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Apache Voices: Their Stories of Survival as Told to Eve Ball. By Sherry Robinson. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000. 272 pages. \$32.95 cloth.

Never have I encountered a book that is as difficult to review as this one. I believe reviewers have multiple responsibilities to potential readers who want an informed judgment on the contents of a book; to the author who has compiled research and carefully presented findings; and finally to the scholarly community. The dilemma for me with the book under consideration is that the data are seriously flawed; therefore, no matter how well the author wrote and conducted her research, the final product can be no better than the data upon which it is based, essentially eliminating the book's usefulness for the third audience, the scholarly community, and placing in jeopardy its viability for any potential reader. One wonders to whom the University of New Mexico Press turned for peer review of the manuscript. Surely, it could not have been serious scholars of Apachean people, for all such scholars know the problems with the work of Eve Ball, upon whom Sherry Robinson relied for her data.

Eve Ball was a retired Anglo woman who, in the 1940s, moved to Ruidoso, the Anglo community on part of the eastern boundary of the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation in New Mexico. Ball was even then suffering from vision problems and, I suspect, hearing problems as well. Despite these limitations, Ball's home was the scene of many storytelling sessions; she provided a place where Apaches were welcome and where they could find an eager listener. Unfortunately, most of those who spoke to Ball were the displaced Apaches. These displaced Apaches were the survivors and children of the so-called Ft. Sills, or Chiricahua, Apaches, along with a few Warm Springs Apaches, who had been rounded up at the time of the final surrender of Geronimo in the 1880s. They endured long years of incarceration, first in Florida, then Alabama, and penultimately in Oklahoma (where some descendants remain today). Finally they were allowed to join their "cousins" on the Mescalero Reservation in 1911. They had many truly sad stories to tell and virtually no one to listen to them, but Ball. And she wrote what she heard—more or less.

Ball used shorthand to record conversations and stories—shorthand developed for the English language that had no way of describing many of the Apache phonemes and no way of rendering Apache tonal qualities (also phonemic). She then transcribed her renditions into Standard English, rather than retain the flavor and flow of the language as spoken to her. By her own admission she did not learn more than a few hundred Apache words and virtually no syntax or grammar; also, by her own admission, she cleaned up and regularized the language as spoken to her. Further, she often changed what she was told to build what she considered a more interesting story. As Robinson herself acknowledges "her [Ball's] style—first person and somewhat fictionalized—was problematic" (p. xii). Indeed! Rather than problematic, Apachean scholars call it virtually useless. In her introduction, Robinson briefly mentions academic disagreements with Ball's work but nonetheless justifies her own rendering of Ball's notes and transcriptions as admissible under

the canons of journalism and history. If this is history, then none of us can trust any historical document and we may as well dismiss journalists as well.

Allow me to cite some specifics. In the introduction, Robinson, in recounting some objections academics have to Ball's work and in an attempt to justify Ball's "cleaned up dialogue," states, "Another significant factor is that most of her primary sources were educated at Carlisle Indian School and spoke good English" (p. xiii). It would have been quite helpful to know to which of Ball's Apaches sources she had reference. Certainly it is neither good journalism nor good history to make such a statement without citations and identifications. Further, what good does it do if one's consultants speak good English that Ball felt was not good enough to be presented accurately in print? Robinson further notes that unnamed academics take issue with "Eve's mixing of history and anthropology. . . . I [Robinson] am also guilty as charged. To understand people, you must learn their history and their culture" (p. xiv). I do not know what Robinson thinks anthropologists do and how they go about preparing for fieldwork, for I can think of no anthropologist who wanders into a field situation without first learning as much about the people as is possible, whether it is history, language, or oral tradition. And certainly it is anthropologists who inform us about the cultures of others. It is neither appropriate journalism nor history to present altered data as truth or to misrepresent a scholarly discipline.

In addition, mistranslations abound; four will suffice for illustration. *Natzili*, for example, is translated as *buffalo* (p. 135) when the actual word for *buffalo* (or, more correctly, *bison*) is *iyane*, a word cognate with Navajo *ayani* (note that I do not here render either glottal stops or tonal qualities). Or consider page 142, on which May Peso Second, a native and fluent speaker of Chiricahua Apache who also knew Mescalero Apache, is noted as indicating the "commonly used word for woman is *ishton*," when the word in both Chiricahua and Mescalero is actually *isdzan*, and is again cognate with the Navajo *asdzaan*. On page 187, Percy Big Mouth, another fluent speaker of Apache, is quoted as saying, *bow d'arc*, thereby mixing up the French *bois d'arc* with the English *bow*, with neither being an accurate representation of the compound bow used by Apaches. I sincerely doubt that Percy Big Mouth made this error and strongly suspect it was Eve Ball's interpretation at fault, as is Robinson's unquestioning acceptance of Ball's translations and interpretations. Perhaps the most egregious of all is Ball's translation of *Indeh*, the name of a book she published in 1980, as meaning *the dead*, when the actual word is *Nde*, and means *The People*, *Nde* is the Apachean word for *themselves* (and is cognate with the Navajo *Dine*). There are dictionaries of Apachean languages (both Western and Eastern as well as Navajo) where any of these translations, and the myriad of other misattributions, could have been checked.

Similarly, items that could have been verified with Census records (kept in both tribal and the United States' National Archives in Washington, D.C.) are reported inaccurately. Page 244, note 1 lists *Carisso* for *Carizzo* Gallerito; page 186 incorrectly lists Jose Second as Bernard Second's father, when his father was actually Frank Second and Jose was Bernard's great-grandfather; also on page 186, Eloise Wilson Shields is consistently referred to as Eloise Shield. These are only a few of the incorrect genealogies presented.

The book and its notes upon which it was based do not constitute decent anthropology, let alone history or journalism. Here, let me consider only one example among many instances of poor understanding of Apachean culture. Mescalero and Chiricahua Apaches, indeed all Southern Athabaskan people, trace their primary kinship and descent through their mothers. They acknowledge the father's line as well, but it is the mother's line that is paramount. Page 251, note 23 reads as follows: "Sam married a Mescalero woman, *which made him and his son Mescalero*. (Sam Chino, with Amelia Naiche translating, transcripts of interviews by Ball, 28 March 1956 and 28 January 1956, Ball MSS; and Carisso Gallerito, transcript of interview by Ball, 14 October 1954, Ball MSS.) [emphasis added]." There is simply no way Sam Chino, or any other Apache man, changes kinship affiliation upon marriage; Sam's son was Mescalero only because his (the son's) mother was Mescalero. Further, I know Amelia Naiche, some of her siblings, and I knew her father, Christian, when he was still alive; Amelia and her natal family are native speakers of Apache and would never have made such an attribution of kinship-switching upon marriage. Therefore, I am left with the assumption that this is another of Ball's ideas that Robinson simply accepted.

When taken as a whole, then, it is difficult to recommend the book to any audience a book reviewer tries to reach. The book is an amalgam of fiction presented as fact, misquotations and incorrect translations, mixed up genealogies, flawed understanding of anthropology, and totally incorrect reporting of a people's ways of living, whether or not such living is seen through an anthropological lens.

Robinson is a good writer who managed to stitch together the shreds and patches of Ball's notes. Robinson also appears to be an excellent researcher in that she is certainly highly conversant with Ball's notes and some of the other literature on the Mescalero and Chiricahua people. Unfortunately, she relied on Ball's notes—material that is all too often inaccurate, heard and spelled incorrectly, and transcribed with a heavy editing hand, leaving it rearranged and fictionalized. It is no wonder Robinson, who is no scholar of things Athabaskan, was led astray. It saddens me to see so much effort and time wasted on what is, like most of Ball's own publications, unusable by scholars and no more than fiction that does not accurately portray any of the Apache people. Ball meant well but was unequal to the task she set herself; Robinson, by relying on Ball, produced a book that never should have seen print.

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The Crooked Beak of Love. By Duane Niatum. Albuquerque: West End Press, 2000. 70 pages. \$8.95 paper.

Duane Niatum is a major contemporary Native American poet whose work seems to be better known and more greatly appreciated by his fellow writers than by the Indian-literature-reading public as a whole. I am somewhat hard-pressed to puzzle this out, but I believe that much of it has to do with living