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her. After the marriage ended, she put herself through college, while supporting herself and her young son. Some of these experiences appear in *The Jailing of Cecelia Capture*. Campbell Hale does not describe her later life with her son, whom she now sees infrequently, nor her marriage to her second white husband, the father of her daughter.

Campbell Hale also chronicles her evolution as a writer. Fascinated by literature as a child, she began to write as a teenager to escape from her unhappiness into an imaginary world. She argues that if a work is to be "real and true," the author must concentrate all his or her energy, throw off pretensions, and write with "the utmost sincerity and intensity." Somewhat self-consciously, she dramatizes the relationship between life and art by outlining a fictional story that uses aspects of her life.

Bloodlines is an important testimony to the continuing strength of Indian identity, both on the reservation and in the city. Campbell Hale emphasizes that Indians are becoming stronger. When she was a child, the Coeur d'Alene did not have the tribal school and enterprises they have today. The author, who was born in California and who left the Coeur d'Alene Reservation at age ten, acknowledges that she does not know "what it's like to have a place in my own tribal community, though being a part of an intertribal urban community has been an important part of my life in the past." Nevertheless, she feels as Coeur d'Alene in New York as she does in Idaho, because "that is something that is an integral part of me." The author's comments remind us that, because more Native Americans now live in cities than on reservations, urban intertribal communities are important to maintaining Native American identity. Campbell Hale's *Bloodlines* is a beautifully written memoir of her family and her life. Everyone interested in Native Americans and women will want to read this deeply moving book.

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Brave Are My People: Indian Heroes Not Forgotten. By Frank Waters. Santa Fe, NM: Clear Light Publishers, 1993. 189 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

In less capable hands, these capsule biographies of several well-known Native American leaders might have become a tiring

litany of familiar facts. In the hands of Frank Waters, master storyteller and historian of the American West, the native leaders come alive. Waters's narrative is often elegantly simple (and sometimes almost lyrical) but not simplistic. He does a remarkable job, with only a few pages on each person, of conveying not only factual context but also the human feelings that motivated several centuries of resistance to Euro-American encroachment.

Waters, author of two dozen fiction and nonfiction books, profiles Deganawidah, Powhatan, Massasoit, Metacomet, Pontiac, Joseph Brant, Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Sequoyah, Osceola, Mangas Coloradas, Manuelito, Irataba, White Antelope, Satanta, Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Chief Joseph, and Chief Seath'tl (Seattle) with an eye for native perspective and telling detail.

If one theme unites the many biographies in this book, it is Native Americans' respect for the earth. Some ethnohistorians display their ignorance of the historical record by maintaining that Native Americans possessed little or no environmental philosophy. Their argument maintains that any attempt to assemble evidence to sustain a Native American ecological paradigm is doomed to failure, an exercise in wishful thinking by environmental activists seeking sentimental support for their own views.

In a review of Christopher Vecsey's and Robert W. Venables's *Native American Environments* (*American Anthropologist* 84 [1982]), William A. Starna, professor of anthropology at the State University of New York (College at Oneonta), called the argument for a Native American environmental ethic "pan-Indian mythology." By contrast, Waters finds that European colonists heard such references as early as the 1620s. Waters describes a "purchase" by Miles Standish and two companions of a tract of land fourteen miles square near Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in exchange for seven coats, eight hoes, nine hatchets, ten yards of cotton cloth, twenty knives, and four moose skins. When the Puritans arrested native people who continued to hunt on the land after it was "purchased," the Wampanoag sachem Massasoit protested,

What is this you call property? It cannot be the earth. For the land is our mother, nourishing all her children, beasts, birds, fish, and all men. The woods, the streams, everything on it belongs to everybody and is for the use of all. How can one man say it belongs to him only? (p. 28)

While Standish and his companions thought they had carried away an English-style deed, Massasoit argued that their goods had paid only for use of the land in common with everyone.

The metaphor of earth as mother occurs time and again in the statements of Native American leaders recorded by Euro-American observers, in many areas of North America, many of them long before Chief Seath'tl's often-repeated speech. Tecumseh, in an appeal for a native alliance about 1805, said, "Let us unite as brothers, as sons of one Mother Earth . . . Sell our land? Why not sell the air . . . ? Land cannot be sold" (pp. 62-63). Black Hawk, exiled to a reservation near Fort Madison, Iowa, after the three-month war that bears his name, opened a Fourth of July oration to a mainly non-Indian audience in the late 1830s by observing, "The Earth is our mother; we are on it, with the Great Spirit above us" (p. 76).

In 1877, the Nez Percé Chief Joseph, who probably knew nothing of Massasoit and certainly nothing of the twentieth-century pan-Indian movement, replied to an Indian agent's proposal that he and his people move to a reservation and become farmers. This statement was made a few months before Joseph and his band fled seventeen hundred miles across some of the most rugged land in North America to avoid subjugation. By Waters's account, Chief Joseph said, "The land is our mother . . . She should not be disturbed by hoe or plow. We want only to subsist on what she freely gives us" (p. 172). Smohalla, a religious leader of the Nez Percé, said at the same meeting,

You ask me to plow the ground? I should take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die, she will not take me to her bosom to rest . . . You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then when I die I cannot enter her body to be born again. You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, to be rich like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair? (pp. 172-73)

A third Nez Percé chief, Tuhulkutsut, then joined in: "The earth is part of my body. I belong to the land out of which I came. The earth is my mother." At that point, United States negotiator General Oliver O. Howard is said to have protested, "Twenty times over [you] repeat that the earth is your mother . . . Let us hear it no more, but come to business" (pp. 173).

This book needs an index. References to treaties from which Waters quotes would have been helpful to the scholar. The jacket

flap implies that Geronimo is profiled, but he is not (he *is* mentioned on page 108). Overall, however, this book is a treasure of wonderfully revealing anecdotes. As Vine Deloria, Jr., says in his foreword, *Brave Are My People* is "an incarnational history of the past five hundred years."

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A Coyote Reader. By William Bright. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1993. 202 pages. \$30.00 cloth; \$13.00 paper.

Coyote, the Trickster of Native American oral tradition, is a character of such rich anarchy, humor, contradiction, and "undifferentiated human consciousness" (Jung) that nontraditional academics, writers, and artists seem best able to deal with him successfully. As poet Gary Snyder wrote in his seminal 1971 essay, "The Incredible Survival of Coyote," "the trickster is a delightful literary conceit but an unpredictable Ally—dangerous and very potent." Scholar William Bright is well aware of these pitfalls. But like the wise old trapper who knows his quarry is an exceptionally wary survivor, he persistently kept on the trail as much out of respect as out of hope of capture. His book *A Coyote Reader* is the quite valuable, if flawed, result.

An accomplished and widely published linguist and anthropologist, Bright first became aware of Coyote the mythic character during his earliest anthropological fieldwork in 1949 among the Karuk of Northern California and Southern Oregon. While in the army in 1954, he realized that "Coyote was not only a mythic figure but also my favorite literary character . . ." (p. xv). He embarked on a quest to "tell the world about him."

Since then, throughout a distinguished academic career, Bright has published widely, including studies of Karuk Coyote stories, and other works in academic journals on this and many other subjects, leading up to his editorship of the new, four-volume *Oxford International Encyclopedia of Linguistics*. (He also serves on the editorial board of this journal.)

With the public interest in American Indian literatures rising during the 1970s, Bright solicited a distinguished array of Coyote materials through the ethnopoetic journal *Alcheringa* but found the project elusive: "Old Man Coyote had not yet authorized me