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Author

Johansen, Bruce E.

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read the Hopi aloud, readers will have to look elsewhere for information about the linguistic patterns that shape Hopi usage.

Some of Ekkehart Malotki's earlier books were criticized because some readers thought that he was depriving his Hopi informants and assistants of their due credit as co-authors. In this book, he is careful to list his three Hopi partners as the narrators and himself as the one who collected, translated, and edited the various texts. All of these people, as well as those at Northern Arizona University who encouraged the project, and at the University of Nebraska Press who published a book perhaps destined not to turn a profit, deserve great praise for the fine work they have brought, cooperatively, to light. *Hopi Ruin Legends* will preserve many valuable materials from ruin.

Peter G. Beidler
Lehigh University

Indian Chronicles. By Jose Barreiro. Houston, TX: Arte Publico, 1993. 300 pages. \$19.95 cloth.

The Indian Chronicles is a novel, but it is deeply rooted in the historical sources of the Columbus expeditions. Diego Colón is the vehicle Barreiro uses to bring alive the lives of the Taino during the first two generations of the *conquista*.

The indigenous point of view of Diego Colón is expressed from the first pages of the book, in which the Taino still feels unfamiliar with "these Castillian symbols . . . drawings that talk" (pp. 16–17). Although Columbus's journals portray the Taino's eagerness for "discovery" and Catholicism, Diego Colón says that, after an initial enchantment with Spanish technology, "I am no longer enchanted by anything Castillian" (p. 17). At the same time, he tries to restrain his anger at what has happened to his people in two short generations at the hands of the Spanish. Colón is compelled to write, he says, so that generations to come will remember the Taino as a people.

The Indian Chronicles is presented as an historical chronicle that is said to have come into the hands of author Barreiro, who is himself of Cuban-Taino ancestry, by a combination of circumstances. The four hundred-plus pages of thin writing paper on which Diego Colón composed his narrative had been handed down for generations in a Cuban family who would not let scholars look at it until they found the right combination of

ancestry, interest, and expertise. Barreiro, who directs Akwe:kon Press at Cornell University, is said to have possessed all the qualities that the family sought.

Some readers may take the introduction ("A Fabulous Find") literally, wondering just how much of Diego's journal is real and how much of it is Barreiro's novelistic weaving of history. The journal is strictly a literary invention, but it is done so well and it is so in accord with other printed sources that it seems real, in the way that any good novel seems real.

This account reminds me of the "little bundle of papers" purportedly found in the lodgings of the "four [Iroquois] Indian kings," including the fabled Tiyanoga (Hendrick), who toured England in 1710. This fictional account was cause for cross-cultural reflection by three generations of English novelists and social commentators. There is one major difference: Barreiro's Diego Colón is a native who sees European experience, as well as that of his own people, through Taino eyes. The English who found the "bundle of papers" were Europeans seeking to reconstruct native viewpoints through their own eyes—thus the occasional Asian tiger romping through Tiyanoga's dreams. Barreiro's informant makes no such errors.

In Barreiro's absorbing narrative, Diego Colón sees quite a lot during his sojourn with Columbus around the Caribbean and to and from Spain. He has the advantage of being perhaps the only person during the conquest who is able to move freely from Columbus's elbow to the offices of Bartolomé de las Casas, then to the camps maintained in the jungles by Enriquillo and other Taino who resisted Spanish conquest.

Time and again, Colón remarks quizzically at the hunger for gold displayed by these "covered men." He is astounded that men who can travel half the globe on sailing ships and hew towns out of the jungle "cannot ever hear the adjoining voices, the surrounding and constant conversation from our living world" (p. 35). A sense runs through the narrative that we are looking at some very unusual human beings. The Taino must have asked themselves whether the "covered men" had souls. Gold was believed by the Taino to be the residue of their departed ancestors. Diego Colón cannot accept the secular Spanish madness for the yellow metal. Most Taino are mystified by this gold-lust. "God is their God," one of them says (p. 191).

Diego anguishes quietly, to his journal, about the cruelties of these men who summon the blessing of an unseen God. He is

watching what he acknowledges to be the death of his world. "All my own people were hunted down for slaves, sold into encomiendas . . . No one lives anymore in my old island or my old village" (p. 189). Diego Colón walks among the Spanish as a *manso*, a "pacified" Indian, but his soul wrenches at what he sees: the Spanish scattering human remains around villages ravaged by smallpox; an escaped Indian set upon by mastiffs, then roasted alive over an open fire:

All watched intently. Jiqui [the escapee] dangled by hands and feet six feet over the fire. His back blackened slowly, his hair singed, and a horrible smell hung like a mist throughout the square. The sun grew intensely hot, and you could feel the heat of the fire itself. He groaned for two hours before he expired . . . (p. 83).

The anguish in Diego's soul is hardly assuaged by his witnessing the infliction of terrible pain on accused heretics of the Inquisition in Spain after Columbus's first voyage. One such punishment was *la lengua de cabra*, "the tongue of the goat," during which the toes and feet of the condemned were rubbed with sweet honey paste. When the goat begins to lick, the accused infidel laughs hysterically, until the goat,

after licking his lips and looking around, bent down and seized upon a large toe, ripping strips of flesh as the poor devil's shriek in that cathedral square put the shock of ice in my spine (p. 124).

This peculiar form of torture was administered because the accused was reported to have joked about the Virgin Mary's private parts in a bar.

One may quibble with the book's title. *The Indian Chronicles* is so generic as to deny the reader any indication of the historical landscape that Barreiro's taut, engaging narrative describes. Would *A Taino Chronicle* be more precise?

Jose Barreiro has used the novelistic form, along with Taino oral history and the European archival record, to provide a fresh view, through a pair of sensitive, compassionate, Native American eyes, of the often-told story of the conquest.

Bruce E. Johansen
University of Nebraska, Omaha