear the seagulls, crows.

HW: I was struck by how many airplanes we heard, actually; even the seaplanes. It was quite surprising at night. But I was wondering, after your comments, did you find that because of the challenge of listening to those everyday familiar sounds, did you find yourself wanting to tune out and think about things instead, and listen to your thoughts instead?

P1: It was more that I was hoping for something else, I suppose. So, not so much tuning out, continuing to listen, but maybe that was the work.

AM: Listening in search.

P1: A search for something. Again, because I don't know the area, I noticed that there was a curly-q light on a high-rise. I don't know what the building is. Does anybody know?

HW: The Coastal Hotel.

P1: That seemed to be the beacon around which everything was orientated, as a light. And those flashing green lights, when we were on the beach, I also felt that for me it was a beginning of a symphony was the flashing of the lights and that particular rhythm, and whatever frequency they might be creating vis-à-vis the lapping of the water that you had helped us to hear.

P2: This might seem really strange, but I live in the area and have for the past 14 years, and I actually found that it was very quiet tonight. As you were talking about with the fireworks and whether you adjust to certain things or tune them out or not, this is the quiet time of year and it gets quieter. I'll go cycling around the seawall on a rainy day and there's a whole different breed of person who's out there, getting wet, walking alone. And it's the same on the nights like tonight. I felt that the traffic, I had to listen to it to be aware of it because I do tune it out. But, I felt that the conversations that I overheard, the only person that was upset was that little baby. There was another fellow singing in another language as he crossed the street and people were just chatting here and there. I walk alone at night a lot and I've always felt safe in the west end.

AM: You would walk on the beach at night?

P2: At the beach? Not so much, no.

HW: It's funny, I feel safe always on all beaches in Vancouver because they're so wide open and you can see everything. Maybe it is the sound environment, the magic of it and the space of it that makes me feel safe.

*Jenni Schine* (JS): What about the structure?

AM: Oh, the structure! Did anybody notice anything strange about that structure that we went around?

HW: Yeah! Really! You imagine a band playing inside.

P2: Oh yes, it's a bandstand.

AM: But, there's no way of getting up to it.

P2: When it was first built it was this way and then they brought the steps down so it could be accessible and people were sleeping up there so in the last few years they put the steps up again.

AM: Also, there's no opening for steps; the fence is complete, so when we first went around we were very confused by it.

P3: How old is it?

P2: I don't know, but it's in old pictures.

P3: Because there's a passage in one of Malcom Lowry's writings where he writes about Vancouver and talks about "the bandstand where the band never plays".

JS: Well, that was, for me, an internal listening moment because the first time we walked around it, I thought, "what is going on?" I wanted to be physically up there [in the structure].

NC: That was an interesting experience for me because it sparked me to onto listening around objects. Because I definitely heard that and I heard that space around it, so I began focusing on that for the rest of the walk.

AM: You started thinking that way about other objects?

NC: Yeah, so I was trying to listen around the cars and around the trees. There was a taxi that was idling and there were four trees that I could definitely hear around.

AM: I thought tonight about how much pleasure I get from repeating soundwalks or exploring an area repeatedly through walking as I have been in this area for the past few days. And always, as I'm listening, thinking of other times and how things have changed from the last walk that I did, or how things are the same when that cart arrived at the same place: it seemed very magical. That probably

explains a little bit about my practice of choosing an area and then walking around it repeatedly. Or focusing on the area where I live too.

HW: I find that you don't forget places where you have done a soundwalk. Cities, whether you're a visitor in a city or whether you live, it becomes an internal maps. Which places do I know because of a soundwalk? And because of that have become kind of signifiers. Others are not as defined because they haven't been soundwalked yet.

AM: And maybe that's part of the "listening as a lover" is the familiarity of going back over and over again. And maybe when you said, "it's an uninteresting lover", well, when you hear the electric buses—and they sounded different tonight from...I heard more of the turn than I had heard other times because there was a little less traffic at that corner. And that was pleasurable to hear that. And, so it's just a bus, but because it was a repetition, and an interesting repetition, it kind of gave depth to that.

P2: How did everyone feel as that role as a listener? Because when that cart came past, I found it kind of funny—we are this group of people who are listening to everything and then this cart is making amazing sounds. I felt like we were devouring his sounds. How did everyone feel about being in this large group, which was completely silent and just trying to take everything in? Do you feel that people thought we were aliens?

*Participant 4 (P4): Zombies.*

NC: I actually had that thought when we were going by that gazebo. It looked like a pillow and I thought that somebody was in there and I was trying to imagine what it must sound like, this mass of people just silently walking by through the leaves. It would have been so eerie.

AM: It would have been and I'd wondered –was that pillow there when were? It was, okay. Because, I didn't notice it the first time we went by.

NC: I was literally trying to imagine what it must be like for this person to experience this. And that was the only time that I was really taken out of my personal mindset as far as being in a group. There were lots of times where you saw people looking at you very strangely.

JS: I think that I have done so many soundwalks that when people look at us funny, I think "what, this isn't normal?"

P1: Since this is the first soundwalk that I've ever been on, I was definitely made aware of the difference between walking alone and listening and walking on mass and listening.

JS: It's very powerful. And it signifies a lot in an environment where people get almost nervous. They don't know how to react to a large group of people who are not speaking.

P1: But also what it means for us to be together listening rather than alone. And I was also thinking about, in what other situations do groups of people walk silently in a group? And the only example that I could really think of was at a funeral.

HW: Meditation.

P1: Or other rituals, or hiking. But, ritually, it seems that, I don't know.

HW: We've had comments like, "must be a religious group".

P1: Yeah, a cult.

AM: Or I've heard, "they must be deaf".

HW: They heard the silence. They heard our silence. Social silence becomes very forefront.

*Participant 5 (AP5):* I found myself wishing that I couldn't see. I felt if I couldn't see, I would be able to hear better because I was constantly being distracted by what I could see. What would it be like to walk blindfolded if somebody leads you? How would it sound differently?

AM: Well, it's definitely a good thing to try. I think that it's important in that situation to make sure that the two people who are walking together, the blindfolded person and the one who's leading the blindfolded person, really trust each other. I did a blindfold walk once and I didn't know the person very well and I couldn't relax and I couldn't listen.

P5: Yes, I thought about that as well. If I was blindfolded, I might not be able to relax and listen because I'd be worried about tripping or something.

AM: I had one of the strangest moments as a leader of a soundwalk tonight. I've never led a soundwalk on a beach before and it's very strange because I couldn't hear people's footsteps. So I felt at times that I must be by myself. And then I turned around and there was the whole group behind me. I couldn't hear your footsteps at all and I'm so used to hearing people's footsteps behind and gauging

how far behind people are and if I need to slow down or not. I couldn't gauge anything.

HW: But when you're on a busy road, you can't hear other people's footsteps either.

AM: No, I can.

HW: With traffic?

AM: Yes, I can. That's the only time, leading a soundwalk, that I haven't been able to hear people's footsteps. I can always hear, at least, some of the group, maybe not everybody's in a busy situation.

P2: I thought it had been your intention to lead us from the sidewalks to beach because, if you're further back in the group then you can hear the footsteps, but it's sand footsteps. And then you led us up to the bandstand and then we were walking through leaves.

AM: Yes. I definitely like taking people through different textures for your feet because of the sound. Well, I want to thank you for taking part in this and I do hope that everyone will enjoy the snacks that they've brought and feel free to stay as long as you like. Thank you.

HW: Thank you for doing the walk in the name of Vancouver New Music.

## Transcription, 8 May 2011

### Whistle Punk Horn

*Billy Proctor* (BP): I've haven't played around with anything like this for forty years. You usually get, the diaphragms get rusty. I don't think it's gonna work. [Sound of wind; Billy fiddles around with the horn] Relay's workin'... Jesus [Billy continues to tinker around with the whistle punk horn]. All of a sudden it don't want to blow anymore. [Laughs] Hell of a way to spend the afternoon. Well, you want to hear it blow, like it used to when we were blowin' whistles...

*Jenni Schine* (JS): So, what did Echo Bay sound like when all this [hand logging] was happening?

BP: Not a hell of a lot different than it is now. We get power here now. [Fiddling with the horn] Christ, it won't stay on.

JS: There must have been more activity, though.

BP: Oh yeah, there was. When I moved in here there was a hundred and sixty people around.

JS: So, wasn't it louder?

BP: I guess so. Lots of drunks. There'd be terrible parties when the pub was open at Echo Bay. [Sound of electrical sparks] Be a hundred and fifty people, or sixty to a hundred people there on a Saturday night all drinkin'.

[Sound of clicking of sparks; The horn blasts for the first time!]

BP: Oh, that's better!

JS: Oh, let's hear that!

BP: That's the way it should sound.

JS: Hold on! [I'm trying to sort out my audio recorder's levels. The horn is extremely loud].

[TOOT! TOOT! BLAST! Billy starts laughing].

JS: Okay [I've figured out my audio gear].

BP: [Billy blasts the whistle punk horn again; laughs] Ol' Goldie don't like that noise. Christ! I haven't heard that noise since 19...when's the last time I worked

in the woods? In 19...I guess 1960...no, I didn't have a whistle, we just used hand signals. 1964, I guess [*sound of a bee flying by the mic*].

JS: How do you feel after hearing that?

BP: Christ, [*birds chirping*]. Course, I never heard it that loud cause I was always a way back in the bush somewhere. [*Birds chirping; starts fiddling with the horn again*] The relay's not working right.

JS: So, what are these horns called?

BP: Just horns, that's all. [*Blasts horn again; clicking sounds; Blast! Blast! Blast!*] Jesus, that one's got a different tune. [*Laughs*] Jesus Christ, people will think we're going crazy...

JS: Do they still make stuff like this today just different material?

BP: No, they don't use nothin' like this now. They have, if they do use any kind of a system, then they have what they call "talky tooters" and it's just like a headphone thing. You talk into it. The engineers hated them when they first came out. Oh god. ...You expect me to remember all the signals and I haven't blown whistles since 1947? [*chuckles*] Well, I used to get balled up sometimes, god. Get shit from the hook tender.

JS: So Billy, what was the title of your job called?

BP: Whistle Punk

JS: Whistle Punk?

BP: Yeah. There's even a book out called 'Whistle Punk'.

JS: And, what would you be doing? You'd have the wire?

BP: You'd have the wire and you're just sittin' there on the stump waiting for this idiot to holler atcha and you'd give him the signal to go ahead...You'd have a thousand feet of line and if this relay was workin', your line would be fashioned onto here. And then when you blew it, it would blow, but this relay ain't workin' so I'm hookin' it up straight connected.

JS: So, it was one blow, it would be?

BP: [*Laughs*].

JS: Stop? Go?

BP: ...Well, one was go ahead like [BLAST!] like that, that was the go ahead. And, if you wanted them to go ahead easy, like go ahead slow if ya had a log that was in a bad place or something you'd [BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!] three, like that. And, ah, sometimes the logs would hang up behind a stump or somethin', so you'd have to get em' to bring, bring it back, so you'd have slack to put a roll on the log or put it around a stump, so you'd blew [BLAST! BLAST!] two was come back and two and two [BLAST! BLAST!...BLAST! BLAST!] two and two was come back slow, real easy cause sometimes you were standin' right by the log or the choker so you'd didn't want it to go. And, ah, oh, there were numerous ones. We'd never used, like other machines. We used, ah, when the riggin' was hangin' up high like that, if you were loggin' off a hill and the riggin' was hangin' up high and you needed the choker to slack down, you'd blew [BLAST! BLAST!...BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!] two and four, two and four that was slack the haul back. And if you wanted to slack the main line, you'd just blew a whole series [BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!] a series like that.

JS: Huh!

BP: That's about it. [Laughs] I'm amazed they work! Christ. That's a long time ago. 1947. I was born in 34'

## Transcription, 14 May 2011

### Fishing Bells in the Billy Proctor Museum

*Billy Proctor (BP):* You used to have one of these [a bell] on each line on the tip of the pole so you knew when you got a fish on it. [*Rings fishing bell*] After we got fishin' out where it was rough they were ringin' all the time, so we took em' off. [*Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!*] When I fished with a rowboat [*puts down bell and picks up a small bell; sound of tiny ring of a bell*] and [had] just a little pole stickin' up in the rowboat, I had one of these on...They don't make much noise, but I had to have the same as the big guys. This was another little one I had [*little ring of bell*]. Don't make much noise, so, but when you're rowin' along quietly you could hear it ring...[*Rings another small bell*] Pretty quiet, that one. Most of the trollers had these kind [*rings bell*]. Some of them had great big cow bells. [*Lifts up a small bell and jingles it; laughs*] It's pretty quiet, that one. You'd never hear that out on the end of a pole. On a little boat, it was alright...What else?

*Jenni Schine (JS):* That's great. What's this?

*BP:* Oh, that's a lantern for long-line. These are molds for makin' leads. When they used to pull by hand before we had gurdies they all used small leads, so we used to buy a couple or three hundred pounds of lead in a bar and melt it down and make molds, make leads. [*Holds up leads*] That's a five pound, this is a three and a two and a one. That's a two-pounder.

*JS:* Where did you get—did you have to buy these?

*BP:* Oh, my dad had them. He made tons of lead. Cause when he bought the place in Fresh Water Bay there, everyone was pullin' by hands yet. So he used to make about a thousand pounds of leads a year.

*JS:* Whoa.

*BP:* These are old ones I picked up on the beach somewhere.

*JS:* Hmmm. That's pretty cool.

*BP:* I don't know where some of this stuff come from. We're having a bang up time. [*says this sarcastically and then bangs something down*].

*JS:* [*Chuckles*].

BP: Yeah...Remember the ol' seine corks off of seine boats and them are gillnet corks, ol' wooden ones. That used to be my mother's job, paintin' them in the cannery in the spring, tarring them. My mum's job in the cannery up in Charle's Creek in Kingcome Inlet was fillin' needles. These are needles for mendin' nets. But they had bigger ones for making nets. Like, all the gillnets were handmade. They had twenty Chinamen, or Japanese there all winter makin' nets. And mum used to fill the needles with the twine and, ah, a good Japanese net-man could make ten thousand meshes a day. By god, back in them days, the net—this is the old net twine they used to use. It's linen, but my god, it's so thick compared to the stuff they use nowadays. You'd never catch a fish with that now. But, this is some of the old stuff left over from the cannery.

JS: The fish are too smart now for that?

BP: Oh well, yeah, there's not none left.

JS: Well, I'm almost out of juice here [*my audio recorder's battery is almost dead*]...We had a full afternoon.

BP: Yeah, Well, you'll no doubt think of something else.

JS: [*Laughs*] Yeah.

BP: I wonder if they use these kinds of phones anymore. [*Winds up a rotary phone*]...I remember my wife's phone number when she lived in Vancouver. It was [*dials the number while speaking it aloud*] Oh, seven, eight, two [*laughs and walks away*]. Jesus Christ.

JS: Why was she in Vancouver?

BP: Oh, she lived down there. Before she came up here. She lived with her mother.

BP: [*Picks up a whistle and blows it*] Bosun's whistle...

JS: What's a bosun whistle?

BP: Ah, bosun, he's a kind of a boss on the deck, boss on big ships and when he needed help, he always blew the whistle. Anybody would come and give him hand. That's on old boats. Sailboats. He spliced lines n' done all kinds of stuff.

JS: Do you mind if you blow it? What does it sound like?

BP: [*Blows the bosun whistle and then chuckles*] Made in Germany. [*Blows it twice more, chuckles and then places it down; sound of birds in the background*].

JS: Do you have memories of the bosun whistle at all?

BP: No, I never had anything to do with it. No, I was never on a sailing ship. They were off of sailboats mostly. Yeah...

JS: Well Billy, my recorder's done.

BP: Done. Thank god.

*[We both laugh and walk outside].*

## Transcription, 15 May 2011

### Boat Tour to Fresh Water Bay

*[We're on Billy's boat. It's 8am in the morning. Billy is taking me to Fresh Water Bay, where he grew up as a young boy. This is the first time I'm on the boat alone with Billy. I'm not sure what to expect—how to get Billy to talk about the soundscape or his memories or if the eliciting of sonic memories will be successful.]*

Jenni Schine (JS): So, where are we right now?

Billy Proctor (BP): Cramer Pass...

JS: It's really smooth right now.

BP: Oh yeah, it's glassy calm...

JS: Oh, I love it when you can see the reflection [talking about seeing the reflection of the trees on the water, like a mirror].

BP: Oh yeah, perfect reflection.

JS: How many times do you think you've boated this passage?

BP: Oh god. I don't know. Hundreds!

JS: *[laughs]*.

BP: Yeah, hundreds of times. Oh, there's a whale!

J: Wow! *[Billy slows down the boat. This is the first whale I've seen this season. It's a special moment]*

BP: Humpback. It's that little guy. God, he's small. He'd be around here quite a bit.

JS: Oh, that is awesome!

BP: Jesus, he's tiny. Big dive. He'll stay down for ten minutes or more now. Oh, that's a neat start.

JS: Yeah. That's my first whale this trip.

BP: Is that right, eh? Yeah, it's been huffing around here quite a bit, I haven't seen it for a couple of weeks now. Been here all winter.

JS: Have you noticed that the whales have decreased as well?

BP: Oh there are lots of whales. Lots of humpbacks. There are way more than there was 20 years ago or even 10 years ago. They're increasin' every year.

JS: Really?

BP: They do an ID on the colour on their tail. Everyone has different markings on the underside of the tale, apparently. That one looked like he was coal black, but some of them have a lot of white on the bottom of the tail. There's one around here they call Houdini cause it has a very unique way of disappearin'. It just vanishes and then all of a sudden, it's back again, so they called it Houdini. And then there's Maud, that's an old female. She was around for quite a while with a calf. But, they don't many come in here. One came right in my bay about four years ago! Right up into the head of the bay and then it jumped about 7 times between there and Salmon Coast! A real big ol' bugger.

JS: Wow. Why do you think there are so many whales now?

BP: Well, they're on the increase since they've stopped whaling, I guess.

JS: So, what was this place like, what's the history of this area? *[I realize that my understanding of "this area" is different than Billy's, who has more specific definitions. When I mention "this area", I mean "the Broughton Archipelago" while Billy understands it to mean the very locale that we are traveling through at that moment. "This country" versus "that country" is divided by a 30 minute boat ride, while I understand "this country" to be all of the northwest coast versus Vancouver.]*

BP: Not really much around here, nothing but the ol' loggin' camp. There use to be a big logging camp tied on floats in that bay and there was a railroad loggin' in there back in the 30's and that's about it. There's not much around here. Natives do lots of clam diggin' here. They still do in the wintertime. I'll be able to show you some clam gardens out here...there never was much fishin' went on in this channel. Not very many fish come through here, not like they do in Fife Sound.

JS: Why is that?

BP: Ah, is kinda off the beaten track, I guess. They come in Arrow Pass, like Cramer Pass, a lot of fish come through Cramer up through that way...

JS: Alright, so where are we now?

BP: Well, this is Queen Charlotte Strait.

JS: And this is where a lot of fishing happens here?

BP: Oh god, I'll tell you about it here, in a minute. *[Billy slows down to talk]* This is a hot spot, this one here, boy. This is called the merry-go-round, the fishermen called it. About 80 years ago, a fella got pushed in here, a troller got pushed in here on the tide and he seen all the fish jumpin' and he just started going in a circle here and he got 200 coho for the day, just on the floodtide. So then, course, other people found out about it and by the time I started to fish, there'd be 30 boats going in a big circle here, just on the flood tide and it was a heck of a good place to catch coho so everybody called in the merry-go-round or the happy land. The seine boats had different names for it. But, what happens is, the floodtide pushes the fish in and they come along here in big schools, finin' like that, the coho and chums, and they hit this shore and the tide can't run through that pass fast enough, so it pushes them against that shore and they all go out around that point. They're not going up Knight's Inlet, they're going down Fraser River or god knows where. That's where they do, anyway. They come from over there and pushes them right against the beach and when you come trolling along that shore you use to just load up with big coho. I don't know, I haven't fished here for 25 years. *[Billy starts the boat engine]* Seine boats still come to fish, but it's never open for us guys most of the time. This is Providence Pass. That's called Fire Island. Some of the biggest trees around here, they're real short, but it's never been logged, that island and it's some of the biggest trees around here grow on that island. Big cedar trees, but, oh, the brush! Jesus, it's thick in there.

JS: Why is it called Fire Island?

BP: I don't know.

JS: Just waiting to catch on fire?

BP: Just what it's called on the island. This is where a lot of the old trollers use to anchor in here, the old lagoon thing, waiting for the tide.

JS: What did it look like with all those trollers?

BP: Oh! Well, they'd be anchored there. There'd be seine boats anchored in here. They use to just fish the floodtide and wait for the, the fish get all pushed out to sea when the tide starts ebbin'. Well, they'd just wait for the flood to come and just fish again. There'd be 5 or 6 seine boats there and 3 or 4 trollers there

and maybe 3 or 4 more up there. Some would go in and deliver and then come back and anchor and deliver the next day.

JS: Were people buddies?

BP: Oh yeah, there were little groups of guys traveling together. There were no phones or anything to talk on so you had to just scream at one another or give hand signals, that's what I always did. This use to be a real famous place for the natives fishin' halibut. It's a real good spot for halibut, so there use to be 2 cabins here on this beach where the natives come and caught halibut and they had big drying racks ...Kingcome. They'd come from Kingcome Inlet and Gilford Village and kinda have a get together there. Fish halibut all through here.

JS: So this place must have been so different.

BP: Oh yeah. This is called Owl Island. I logged on that with my father in law, on the other side.

JS: Does it also have big trees?

BP: Yeah, there was some pretty nice timber on it, yeah. Some of the best stuff had been logged before we started on it though. There was other people loggin here. This is Midsummer Island...

JS: I'm trying to imagine what it must have been like with all these boats and people hollering at each other and the smoked salmon

BP: Oh yeah, and swearin' at one another, fish racks dryin'.

JS: It must have been really lively.

BP: Oh yeah, a hell of a lot different than it is now. In 1956, we lived in this bay on float houses. The house that they call Grandma's house there was tied right against the bluff here. And there's a little spring up there with beautiful water in it. And the rest of our loggin camp was tied down to that point. We didn't, I wasn't married yet, the loggin' camp, there was a cook house, a bunk house, two bunk houses and a little office building and a workshop and stuff, but mum's house was tied right against the bluff and the tide runs through here like a river. Jesus, she use to get pissed off at me, bringin' her to a place like this [laughs] cause, we'd just moved off the land at Fresh Water Bay and come over to a place like this.

JS: Whoa whoa. So, how old were you when you were here?

*[Billy gets to control the dialogue and narration of his story by punctuating it with stop and start of his boat. Here, I still have questions, but leaving this area means that we will go on to another topic. I want to stay without the drone of the boat engine and to ask Billy more questions, in particular, about this specific location].*

BP: Well, it was 1956, so I'd been 22.

JS: *[laughs]* So, your mom was mad at you.

BP: Oh yeah, well, she was always mad at me for something. Well, we got along together for 50 years, so. She was a good ol'mum.

JS: When you're driving around here, what's it like?

BP: Just the same as it is now only more people, that's all. Makes me feel old. We logged, I fell timber right here and we logged right down there. It's all growin' up now. *[Billy revs engine and boats faster]*...

JS: So, when you're about to log, what would happen? What was it like?

BP: Most of the time, I was unhooking the logs on the A-frame float to put them in a boom so we can tow them over to get them outta here cause it's so rough. This is Jumble Island, we were tied on there at first. This is the main entrance to Knight Inlet. It's 96 miles from here to the head of the inlet. *[pause]* A seal out there.

JS: I really like seals.

BP: Yeah, they look like little old men. *[laughs]* I use to shoot them years ago when there was a bounty on them. You got 5 dollars for the nose.

JS: Really?!

BP: Yeah. Everybody did it... This is where I met my wife when we were workin', tied in this bay.

JS: Oh really! You met your wife here?

BP: Yeah, this is Jumble Island. And this is where, when we moved from Fresh Water Bay, moved the house off the land onto floats, this is where we came. And there was a very, very poor water supply. There's a little, kinda of a water hole up in there. My father in law, he had a hose runnin' down to a tank and the tank would fill at low tide, but at high tide you just had to rely on the 45 gallon drum of water, for the whole camp. Camp was tied from that rock. My mother's house

was right about here. The big Westerly swells would hit that shore and bounce back. God, it was horrible.

JS: What was that like?

BP: Oh, it was horrible, the float was rockin' and rollin' all the time. Mum use to, god, she was complainin'. Whale watchin' boat goin' up Knight Inlet...

JS: You'd think that this bay would be protected?

BP: Oh, it isn't though. The wind comes whistling up and the swell hits that. It's good in a southeast, but, boy in a westwardly, jesus, it's horrible. That's why we moved over into Providence Pass.

J: What would the wind sound like?

B: The wind ain't that too bad, it's the swells. Because it was protected from the wind, but the big breakers would hit that shore and bounce back, oh. The whole house would be creakin' and groanin' and the floats rammin' together. Mum bitchin' and complainin'. *[laughing; starts boat up again]* Well, over in that bay over there where we spent two winters, I can't go in there cause there's a fish farm across it. We lived in there for two winters. We moved from Providence Pass, we moved into there in June in 1956 and we stayed there til', we stayed the winter of 56' and 57'. We moved up into Insect Island in 19', in ah, in October of 58'.

JS: Sorry, which one is Insect Island?

BP: Oh, that way back. This is called Crease Island, Twist n' Whirl. And down here, there's two that's called Maud and Pearl, so guys always used to say, "Can we go out to Twist n' Whirl with Maud and Pearl". *[laughs]* That's Swanson Island...

BP: This use to be called North Pass, when I was a boy, but when the new charts come out in the 50's, now they call it West Passage...Tide comin' in now. The closest neighbor when I was up until I was about ten years old, lived in this bay. *[slows motor down]* Rod Williams, his name was and he used to stop in and Mum would hang a sheet or something up on the clothesline. He'd stop in and take a list. I brought some pictures along just to give you an idea.

*[Bringing pictures indicates that Billy had pre-planned a route to take me on and had certain stories/images that he wanted me to know.]*

JS: Oh, awesome.

BP: Yeah...Rod Williams. Him and his wife was here. His wife use to come over and visit my mother once in a while. She was an English lady. He had a little, we called a little jingle outfits and he logged all around here. [starts up the boat]...I found the remains of an old homestead up in this when I was a boy. I asked some of the old timers, but all they just knew was some old bachelor lived in there and he had a well worn trail, went across not very far through there to another big bay where ducks and geese used to live, so I guess he used to walk across and shoot them, I don't know. But, he had a garden. When I was a boy, the fence posts and that were still standin'. You'd see where there'd been old shack, but it looked like it had been burnt down, maybe.

JS: What was it like to walk around in there?

BP: Oh, it's terrible brush until you get in a little ways, then it's okay, but God, the sallal brush is so thick in this country that it's pretty miserable to walk in. This is called Farewell Harbour. This is a beautiful harbour for westerly winds n' when we use to get westerly winds that blew pretty hard in Fresh Water Bay, it would get kinda roly at the float and the trollers would all come and there'd be 30 boats anchored in here. Some days, especially in August, you'd get dem big westerlies. They blow a gale for about 3 days, so they use to come over here and anchor.

JS: So, what would it sound like in this area?

BP: Oh god, I don't know. Bunch of ol' engines. But they use to go and have barbeques on the beach and stuff some of them.

JS: And, how can you tell if, like, how can you tell about the wind? Is it through listening to it or feeling it or..."

BP: Nah, right in here it was so well protected, in a westerly there'd be no wind, you'd hear the wind whistlin' in the trees, but that's about it, ya know, there'd be no wind on the water or no swell cause it was such a perfect harbour. The winds comin' over the hill, but it don't hit the water till way up the channel.

JS: Yeah, this is beautiful here. So how come people aren't here anymore?

BP: [laughs] Well, there's nobody fishin' anymore. There was a loggin' camp tied here one time, but he was only here for about 2 or 3 months. Trouble with a lot of these good sheltered places, there's no water for a camp to tie up, ya know, that was always a big problem, to try and find a place where there was good shelter

and a good supply of water. Well, there was no water here, so nobody stayed.[slows down boat] This is where my property started. We had a 176 acres and it started right there, by that leanin' tree, that's where the boundary was. And it went for two miles up the beach, it was a narrow strip of land. I sold it in 1956 for 3000 bucks. Now half of it's for sale for 3 million...This is where I done my first hand loggin', when I was about 15 years old. Me and another guy, we hand logged a bunch a big fir trees all along here n' took em over and sold em to the mill in Telegraph Cove. They were buyin' wood from anybody dem days. There was lots of big fir along here.

JS: What island is this?

BP: This is Swanson.

JS: Who did you log it with?

BP: Ohhhh, a guy named Elmer Pratt, his name was and he was an ol' troller and he just decided to spend the winter up here and he was flat broke, so we put in about. I don't know, we put in about 25 or 30 logs and they came over and bought em' from us. We didn't make much money at it. It was fun...Well, this is where I used to come and play in my rowboat when I was a little boy. Scare the hell out of my mother. I wasn't suppose to go out of sight of the house. She bought me this k-pok life jacket. It was a big bulky thing and you pulled it on like a pair of pants, couple shoulder straps, and as soon as I was out of sight around the corner, I'd take the damn thing off cause you couldn't row in it.

[Billy shuts off his boat engine, emulating what it was like as a kid, in his rowboat, watching the fish] But this is, when the tide's runnin' in like this, I use to come and sit right here and watch the big spring salmon. I'd tie to the kelp, tie the rowboat to the kelp and watch the big spring salmon swimmin' by right here. There use to be lots of them goin' through here on their way up Knight Inlet. And then when it got really blowin' quite hard westerly and the tide ebbin' outta here, comin', and the swells comin' against the tide, it builds up quite a chop, so I'd row around here and then row out into it and just about sink the rowboat. I thought it was great sport, playin' around with the swells with my little rowboat. I used to get grounded once in a while. Mum would put the boat up on the beach and I wasn't allowed to have it. This is Roger Lake's Lodge here...

JS: So, when you're logging, what do you look for?

BP: Oh somethin' that's merchantable. Like, that's no good, that one, it's too old and beat up. Oh, here's the ol' homestead.

Js: And this is where you used to live?

B: Yeah, Mum called this Berry Island, but there's no name for it on the charts at'tall, she just called it Berry Island. [We slow down] See if there are any sea urchins here yet. There use to be a lot of sea urchins here. Oh yep, still here. See all the red sea urchins? Big ol' guys. Yeah, they're neat ol' critters. [We look at sea urchins. Hear birds in the background] Looks like the ol' bear's been out roamin' the rocks. [We land the boat at shore. Hear the sound of the engine moving up; sound of rubber boots; getting off the boat; water lapping on shore; birds; metal anchor]...

[Walking on the beach; birds in background]

JS: What you looking for Billy?

BP: Well, we've come here lookin' for artifacts, but can't find much anymore. [throws down a rock]

BP: Cookin' stone.

JS: How do you know?

BP: Well, they always use them shapes for cookin stones. They changed the beach so much, when we use to live here there was hardly any gravel on the beach, it was more clamshell and there was a big steep bank along here. And my dad had built a rock wall, full length, cause when they first come here there was lots of rocks on the beach and he moved them all up and built a rock wall. I don't know if I brought a picture of that or not. Here's a picture of the house. Sittin' right there. Yeah, here's one. You can see the rock wall, see the rock wall all along there?

JS: Is that you?

BP: Yeah, that's me, yeah.

JS: Let's see.

BP: This is, ah, this is lookin' out towards the island there, over there, and this is floats a few boats, it's just late in the year, usually there'd be 40 or 50 boats tied up here, but you can see a bit of a swell comin' in, it's just blowin' out there. So

that's kinda what it looked liked—that was the fish buyin' station and the gas tank.

Js: What kind of trees are those?

B: Them are plum trees. They changed the whole configuration of the place. This use to be about, this use to be about an eight foot bank, more or less, straight up and down and, ah, the end of our house was right by them plum trees. Mum planted dem plum trees, but that cherry tree was planted after we left, so our house was right there, and it had an 8 foot basement under it. The back of the house was on the land, but the bottom was, it was piling in front of it. But they bulldozed so much that they changed everything. I planted that cottonwood tree there.

JS: Oh yeah. Do you remember the day you planted it?

BP: Oh god no. An old fella brought it from [woodpecker in background] brought it for me. My mother planted these plum trees and this periwinkle. My god, I can't believe how it's taken over. When we left it was just a little of it around dem trees. Somebody's been diggin' it up, I guess, or somethin'. Maybe diggin up bulbs....Well, the lady that was here, Georgiana, we all come out and helped her build this house. She had built the bottom out of rocks and bottles. And then it burnt up on her so she moved away...I had so many bottles that I had collected so many bottles, I give her about 300 duplicates that I had. She made this wall back here out of all the bottles, but of course, when it burnt up, everything broke.

JS: When did this burn?

BP: Oh, about 5 years ago. She had a pretty good garden in here...My dad planted this big cottonwood tree. It blew over about 10 years ago...Well, we'll take a walk. We gotta go over and look at my little pool, that's a must.

JS: So, Billy, tell me, like, what's it like when you're here?

BP: [laughs] Well, it was just the same as it is now, pretty well, this was all grass, but a way up the hill it was all grass. My dad had cleared it all, fenced it all in cause he had a cow and a pig n', he had big plans. I don't know what he was really plannin' on, but he was—mum didn't like the house being close to the beach, so he was gonna move the house back in here, he had posts all in and everything, ready to move it. And, ah [shuffles paper; shows me an old picture]. There was an ol'fella that lived, you can kinda see how it was all grassy up the hill, and there was an ol'fella named Wilky, lived in that shack. And that was, like

the house was there, and the chicken house was right about there, so that's the chicken house and our outhouse. We had a big outhouse. That was it, there. That's where we had to walk up to go to the, go to the outhouse. [walking in the forest] Ol, Wilky's house, the ol'shack, was right there someplace [walking]. They moved it off, the loggers took it and moved it.

JS: Do you like coming back here?

BP: Oh yeah, I come quite regular, look around, kinda reminisce sometimes, about the ol'days.

JS: What do you think about?

BP: It's still is a beautiful spot in the summer time, but it's pretty desolate in the winter, boy, and the winds and gales and the gales of the southeast come up through there and, oh my god, the house used to shake and—but, we lived here for 21 years.

[Walking through the remains Georgina's old house; metal on the ground; old stoves/forks; rusted iron]. You'd had to stay alive. The problem was once my dad drowned, the property was left in trust to me until I turned 21 and I, we couldn't move, and we had no money, anyway. We couldn't move, so. Once we, once I turned 21, well then we made a deal with this guy, give us a float n' moved the house onto the float n' 3000 dollars cash and we thought we were rich, but.

JS: How ah, how old were you when your dad drowned?

BP: I was eight. He drowned in '42. My sister died in '39, she was nine years old. She died while we were here. And, I had a little brother that passed away when he was just a baby.

JS: What happened to your sister?

BP: She had spinal meningitis. I guess that's much like polio or whatever... This is an old, old village, a really old Indian village and there was a log cabin built here in 1910 and I talked to an old fella that lived in it from Alert Bay, he lived in the log cabin in 1910. He used to come out here and hunt deer and stuff... But mum, she used to like to walk to what she called the next bay, so we'll take a walk over there. This is where I found my first arrowhead, right about here, I used to saw firewood on the beach here all the time.

JS: What was that like, when you found it!?

BP: Oh, I didn't really know what it was, at first. I knew it was different than an ordinary rock, so after that, I was lookin'. I hope the tide ain't too high to see my little tidepool...been there ever since I was a kid. In this corner here, starting back in the woods, right back in there, bout where the trees are, there was a building that went from there right out to, to a way out there on piling, it was a saltery for saltin' chum salmon, and it was built in 1919 and they use to be 50 Japanese work at it saltin' salmon, chum salmon, into kegs in the fall of the year. When I was a boy, it was still standing out to about here, but somebody, I guess, either it fell down or cut it off. But, I used to come and play in the big part up here. It was a big building. It was about, oh, it was about as wide as from here to that tree and I guess 200 feet long...

JS: What would be a day in the life of Billy as a little kid?

B: [laughs] oh god, a day in the life of me, well I don't know, really. Depending on the time of the year, when I was five or six years old I used to go help mum work in the garden in the springtime a lot cause we had a huge big garden. And then I'd just wonder around on the beach and go sit in the water, and watch the tide come in n' [chuckles]. Wintertime, I'd spend most of the time in the house, I guess, wandering around. Mum didn't let me out much in the wintertime...After my dad drowned, mum always figured I was gonna be the next to go. So, she was pretty protected of me for 2 or 3 years. This is one of mum's favorite little walks through here. This wasn't here then, this is a loggin' road the guys built, but we had a really nice trail through here. She'd say, "let's go to the next bay", she'd always sayin'...

JS: Were there other kids, Billy?

BP: No, nobody else, but mum and I here for 10 months of the year. The odd kid would come around on a, summer time there'd be the odd kid on a boat once in a while. One of my hobbies was, I used to love ants, I don't know why, but I used to, I was always fascinated with ants and there used to be a huge big log layed in here, a big ol' fir, it was huge and, I guess it had drifted in on a big tide and it had holes in the side of it. I used to come sit and watch n' you'd come over in the spring of the year, when it was dry and there'd be piles of sawdust all along here where the ants were hollowin' it all out and I used to sit here on this damn log and watch em'. It really fascinated me because there'd be a whole pile of workers, there were red ants about that long and they'd be droppin' sawdust, they'd come out and drop sawdust. And pretty soon the sawdust pile would get

up to their hole so they couldn't bring it out and drop it anymore and then they'd send a whole bunch a workers out there and they'd move that sawdust pile away. I was stupid, I know, but it was fascinating watchin' the darn things. I'm still kinda fascinated with ants.

JS: Yeah, that's pretty amazing...

BP: Oh, it's a beautiful spot, summertime. Oh, the way it is nowadays, it'd be a good spot to live, but you just picture yourself living here, just you and your mother all alone, no boat. Just a rowboat, you know, and no means of communication. People ask me now, how do you stand the isolation, well, they don't know what isolation is. God, it was pretty, it was pretty quiet. I never ever got lonesome, though. I guess mum did cause I got her diaries and readin' them, she always seemed to be hating' the place.

JS: Why did she stay?

BP: I don't know. Well, number one, we had no money at first. And then, ah, couldn't—we had nowhere to go. I mean, what do you do? You got a good roof over your head and a big garden and deer and lots of fish and you got a way to survive, but...So many places I go in this country, it's broken dreams, everywhere you go you see it, you know. The old homesteads where people lived and moved away and done tremendous amount of work. Broken dreams everywhere. People have good ideas and good intentions and then somethin' happens.

[We both walk along the rocks and beach; sound of footsteps; I'm following Billy]

BP: Oh god, slippery rocks. Plenty of rocks here. Plenty of rock formations. Well, there's my little tide pool, it's still there. [sound of eagle cry] God, the hours I sat looking in this little place, all the little fish n' critters, little scalpin's, and little periwinkles, hermit crabs. I learned a lot about sea life in this little pool. That pink, that pink formation's that's the little grazers that keep that clean, if they're not in here grazin' off of it, it'll all turn brown. But look at the amount of little scalpin's. They're all over down there. The little hermit crabs over there.

JS: It's amazing.

BP: That's a scallop there. Little clam over there in the corner. Oh god. Oh here's a big chitons here, big black chiton. Little snail up in there and more chitons down there.

JS: This is an amazing little pool.

BP: Oh god, yeah, it's always fascinated me. Always [chuckles]. Oh god. Don't know why I brought these ol' pictures.

JS: When did you find this?

B: [Pulls out a picture] That's me sittin' right where you are when I was four years old.

JS: Oh Billy.

BP: [laughs] That picture's 73 years old. 72.

JS: Oh god, you are so cute.

BP: [laughs] Oh god. Right there. That's pretty funny. Oh, I come back here every year and sit here for a while and look at this. I've brought Scott and Nicky and them out to it to show em'

JS: It's amazing.

BP: I'd like to have a little pool like this at home. I've been thinking of makin' one out of concrete, but god you can learn a lot by watchin the little different critters, little limpets down there. Barnacles. It's probably a couple hundred critters livin' in there all together. Sometimes a little fish will wash in there and die or somethin' and then little guys eat him up. Huh.

JS: Would you come here everyday or?

BP: Oh no, no, I'd always come here after a big storm to see how everything was in the wintertime. But in the springtime I used to come just about everyday cause I used to walk a lot up the shore, lookin' around for drift wood and stuff. Yeah, that's a scallop, he'd just closed up when he see me.

JS: Where?

BP: That's on that rock, that bluely lookin' thing, that's a scallop, a rock scallop.

JS: And it closed?

BP: Yeah, it was open, you can see he's smilin' a little bit there, kinda orangey around the edge, well, that's his mantle, but he was open more. There's sure lots of sculpins, there's more than there used to be. But, lots of little baby limpets. Geeze, they're all over the place. Hey, them little scalpin's hangin' right on the side there, three of them. See em'?

JS: Yeah.

BP: There's a bunch of little snails, hanging up underneath there.

JS: When did you find this?

BP: Oh god, I don't know. Mum showed it to me when I was just a baby, I guess. I never ever done anything to it, I mean I used to break a little mussel once in a while and throw little pieces in and watch the fish eat it, but I never tried puttin' anything different in it or anything. But that, that scallop wasn't there before [reaches into pool with finger; sound of water trickling] Boy, he's closed up tight now. That's called a jingle shower window oyster. The mussel goes right through this shell and stuck to the rock so when ya, you've maybe seen them wind chimes made out of them, well, that's the shells they use. It's got a hole in it, about a half-inch hole, where the mussel goes through. He says, 'put me back where I belong. Don't play with me.'

JS: [laughs]

BP: Course, I used to have voices for all the stupid things.

JS: Like what?

BP: Oh, like little fish talkin' to one another. 'Get out of my way. That's my rock to hide behind, not yours'. I can't believe the amount of scalpins that's in there.

JS: Yeah, what a little world, eh?

B: Oh yeah, it's its own...that's a pretty little chiton there, it's all pinky. Yeah, that's its own little ecosystem right in there. Yeah, well that's the way she goes. It hasn't changed a damn bit in 70 years.

JS: Really?

BP: Yep, just a few more fish, I guess, that's all.

JS: Yeah, it just kinda sucks you in, doesn't it.

BP: Yeah, well, I've always had a love affair with fish. I love fish. An awful lot of people don't give them credit for what they know. They're a lot smarter than what we want to make believe they are. Too many people think they're theirs just for them to play with.

JS: Ah, it's amazing. What a special place. Thanks for sharing that with me, Billy...There's a reason why this place is called Fresh Water, eh?

BP: Fresh Water Bay. Well, when they first set it up back in, before the First World War, it was called White Beach Trading Company...There was a guy named, the first owner of it, they guy's name was Funkly and he bought fish, startin' in about 1916, I guess, or around there, maybe before, I don't know. Nobody seemed to know much about him, although I did talk to trollers that had sold fish to him. And then he sold out to a guy named Ploughman and Philips, two men and that's who my dad bought it from, was Ploughman. He bought it for a 1000 bucks, the whole damn works, the business, 176 acres.

JS: So, your dad was both a fisher and a logger?

BP: No, he never was a logger. He came from Scotland in 1910 and arrived in Port Hardy when he was 15 years old. He didn't have any money and he was barefoot. He got a job on a fish packer and he ended up at Charles Creek in Kingcome Inlet and that's where he stayed until he worked at the cannery and then the cannery burnt down so he got the contract to rebuild it. And then mum came out and moved in with him in 1925.

JS: She's from Scotland?

BP: Yeah, but she was from Alberta. She came out when she was 3 years old with her parents and then ah, they moved in here in 1934...Well, this is where mum used to send me to come out and see if I could see my dad comin' from Alert Bay. I could spot his boat a way over there by Stubs island. That little round island is Stubs Island. And when he never came back, the oneday I sat here for 2 full days. I'd just come out at daylight in the mornin' and sit and watch and he never came back. The police came in and told he had been found on the beach in Alert Bay. It was kinda a sad, sad day for mum and me. [steps to the side and looks to Flower Island]

JS: What happened to your Dad?

BP: Oh he was a drinkin' man and he never left Alert Bay until the pub closed n' his boat—he always had kinda haywire boats. Course, everybody did back then n' they weren't good boats. We never know what happened. People tried to talk him into stayin', but he said he had to go and it was eleven o'clock when he left and blowin' like hell, so we don't, we don't ever know what happened. He had, the anchor was overboard. The boat was on the beach in the morning. I guess. The anchor was overboard so I think his engine stopped and he went up the

bows to put the anchor overboard and fell overboard. It was a haywire boat. God, oh mighty, by today's standards, anyway.

[Sound of birds, footprints, my own breathing]

JS: Hey Billy, you said that a lot of these places are just broken dreams.

BP: Well, that's what I call em'. People settin' up homesteads and thinkin' they were gonna live there for a while and then all of a sudden something happens and they move away and leave everything behind. Sometimes a family splits up and—all kinds of things—no way of making money. A lot of the hippies came out in the 60's and tried it again, settin' up float houses and stuff, trying to make a go out of it. A lot of them moved to Sointula. All the old families that were up in the Mainland, like, we always called it the Mainland, where we live. Soon as their kids grew up and they had to go to high school, they all moved out: Campbell River, Powell River and all down—some went to Vancouver. Probably, 30 families all together. My father-in-law, his other daughter, my sister-in-law, they moved near Campbell River. And they had two daughters, just like we did. They said, 'Well, your turns' comin'. You gotta go soon as the kids finish grade 7.' I says, 'Well, I'm sorry, I'm not goin'.' My father-in-law even bought a lot right next door to them for us to move into. There was no house on it, but. They had big plans, we were gonna come down there and build a house. I says 'Nope, I'm not leavin'. [Billy bends down to pick something up from the beach]. So, I'm the only one that stayed. My oldest daughter went to—stayed in the dorm at Port McNeill and I used to come and pick her up on Friday night and take her back either Sunday night or Monday morning. I did that for 5 or 6 years. Oh, some other kids in the camps too. I had as many as 13 there for a while to take them back and forth.

JS: How come you didn't want to go?

BP: It was my home. I didn't know any different. I couldn't go live in a city or a town...

J: You worked hard in your life.

B: Oh, I worked hard, yeah, sure. I had a reputation for thirty-five years for being a real high-line troller, which I did, I was. I'd go into Port Hardy with my hatch full of fish and lots of guys would say, "boy, you sure are lucky, you catch lots of fish" and I'd used to say, "Yeah, the harder I work, the luckier I get". I was very competitive as a fishermen though. I was first boat out in the mornin' and the last

one in at night. That's least, that's what people would always say, you're either hungry or competitive. I never considered myself hungry, I'd just love fishin'. And, I always respected my fish, which a lot of fishermen don't. I took excellent care of them and I always got excellent grade. A lot of fishermen would come in and they'd get number two grade or poor quality of fish and bitch and complain...I used to have a swing in that tree when I was a little boy. Somebody had climbed it and put a rope on it for me.

JS: Is this cedar?

BP: Yeah. Pretty ugly old tree, isn't it.

JS: Ah, it's beautiful.

BP: [Laughs] Lookin' at it as a tree, I guess it's kinda nice, but lookin' at it as a merchantable piece of wood, it's useless, but you get that habit when you've been handloggin' for years, you look up a tree, ya know, and you think, how many boards you could get out of it.

BP:...There's two things I have a strong belief in: if you're gonna do somethin' and everything seems to start goin' to hell, it don't seem to want to work right, that's the universe tellin' ya, don't do it. And, if you start somethin' and everything just rolls into place and everything, well then the universe is saying, "well, yeah go ahead. It's a good deal". I've been a firm believer of that my all my life, still am. And the other thing is always have respect for whatever you're fishin' for or deer huntin' or anything. Got to have respect for whatever you're doin'. If you don't have respect for a fish, well, you won't catch very many. When you roll a big spring into the checkers in the morning and then you look at it and say, "boy, what a beautiful fish", soon you'll get another one. If you just leave it there like a lot of guys do and let it flop around and suffer then you won't get another one right away. That's just my hair brain theory and it's worked for me, so I'm stickin' with it [bends down to pick something up from the beach].

JS: What's that?

BP: It's just a rock. [both laugh] I call them leaver-rights. People bring them up for me to say, "oh, I got some good rocks here" and I call them leaver-rights—leave it right there.

JS: [Laughs]

BP: It's always worked for me. I've been fishing on the west coast of Vancouver island, doin' fairly good, I mean days that I wouldn't normally run away from, but just for some unknown reason, pick up the gear and run to this other spot and load up, so, there's somethin'—somebody's tellin' ya, I'm not religious in any way, shape or form, but there is a power out there that controls our life. We should take more advantage of listening to it.

JS: How do you listen to it?

BP: Well, it's just them subtle things, like, ya get like a boat up for sale or movin' from one spot to another, ya know. It's just somethin' comes on and you—a little light lights up in your head and says, "I gotta go there".

JS: Yeah, it's like, if you feel it, right? In your body?

BP: Yeah, you get a little sensation: I should do this and I should do that. I shouldn't do t his.

JS: Isn't that strange?

BP: I don't know.

JS: I mean, it's great.

BP: It's been great for me. Jesus, the tide's comin' in. You've got gumboots on. Yeah.

[Waiting in the water. We're getting back on the boat. Sound of motor].

JS: Bye! [saying goodbye to Fresh Water Bay] That place is special, Billy.

BP: Yeah, it's a pretty nice spot, I guess. Mum called that Rock Island. I used to call it Onion Island because there was lots of onions on it, but she always called it Rock Island. That little tree hasn't changed a bit, I don't think, in seventy years that I've noticed it.

JS: Like, wild onions?

BP: Yeah, lots of wild onions on it. Used to be, anyway.

JS: That's a nice camping spot. Little picnic.

BP: Yeah, mum and I used to row out here quite frequently. She always used to like to come out here Christmas day, if it was nice day, I don't know why. [Slows boat down]

[We Land the boat on shore of Flower Island]

BP: Yeah, this is a pretty special spot. Always was to me.

JS: So, this is Flower Island.

[Get off boat; sound of metal; footsteps on the pebble beach]

BP: Well, years and years ago, before all—when I was a little boy, there was still a couple of them left, but there was hand trollers that used to come up from the Gulf of Georgia just, they called them high-liners or rowboat fishermen. They just had rowboats. They'd row up from down around Campbell River and they had camp sites in here. I can remember two of them campin' here when I was a real small boy. One of the camps sites was right there and another was over in there, but there had been about six of them altogether. Now the kayakers are using them, I guess. These trees are sure growin'. They were just really small when I was a boy.

JS: So, they would camp here?

BP: Yeah, they would camp here and then fish the flood tide out here for spring salmon and then keep their rowboats on the beach. And they always had a, they always would save a bunch of them poles like that for, to put under their rowboats to slide em' down the beach if the tide was out. But it was a beautiful spot for them to camp. They used to sell their fish at the camp. The two that were here when I was, when I remember them, but, I guess, there were lots of other places they camped too.

JS: Where were they from?

B: They'd row up from Campbell River or down that way. Some of them would get a tow up if they could, but lots of them rowed up. Sometimes when they were goin' south in the fall, they'd pull their skiff up on the end of a log tow and get towed along. There was another campsite right up there. They had big canvas tent, they weren't tents, really, they were just big tarps and they'd move all over the coast with the runs of fish.

JS: Where would you picnic?

BP: Oh, right on this beach, here. Usually, sometimes around here. Mum would make some sandwiches and she always had tons of cookies. Cookie jar was always full...The biggest spring salmon in the world go by this island. Two of the biggest springs I've ever caught in my life where right there, right by the—they come along this shore, but the two I caught, were right there. It's still a very

famous place to fish. Some days there will be 40 sporty boats out here in June and July. We come here and fish all the time. I bring Scott and Nicky out. Usually from here up along the beach you usually catch a spring salmon, but that's where I caught a sixty-five pounder and a fifty-three. Right there. It's always been a hot spot for spring, big springs. I used to tie to that kelp there, when the tide was runnin' hard that way and just tie to the kelp with my little rowboat and let the line drift out in the tide. Didn't catch many springs doin' that. The odd one, but lots of coho. Lots of nice big coho in the fall of the year.

JS: How do you catch a spring or a coho? What's the difference?

BP: Just trollin'. You just troll for em'. They bite mostly the same thing, but I think the way that I was fishin' the line didn't go deep enough for spring salmon. And then down at the point down there, that's where the ol' native used to take me out. He always caught lots of big springs. Guess there were more of them around then, probably, I don't know. But there used to be quite a fleet of trollers fish here. They used to come and fish the flood tide. There'd be a whole line of them goin' back and forth out here, fishin'.

JS: What was the relationship between First Nations and whites?

BP: Oh, it was really good with the older ones. Really good. They were all friendly. They would all come and visit. It's kinda different now. The older ones are still alright, but the younger generation are kinda, a little different. I get along fine with all of them, but I grew up with them, so. But the ol'timers that are all dead now, they were really nice. They were hard workers. They gillnetted and they hunted and they trapped and they done everything, worked in logging camps and—they'd come around and visit, but they don't do that anymore now. Yeah, it's a lost era, this place. That's why I'm writing a book about it. Trying a half-ass history of Black Fish Sound [Sound of ocean and footsteps].

JS: Do you have any favorite sounds, Billy, like the water?

BP: Oh yeah, that's one thing I really miss—two things I miss up around home is the crystal clear water and the diversity of so many different kinds of critters and the noise of the swells on the beach, especially when you're out on the west coast, god, I used to like—you get on one of them steep gravel beaches like that and a big swell rolls in and all the rocks roll down and it just sounds like music. There's a big ol' chiton. A gumboot chiton. He's a funny ol' rigs. I don't know whether he's dead or alive. That's his mouth, there. He has a couple of eyes that

come out here on little stems when he's feedin'. And he's got rows of shelves, they're just like butterflies, they're snow white. You'll see em' layin' on the beach and they all inter-lock, just like butterflies. They're beautiful. They're apparently good eatin', but I never, I never tried one, I didn't want to kill the poor ol' buggers. They look so prehistoric...Oh yeah, that's what I used to do when I should have been goin' to school. Watchin' all the little critters and what they do and what they don't do. God, that's a pretty coloured rock. Bends down to pick it up.

JS: Yeah, I really like it here.

BP: Yeah, it's a nice spot. It really is. I used to spend an awful lot of time here when I was a kid...Well, there's a couple of other places I wanna show you here before we go back, if you want or are you in a hurry to go home?

JS: No! I'm having way too much fun.

[Both laugh]

BP: Oh Christ. Ah, it's too bad that things have changed so much. I mean there's no way that a young person nowadays can do anything of thing that I'd done, like fishin' and handloggin' n' even trappin' or anything. I mean, we just done anything we more or less wanted.

JS: Why's that?

BP: Ah, too many rules and regulations and there's not enough fish left, I guess.

[Getting on the Surfer and launching boat. Sound of lowering the engine and starting engine]

BP: When I started fishin', the license was only a dollar and you could fish anything and sell anything you'd just about caught. Now, it's seven hundred and ten dollars for the boat license and sixty dollars for a personal license and you gotta pay two hundred and seventy-five dollars for a log book and you gotta keep track of everything you catch durin' the day, whatever you catch and whatever you release even if it's cod fish. Then at nine or ten o'clock at night you gotta phone Archipelago marine in Victoria and tell them exactly what you got. And this is area 12, which goes from Chelsey Bay to Cape Caution, which is about a hundred and twenty miles and it's divided into thirty-six little sub areas. So, we were fishin' in twelve thirty-five, and if you want to pick up your gear and move to twelve thirty-four or twelve thirty-six, you gotta phone Archipelago and tell them that you're movin'. You gotta tell them what time you're gonna put the gear in the

water in the morning, you gotta hail in at the start of the trip, sayin', phonin' them up, like if you're goin' fishin' tomorrow mornin', you phone them up tonight and say, well we're goin' fishin' in twelve thirty-five tomorrow morning at 4:30. They're very, very nice about it, but I mean it all takes time and it all costs money, you know. Then you gotta pay an observer when you're unloadin' the fish. That's a hundred and fifty bucks an hour...So, things have really changed. Some of them not for the better, I don't think. It's just hard for any young fellow that wants, like a boat license, like mine...When I was fishin' you could go anywhere on the coast with the one license right up to the Alaska border or down to the Fraser River. So, I guess that's progress, I don't know. I'm gonna go and show you White Beach Pass here, where the Native village used to be. If ya want...

[Boating away from Flower Island]

JS: Yeah, it's a really special spot there. So Mainland is considered to be Gilford Island.

BP: Yeah, well we used to call, everybody called it the Mainland until, about 1970 they came out and called it the Broughton Archipelago. I hate that name.

JS: Oh yeah. Why?

BP: I'm a Mainlander, not an Archipelagan.

[Laughter]

BP: Some guys from Alert Bay or Sointula, I meet them in Port McNeill and they always say, "Well, how's things going in the Mainland?" and I have to go and shake their hand for rememberin'. All the old timers still call it the Mainland...[Slows boat down] This is where the old Native used to tie to the kelp. See the way the tide's runnin' past the kelp here? Tie here and right on the very end and let the line go way down cause all them big springs are just swimmin' by here. You weren't allowed to talk when he was fishin' cause he said it scared the fish.

JS: Really?

BP: He caught lots of fish, so maybe he was right. I don't know. I tied here lots of times to these kelp balls. Drops off real deep here, so you can let your line go out there for hundred yards or so. Pullin' in really slow...It's a pretty exciting way of fishin' cause everything's just quiet, ya know? No noise of engines or oar locks or anything. You just sit there real quiet and wait for a fish to bite.

JS: How is that different for you for fishing?

BP: Oh [laughs]. I often wonder if you'd catch any fish doin' that nowadays. I never tried it for thirty years.

JS: But, I mean, did you get more relaxed?

BP: Everything's too mechanized nowadays. You have to be out there with your down riggers and big cannon balls cause it's just the in thing to do, I guess... This was the big summer village. [Slows boat down] When I was a boy, there'd be twenty canoes on the beach here. God, I wish I had a taken pictures. Big cemetery on that point. There used to be two rows of houses along here, about, small houses, but ones that they lived in, they were behind and the smoke houses and dryin' racks were all in front. There was never any down there in my lifetime. They were all from that little cedar tree this way and the beach would be all lined with canoes. This is where ol'Sam Charlie lived. They just used this as a summer village. They just come here to dry halibut and salmon.

JS: What is this place called?

BP: White Beach. Is all it was ever called. It's just White Beach. Yeah, it's a nice spot... It was pretty quiet. You'd just hear the odd ol' canoe being dragged down the beach, but the logger that got, he got permission from the Natives to log the island. [Turns off boat completely] About 1952, and he come along here and he fell the trees on all the houses and then after he logged the trees out he burnt all the houses up, anything that was left standin'. That really, he didn't win any brownie badges with that, I'll tell ya.

JS: That's awful.

BP: Yeah. They were all beautiful shake cabins, you know. But, that's the way she goes.

JS: So, how many people lived here, or stayed here?

BP: Well, just durin' the summer they'd come here about, ah they'd come here about now or a little earlier, 1<sup>st</sup> of May, and they'd stay till probably the middle of September there'd be, god there could be up to forty or fifty people here, you know. Men, women, kids, all dryin' racks all over for the hell of it. It was a good place to dry halibut cause there's lots of sun and you get that prevailing westwardly wind here in the afternoon and it really dries the halibut good. Yeah, it's a pretty neat spot. White Beach Pass. [Starts motor]

JS: Is it still a Native owned land?

BP: Yeah, they own this island...

[We boat into a lagoon]

JS: I've never gone hunting.

BP: No? Well, I don't do much. I used to do lots of duck huntin' and goose huntin' years ago when the family was still at home, we all ate ducks and geese. And I get one deer every fall now. That's all I need. I got one for Nicky last fall.

JS: What's it like to hunt?

BP: You just wonder around through the bush until you find somethin' and then shoot it. Not much to it. I have two or three places I go to hunt...I used to get two deer every year.

JS: That must be something that you need to actually listen for, right? Or, you can't make a lot of noise.

BP: No no. You gotta be quiet. You gotta get up real early in the morning and get up to some spot where you figure the deer might be. I always had good luck. Being a good shot helps so you don't miss. [pause; sound of birds and boat]. I used to go up Knight's Inlet huntin' mountain goat, but haven't done for years. Getting too old to climb the mountains now. I buy a tag every year and swear I'm gonna go up, but I can never get anybody else to go. There's not enough people around anymore, like there used to be so many people. You'd say, "well, I'm going to the head of Knight's Inlet" and three or four people would quit their loggin', cause they were all loggin' for themselves. They'd just quit and go along for four or five days.

JS: To hunt mountain goat?

BP: Oh, I used to deer hunt and mountain goat, geese and ducks and.

JS: That's something I'd really love to learn how to do.

BP: Once I turned into being more or less an environmentalist, I'd rather watch the geese sittin' there eatin' than shoot them. I don't like shootin' them anymore. Deer I don't mind, but I never shoot around home. I mean, people give me a bad time about going out and draggin' a deer a way down the mountain somewhere when I could shoot one right off my back porch, but I couldn't shoot the ones that come around and trust ya. Come up and eat apples out of my hand.

JS: How do you see yourself as an environmentalist?

BP: Oh well, I don't know. I always have given Nicky and Scott a bad time about we should go out and shoot a bunch of sea lions, but we used to do all that because everybody did it. It was the thing to do back in the 40's and 50's. Even the department of fisheries and oceans had a special boat with a machine gun mounted on the bow to shoot the sea lions, but you can't do anything like that anymore now. You don't even want to talk about it...I mean, 40 years ago, I would have never had thought about going to a meeting to try and protect wild salmon or anything, ya know. It was just somethin' you didn't do.

JS: What changed for you?

BP: Oh, I don't know.

JS: What inspired you?

BP: Being around people like Alexandra Morton, all these hippy types that want to protect everything. I guess it's finally soaked in. [Laughter] But you tend to mellow down when you get old, I guess.

[We leave the lagoon]

BP: As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing like it [riding a boat/being on the water]. Scott asked me yesterday, she said "can we go out on a low tide?" There's a big low tide comin' out. One night, we were out, we went clam diggin'. It was a bright moonlit night and I always use a coal and gas lantern when I'm clam diggin' and she had a bright spotlight and it was a zero tide and we were out there in the Burdwood groups lookin, cause in the wintertime there's no kelp or anything, you know. You can see everything that's on the rocks. We stoged around out there for two hours, stupid, looking at everything under water. So, she asked me yesterday, "do you think we can go on a low tide tour?" and I said, "oh sure, why not." It's nothing like it! You see so much sea life and everything. I mean, I've been looking at it for—a lot of these young people that come up here haven't seen it, but I've been looking at it for 65 years and I still can't wait to get out there and look...

There was a Hawaiian lived in this bay. He had a cabin in here. His name was Chris Nickleson. He lived at Fresh Water Bay when I was a real small boy and then, I don't know, he and my Dad got into an argument so he moved into this little bay and built himself a cabin. And he used to row up, he had a dugout canoe and he used to row up to our place every couple of times a week. He was

always gonna take me to the Frisco Fair. He says, "I'm gonna take you to the Frisco Fair one of these days". But, he never did. And, he never showed up for a while and the people that were livin' over here at that time, some new comers, had taken it over. And old Chris never showed up so they went over and looked and he was layin' dead by the door in the house. He was about 90 years old, I guess. He was a Hawaiian.

JS: How did he get here?

BP: Oh god knows. There was a lot of Hawaiian...About 1900 or before, there was a man came here named Burt Ols and he had a chicken farm in there. He had 7 or 8 chicken houses and he had a boatshed, big boatshed here. We used to be able to see it from our house at Fresh Water Bay. He had a big boatshed here and he built two beautiful big trollers. His name was Burt Ols and he moved outta here before my Dad drowned, so that must have been about 1940 he moved outta here. But he built two big boats. One was called the Osprey and the other was Duchess. And you can see back in there where the, there's all growin' up an elderberry, but that's where the chicken houses were and this is a kayaker's campsite. They camp here lots.

JS: What is this place called?

BP: It's Craycroft Point. That's the name of this island, Craycroft Island. Nice little beach. I imagine he cleared a lot of the rocks off of it, made a place to land his skid.

JS: Cool to have chickens.

B: Yeah, he used to take the eggs to Alert Bay. He had about, I don't know, three or four hundred chickens and he'd take the eggs to Alert Bay. But he had a tough time holdin'. He had a boom across here, but with the tide and the wind comin' in from Queen Charlotte Strait or Black Fish Sound, it gets pretty choppy here. Must had a hell of a time. I never met the man. I just seen him come in once in a boat to see my Dad about somethin', but I never seen him. I wrote about him in my book a little bit. We could see the boathouse from home [turns head to look back], it was right in there...

J: So, Blackfish are killer whales?

B: Yeah, well that's all I ever knew them by Blackfish for years until the hippies came along. See that beach down there, that nice little gravel beach? There used to be six native cabins there where they dried halibut and salmon and stuff too.

They just fell down not too long ago, them ones. [Starts up boat]... There used to be big schools of black rockfish here, but I don't imagine they're here anymore. I haven't caught one for years.

JS: What do they look like?

BP: Oh, they're good eatin'.

JS: Fatty?

BP: Oh, they're dandy. They're the tastiest ones of the rockfish. I used to sit here and watch the big schools of them, pick one up for supper. Later on in the year, I don't think there's any around anymore. Been fished out. Sure used to be lots of them here. [Long pause; sound of boat motor idling] This used to be all grassy right there and I used to climb up there and come up there and slide down and, slide down on my ass on the grass. There's an eagle fishin'.

JS: Wow.

[We watch the eagle fishing]

BP: Baby one. Must be some fish out there he's lookin' at. [We boat off] The first big spring salmon I ever caught in a rowboat, I caught right here off of that little, that little rock. And it was so big, I towed it into the beach there and dragged it up on the beach. It was forty-two pounds. A big white spring.

JS: What did it feel like when you were dragging that salmon?

BP: Oh, I was just towing it with the rowboat. Towed it into the shore, dragged it up onto the beach, clubbed it and managed to drag it into the boat. I was only eight years old. Took it in and sell it to Mum. It was a white spring. It was forty-two pounds and I got 84 cents for it. 2 cents a pound. I stole a spoon out of her store to buy it, or, to catch it and then when I got the 84 cents I paid her. It was 34 cents for the spoon, so I paid her for the spoon to clear my conscious and then I bought another one. I was in business then. I had my own gear. This is where our property ended, right here.

JS: Wow.

BP: That's a long shoreline from where I showed you first over there to the right of that big tree. Jesus, it'd be nice place to have a house along here somewhere, eh? Summer homes they have nowadays. They fell all this—this was all clearcut in 1947. There wasn't a tree left standing except the odd little one along the

beach, so that's how much it's grown up since 1947. It's all spruce...I used to come up here and watch em' fallin' when I was a kid. They started about 1940 and they logged here until about 1951. In fact, they logged all the front with an A-frame and skylines and then they went back with tractors. Pretty well cleaned the whole island off.

JS: What did you think when they were logging all that?

BP: Oh, didn't think much about it. Everybody was doing it in them days, so.

JS: Yep. I mean, did you think it was, like, neat or something?

BP: Yeah, I kind like watching them.

JS: Yeah. It must have been really dramatic.

BP: Yeah, they were all fallin' by hand. There was no chainsaws.

JS: So what happened if you weren't strong? Did you have to move?

BP: Everybody was strong because they worked hard. They had to be strong. They worked so hard. I mean, anybody can be strong as long as they use their muscles and build them up. I mean there's no such thing, unless you're sickly or something, I mean there's no such thing as a weak human bein' if they work hard, build up your muscles. I don't think, anyway. I mean, I was considered pretty strong and Christ, I'm small compared to some of them old loggers. I can carry my weight with the most of them except some big burly guy. Christ, my brother-in-law, he was a little skinny guy and god he was strong. Jesus. [Starts engine and boats to another area]

Well, this is Breakfast Bay. This is where the old timers, they would all fish the tides here when the tide was just right and then once the tide got runnin' too strong, there'd be four or five trollers anchored here, some of them tied together, cookin' their breakfast together. Everybody would be havin' their breakfast cause the tide—usually you'd fish to about nine or ten o'clock. I'd done it hundreds of times, myself, anchored in this bay, waitin' for the tide. And this is also the first place I had a job, blowin' whistles, right here, this bay. The A-frame was—the A-frame was tied to that bluff right there and we were back about fourteen hundred feet to a big spar tree. But, that was all clear-cut and look at the size of the trees since '47, eh. So, breakfast bay.

JS: What was your job, Billy?

BP: Blowin' whistles, Whistle Punk.

JS: Describe that.

B: [Laughs ] Well, I already did tell you about that, I thought. You drag out the whistle wire and you sit a way back in there about, you have about a thousand feet of whistle wire. It's just like an extension cord and it's fashioned to them horns, like we were playin' with, and you go. Like say they're loggin' in a straight line here, you go away out around like that and come back to where they're loggin' and then as they keep moving over, as they clean the logs up, you just coil the line around and you sit and wait until the hook tender hollers at you to go give a signal to go ahead or whatever he wants, slack the main line or whatever. And that was in 1947 in February. Jesus, was it a cold job. [starts engine]

JS: And then you'd blow the whistle?

BP: Yeah, you'd just have that bug, like, ya know.

JS: So, now that we've played that horn, can you imagine it again here? That was a cool horn.

B: Yeah, it worked good yeah... There used to be a handlogger's shack in there. A guy named Gus Myers lived in there before I was born. Mum and Dad, when they were going back and forth to Charles Creek or wherever up there when they lived, they would stop and see if he wanted anything, but he had a cabin in there and I guess he was hand logging all along here although it's pretty poor country. [Starts boat] This used to be called Bull Point, but now on the new charts they call it Bull Head. This was one of the most famous places for trollin' around here. If you asked any troller where he was fishin', he'd always say up at the point. And the reason for that is, like that's the Merry Go Round over there that pointed to ya, the tide comes from a way over there, the flood tide and it brings all the fish through here and it pushes them in. On the floodtide, this is just a fantastic place to fish. And then when the tide starts coming out at Knight Inlet and out of Blackfish Sound, it forms a big back eddy here so it's all kinda slack water and the fish lay there waitin' for the next floodtide to push em' along. So, consequently, it's a really good place to fish. I've fished here for 35 seasons.

JS: How did you learn about the tides and the winds?

BP: Many, many years of just watchin' it. This is, ah, this is what we call, always has been known as Spring Salmon Bay cause the big springs get pushed in here and they kinda mill around and when you come along trollin', it's really deep

water right here, and when you come along trollin', when you get em' here on the floodtide, all along here, sometimes along that beach. And then just when the tide started pushing out at Knight's Inlet, if you were right there at the right time, you'd get three of four big ones. That's years ago when we used to just fish spring salmon, nothin' else/

JS: Did you ever get into competition with fishers?

BP: Oh, there'd be thirty-five or forty boats all goin' in a circle, but, like me, I knew the tides and I studied the tides so much and I would always try and put myself in a position so that I would be there at the right time, ya know what I mean. You can't cut anybody off. You gotta keep going in a circle. You can't cut across anybody's bow. And when you're going along the shore this way, you got the right away, you can't, nobody can go inside of you. Anybody comin' down has gotta stay clear of you. Although, they tried it lots of times. Also, they can't come up between you and the beach. If they do, it's their tough luck. I always turned out and let em go, but lots of guys wouldn't give the right away up and just push em up on the beach. It's perfectly legal to do that, but it's not fair, ya know, it's just—but I'd always try to be right here when that first tide cause an old seine skipper, Johnny Ferry his name was, he had a boat. The first boat he had was called the Three Aces and the next one when he got older, he didn't have his own boat, he chartered one from the company, it was called the Silver Bear. And he'd come and anchor right there and I just wrote a story about him, he'd come and anchor right there on that little gut with a seine boat and they'd play poker all the time the tide was flooding cause you can't set here with a seine with the tide is flooding. So, he'd wait until he'd watch the kelp and as soon as the kelp, there's always a big bed of kelp off that point and it gets pulled under with the tide. And as soon as the kelp would come up, well then he'd have the shoreline tied to the tree there beforehand and then he'd let the net go and I've seen him load his boat, his seine boat with fish there on the one set. So lots of times he only made the one set a day. That's before they had drum seines and they had to pull the net by hand. But, that was always the hotspot. There was a lot of competition for that spot. But ol' Johnny, he didn't give a damn. He just come there and anchor and once you got the anchor down, well it's your set, ya know. I mean, I don't know if you're interested in that kind of stuff or not, but that's the hotspot.

JS: Is it still the hotspot?

BP: Oh, I don't know. I haven't fished here anymore. I mean, you can't commercial fish anymore and there's so many of them little brown rockfish now and when you're sport fishin you can't tell when they're on, so. I've never even seen anybody fishin' here. I imagine if you're here when that tide is right, you'd probably get somethin', but I haven't fished here for twenty years... Yeah, you'd come along here with a big boat, six lines out, fishin' about eight fathoms, ten fathoms, sixty feet deep, and you'd come right along here like this and swing out and go out along there. And there's a ledge runs out there about three and a half, four fathoms, but it drops straight off and the big springs layin' underneath there waitin' for feed to come out over that ledge... But, I got so good out here without a word of a lie and I'm not bragging or anything, but I got so good out here that I could pretty well tell by looking at the water where I was gonna catch a fish.

JS: Wow.

BP: Just by watching the tide for so many years.

JS: What would you look for in the tide? What does it tell you?

BP: Oh, you watch the movement of the kelp in the water and how the driftwood is movin' around or little tiderips or—it's hard to really explain, it just gets to be kinda an instinct after a while I guess, I don't know... *[Starts engine]* All the old timers taught me a lot too. Old John Callus, he was a big old Finlander. He started fishing in Blackfish Sound in 1916 and he taught me how to make spoons and he taught me about the tides. Never try and fish when the tide is running strong because he said them old spring salmon just lay down in the holes and they're not going to feed. You gotta wait till the tide slakes off and they come up and they always lay, like if the tide is runnin' over a reef like that, or any shallow, if there's a shallow spot, the tide is running over the top of it, well the springs, they just layin' underneath there waiting for the feed to come over. They're not gonna be sittin' on the high side where they're gonna have to buck the tide all the time. It's only common sense, you know. So you learn all them little tricks and then when you're going along sometimes, like along the shore of Swanson Island.

## Transcription, 18 May 2011

### Clam Digging

[Billy boats over from his house to pick up Scott and I at the station. We are going to harvest clams at a low tide so that I can record this activity. Billy and his wife used to harvest clams to make money when they were just married. Billy loves clams. Clams are also important on a material and historical level regarding the First Nations' clam beds.]

Billy Proctor (BP): Good morning.

Jenni Schine (JS): Good morning!

BP: Well, not a very nice morning again. I thought it was gonna be nice and sunny. It's supposed to rain all the time.

JS: Oh, it looks pretty good.

[Sound of Keta, Scott's dog, running down the dock, her nails clicking on the wood.]

BP: Hey Keta, ol' yellow head. Do you think you're going somewhere?

Scott Rogers (SR): She's ready.

BP: [Laughs; sound of boat engine idling] Well, I don't know where we're going. Jesus, it's a low tide. Holy Christ.

[Scott and I get in Billy's surfer and sit beside him. Scott has the pitchfork and other equipment needed for harvesting clams. We boat to Cockle Beach, where we get out of Billy's boat and walk along the beach at low tide].

BP: My wife and I done this for a livin' back in the 50's. We used to get about a thousand pounds a night. And it was three cents a pound...

JS: So, how often would you go clamming?

BP: Oh, we'd go out every night, if the tides were any good a'tall. In the wintertime, of course, the tides are always low at night. This time of year (Spring), you can't dig commercially after the first of May. Jesus, that's a monstrous clam. They don't get much bigger than that. [Throws it into his bucket.]

JS: Do you want to eat the big clams or?

BP: Oh yeah, they're good. Lots of meat in em'. [Sound of digging a pitchfork into the sand] Not very many here. There's some down there somewhere. Here's one. [Throws another into the bucket.]

JS: So, how would you go clam digging? Would you wait for a low tide or you'd dig every day or?

BP: Every day at low tide if we could, yeah. Every night. It was always in the night. Once in a while, you'd get a tide in the morning, but mostly at night. That's when it's fun—comin' out in the dark fartin' around. Gas lanterns.

JS: Ha ha. Yeah.

BP: Pretty sparse pickin's here, kid.

SR: Oh.

BP: Big clams.

SR: Big worms.

BP: That's a horse clam.

SR: Hey Billy, since this lady wants to know about sounds, what sounds do you associate with clamming when you were younger?

BP: [Laughs]. Not much. Pretty quiet. The old gas lantern roarin' away, that's about it cause you're always out at night. Pretty quiet on a clam bed.

SR: No little critters coming down to check things out?

BP: Oh, a coon once in a while used to come. One time on Davie Island they come and took clams right out of our bucket...

SR: What about, like, the sound of you and your wife would have been going at the same time, or she was picking them while you dug?

BP: She was pickin' them all the time, yeah, putting them in gunny sacks. That's about all you'd hear is the clams fallin' into the sack.

SR: So, I guess you didn't talk too much, dug and worked.

BP: Oh, not very much, no. [Throws clam into the bucket.] God, them are dandies. You don't need many of them for a feed. They're really nice clams here. I've dug here dozen of times.

JS: Billy, what do you like about clamming?

BP: Oh, I don't know. I just love clam digging. I always did. We used to get about a thousand pounds a night, the wife and I. We were one of their best, ah, producers of clam buyers, so he used to come right into our camp to pick em' up. We only got three cents a pound, so a thousand pounds of clams was only thirty bucks. But we paid the grocery bill with it. We had no money. Just married and broke flat. And that's the way she goes. One night I went out. It was blowin' a gale a southeast and rainin'. Oh, it was just pourin'. And we were tied in that bay down there where I said the clam digger was tied. And I said to the wife, "I'm not taking you out tonight. It's too god damn miserable". When I'd come back, she'd rowed out to the island. Had four sacks of clams by herself, so. Give me hell because "you're gonna go out and have all the fun and leave me at home, you're crazy?".

[Laughter.]

JS: So, what is it about clamming that makes it so fun?

BP: Oh, I don't know. I couldn't explain that. It's just getting out there and seein' what's there. I don't know. I love it. There used to be—people used to come and visit us and if it happened to be a clam tide night, well, we'd always take them out clam diggin'. This one guy, he spread the rumors around the Mainland. He said "Don't ever...look at the tide book before you go visit Proctor cause he'll have you out there clam diggin'." He was only jokin'.

JS: Yeah, it must be kinda peaceful at night.

BP: Oh, it is, yeah. Lots of fun.

JS: It's kinda like finding little treasures.

BP: I guess so. It's funny. It's one occupation that the Natives really like. They'll go out in any kind of weather to dig clams. Well, that's enough for a big chowder if ya wanna make a chowder or something. Let's go over here and have a look...

JS: So Billy, how long have you been clamming?

BP: Well, we started in October, end of September in 1958 and we clammed until first of May and then we quit about 1966, I guess. Everybody was makin' fun of us...We used to take, like my sister-in-law with us, but. It was a few people got into it. My old buddy, Bob Lawson, him and his wife dug every winter. They lived in Deep Harbour. And course there was tons of Natives around diggin' dem days.

Christ they were on every beach at night. They had about seven boats at Gilford Village and they'd be out all over the place.

SR: Were they doing it in canoes at that time?

BP: No, they mostly had...well, some of them had canoes that they would tow with a gillnet boat. It was still quite a few canoes. They had outboards on em' then.

SR: So, it was like lanterns lit up on every beach?

BP: Oh Christ, yeah.

SR: Could you hear all the voices of everybody talking?

BP: Ah, I guess you could if you stopped and listened...

SR: Did the First Nations people bring out kids and stuff with them?

BP: Oh Christ yeah.

SR: Oh, like the whole family?

BP: All the families were out there. The old ladies, they used to pack butter boxes around with them and sit on them and dig with a little kind of a fork, a little hole thing. Joe Jack's wife, god could she ever dig. Jesus. The ladies never wore slacks, the old ladies. Like I told you yesterday, they always wore them big flared calico type dresses. God, they were nice people. They were always so friendly and always so happy. Old Charlie Dick, he used to come and visit us and run an old gillnet boat up on the beach there at Fresh Water Bay and he always had hip gumboots. The men always wore hip gumboots usually folded down. He'd just jump off the bow of the boat and come up and have a cup of tea. That's Arthur Dick's grandfather. God he was a nice old man. Tough lookin' ol' bugger. *[Sound of crunching boots on the beach.]* Yep, them days are gone. Gone. Gone. Well, we better get back. Must be getting close to that time.

## Transcription, 21 June 2011

Interview with Dr. Neil Frazer, Professor of Geology and Geophysics at the University of Hawaii

*Jenni Schine (JS)*: I've been talking to so many people about the Broughton and I'm finding it really interesting to talk about how people keep coming back to this place. That's one of my questions now: What brought you here, firstly? And then, what's the charge to come back year after year? How many years have you come back? That sort of thing.

*Dr. Neil Frazer (NF)*: Well, I guess what brought me here originally was, ah, I just wanted to see the whole coast, you know. And, partly because I have very vivid memories as a child of growing up in a place that was very alive with marine life and I knew, you know, I kind had what I refer to as a marine mid-life crisis. And I just wanted to go back to the place where I was from and get in a little boat and go to some place that reminded me of when I was a child, when the world was not all screwed up.

*JS*: Where did you grow up?

*NF*: Courtney. But, we had a cabin, we called it a beach cabin, on Georgia Strait at Little River. Do you know where that is? The ferry comes in there now. There's a ferry to Powell River. So, the big ferry terminal, at that time, there was, ah, nothing there. In fact, we had to walk to get to this cabin. So it was very wild. You know, you'd see all the usual terrestrial creatures on the beach, on the shoreline. And, the ocean had a lot of stuff in it that doesn't seem to be there anymore. Lots of killer whales and seals and salmon and herring and everything, you know. Of course, it was probably depleted compared to 50 years prior. There were large kelp beds that were subsequently harvested and did not return. Kelp is a social plant. It doesn't—you cut it all, it's not going to restart because it needs some kind of shelter and, anyway, so when I was in my forties, let's see, late forties I suppose, I kinda had this midlife crisis where you begin to understand that, you know, you don't have forever to live. It's going to end and—so I wanted to—Also, I'll change the subject a little bit and this will sound strange, but when I was living in Hawaii, there's a lot of transient people in Hawaii and—and also, it's a very caring place, it's a really nice place to live, but you don't belong there unless you've been there for generations.

JS: Right

NF: Right. You know? You don't belong. Somebody asked me someplace where I was from and I said, "Well, I've lived various places, but this is where I live now and probably where I'll live for a long time, so I guess this is where I'm from". This is an old fisherman on a wharf. And he said, "No no, son". He said, "Where are you *from*?" So, I thought about that for many years. Where am I from? And that came to have, um a lot of meaning for me. And what I decided is that where are you from is a choice that you make. And it's about deciding what place owns you rather than what land *you* own. And it's also about deciding who your ancestors are. We—everybody is familiar with adopting children, but you can also adopt ancestors. And you can honour them and respect them. So, these are choices: where to be from, who your ancestors are, they're very personal choices. You don't have to ever tell anybody else, but they can be ways to steer your life that have meaning. You can [*laughs*], you can, I'm not trying to be serious and you're free to laugh at anything I say.

JS: No, I agree.

NF: I'm not, you know, there's nothing profound—I mean about what I'm saying. I'm just talking about the state that motivated me. And so some of this happened when I was in Hawaii. You know, where am I from? And, if I'm from some place, what does that mean? And, I've since come to feel that deciding where to be from is a very important choice and that the world would have a lot fewer problems if people knew where they were from because so many people now—we're all employed by extractive industries. You know, we go to some place, we get a job in a mine and, you know, the mine peters out or the logs are all gone and then, we can all go somewhere else now. You know what I mean? So, in a very real way, we're all kinda like serfs or sharecroppers or peasants or something. And we're very well paid to be these peasants. But, we're not free in the sense or, free is not the right word, but we're not, we don't belong anywhere. We're like a resource. Labour that you can move around to operate, bring the capital there, pull the labour in and you extract the stuff. When you choose to be from a place and internalize an obligation to that place because you belong to it—it doesn't belong to you, you belong to it—then your worldview changes and your notion of wealth changes.

Anyway, it kinda took me a long time to decide where I was from. I do feel some loyalty to Courtney Comox because I was born there, but I kinda decided that

where I was from was the coast of British Columbia and Southeast Alaska because the border is artificial. The Haida, their territory was in Haida Gwaii, but also they had a pretty large territory in southeast Alaska, which most Canadians have no idea. There were Haida in Alaska. The Customs and Immigration harass them when they go across in their boats to court or potlatch or visit, but they do it anyway.

Getting back to the Broughton: here's the thing and this is really important. In order to stop the corporate interests, and that's a cliché, for which I apologize because it's not just corporations, from basically extracting everything and turning it into cash, which is what they're suppose to do for their shareholders, you need people to be in a place, to be there, to witness, to say: "No, you shouldn't do that because that's not going to work. And, don't log that hill because that goes into this creek and we know that creek has coho and chums and we know how many and it's important. Don't do it". You *need* people. People are an important part of the ecology of a place. And places that don't have people get raped. That's what I've learned from my travels.

JS: Good.

NF: Yeah! And I, if it were up to me, I would have the coastal zone as a province. You know. And, I'd call it "Hyas Illahee", which is a Chinook phrase. It means the great land, the great country.

## Transcription, 24 June 2011

Interview with Billy Proctor in his house in Echo Bay

*Billy Proctor* (BP): It's funny how—some people, I can't quite figure them out. Two guys came in the museum yesterday and I says, "oh you gotta go look at the hand logger's cabin". That one guy looked me right in the eye and he says, "oh hell, nobody could live in a shack like this up in this cold climate", he said. "They'd freeze to death". I mean he was really indignant about it, you know. And I says, "Well, I'm sorry. There used to be about forty of them around here when I was a kid. "Well", he said, "I don't know how they could possibility live in this". I says, "Well, whatever" [*chuckles*]. What do ya say, ya know? I guess he was used to a steam-heated apartment.

*Jenni Schine* (JS): Yeah, where was he from?

BP: Oh, I don't know. He wasn't very talkative—not after I argued with him.

JS: [*Laughs*] I just think it's so neat building the logger shack with you, Billy.

BP: [*chuckles*] Yeah, kinda fun. Yeah...Well, in the wintertime, I always pick up a lot more logs than you do this time of the year. See slabs and sometimes you see a chunk that's not worth putting in my boom, so I bring it in and use for firewood. Seein' that I'm going to be looking for shake logs, I'll keep my eye open for something.

JS: Billy, what's it like teaching us to build?

BP: Oh, it's pretty neat to see so much enthusiasm goin' into it. Everybody's eager to drive a nail. Yeah, I don't know. Sometimes I'm not a very good teacher, I don't think. Anyways, whatever [*sound of radio*], it's fun.

JS: Well, this is definitely going to shape my life experience...Hey Billy, I was thinking about a question to ask you.

BP: Oh! Here ya go.

JS: About what your idea of "home" is?

BP: Home? [*laughs*] Right here—where I'm home—where I'm home right now. I don't know anything else, but this. This is my home, so. That's what I tell everybody. They all ask questions, "How often do you go out into the real world?" and I kinda think this is the real world, I don't know. Maybe it ain't.

JS: Do you feel that you belong here?

BP: Oh yeah, definitely, yeah. I'm part of the forest, so to speak. Yep. I don't want to go anywhere else. Somebody asked me yesterday if I get bored and I says, I don't know what the word means. I've never been bored in my life, never been depressed. *[pause]* When you get a little bit lonely sometimes, I just jump in the speedboat and away I go. Get out in the wind and, oh Jesus, there's nothin' like it. It's like, Alexandra Morton always said, runnin' along full board in your speedboat with your head over the windshield, she says it's better than coffee. *[Laughs]* That's what she always said. *[Sound of the radio in the background.]*

BP: There's nothin' like it. That's an experience that ninety-five percent of the population will never experience is getting' out early in the morning, when it's pouring down rain and windy as hell, running around in the speedboat like an idiot, lookin' for logs, get soakin' wet. Come back and the fire's always nice and warm in here and you get some dry clothes on and a cup of cocoa. Jesus, there's nothin' like it. *[Laughs]* There isn't! I don't know how to explain it, Jenni, it's just that, well, I don't know, it's so cozy when you come in... I never wear raingear, summer or winter. I'm soaked, just soakin' wet when I come back. Most days, when it's rainin', I wear that good heavy gortex coat that—the rain don't go through it and I never wear long underwear. Everybody told me thirty years ago, I should be crippled up with arthritis, but I haven't got any yet, so.

JS: *[Chuckles]*

BP: So, I ain't gonna worry about it now.

*[Laughter.]*

JS: So, when you say you feel part of the forest, what do you mean?

B: Oh, I don't know. I just feel—there's a friend of mine who lives in Alert Bay. He's ninety-five years old now. He was born on one of the islands out here and I seen him in Port McNeill about a little over a year ago. He was in the bank one day and, Jesus he hadn't seen me in ten years and he says, "Well Bill, how's it going?" just like that and we had quite a little chat there and he was takin a bunch of money out of the bank and I says, "Where ya going? On a trip?" "No", he says, "I'm gonna go to my sister's birthday party". Well, it just absolutely flabbergasted me that his sister was still alive cause she seemed like she was old when I was a little boy! But, she was celebrating her hundred and second birthday and he's ninety—he must be ninety-five now. And he walks a mile and a

half everyday down to the pub and has a couple of beers with the boys and back. And he's, I says, "You're one of the oldest ones in Alert Bay now" and he says, "Yeah, I'm one of the last of the ol' stumps", he says. So, that was his version of it [*chuckles*]. So, that's about what I am out here, one of the ol' stumps. Cause I'm the last ol'timer left. There's nobody else left. I'm it.

JS: How does that make you feel?

BP: Oh, I don't care, I just know I ain't gonna be around much longer, but that's beside the point. I ain't gonna worry about it. [*Pause*] Get another ten years if I'm lucky, but—there'll be nobody to take my place [*pause*] and do the things that I've done, anyway... It'll be kinda an end of an era when I kick the bucket, as far as doing all the things.

JS: Do you think it's important to share all the stuff you learned and knowledge?

BP: Well, to the best of my ability, yeah... Nobody wants to live out here, like, 12 months of the year anymore, like I do... It's just a vanishing breed, that's the word for it—it's a breed of old farts that just did different things, I guess. I don't know. I still think, though, that if you could do the things today that I did when I was young there would be people out here. Like, ya bought a license for a dollar and you could sell anything you caught. You could fish from the first of February to the first of December. You could go ashore and apply for a hand-loggin' claim, just about anywhere, for sixty bucks deposit on it, you could start hand-logging and there's good money to be made in hand-logging right now, if you could get a claim, but they won't give you one. I'd be out showin' young people how to hand log in the early spring, or in the wintertime, if it was a possibility to hand-log. I'd be up that hillside. I wouldn't get up there very fast, but I'd still like to do it and show some young people how it's done... Christ, it was a great life and so many people they—well, ninety-nine percent of the people that come to my museum, they say, "oh, that must have been terrible hard work—must have been horrible". Hell, it keeps you in good shape and, I don't know.

JS: Do you see hand-logging as a sustainable thing?

BP: Hand-logging is a very sustainable thing cause I logged for about nine years out in Tribune channel and there's no way you can see unless you knew, like myself, I can see where I hand-logged, but the average person could not see where I took a tree and yet I took three hundred thousand board feet a year. I had the second biggest quota in BC at that time. That's quite a bit of timber. It

amounts to about 10 sections. So anyway, yeah, they told us that we were causin' too much erosion, but helicopter logging causes land-slides and they leave all the big trees behind because they can't lift them out. They turned me down on one claim out in the Burdwoods because it was too big—or out in the Mainland across from the Burdwoods. Last year they logged it with a bloody helicopter. The tops of the trees were hitting the beach. And helicopter loggin'—when helicopter loggin' started first it was only supposed to be timber that was inaccessible by any other means. Christ, they're logging all over the place now. They accused us of putting too much brush in the water so we started pulling brush back in the woods. We'd hang a block up in a tree and pull it back up. Then we got so we wouldn't fall any trees that were close to the beach. Christ, the helicopter loggers put tonnes and tonnes of brush in the chuck: bark and slabs and tops...

JS: So, by teaching your way of life to younger people, is it possible to bring people back to this place and have a more local, sustainable way of life?

BP: I don't know! If I was a younger man, I'd go to the forestry and fight for a hand-loggin' claim. The old way of hand-logging. If I was a young person, I would try it. I'd fight to the bitter end, but there were so many things that went wrong, Jenni. Years ago, when I was hand-logging, you'd apply for a mile of shoreline, you'd put a flag up at each end, forest ranger went over and looked at it and he'd put an official flag up at each end and you were allowed to do whatever you wanted. You'd pay a sixty-dollar deposit and as long as you took sixty-thousand board feet off of that claim at the end, when you turned the sale in, you'd got your deposit back. Well, when the log-salvage operation went haywire on the Fraser River and down around there, there was so many people, log-salvage operators moved up here that one year they applied for a hundred and fourteen hand-logging claims in the area. Well, and they were just goin' around raping the place and, oh, makin' horrible messes. So then they put it up for public auction. If you'd apply for a hand-loggin' sale they would put it up for public auction, so you'd have to go to the forestry office and there might be ten or twelve people around there bidding on it. So, in order to get a claim, most of the time, you had to bid the stumpage up. Well if you bid the stumpage up too high you're cuttin' your own throat because your stumpage is what you have to pay to the government for the timbre and a lot of the guys bid the stumpage so high that they never made a cent on it. Just to get the claim....Now, of course, Interfor owns all the timber. They own all the timber from Howe Sound to Bella Coola.

JS: And why is that a bad thing?

BP: Well, it's a big co-operation and there's no way anyone else can get a claim. That's what it amounts to. It's fine if you're a big time contractor and got logging equipment like trucks and steel spars and skidders and god knows what all...

JS: I've been thinking that having this lifestyle is about belonging to a home.

BP: Yeah, I guess so.

JS: And it's very easy for a co-operation to come and log a whole area because they don't know what to log and what not to log because they don't live here and they don't have that sense of belonging and this powerful connection to a home and that's a real disaster.

BP: Yeah, well, if they logged places right—if they selective logging, well Christ... See when I logged, you weren't allowed to cut down a tree that was under a hundred and seventy-five years-old. The forestry would come along and they had a little thing, it was about like a hand-logger and the drill was about two feet long and they could drill into the tree and bring out this little core sample and they'd count the rings. It was called an "inky". And they'd bore into a few trees on your claim and if there were too many there that was under a hundred and seventy-five years-old, you'd get turned down cause they called it "reproduction". And then, the loggers, they were set on what was called a "sustained yield". They were only suppose to cut the same amount of trees that they figured was growing. That all went by the wayside. Christ, now most of the timber they're logging is only forty years old... Christ, it's horrible what they're doing... It's never gonna change now because there's no fish left to speak of. There's not much old growth left anymore. Not in this country. It's about ten percent of what it was when I was a kid. But [pause] yeah, I don't know.

I done well at whatever I was doin' so it was good to me. I figure I was born at exactly the right time cause I've seen the best part of the fishin'. There wasn't many fish when I was young compared to what there was startin' in about 1966. The runs started to build up a bit. But then they went to shits when they came out with drum seiners and all that stuff. Got bigger and bigger machinery and wrecked all the habitat. Now, there's hardly anything left...

JS: Billy, I know people ask you this all the time, but why did you get inspired to actually build a museum?

BP: [*Chuckles*] I just had too much junk upstairs! I tried to display it all upstairs, but I didn't have enough room. I had too much in boxes. And then Alexandra Morton and I went on the book tour when she got the book published and I stopped in three or four little museums along Vancouver Island and when I came back, I said to the wife, I says, "Christ, I have more junk than half of those museums put together". So, I started cutting some lumber and built that shack. Took me about a month to build a cabin and then or build a museum and then put the shelves and everything in it. Yeah, it was pretty neat. I got a video of the opening of the museum. There was a hell of a lot of people here then.

JS: Oh yeah? What was it like?

BP: It was pretty neat. There were a lot of people... We had a great big ribbon across the door and Yvonne cut the ribbon, my wife, and that was it. Some lady from Scott Cove made the video and sent it to me. It was pretty neat... I opened it in 2000.

JS: This will be the eleventh year anniversary.

BP: Yep, July the first. I think it was July the first. [*Billy gets up to find the video.*]