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To Walk in Beauty: A Navajo Family's Journey Home. By Stacia Spragg-Braude.

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shame, and despair. One particular poignant passage quotes a Native woman who says, "Cause in the end it makes us hate ourselves, too" (114). These kinds of passages are critical in helping the reader understand that being victimized by violence results in long-term profound damage and community despair. Violent behavior has become normalized in many tribal communities, and Perry's exploration of this result—namely Indian-on-Indian crime—is appropriately understood as a cumulative effect of ongoing hate crimes and marginalization.

Fortunately, *Silent Victims* provides some specific examples of empowerment and social change. Rather than simply documenting victimization, Perry explores how individuals have responded to anti-Indian hatred in productive and creative ways. In the end, although not ignoring the stark reality of the effects of violence, Native people are not portrayed as passive or helpless. The final chapter, "Responding to Anti-Indian Violence," provides a variety of optimistic approaches to challenging the dominant anti-Indian paradigm in America. Ending with the passage "Toward Self-determination," this chapter provides specific examples of individual and community efforts to raise awareness and speak out about hate crimes. Perry points to grassroots organizing, culturally appropriate victim services, and community empowerment as some of the solutions to the climate of anti-Indian hatred. In addition, *Silent Victims* explores some of the legal barriers that make it difficult for tribal governments to take action against hate crime (including *Oliphant v. Suquamish*, a 1978 Supreme Court decision that stripped tribal courts of criminal authority over non-Indians). In the final passages, Perry's book provides concrete steps for policy change and empowerment.

*Sarah Deer (Muskoke)*

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**To Walk in Beauty: A Navajo Family's Journey Home.** By Stacia Spragg-Braude with an afterword by N. Scott Momaday. Santa Fe: Museum of New Mexico Press. 200 pages. \$45.00 cloth.

*To Walk in Beauty: A Navajo Family's Journey Home* is a book of photographs and texts featuring the Begay family of Jeddito (or the Jeddito Wash), Arizona, which is located in the southern region of the Navajo Nation. In this book, Stacia Spragg-Braude also introduces the readers to Navajo history, geography, the Begay family's cultural spaces, and our Diné culture in flux from the traditional to the modern. The author and photographer notes that she became acquainted with the subjects of her book, Goldtooth and Mary Begay (now both deceased) and their children, ten years ago.

Spragg-Braude writes that "many Navajos consider it taboo to show photographs of the deceased." The author further notes that the Begay sisters "believe the images chosen were powerful and important to be included here to honor to their parents who they feel became legends, after their long and beautiful lives" (12).

Although I had read the author's notes, I was not prepared to see the photograph of the decedent, Mr. Goldtooth Begay. Leafing through the earlier pages, I delighted in the quality of photographs, which portray a deep intimacy with a Navajo family seldom depicted by non-Navajo photographers. I savored the unfolding photographic narrative of the Begay family. I recognized them as my relations, and I thought this is how we live, this is how we are . . . children playing, livestock nearby, families working, eating, at play, at rest. I remembered my parents, the elders in my family who have all gone on, my father resting on the earth picking piñons, my aunts' love for their sheep, and good memories flooded through me. The family's quotes rang true as poetry. I saw the photographer's skill, her work with light and shadow. I remembered a line from an unknown carver of the Northwest Coast who said, "my teachers are Light and Shadow." I saw this to be the case with this photographer. It is obvious that Spragg-Braude spent quality time with this family. They had come to trust her, and she is a fine photographer.

My excitement in reading the texts and looking at the images ended abruptly when I came to pages 106 and 107. The photograph "Goldtooth's final rest, on his land, Jeddito" puzzled me at first until I realized that this was a parent resting in his casket before being buried. Then I became upset. I wondered what Goldtooth would have said if he had been presented with a choice; would he have agreed to have his picture taken upon his death for publication purposes?

He had obviously had a good life; here was a parent cared for and loved by his children. I understood that his daughters gave their permission to have this photograph published, believing that this image honored him. I wondered if other Navajo families would have allowed their parents to be photographed at their passing on, for publication purposes, and, for that matter, how many non-Indian families would consent to have deceased parents photographed for a publication? Will the photographer photograph her own loved ones upon their death for artistic and marketing purposes?

I received a Western education, which, in some respects, is stronger than some aspects of my cultural upbringing. However, my Western upbringing did not prepare me to see an image of a departed one in his casket and printed in this book. It didn't matter to me how beautiful the photograph was. I recalled insensitive images taken by ignorant ethnographers and photographers at the turn of the century. My misgivings about this photograph led me to believe that although Spragg-Braude won the trust of her Navajo models, she exercised poor judgment in releasing this particular photograph.

I spoke to several Navajo acquaintances and described the image to them, asking them how they would feel about a photograph of a deceased parent in a casket. They said they would not have permitted a deceased loved one to be photographed, for any reason and for any publication. I am certain that my own parents would have been horrified if I had asked their permission to photograph them upon their passing for publication purposes. They would have become suspicious about my motives, and rightfully so. They might even have asked if I would get paid for such a photograph. Other misgivings of a deeper spiritual nature would have surfaced.

I also had misgivings about the photograph “Tyler, ritual cleansing after the birth of his daughter,” and I should add that it, too, is a beautiful photograph (187). I felt that as a reader, I was invading this person’s privacy; in turning the pages and coming upon this photo of Tyler, I inadvertently became a voyeur.

I don’t know what the publisher(s)/editor(s) at the Museum of New Mexico Press thought about the photograph of Goldtooth in his casket, and/or if they held any misgivings upon publishing this particular photograph. Perhaps they are not sensitive to the cultural infringement exercised in these two instances. In general, this book honors the Navajo people, and it does so with the exception of these two photographs.

Despite this book’s overall beauty and its tribute to the family, I believe the publisher and author still have much to learn about working with indigenous peoples of this area. Perhaps the publisher should include a disclaimer on its cover for us, Navajo readers, forewarning us of photographs that are invasive of our cultural privacy, a disclaimer that admits its disregard for our deep cultural taboo. It may be that the author-photographer and the publisher felt they had been responsible to the Navajo readers by issuing the initial statement that “many Navajos consider it taboo to show photographs of the deceased” (12). However, in my opinion, this does not suffice. I should add that I am seventy-one years of age, and my age is a factor in this expressed judgment. I do represent an older generation and might be considered overly sensitive to the more modern and savvy younger Diné generation. However, the younger Navajo I do know would agree with my sentiments. I cannot emphasize enough to readers of this review that visitors to our Diné Nation must respect that they are “outsiders,” no matter how much time they spend here. Certain cultural zones exist where artistic licenses are null and void. In conclusion, I choose to believe that Spragg-Braude intended no ill will; she simply exercised poor judgment with a family who obviously cared about her. I regret the negative reaction shared in this review, as *To Walk in Beauty* has so much else to offer.

*Gloria J. Emerson*

Navajo artist, poet, retired educator/business owner

**Unearthing Indian Land: Living with the Legacies of Allotment.** By Kristin T. Ruppel. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2008. 240 pages. \$35.00 paper.

As Kristen Ruppel demonstrates in her fine book *Unearthing Indian Land: Living with the Legacies of Allotment*, “unearthing” is the perfect metaphor for her analysis of the insidious bureaucratic process meant to commodify Indian land, to disjoin it from its local indigenous meanings and its own state of existence as an integral part of Indian community life. The 1887 General Allotment Act, or Dawes Act, Ruppel explains, was to “impose the ‘spaces’ of private property ownership on the ‘places’ of indigenous being” (70). But if allotment was to “pulverize” the “tribal mass,” as Theodore Roosevelt crudely theorized, by instilling a love of private property and extracting individuated Indians from the tribal collectivity (for which the ancestral land base is no