

WE THE PEOPLE

ARTISTS SPACE

EXHIBITION

~~/~~ Pena Bonita

~~/~~ Jimmie Durham

~~/~~ Harry Fonseca

~~/~~ Marsha Gomez

Tom Huff

~~/~~ G. Peter Jemison

Jean LaMarr

Alan Michelson

~~/~~ Joe Nevaquaya

Jolene Rickard

~~/~~ Susana Santos

~~/~~ Kay WalkingStick

~~/~~ Richard Ray (Whitman)

MUSIC

John Rainer, Jr.

VIDEO PROGRAM

Navaho Talking Pictures, 1986

By Arlene Bowman

Hopiit 1981, 1981

By Victor Masayesva, Jr.

Do Indians Shave?, 1972

By Chris Spotted Eagle

A Tragedy and a Trial, 1986

By Asiba Tupahache

The Ute Bear Story, 1986

By The Ute Indian Tribe

Audio-Visual

Harold of Orange, 1983

Directed by Rick Weise

Written by Gerald Vizenor

Produced by Gail Johnson

November 12—

December 23,

1987

WE THE PEOPLE

Exhibition

Organized by

Jimmie Durham and

Jean Fisher

Video Program

Organized by

Emelia Seubert and

Dan Walworth

ARTISTS SPACE

223 West Broadway

New York

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Artists Space is a member of the National Association of Artists Organizations (NAAO) and Media Alliance.

It gives me great pleasure that Artists Space is presenting *We the People*. I would like to thank Jimmie Durham and Jean Fisher for proposing this exhibition and for their willingness to take on the task of organizing it. Also my thanks go to Emelia Seubert for accepting our invitation to organize the video program and for assisting us to realize a more complete presentation of Native American visions.

The theme of this show is ideally suited to Artists Space's mission of presenting work which is not seen in traditional museum and gallery outlets. This show presents a unique and important view of work by contemporary Native American artists and its theme allows the New York art audience a chance to reflect on the cultural and political situation these artists face in today's society.

The essays included in this catalogue examine this situation from different points of view. Jean Fisher's "Guidelines" offers a brief overview of the show and its theme; Jimmie Durham's "Savage Attacks on White Women, As Usual" addresses a broad range of views and stereotypes of American Indian culture; and Paul Smith's "Anadarko Calling" is a personal reflection on an Indian vision of the future. Emelia Seubert has contributed an introduction to the video program which describes the context and the work shown.

Jimmie Durham is an artist who was a founder and former Executive Director of the Indian Treaty Council, establishing a special committee on indigenous affairs at the United Nations. He has served on the Executive Committee of the American Indian Movement as well as Editor of *Art and Artists* newspaper and as Executive Director of the Foundation for the Community of Artists. In addition to his sculpture, his work has included performance and poetry. A book of his poems, *Columbus Day*, was published in 1983 by West End Press, Minnesota. Jean Fisher is an art critic and free lance curator who writes for *Artforum*. Fisher has taught at the Museum Studies Program, Whitney Museum of American Art, as well as at SUNY at Old Westbury. She has organized a travelling group exhibition of Native American artists and has written essays on the work of Jack Goldstein, James Coleman, Anselm Kiefer and Frank Stella among others. Paul Smith is a free lance writer and editor who has worked for *City Limits* magazine, *Art and Artists*, as well as *Treaty Council News*. He was Press Coordinator for the Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee, Sioux Falls, in 1974-75. Emelia Seubert is Assistant Curator of the Film and Video Center at the Museum of the American Indian, New York.

This exhibition would not have been possible without the support of the National Endowment for the Arts, Museums Program, and the New York State council on the Arts, Visual Artists Program. It was their understanding of the need for this exhibition and the quality of the work involved, which has allowed us to make this exhibition a reality.

I am also grateful to Judith Barry and to Ken Saylor who have assisted us in the realization of *We the People* by contributing their expertise in exhibition design. I would also like to acknowledge the hard work that the entire staff of Artists Space put into this show but in particular, thanks are due to Valerie Smith who coordinated so many of the details of the exhibition; and Dan Walworth who collaborated with Emelia Seubert on the organization of the video program.

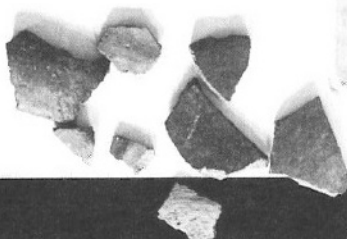
But my most heartfelt thanks go to the artists who were willing to take a chance and to send their work, from all areas of the country, to communicate their concept of *We the People*.

Susan Wyatt
Executive Director



Untitled, 1987
Color photograph
30 x 40"

PENA BONITA

[illegible]

On Loan from
*The Museum of the
American Indian*

This exhibit sponsored in part by the
Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco & Firearms Corp.
and the John Jacob Astor Animal Skinning Co.



Current Trends in Indian Land Ownership

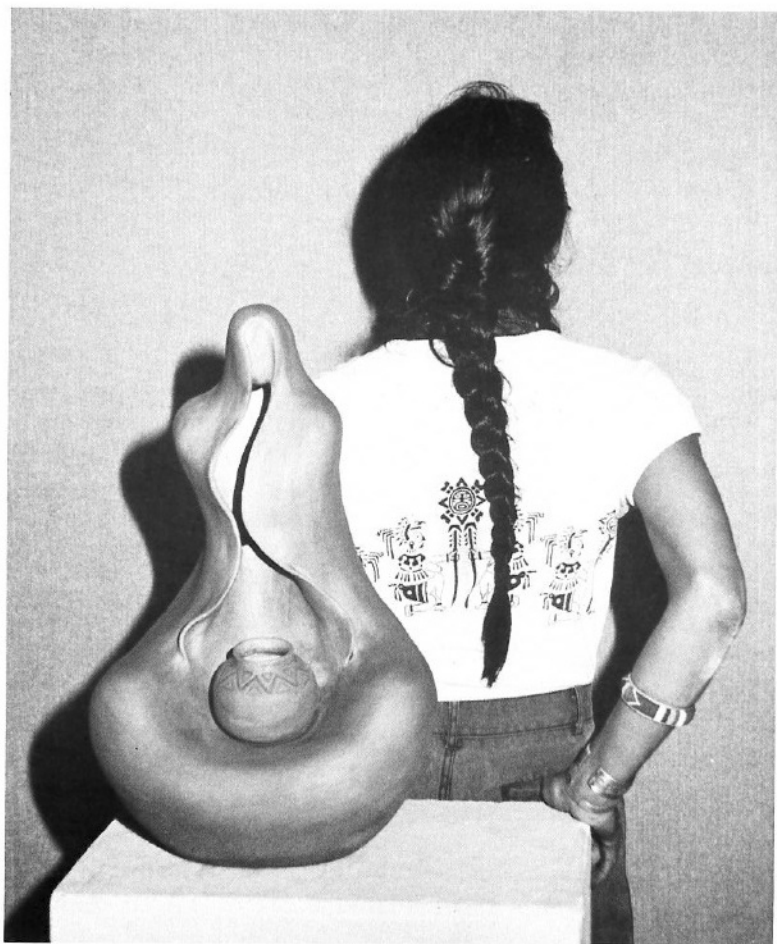
detail of
On Loan from
"The Museum of the American Indian", 1986
mixed media
dimensions variable

JIMMIE DURHAM



Aida-Last Act, 1987
mixed media
48 x 60"
photo: Daniel Babior

HARRY FONSECA



Faceless in America, 1987
installation view with artist
hand coiled stoneware
18 x 12 x 12"
photo: John Taylor

MARSHA GOMEZ

Guidelines

From the earliest contact with Europeans, the peoples of the Americas have been the object of an intense scrutiny, first by adventurers and missionaries seeking to exploit native lands and souls; and more recently by anthropologists and sociologists, filmmakers, photographers and literature experts, looking for 'mythic' themes or 'exotic' research projects. Despite this activity, white culture has consistently failed to perceive all but the more superficial aspects of indigenous cultures; or worse, it has mistaken the outward consequences of colonization for 'innate' attributes.

Whether white misconceptions have been perpetrated from outright antagonistic or from seemingly sympathetic quarters, they have seldom been anything but self-serving. The first Americans are unknowable to us because we see them only according to our own desires. Furthermore, it has to be admitted that immigrant America fundamentally does not wish to know these first Americans, since to know them would be to undermine the rhetoric of moral righteousness by which colonization was justified. Against such odds, we can do little more than acknowledge that the white man's images of 'Indians' are representations based primarily on fantasies born of fears and doubt concerning his own identity.

That this doubt, and guilt at the failure to withstand the onslaught of de-territorialization and cultural erosion, has been transferred to Native America is one of the more tragic consequences of official assimilation policies. Consequently, among the more unanswerable questions are what constitutes 'Native American' identity, how far is this conditioned by white myths and expectations imposed on them and to what extent do the latter continue to serve white politics and to impede native demands for self-determination.

Even to speak of 'cultural difference' in relation to Native Americans is to compromise them with a distinction based on white criteria of sameness, and to turn difference itself into a marketable commodity. If we think of cultural difference here, it should not be understood in terms of European nationalism since tribal peoples did not draw territorial boundaries according to such schemas. Moreover, the artists represented in the present exhibition do not constitute a homogeneous body. They come from different parts of the country and from diverse histories and contemporary conditions; some are connected to reservations and tribal traditions, others are not. What unites them is a shared experience of difference as it has been defined and executed by white culture.

What constitutes difference for a Native American? Do they even hold such

a concept of others? One might speculate that, despite the attachment of immigrant Americans to their national past, there is little discernible difference between them from the Native American point of view, not for reasons of racial typology, or common belief structures, but because European behavior in relation to them has consistently followed the same pattern. If we listen we might hear that, for a Native American, a man is not judged by abstractions but by his conduct. All people are equal; but equality is a privilege that carries with it equal social responsibility. Sharing social responsibility and knowledge, as nurturers rather than as destroyers, is an underlying theme of the exhibition. Therefore, the title chosen for the exhibition, *We The People*, a translation of the names by which different tribal peoples call themselves, is intended as a gently but ironic reminder that the phrase, and the sociopolitical organization of the Northeastern peoples, were appropriated by the United States Constitution as the foundation of American democracy.

On one level, this exhibition is about exploring the problems of presenting Native American art in a social climate that has little competence to see beyond its limited field of vision. To present traditional Native American art when a white audience cannot 'read' its signs and is ignorant of how it functions culturally, is to risk the work's appropriation to exotic ethnicity, intensifying the Anglo's desire to preserve the least challenging aspects of native cultures as safe museum relics. To present work that is not inscribed with recognizable signs of 'indianess' is either to face accusations that it cannot be 'indian' art; or to be confronted with a cultural arrogance that dismisses as irrelevant what does not conform to the codes of avant-gardism, eliding the fact that the people have to work against the poverty of an education system controlled by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Ignorant attitudes have little chance of being overcome unless the debate on contemporary cultural affairs is opened to Native Americans themselves.

The aim of this exhibition is not to provide white audiences with revelations about who the people 'really' are; Native Americans are wise to the fact that whatever is given to white culture is either consumed by it or used as ammunition against them. Not surprisingly, we find that they have withdrawn to a firm and sometimes none too polite distance, and that what they present of their circumstances tends to reveal more about our own attitudes. Either implicitly or explicitly, the work in the exhibition addresses how white culture perceives, and is perceived by, 'indians.' And as we look at them looking at us looking at them we might be just a little uncomfortable that our gaze, so long concealed behind a dissembling rhetoric or a monocular lens, is capable of being turned back on us.

Jean Fisher



Spotted Bird Stone, 1987
Greenstone
4 x 15 x 15"
Photo: Jolene Rickard

TOM HUFF



An International Lie, 1987
colored grease crayon, paper bag
13¾ x 8¾ x 5¾"
photo: Dede Hatch

G. PETER JEMISON



Sarah Winnemucca #3, 1986
screen print/monotype
22 x 30"

JEAN LAMARR

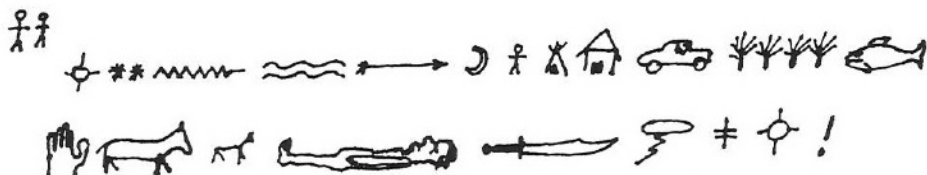


Wanbli, 1986
oil, encaustic, mixed media on canvas
72 x 96"

ALAN MICHELSON

Savage Attacks on White Women, As Usual

[Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a mix of English and a Native American language. The text is difficult to decipher but appears to be a narrative or a list of events.]



ACKWET:

[Handwritten text in a cursive script, continuing the narrative or list. The text is dense and difficult to decipher.]

Yotito tlen melahuac:

Wasicus, huinas! Goliga, gatlle ya ale gelia. Tsi osda igunh hne hi. Kingefuy sapa tla aca quiquixtiliz, ahalena i. Ag'sihwa sgo, Do he? Tla doyaquanta i tsi sunh sidgwu, nitso tanunh na. Yigiusta tinadunh ganunh nunh. Nitsa l'stahne tictemohuizque inin xenola nain fey, ka.

Al stig'wasicus, to dagedoli, atlilo stoht. Di dasquallunh ni! Cuache tla namechpanoz!

Fr. Tomas to the Council of the Indies:

"On the mainland they eat human flesh. They are more given to sodomy than any other nation. There is no justice among them. They go naked. They are stupid and silly. They have no respect for truth, save when it is to their advantage. They are unstable. They have no knowledge of what foresight means. They are ungrateful. . . . They are brutal. There is no deference among them on the part of the young for the old. They are incapable of learning. Punishments have no effect on them. They eat fleas, spiders, and worms raw, whenever they find them. They exercise none of the human arts or industries. The older they get the worse they become. I may therefore affirm that God has never created a race more full of vice and composed without the least mixture of kindness or culture. The Indians are more stupid than asses, and refuse to improve in anything."

David de Vries, (a Dutch colonist in Manhattan, 1643) to his diary:

"I heard a great shrieking, and I ran to the ramparts of the fort. Saw nothing but firing, and heard the shrieks of the savages murdered in their sleep. When it was day the soldiers returned to the fort, having massacred eighty Indians, and considering that they had done a deed of Roman valor. Infants were torn from their mothers' breasts and hacked to pieces in the presence of the parents, and the pieces were thrown into the fire and in the water, and other sucklings, being bound to small boards were cut, stuck, pierced, and miserably massacred in a manner to move a heart of stone. Some were thrown into the river, and when the fathers and mothers endeavored to save them, the soldiers would not let them come on land, but made both parties and children drown."

Street Voices:

"Those fuckin' Indians sold this place for 21 bucks."

"Yeah, we should give it back to them."

"Even the Indians wouldn't take it now. Maybe they weren't so dumb after all."

"They didn't really live here; it was just a hunting ground."

"You're really an Indian? Jesus, what are you doing here? How come you're not out West somewhere? You ever do any that high steel work?"

"Man, you guys really got fucked over, huh?"

Inner Voices:

"Most Indians drink too much, and there's too much violence, but at least there's always a removal or something; some poor Indian families being evicted from their sacred land. Suffering Indians are good. High entertainment value that never goes stale. Fighting Indians are good only if you know they are going to lose out at the end of the movie. And then, they shouldn't fight too much. They should make a deal with Jimmy Stewart and declare peace, and then get betrayed by General Richard Widmark."

Confession:

It is true, and now I can admit it openly, that when I was younger I was a cowboy for awhile. But I don't believe I really had or have now, cowboy tendencies. I did not really enjoy it, and I only did it for the money.

This other cowboy I knew said, "You're an Indian and a cowboy? Be careful you don't kill yourself."

Preachments:

You think cowboys and Indian go together. When you hear the word 'cowboy' you think 'Indian.' You probably think we are married or something. The cowboy is the husband and the Indian is the exasperatingly dumb but lovable wife.

I know you think we are part of your rich cultural heritage. Every time some Indian does tricks for the public you bring your kids along. You say, "We know so little about you, I want my kids to know more. They're fascinated, anyway. Kevin here did a project for school last year about what Indians ate. Did you grow up on a reservation? Do you speak an Indian language?"

You think children and Indians go together, don't you?

Pensees:

Who is the best Indian princess? Debra Paget was pretty sexy, but a little too solemn. Audrey Hepburn? Yuck. Too skinny and too hyper. Indians are more stoic. Donna Reed. That's it. She was so pretty on that buffalo robe, with her feet tucked under her and her deerskin blouse opened just enough, and her little headband.

Your grandmother was a Cherokee princess? Amazing. Mine was too.

For my money Burt Lancaster was the best Indian chief. Somebody told me that Jeff Chandler really was Indian, but that can't be true because he got to be an Indian chief and he got to win a little bit. Charles Bronson; now there was an Apache renegade if I ever saw one. Did you know that Jay Silverheels' real name was Tony Curtis? Jamake Highwater's real name was Jay Marks, and when he was a kid he couldn't decide if he wanted to be a pirate or an Indian. Which reminds me, the Pittsburgh Pirates defeated the Cleveland Indians 80-11, and the Washington Redskins beat the Atlanta Braves 2-0.

You probably think we like having cars named after us. You probably think I am part of your rich cultural heritage.

Your Response:

"Real Indians are not at all belligerent. They are very kind and gentle."

A Serious Question:

What is the difference between a pioneer and a Voortrekker? What is the

difference between you and a white South African?

I Answer for You:

Oh, you try to understand! You think it's a shame! And you have a turquoise ring and you just bought a magic Cherokee crystal from that guy – roo in Soho and you loved all those suffering Indians in *Broken Rainbow*!

Let's See What Else:

Let's see, what else? You are stupid and silly and you eat spiders raw. At least I am absolutely certain that you would eat spiders barbecued if there were a proper marketing scheme for your peer group.

In August 1987 a bunch of white folks went to Central Park (to the stylish part of the park, of course) to celebrate some sort of harmonic convergence supposedly foretold in Mayan prophecies. They just assumed that somehow it was going to center on them, like everything else does. They never once thought that if there were such a world re-alignment it would be all over for their little situations.

Whenever you folks think about the world, you assume yourselves to be not only the center but the standard also, which makes it a little difficult to carry on a conversation with you.

But if an attempt is made, the other party must pretend a good will that could not possibly exist. I am about to enter into that pretense.

First we must consider the language barrier; from the initial encounters between American Indians and Europeans a vocabulary developed that is specific to speaking about Indians, especially in the English language. That vocabulary has no correspondence to words or concepts in our languages and more importantly, it has no base in our reality. It was developed through racism and pre-conceived notions. More, it is by now so thoroughly the cartography of our thought about Indians that it is almost impossible not to use it, or not to consider that those words are, even though English, 'Indian' words. The words 'chief,' 'tribe,' and 'band' had etymological histories within European contexts. There is nothing in our contexts that means anything vaguely similar. 'President,' 'General,' 'nation,' 'state,' and 'province' work just as well but they are not used because the vocabulary was developed *against* us, to further the idea that we are primitive. You can think of the obviously racist words such as 'squaw,' 'brave,' 'warrior,' 'papoose,' and, I hope 'medicine man,' but what about the absurd custom of translating our given names into (incorrect) English, such as 'Crazy Horse,' and 'Sitting Bull'? There is no movement or urge to translate German, French, Spanish, Chinese, Zulu, or Nigerian names into literal English equivalents.

People ask, "Which do you prefer, 'Indian' or 'Native American'?" Neither is acceptable, nor is any version of the word 'Cherokee.' Which would you rather be called 'Wasicu,' 'European,' or 'Limey'? If you are English you might prefer

to be called some version of the word 'English.' The Cherokee word for Cherokee is Ani Yunh wiya. If translated literally it might mean 'The People,' as so many other Indian nations call themselves. None of the words you call us by are words by which we call ourselves. Consider the import of such a phenomenon upon your knowledge of what you call your country.

By now, of course, some New Age folks have learned to say Dene or Lakota instead of Navajo or Sioux, but usually that bit of knowledge is used in a game of one-upmanship against someone else. Like you say, "knowledge is power."

Now then, have we reached a further point? If so I want to assume the attitude of Vittorio, the cruel Apache who showed no mercy. I am afraid, however, that you will not suffer; that you will instead be entertained by Indian tricks more novel than you expected. If you have been all of your life entertained on T.V. by our sorrows, you may well be entertained by my anger.

There is an obscenity particularly acute now because it has been so exposed and because of who, for the most part, is committing it. White women seem to be the majority of the perpetrators. The obscenity involves taking bits of Indian culture (or some marketeer's version of Indian culture) into a nouvelle grab-bag "life style" that is kind of like hippie/yuppie. You get turquoise, crystals, maybe some peyote and some mystical wisdom re-hashed from Castaneda, without having to give up restaurant row on Columbus Avenue. A case of liberated parasites.

Franz Fanon made a hypothetical situation concerning a group of German youths during the Nazi regime who become fascinated with Jewish culture and retreat to the Black Forest to study Jewish books and wisdom, without ever lifting a finger to fight the Holocaust. He asked if we would not think of those youths as monstrous. But the parasites have a ready answer now. They say that they are fighting in a 'spiritual' way.

I cannot analyze why so many women are involved in that set-up, but I know it is mean and ugly. It means that they have bought their second class niche in the white man's system, while pretending to move in a completely different system. Instead of what should be a natural solidarity with us, they offer an up-dated version of "the man's" thievery. It is unpleasant to see oppressed people get over by oppressing other people on the boss's behalf.

Finally, I Address Matters at Hand:

This is supposed to be an essay for an exhibit of American Indian art. But we began planning the exhibit with the idea that we would not be tourist attractions, and we also wanted the catalogue to be more than a tourists' guidebook. We want to figure out how *not* to entertain you, yet still engage you in discussions about what is really the center of your reality, although an always invisible center.

One artist is not in the show because he wanted it to center on an expose of the situations in Oklahoma. Others of us objected not because those issues do

not urgently need challenging, but because we thought New Yorkers would not feel them a challenge. We thought you would be perfectly willing to self-righteously hate Oklahoma, without seeing any connection to your own lives.

It is a constant problem; how to challenge arrogant people who feel themselves to be the least arrogant of peoples, and who intend to remain unchallengeable. As Indian artists we work on that problem because we are Indians in the present situation, but also because we are artists. In our cultures things are not so compartmentalized as in yours, so that it seems perversely unnatural that art should deal only with art.

It's true.

It's really true;

Whatever your ancestors claim

We cut off of them, we did.

We used dull flint knives.

I don't know why;

We were feeling mean, I guess.

But we tied them to stakes

Only because otherwise they'd run away.

We would cut them off at the pass.

This is really true, they were by us

Cut off from their loved ones,

Cut off in dead of winter from their supplies.

We would take, it's true, the pioneers and break

up their social cohesiveness, break up

Their family units, break (we tried to break)

Their very spirits.

Just out of pure-dee meanness

And savagery. Personally, I liked to take

Their women and cut off their hair

To wear on my vest, and then force them

To dance and to eat slimy things

Such as okra, and marshmallow candy.

Jimmie Durham

FOR THE FREE SPIRIT OF THE WEST THAT'S
EVERYWHERE TODAY, SMOKE POLO COLOGNE
FOR MEN!



3 DURHAM/87

WHAT DID COWBOYS SING TO? COWS
WHAT DID THEY DO? HERD COWS
WHAT DID THEY EAT? COWS + GRUB
WHERE DID THEY LIVE?



Hand Into Wing, 1987
acrylic on canvas
20 x 30"

JOE NEVAQUAYA



detail of
Leadership, 1987
Black & White photograph
33 x 24"

JOLENE RICKARD



Untitled, 1987
oil, mixed media on canvas
66 x 84"

SUSANA SANTOS

Anadarko Calling

"Programs to maximize the inherent potential of the Indian child should emphasize inherent strengths . . . occupational training that begins in grade school might prepare Indian children for eventual success in such areas as forestry, art and design, interior decoration, crafts, curatorship, ethnology, agriculture, and transporation."

—American Journal of Psychiatry, September 1987

It was dark when the Continental jet finally broke through the rainclouds at 30,000 feet. Free of the storm the plane finally stopped shaking, and outside the moon turned a cloudbank into a winter landscape. The Sony Boodokan Walkman played the Replacements ("the words/I thought/I brought/I left behind/so/never mind") and a flight attendant brought vodka. I set to work evaluating the truth of this article in light of my own experience as I flew west to Denver.

First, I've always thought my mom had a certain flair for interior decoration. My sister Diane learned art, design and crafts at Shaker Heights High and later at that BIA art school in Santa Fe. She's now a waitress in Houston. Forestry none of us ever knew much about: and this art exhibition is the closest to curating I've ever been. Agriculture: Mom has terrific gardens and the rest of us do pretty well with house plants. Transportation: I used to be skilled in identifying the make of cars. What the hell is ethnology, anyway?

Do they write reprehensible trash like this about anybody else?

This is an excellent year for an alternative art exhibit on Indians. For one thing, as Indian history fans know, it's the 100th anniversary of the Dawes Act, aka the Allotment Act, which busted up most Indian land into parcels to be owned by individual Indians. And it said no more treaties. Ever. Before the Dawes Act, there were policies towards particular Indian nations; after Dawes there was an Indian policy. So the Dawes Act actually invented Indians. Look for a commemorative stamp later this year.

It's also just five years before 1992. People are already starting to talk about it. Five hundred years of terrible crimes will be celebrated with parades, fireworks and renewed attention to issues like no-limit bingo and untaxed cigarettes on reservations, and whether "Indian" came about cause CC thought he was in India or is it a reference to people living in harmony with the Big Guy ("in Dios"). Also Indian contributions to the United States, things like corn and the Constitution. (You'd think contributing all the land would be sufficient.) And no doubt some tough questions will be raised in hard hitting, corporate funded documentaries on public television.

Then, in 1988, it'll be fifteen years since the second Wounded Knee. Here's what I can't figure out: Why can't Americans hate us? Here we are, a constant reminder that this country is profoundly evil, born in unspeakable crimes, we're often drunk, still refusing to assimilate, poorly educated and not

worth a damn when it comes to forestry, and most Americans still like us. A lifetime of being Comanche and years of being a political activist and this still leaves me baffled.

I know, I know, there's the right wing pinheads who hate us, and of course this is a special and rare kind of affection we're talking about anyway, which I'll get into in a minute. But here's what I mean: it's 1982, Israeli tanks roll into Beirut, supported by probably the most effective and vicious non-superpower military machine on the planet. Thousands of Palestinians die. I don't remember seeing too many Israelis grooving out on Arab culture. In fact, it probably would have seemed, well, a little inappropriate. Or look at South Africa. Do white South Africans take their families on vacation to black homelands? Teach them Zulu legends?

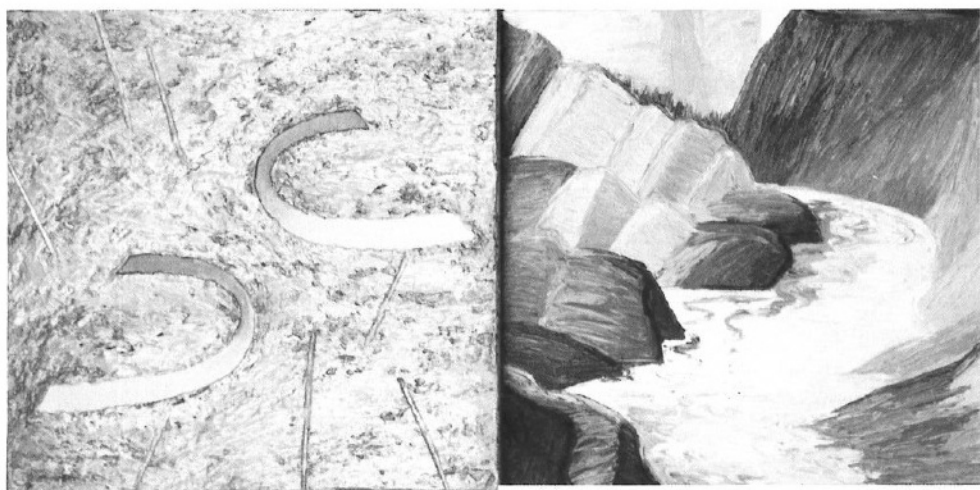
No way. But here in the United States I is for Indian. Bobby Onco even had an AK-47 at Wounded Knee, clear proof of Soviet or Chinese backing, and still the polls showed massive support for us. I believe this unshakable sympathy/guilt/or whatever has proved to be a major obstacle to developing any sort of new and desperately needed Indian sensibility about art and culture and politics.

Black people had a big movement going on some years back and turned the country upside down, got new laws passed and a zillion black writers and artists flourished. We tried the same thing, with completely different results except for the massive government repression. Maybe a new aesthetic requires a certain amount of flat-out hatred in order to develop. Whatever the reason the results speak for themselves. [1966: "A good Indian novel? Scot Momaday's *House Made of Dawn* is pretty good." 1987: "A good Indian novel? Read *House Made of Dawn* . . ."] Art? One of the best Indian artists I know, with a degree and several shows to his credit had to resort to exhibiting in a window in Bloomingdale's. We have a few good poets and ten thousand mediocre ones. Also one rock musician who's good, even though he is Kiowa. After Alcatraz, Trail of Broken Treaties and Wounded Knee, maybe independent sovereign nations were a little much to hope for but at least you'd think we could stop allowing white people to define us. Cultural renaissance? Will Sampson got work but that was about it.

Pretty grim. I turn the tape over and listen to Los Lobos for a while and finish my drink. The clouds have given way to clear skies somewhere over Illinois. Not for a second is the country below empty of lights. Farms and bars and homes and towns and cities, in endless succession. Tecumseh would not be pleased. But wait, in true Indian fashion I have a vision: Down there, someplace Indians are plotting a new way to see the world and be seen. No more *Touch the Earth*. No more *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* or Carlos Castaneda, and definitely no more Jamake Highwater. Later for medicine men lecturing white college students.

I can hardly wait.

Paul Smith



The Golden Gunnison, 1987
 acrylic, wax on canvas and oil on canvas
 28 x 56"
 photo: Howard Nathenson

KAY WALKINGSTICK



Relocation/Assimilation, 1987
mixed media, acrylic on canvas
36 x 24"

RICHARD RAY (WHITMAN)

PENA BONITA

Born on Mescalero Reservation, New Mexico, 1948

Lives in New York

Apache/Oklahoma Seminole

Education

BA, Hunter College, New York, 1979

AA, New York City Community College, Brooklyn, NY, 1975

Selected Exhibitions

Coast to Coast, Diverse Works, Houston, TX, 1987 (travelling exhibition)

Native American Perspectives, Olympia Capitol Rotunda Museum, Olympia, WA, 1987

Lethbridge University, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, 1987

Photographing Ourselves, Heard Museum, Phoenix, AZ, 1986–87 (travelling exhibition)

Native Indian/Inuits Photographers Association, Montreal, Canada, 1986 (travelling exhibition)

Thunder Bay Native American Cultural Exhibit, Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, 1986

24 Native Photographers Tour Show, Contemporary Indian Museum, San Francisco, CA, 1985

P.S. 1, Long Island City, NY, 1985

Queens Museum, Flushing, NY, 1983

The Guardians, Summit Art Center, Summit, NJ, 1982

So the Spirit Flows, American Indian Museum, Heye Foundation, New York, 1982

JIMMIE DURHAM

Born in Arkansas, 1940

Lives in Cuernavaca, Mexico

Wolf Clan Cherokee

Education

BFA, Ecole des Beaux Arts, University of Geneva, Switzerland, 1972

Selected Exhibitions

The Soaring Spirit, The Morris Museum, Morristown, NJ, 1987

Por Encima del Bloqueo, Museo del Chopo, Mexico City, Mexico, 1986. (Exhibition traveled to Alfredo Lam Center, Havana, Cuba, 1986)

John Jay College, New York, 1986 (one person)

Ni' go Thunh A doh Ka, Amelia A. Wallace Gallery, SUNY at Old Westbury, NY, 1986

I Want To Say Something (Bi-Lingual Education) performance, La Mama Theater, New York, 1987

A History of the Indians in Brooklyn, Including the Death of Paul Smith, performance, Minor Injury Gallery, Brooklyn, NY, 1986

John Weber Gallery, New York, 1986

Give Away, performance, Franklin Furnace, New York, 1985

Art Against Apartheid, New York, 1984

Artists' Call Against U.S. Intervention in Central America, Judson Church, New York, 1983

HARRY FONSECA

Born in Sacramento, California, 1946

Lives in Sacramento, California

Nisenan/Maidu

Selected Exhibitions

Animals, Cal State Fullerton, Fullerton, CA, 1987

Coyote: A Myth in the Making, L.A. County Museum of Natural History, Los Angeles, CA, 1986–89 (one person-travelling exhibition)

Elaine Horwitch Galleries, Santa Fe, NM, 1986, 84, 83, 82 (one person)

Eight Artists, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, CA, 1986

The Extension of Tradition, Crocker Art Museum, Sacramento, CA, 1985

Boca Raton Museum of Art, Boca Raton, FL, 1985

Loch Haven Art Center, Orlando, FL, 1985

The Wheelwright Museum, Santa Fe, NM, 1983 (one person)

Two Views of California: Frank Day and Harry Fonseca, The Heard Museum, Phoenix, AZ, 1980

Paintings by Harry Fonseca, Museum of the Plains Indian, Browning, MT, 1976

MARSHA GOMEZ

Born in New Orleans, Louisiana, 1951

Lives in Austin, Texas

Choctawa/Chicana

Education

BA, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, AK, 1982

Nicholls State College, Thibodeaux, LA, 1969–71

Selected Exhibitions

International Women's Day, Daybreak Star, Seattle, WA, 1987

World Congress of Women, Travelling Exhibition, International Democratic Women's Federation, 1987 (travelled to Moscow, Minsk, and Leningrad, U.S.S.R.)

Five Tribes Museum Annual Exhibit, Five Civilized Tribes Museum, Muskogee, OK, 1987

Innervisions, Hispanic Women Artists of Texas, Hispanic Arts Center, Corpus Christi, Texas, 1986

Artistas Indigenas, NGO Conference for Women, Nairobi, Africa, 1985

Full Moon Harvest, Artistas Indigenas Native Women's International Art Exhibit and Symposia, Dougherty Cultural Center, Austin, TX, 1984

The Five Civilized Tribes Museum Spring Show, Muskogee, OK, 1984

Third Ring of Fire, Artistas Indigenas 1983 Touring Exhibit of the Northwest, 1983 (travelling exhibition)

Ano Tres Exhibit-Adamo Pena, El Taller Gallery, Austin, TX, 1983

Spring Show, The Five Civilized Tribes Museum, Muskogee, OK, 1983, 1982, 1981

TOM HUFF

Born in Versailles, New York, 1952

Lives in Versailles, New York

Seneca-Cayuga (Iroquois Confederacy)

Education

BFA, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, RI, 1984

AFA, Institute of American Indian Arts, Santa Fe, MN, 1979

Selected Exhibitions

Native American Artists: Four Contemporary Interpreters, Cortland Arts Council Gallery, Cortland, NY, 1987

Indian Art '87, Woodland Indian Cultural Educational Centre, Brantford, Ontario Canada, 1987

Achievements in Stone, Byrne-Getz Gallery, Aspen, CO, 1987

The Upstate Regional Hall/Native Peoples of New York, New York State Museum, Albany, NY, 1987

Landscape, Land Base, Environment, AICH Gallery, New York, 1984

A Common Heritage—Contemporary Iroquois Artists, The Queens Museum, Flushing, NY, 1984

New Directions, Eight Indian Artists, Gallery 10, New York, 1983

So the Spirit Flows, Museum of the American

Indian, Heye Foundation, New York, 1982
Indian Art of the '80s, The Turtle Building, Native American Center for the Living Arts, Niagara Falls, New York, 1981

Earth Chant Five, Wheelwright Museum, Santa Fe, NM, 1980

G. PETER JEMISON

Born in Silver Creek, New York, 1945

Lives in Victor, New York

Seneca/Cattaraugus

Education

BS, State University College, Buffalo, New York, 1967

University of Siena, Siena, Italy, 1964

Selected Exhibitions

Mid Career Retrospective, Museum of the Plains Indian, Browning, Montana, 1987

We Are Always Turning Around On Purpose, Central State University Museum of Art, Edmond, OK, 1987

The Arts of the North American Indian/Native Traditions in Evolution, Philbrook Museum, Tulsa, OK, 1986

Second Biennial Native American Arts Invitational, The Heard Museum, Phoenix, AZ, 1985

Eight Artists, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, CA, 1985

Marilyn Butler Fine Art, Santa Fe, NM, 1985

Common Heritage: Contemporary Iroquois Artists, Queens Museum, Flushing, NY, 1984

Contemporary Native American Art, Pratt Manhattan Center Gallery, NY, 1984

New Directions, Gallery 10, New York, 1983

Philadelphia Art Alliance, Philadelphia, PA, 1982

JEAN LAMARR

Born in Susanville, California, 1945

Lives in Susanville, California

Paiute/Pit River

Education

Kala Institute, Berkeley, CA, 1976–86

UC Berkeley, Berkeley, CA, 1973–76

San Jose City College, San Jose, CA, 1970–73

Selected Exhibitions

Native American Art: Our Contemporary Visions, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno, NV, 1986

The Mural Project: Out of Context, San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco, CA, 1986

California Women, Galleria Posada, Sacramento, CA, 1986
We Are Always Turning Around on Purpose, Amelie A. Wallace Gallery, SUNY College at Old Westbury, NY, 1986–87 (travelling exhibition)
Second Biennial Native American Fine Art Invitational, Heard Museum, Phoenix, AZ, 1985
Extension of Tradition, Crocker Art Museum, Sacramento, CA, 1985–86 (travelling exhibition)
Intergrafik 84, International Invitational Graphic Art Show, Berlin, Germany, 1984

ALAN MICHELSON

Born in Buffalo, New York, 1953
 Lives in Boston, Massachusetts
 Mohawk

Education

BFA School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston/Tufts University, Boston, MA, 1981
 Columbia University, New York, 1971–73

Selected Exhibitions

Within, Cyclorama, Boston Center for the Arts, Boston, MA, 1987
The Daily Muse, Art on the Beach, New York, 1987
The St. Cloud Eleven, Boston Center for the Arts, Boston, MA, 1987
Three Young Artists in Boston, Barbara Krakow Gallery, Boston, MA, 1986
Alumni Exhibition, Gallery Eleven, Tufts University, Medford, MA, 1983

Grants

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship/Painting, 1987

JOE NEVAQUAYA

Born in Claremore, Oklahoma, 1953
 Lives in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
 Comanche and Yuchi

Education

Institute of American Indian Arts, Santa Fe, NM, 1977–80

Selected Exhibitions

Hand Into Wing, Wing Into Tongue, Classen Art Center, Individual Artists of Oklahoma, Oklahoma City, OK, 1987
What is Art?, Bricktown Gallery, Oklahoma City, OK, 1986
Self Portrait, Kenkeleba Gallery, New York, 1986

Rio Grande Writers Conference, Kemo Theatre, Albuquerque, NM, 1986 (reading)
Oklahoma City University, Norick Art Center, Hulsey Gallery, Oklahoma City, OK, 1986 (reading)
Five Civilized Tribes Fall Exhibition, Five Civilized Tribes Museum and Gallery, Okmulgee, OK, 1983
Santa Fe Spring Arts Exhibit, Institute of American Indian Arts Museum, Santa Fe, NM, 1983
Contemporary Native Exhibit, Art Market Gallery, Tulsa, OK, 1983

JOLENE RICKARD

Born on Tuscarora Reservation, New York 1956
 Lives in Tuscarora Reservation, New York

Education

BFA, Rochester Institute of Technology, New York 1978
 London College of Printing, England, 1976–77

Selected Exhibitions

C.E.P.A., Buffalo, NY 1987
 Thunderbay Art Center, Thunderbay, Ontario, Canada, 1986
Native American Photo Conference, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ, 1985
I.D., P.S. 1, Long Island City, NY 1984
Contemporary Iroquois Art, The Queens Museum, Queens, NY, 1984
Heresies Benefit, Bess Cutler Gallery, New York, 1984
Contemporary Native American Photography, Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, OK, 1984
New Directions, Gallery 10, New York, 1984
Light Speed Plus Two: Jessie Cooday and Jolene Rickard, Sacred Circle Gallery, Seattle, WA, 1983.

SUSANA SANTOS

Born in Portland, Oregon, 1954
 Lives in Portland, Oregon
 Tygh, Yakima and Filipina

Education

San Francisco Art Institute, San Francisco, California, 1979–82
 Colegio Cesar Chaves, Mt. Angel, Oregon, 1976–79

Selected Exhibitions

North Meets South, Daybreak Star, Seattle, WA, 1986

Oregon Indian Artists Show, Governor's Ceremonial Office, State Capitol, Salem, OR, 1986

Quatro Mujeres, Guadalupe Hall, San Antonio, TX, 1985

Third Ring of Fire, Artistas Indigenas Tours, Cannessa Gallery, San Francisco, CA; Garden Club, Eugene, OR; Agency Longhouse, Warm Springs, OR; Salazar's Pine Street Theater, OR, 1983

Mujeres Unidas, Skylark Studios, Pdx, OR; Agency Longhouse, Warm Spring, OR; Dougherty Cultural Arts Center, Austin, TX; La Pena Cultural Center, Austin, TX; Las Manitas, Austin, TX; Guadalupe Cultural Hall, San Antonio, TX, 1984

Women of Color and Vision, Vida Gallery, San Francisco, CA, 1982

UNESCO Expo and Visitation, D.Q. University, Davis, CA, 1982

Ethnic Art's Collective, Diego Riviera Gallery, San Francisco, CA, 1981

KAY WALKINGSTICK

Born in Syracuse, New York, 1935

Lives in Englewood, New Jersey

Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma

Education

MFA, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York

BFA, Beaver College, Glenside, Pennsylvania

Selected Exhibitions

M-13 Gallery, New York, 1987 (one person)

20th Century American Art in the Newark Museum, Newark Museum, Newark, New Jersey, 1987

39th Annual Purchase Exhibition, American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, New York, 1987

Soaring Spirit: Contemporary Native American Arts, Morris Museum, Morristown, NJ, 1987

Second Biennial Invitational, Heard Museum, Phoenix, AZ, 1985

A Personal Choice, Harm Bouckaert Gallery, New York, 1984

Signals, Gallery Akmak, Berlin, West Germany, 1984

Bertha Urdang Gallery, New York, 1983 (one person)

Tribute to Bertha Urdang, Israel Museum, Jerusalem, Israel, 1982

Wenger Gallery at the Fine Arts Building, San Diego, CA, 1982 (one person)

Marking Black, Bronx Museum, Bronx, NY, 1980

Grants

New Jersey State Council on the Arts Fellowship/Painting, 1985-6

National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship/Painting, 1983-4

RICHARD RAY (WHITMAN)

Born in Claremore, Oklahoma, 1949

Lives in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Yuchi (Creek Nation)

Education

Oklahoma School of Photography, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, 1977

California Institute of the Arts, Valencia, California, 1972

Institute of American Indian Arts, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1968-72

Selected Exhibitions

The Painted Photograph: The Marriage of Making and Taking, Central State University Museum of Art, Edmond, OK, 1987

Portrait of Buffalo, II, C.E.P.A. Gallery, Buffalo, NY, 1987

Assimilation-Isolation, Photographic Resource Center at Boston University, 1987

We Are Always Turning Around On Purpose, Central State University, Museum of Art, Edmond, OK, 1987

Street Chief Series, Light Work/Community Dark Room, Syracuse, New York, 1986

Makers, Norick Art Center/Hulsey Gallery, Oklahoma City, OK, 1986

Liberty and Justice, Alternative Center for International Arts, Inc., New York, 1986

Le Rouge Paradox, Fantasies and Realities, American Indian Community House Gallery, New York, 1986

Breathing The Silent Source, Southwestern State University, Weatherford, OK, 1986

ABC No Rio Gallery: Massive Political Group Show II, New York, 1985

Mass, Group Material, New York, 1985

Video Program Introduction

The videotapes presented in *We The People*, all produced from native points of view, are responses, directly or indirectly, to the interaction between Native Americans and the larger society—an interaction based on the legacy of more than 350 years of racism and injustice.

The productions of Victor Masayesva, Jr., an independent videomaker working from his home on the Hopi Reservation, emerges from a history of intrusive visitation to the reservation by filmmakers and photographers since the beginning of the century. In his work he presents aspects of the culture in terms unimpeded by non-Hopi preconceptions of what is significant, or, alternatively, by conceptions of the exotic which have so often inspired the images made of the Hopi.

In a similar vein, the productions of the Ute Tribe Audio-Visual, under the direction of Larry Cesspooch, represent a reservation community attempting to take charge of its own representation. In existence for eight years, the Ute Indian Tribe Audio-Visual is a means by which the people can interpret their own culture and history. As well as performing a practical documentation service for the tribe, it is creating a cultural archive and assisting the transmission of Ute culture through videotapes used in the reservation schools.

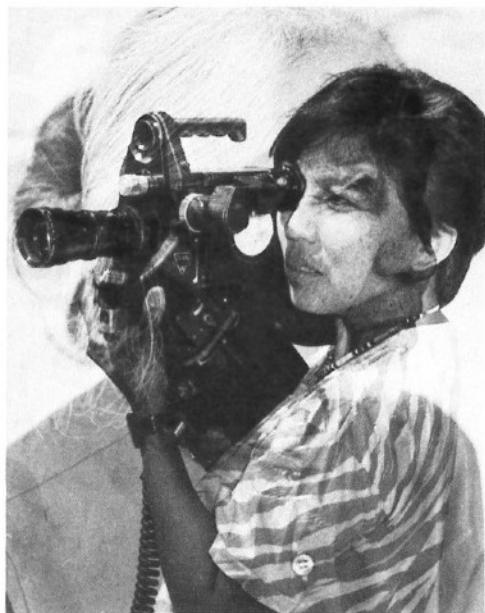
In contrast to the production experiences which are grounded in reservation communities, *Navaho Talking Picture* seeks to reestablish a connection with a community and a family with which filmmaker Arlene Boman has only an attenuated contact. Shaped by years of living off-reservation and largely out of touch with her Indian identity, Bowman's 'Talking Picture' is tinged with irony. The filmmaker's alienation from Navaho culture is poignantly sensed in her attempt to film her grandmother, through which Arlene herself becomes the outsider looking in.

Screenwriter Gerald Vizenor also looks homeward as he creates an allegory based on the figure of the tribal trickster. In setting forth a contest between Indians seeking a foundation grant and the woefully paternalistic institution they confront, Vizenor takes on the subject of time-honored native survival strategies in a world where Indians are 'outnumbered' both economically and socially. The resulting satirical comedy, *Harold of Orange*, was produced by Film in the Cities, a Minneapolis-based media arts center as part of an effort to create opportunities for Minnesota writers to have their work produced on and brought before national audiences.

In *A Trial and a Tragedy*, Asiba Tupahache confronts anti-Indian racism directly through an investigation of the trial and subsequent conviction of a young Indian man charged with the murder of two white people. Working with the urgency of consumer-grade equipment, the videomaker attempts to demonstrate the subtle and not-so-subtle influences of class prejudice and racial stereotypes on the trial's outcome.

In a similar, but comic manner, Chris Spotted Eagle's *Do Indians Shave?* shows how racial stereotypes have calcified into accepted truths in mainstream America. Filmed at the Easter Parade on New York City's Fifth Avenue, the filmmaker questions a series of bizarrely costumed Anglos on some basic facts about contemporary Indian life and history. Reviving the man-on-the-street interview as a journalistic form, the filmmaker/interviewer is able to elicit a nightmare of inadvertant racial slurs and persistent misunderstandings.

Emelia Seubert



Arlene Bowman and her Grandmother.

ARLENE BOWMAN

Navaho Talking Picture, produced and directed by Arlene Bowman, 40 minutes, color, 1986.

This film is about the making of a film. An assimilated American Indian filmmaker attempts to rediscover her own cultural heritage by filming the traditional lifestyle of her grandmother. Although she is Navaho, the filmmaker remains a stranger on the reservation, separated from the Navaho people by her inability to speak the Navaho language. As she begins to shoot, conflicts arise concerning translation, the problems of interpretation and the Navaho taboo against photographic images. In the end, the granddaughter wants to learn the Navaho language and gains a greater understanding of the rift that forms when people are separated by geographic and cultural differences.

Arlene Bowman



Victor Masayesva, Jr., and the crew of *Hopiit 1981*.

VICTOR MASAYESVA, JR.

Hopiit 1981, by Victor Masayesva, Jr., 15 minutes, color, 1981.



Filmmaker Chris Spotted Eagle.
photo credit: Robert Marc Friedman

CHRIS SPOTTED EAGLE

Do Indians Shave?, by Chris Spotted Eagle,
10 minutes, color, 1972.

New York's Fifth Avenue Easter Parade is the unlikely setting for a gentle, ironic probing of a decidedly ungentle fact: even though white Americans no longer think of themselves as conquistadores when they view Indian people, white ignorance and disregard of Indian reality remains massive. Do Indians Shave? is a series of brief, on-the-street interviews with costumed parade-goers, conducted as the crowds swirl around the subjects and the crew. The mood on the street is festive. The interviewer keeps the conversation brief and low-key: he simply asks each subject a few basic questions about Indian people, questions that sound like they belong in a grade-school primer. Out tumbles a potpourri of inane myths, gross inaccuracies, and inadvertent slander of Indian people. These smiling, pleasant people are, unfortunately, perpetuating the lies that have been used to justify genocide, and the mindless indifference, or at best, mild and inactive concern, that makes possible the continuing oppression of Indian people. And it's all such good fun on a sunny Easter day.

Chris Spotted Eagle

A Tragedy and a Trial, by Asiba Tupahache,
60 minutes, color, 1986.

Attending Anthony Crippen's trial for one day was to witness graphic symptoms of oppression being manipulated in a distorted system. Seeing the segment of Current Affair titled "In Cold Blood," which aired the day of Anthony Crippen's conviction, was to witness the blatant dismissal of those distortions with arrogant statements of contempt for Crippen as an expedient solution to the painful loss of the murdered victims. I was driven to find the other side, to find Crippen, in order to raise questions that would demand answers, or at least expose the need for self-inspection to a society that represents itself in the name of justice. This was an effort to expose the symptoms of a greater societal illness and how it affects our interaction in a human environment.

Asiba Tupahache



Anthony Crippen at Suffolk County Jail in Riverhead.

ASIBA TUPAHACHE



Production still from *The Ute Bear Dance Story*.

UTE INDIAN TRIBE AUDIO-VISUAL

The Ute Bear Dance Story, by The Ute Indian Tribe Audio-Visual, 15 minutes, color, 1986.

This production uses live-action intercut with claymation and historical footage to illustrate how the Bear gave the Ute Indians their annual spring Bear Dance.

Larry Cesspooch,
Director,
The Ute Indian Tribe
Audio-Visual



Harold and the of Warriors of Orange, from the film, *Harold of Orange*.

RICHARD WEISE & GERALD VIZENOR

Harold of Orange, directed by Rick Weise, written by Gerald Vizenor, produced by Gail Johnson for Film in the Cities, 30 minutes, color, 1983.

In my films, as in my writing I present the tribal trickster as a means to liberate the mind. Racism is disarmed with a free mind.

Gerald Vizenor

ASIBA TUPAHACHE, born Long Island, New York, 1951. Lives in Great Neck, NY. Matinecoc. Ms. Tupahache graduated Cum Laude from Howard University in 1973 and went on to do post-graduate work at Adelphi University and the University of Minnesota. She has directed and produced three videotapes, and written several books, including, most recently, *Taking Another Look: A Further Examination*, published by Spirit of January, Great Neck, NY, 1987.

THE UTE INDIAN TRIBE AUDIO-VISUAL has been producing works for the Ute Tribe since 1979. They are tribally owned and operated and are located at the west wing of Bottle Hollow in Fort Duchesne, Utah. Their most recent work, *The Ute Instructional Materials Series*, is designed for children from kindergarden through the fifth grade. Presently, the Ute Tribe Audio-Visual is working toward establishing a low power television station.

ARLENE BOWMAN, born Phoenix, Arizona, 1949. Lives in Los Angeles, CA. Navaho. Ms. Bowman studied still photography at the San Francisco Art Institute and received her Masters degree in film from the University of California, Los Angeles. Her film, *Navaho Talking Picture*, has been screened at the Torino Film Festival in Italy, The Barbara Myerhoff Documentary Festival in Los Angeles, and the Margaret Mead Film Festival in New York. At present she is employed by Columbia Pictures in the Producers Training Program, developing scripts related to minority issues.

CHRIS SPOTTED EAGLE, born of Mother Earth, of this time. Lives in Minneapolis, MN. Houma Nation. Mr. Spotted Eagle began working with moving images when he managed the Photographic Department of Benton & Bowles Advertising Agency in New York. Since then he has gone on to work as a freelance photojournalist and film cameraperson, as well as directing and producing his own documentaries. Recently he has completed two documentary films, *The Great Spirit Within the Hole* and *Our Sacred Land*, both of which were aired nationally over PBS affiliates.

VICTOR MASAYESVA, JR., born Hopi Reservation, Arizona, 1951. Lives in Santa Cruz, CA. Hopi. Mr. Masayesva graduated from Princeton in 1976, then went on to study Literature and Photography at the University of Arizona, Tucson. His work as a still photographer has been widely exhibited and has recently been published in a collection of contemporary Hopi photographs entitled *Hopi Photographs/Hopi Images* (Sun Tracks, University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1983). He has worked in video since 1980 and is currently using computer animated video to explore aspects of traditional Hopi culture.

GERALD VIZENOR, born Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1934. Lives in Hotevilla, AZ. Minnesota Chippewa. Mr. Vizenor teaches in the Department of Literature and American Studies at the University of California, Santa Cruz. His most recent work includes two novels which continue to follow his interest in the figure of the trickster: *Greiver: An American Monkey King in China*, published by The Fiction Collective, Boulder, 1987, and *The Trickster of Liberty*, to be published by the University of Minnesota Press, 1988.

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DE SERT VIEUX DESERT CHI
MERLOW METHOW PISQUOE

