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encompassing incongruity, this eternal conflict between vision and action, that is most compelling. Ellis tells us that all was not right at Rainy Mountain. And we believe him.

Timothy Lintner
University of California, Los Angeles

Why I Can't Read Wallace Stegner and Other Essays: A Tribal Voice. By Elizabeth Cook-Lynn. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1996. 158 pages. \$45.00 cloth.

The irony of reviewing a book that begins with a discussion of the art of reviewing a book is clear, and when the book on review is by one of the most eloquent, crisp, contemporary American Indian reviewers, the promise of complications looms large. In *Why I Can't Read Wallace Stegner and Other Essays*, Elizabeth Cook-Lynn surveys the contemporary scene with clear, undiluted vision. This collection of thirteen previously published and new essays range across the divides: missiles aimed at racist, genocidal policies and platitudes in literature, politics, and culture in late twentieth-century United States of America. It is a collection that will stand for many years as a standard by which the works and days of writers (Indian and non-Indian) and politics (public and private) will be measured. With this publication, Cook-Lynn once again makes clear the fictional dimensions of the assumption that there are no public intellectuals of the stature of Henry Louis Gates, Jr., bell hooks, or Cornel West, among others, in the Native American intellectual community. Cook-Lynn, Deloria, Forbes, Jaimes, Churchill, and many others make clear that there *is* a community of public intellectuals of great brilliance, and at the same time, redefines what the term *public intellectual* might mean from the perspective of indigenous thinking.

This assumed absence of indigenous public intellectuals is only one of the many fables and lies of colonization that Cook-Lynn undoes in this collection. Each essay takes on a particular moment, exposing the bare bones of the incident, book, or assumption, then carefully exploring not an alternative reading, but a more honest, historically contextualized understanding of the moment. This is not a view from the margins, but a recentering of the view from the heart of the North American continent.

One of the most poignant essays focuses on Michael Dorris' "polemic" against prenatal drinking by women, "The Broken

Cord," a book devoted to blaming the Indian woman who gave birth to Dorris' adopted son, a Sioux boy named Adam. As Cook-Lynn cautiously raises critical issues on behalf of the Sioux mother of Dorris' fetal-alcohol-syndrome-afflicted son Adam, the palpable presence of the demonized, individualized woman asserts a story in opposition to the angry narrative of domination expressed by Dorris. Cook-Lynn embeds the flesh-and-blood woman and mother within a larger cultural and social context, one in which the Indian Child Welfare Act, *tiospsye*, and the current blame-the-victim game played out in AIDS and drugs surface as important pieces of the puzzle. "Forcing these young women, as much the victims as their martyred children, into detention centers is presented as a solution to failed health care systems, inadequate education, poverty and neglect. I thought we had learned from history that we could not legislate people into approved behavior" (p. 14).

These same issues are addressed in "The Big Pipe Case" in much greater detail, and within a larger historical and legislative context. The misrepresentation of the Native American woman as the bearer of the supposed failures of Native Americans in general, the criminalization of young childbearing women, and the connection of tribal sovereignty to women's rights are all explored with great wisdom and clarity. "Today's politics of the war upon women everywhere ... and the suppression of Indian women's rights—reproductive rights in particular—are not unconnected to the suppression of the rights of the indigenes historically" (p. 122).

But it is to history that Cook-Lynn consistently turns, continually recontextualizing her critique, drawing not only on the essence of being indigenous, but also on the lived experience of being colonized. In chapter one, "Wounded Knee, 1873," as in other chapters, like "Black Hills, White Justice," the business in which white colonizers have been engaged for years, that of making over historical events from their own perspective and to their own advantage, is exposed to light of day, and then carefully rendered moot with historical details. In the recently published diaries of Stanley David Lyman, superintendent of the Pine Ridge agency at the time of the Wounded Knee protest in 1873 to 1874, Cook-Lynn finds not only misrepresentation of facts, but also that Lyman seems to be "sleepwalking" through reality. "Feeling frustrated and beaten, Lyman asserts in his July 13, 1873 diary entry that Wounded Knee is now 'a symbol of hate, frustration, and failure.' Nothing could be further from the

Indian reality then or now" (p. 9). The sacred nature of Wounded Knee to the Oglala is absent from Lyman's assessment.

And in "Black Hills, White Justice," another "professional" involved in Oglala policy is exposed as misrepresenting the facts. Edward Lazarus, the son of one of the white attorneys working "on behalf" of the Sioux Nation and their claims for the Black Hills, writes what Cook-Lynn calls "a son's defense of his father's battered legal career in the Indian Claims Courts of the land" (p. 21). At issue here is the ten-million-dollar legal fee that Lazarus' father took from the Sioux Nation, even though they refused the conditions of the judgment, declaring loudly that "The Black Hills are not for sale."

Essays on Wallace Stegner's writings, American Indian women in academia, and the published apology from northwestern Christian leaders uncover the insidious invention of the American Indian in the European American imagination. Stegner, it would seem, asserts the end of tribal sovereignty and power present and future, a notion Cook-Lynn vehemently refuses. "From the point of view of American Indians, the declaration of their demise (based on racial prejudices) has done much harm" (p. 38). In fact, she implicates Stegner in the ongoing efforts towards colonization, reminded in the course of her reading of his works that "... literature can and does successfully contribute to the politics of possession and dispossession" (p. 40).

While each essay covers important turf brilliantly, the final essays of the volume deserve special notice. In "America's Oldest Racism," Cook-Lynn takes on Dinesh D'Souza and the lies he tells of racial distinctions as a positive social benefit and not racism. "For the indigenous populations of this continent, from the Maya to the Cree, there is nothing new about D'Souza's thinking.... The oldest racism in America was about the economically motivated, government-sponsored theft of lands occupied by others and the subsequent, deliberate murder of millions of Indians by the U.S. citizens and military" (pp. 137-8).

It is within the context of this "oldest racism" that the most damaging falsehood is laid bare, the metaphor of Mother Earth. In "End of the Failed Metaphor," Cook-Lynn straightforwardly refuses to sugarcoat her truths or salve any feelings or wounds that her words may tear open. "As I think about the writing we are doing currently as Native Americans, I am disappointed in the congeniality of most of it, because in the face of astonishing racism of one people toward another, there continues to be great risk" (p. 142). Indigenous peoples have lost control over "what is

imagined about them" and their own imaginary domain; hence Cook-Lynn works to recover a more balanced metaphor, one which resists the current colonized imaginary domain. It is in the "dismissal of our native fathers in favor of our colonial ones" where colonization is infinitely repeated (p. 148). The metaphor of Mother Earth, and its indigenous connection has displaced the "male seed which is indigenous: it has, as expected, vanished" (p. 148). Without the male creator figures, the Sioux fathers, the colonial white patriarch plants his seed, and like Wallace Stegner, appropriates the indigenous earth mother for his own use. The critique here of Rudolpho Anaya's essay "The New World Man," in which he displaces the Indian father in favor of the Spanish one, and claims indigenous status via the Indian mother, glorifying Malinche, will without doubt have incredibly far-reaching implications for Chicano/a scholars. Native writers like Paula Gunn Allen in *The Sacred Hoop* and *Grandmothers of the Light*, Gerald Vizenor in *Manifest Manners*, Vine Deloria, Jr. in *God is Red*, among others, have written about and circled around this troubling metaphor of Mother Earth. Cook-Lynn's incisive and brilliant refiguring brings the collection to a challenging close, requiring readers, both Native and non-Native alike, to rethink their own imaginary domain in regard to the prevailing metaphors of our time.

"My point is that there is now a public voice in native critical analysis and it comes from many sources" (p. 6). And these essays are without doubt one of the most important of those sources. Her essays deserve a broad-ranging audience, from academics of all colors, Native and non-Native writers, and multiple communities under siege from racist hegemonies everywhere. These are the lessons of race, history, and internal colonization all of us need to hear.

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