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Even if we decide (as some scholars in this collection do) that Native American scholarship and cultural production should be controlled by Indians, the question also remains whether Indians actually want to shoulder such a burden. The irony is that while many Indian peoples lament the fact that non-Indians seem to be controlling representation, Indian peoples imbued with “traditional” values are least likely to engage in any kind of representation, especially when it comes to topics that are sensitive or sacred. Theodore S. Jojola notes that conservative communities in New Mexico do not market Indian spirituality, leaving such commerce to non-Indian communities such as Sedona and Santa Fe. “As ‘insiders,’” Jojola asks, “how much cultural information will [Native peoples] be willing to divulge and under what circumstances” (p. 176)? Can Indian peoples afford to turn from the glare of the marketplace when “outsiders” will no doubt continue to commodify Indian culture?

Paula Gunn Allen’s essay cuts to the heart of the conflict around which this book revolves—the different ways of understanding knowledge between westerners and Native traditionalists. In the Western world knowledge is data to be compiled, calculated, and analyzed; it is information to be disseminated widely in the pursuit of knowledge, scientific objectivity, and freedom. Allen notes that even U.S. political culture is based upon full disclosure—on the lack of mystery, secrets, and privacy. On the other hand, knowledge in traditional societies is sacred, it is immanent in the “minds and molecules” of its bearers and it is not served up for mass consumption. It is often private and—as one young Native scholar explains—it is “not for sale” (p. 57).

How do we reconcile these tensions, especially within the academy, between a culture based on exposing and revealing, and one that is trying to protect its secrets? Can Native American life and culture exist unscathed within the halls of academia or walkways of the shopping mall? Allen courageously offers no solutions or resolutions to this tension between two very different systems of knowledge. There are, of course, no easy answers. But this book is certainly a step in the right direction.

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On Native Ground: Memoirs and Impressions. By Jim Barnes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1997. Vol. 23 American Indian Literature and Critical Studies Series. 278 pages. \$27.95 cloth.

Jim Barnes is best known as the editor of *Chariton Review* and as a poet. *On Native Ground: Memoirs and Impressions* is as much a selection of his poems as a memoir, since it includes about a hundred poems, more than a third of the book. They come from his six books, starting with *The Fish on Poteau Mountain* (1980) to, most recently, *Paris* (1997). The poems indeed are the places where the magical transformations of literature occur; the prose, though well crafted, is straightforward language. The book is like a transcribed poetry reading, with introductions that set up the individual poems.

This mixed-genre format gives the effect that many American Indian authors accomplish by blending prose and verse: it suggests the oral setting. The poems are thoroughly literary pieces, though, not performance scores. Barnes has perfected his poetic skill, and this is his real topic. He relates his chronological development as a writer including childhood; young working years in Oregon; college in Oklahoma; a professorship in a Missouri college; and finally his travels in Europe. The book titles reflect the migration from Oklahoma (Poteau Mountain) to the academic world-culture (Paris). Barnes has Choctaw ancestry, but he makes no claims to being a member of the Oklahoma Choctaw community.

Barnes is schooled in the range of European thought and literary forms as well as American English. He uses inventive patterns, like in "The Drowning":

From the rock
she dived into the shadow of herself,
and, hurling

the surface
into rainbows, her form split the mirror
of all forms. . . . (p. 27)

In jagged-edged tercets, Barnes suggests the shock of interrupted breath. The image of the "mirror" is replayed through the stanzas, which start and end with repeated indentations that make them a mirror image of themselves. The poem concludes with survivors scrutinizing every underwater crevice, the echo of another realm.

Most of the book's short sections—two to six pages—follow the pattern of introduction, details of landscape, memories, and concluding poems. The sections of the book—the chapters or individual essays—are untitled, but the essay that includes the poem "The Drowning" focuses on Goats Bluff near Holson Creek in eastern Oklahoma. The prose memoir introduces his fascination with that landmark, based on a photograph of his father there. Barnes elaborates the locale with stories of the swimming hole beneath the bluff and then the story his mother tells about a girl's drowning. Next comes the poem. He builds a mental landscape as well as a physical description of Goats Bluff. Thus Barnes builds dramatic tension before his own recollection of the ghost, when she appeared there one night to him. He relates his attempt to recapture that fragile moment of haunting: "There was never the exact same moon, the exact same frost, the exact same mood for us to be in" (p. 29). His explanation ends with a striking comparison between the ghost and the faint, specter-like image of his father in the photograph. And, like many of the sections, this one ends with another poem: "Elegy for the Girl Who Drowned at Goats Bluff" (p. 30). The writer evokes a sense of mystery regarding both the ghost and his own past.

The consistency of form makes the topics more homogenous than they would first appear. The book begins with accounts of growing up in the northern range of Choctaw country in Oklahoma, where mixed bloods are com-

mon. The remaining two-thirds of the book reflect on his life as a writer. He devotes much of the book to his academic development outside of the Oklahoma storytelling milieu. He concludes the collection with a fine piece about a funeral back in Summerfield, Oklahoma, in 1995. Here he ties together the two worlds, that of his youth and that of his adulthood: he sees old childhood friends; he re-experiences the humid heat of an unairconditioned church; he visits the family cemetery. To revisit old times, he describes the deceased's general store: "The false front, the tin roof, the bare-lumber floor, the potbellied coal stove were what you expected when returning to native ground" (p. 276). He greets friends once named Sundance, Clark Kent, and Doc, but now he notes their given names. And he does not seem especially proud of his origins: "No matter how different I may have wanted my life to be, what remains is the fact that I am tied to this place, this blood, and this ethic that continues to emanate from my native ground" (p. 278). He seems almost reluctant to acknowledge this tie. His self-removal from Oklahoma, and the indirect Choctaw influence, seems completed in this essay.

What Barnes contributes to the discussion of American Indian and mixed-blood literatures is the validity of choice. He chooses to leave behind the Choctaw heritage and friends. He acknowledges the Choctaw language in passing, and perhaps his awareness of another language at an early age trained his ear for the work of a translator, but he cannot be accused of exploiting the Native background. Indeed, although he appeared in a number of early Native anthologies such as *Carriers of the Dream Wheel*, edited by Duane Niatum, he denounces this category:

There have been many, many anthologies of Southwest literature and Native American literature to tell us just who are the American Indian Writers, just who this and who that, along with pedigree.... But we must not be misled. The writer is first a writer, second a Native American, a black, a Chicano. (p. 122)

Barnes' selection of prose and poems in *On Native Ground* makes this philosophy even more clear.

Barnes contributes to the larder of stories about life in the Oklahoma Ozarks during the 1930s and 1940s. Mostly, they are hard-scrabble, Depression-era chronicles about the ravage of rabies, a lost child, farm accidents, and isolation. He does not glamorize the rural past, but relishes the pleasures of the rich animal life, the human characters, and the Oklahoma version of fox hunting. The prose is objective reportage more often than introspective musings, and along the way Barnes does not distinguish between the lives of his Choctaw friends and family and the lives of European American immigrants. From his account, the struggle to survive turned everyone into a single people. He generalizes Choctaw influence to be Southern culture in general as he describes the cooking: "Crawdad tails were then a delicacy, for eastern Oklahoma was still very Southern in its culture. The removal of the Mississippi Choctaws to Indian Territory in the 1830's transplanted

more than the history books give credit for" (p. 40). He goes on to describe several more "Southern" dishes, but reflects no further on the influences of culture, nor of the erasure of the Native, nor the permutations of Oklahoma culture as it evolved. He appears to have no ongoing ties to the Choctaw community. Barnes remarks on his father's "reticence," and what oral tradition the quarter-blood parent possessed ended in the silence that his son recalls (p. 25).

Foremost, *On Native Ground* records the evolution of a fine writer. The book is a chronology of Barnes' education, formal and informal. He recalls childhood adventures, but they are not informed by a larger cultural context. A ghost story about a drowned woman is singular. Neither Choctaw nor Welsh nor Appalachian-culture beliefs about ghosts inform the story. He adds his family stories to his own experience, but larger history is a vague background. The glimpse Barnes provides into Oklahoma life between the world wars derives from his own memory and references to his mother's stories, photographs, newspaper clippings, abandoned masonry, and old trails. And he has his own steady, well-schooled vision.

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Tales of an Endishodi: Father Berard Haile and the Navajos, 1900–1961. Edited and transcribed by Father Murray Bodo, O. F. M. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1998. 263 pages. \$45.00 cloth; \$24.95 paper.

This volume is the result of four years of labor by the editor/transcriber with assistance from others, including Franciscan Fathers Cormac Antram and Marcan Hetteberg, Brother Gerald Grantner, and the late Father Simon Conrad who died unexpectedly in June 1998. The book makes available transcriptions of a series of tapes recorded by the well-known Franciscan friar and ethnologist of Navajo culture, Father Berard Haile (1874–1961), the last of the Franciscans initially responsible for the first evangelizing efforts among the Navajos. After two years of pastoral service in Peoria, Illinois, Father Berard was assigned, along with Father Leopold Ostermann, to assist Father Anselm Weber in establishing the Franciscan Center at Cienega, later St. Michaels, Arizona, work that had been started in 1898. Arriving there in October 1900, Haile served the Navajos until he suffered a stroke in 1954. He spent the last seven years of his life as a bedridden hemiplegic, and at the suggestion of his niece, Frances Haile, allowed Frances to record his recollections, between 1957 and 1961, for the family. In late 1991 or 1992, the tapes were donated by a grandniece and grandnephew to the St. Michaels Historical Museum. The 1998 emergence of the transcribed and edited tapes is timely, given the culmination of a year-long Franciscan celebration of one hundred years on the Navajo Reservation at St. Michaels on October 3, 1998.

Readers familiar with Father Berard's numerous scholarly contributions to our understandings of Navajo linguistics, ceremonialism, and other aspects