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Where There Is No Name for Art: The Art of Tewa Pueblo Children.  
Subtitled Art and Voices of the Children of Santa Clara, San Ildefonso,  
San Juan, Pojoaque and Nambe Pueblos. By Bruce Hucko.

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Forget retreat. Let the Indian attack parties continue. American Indian intellectuals have been in retreat for four hundred years. Loosely paraphrasing Warrior's citation from Deloria, "Yes, it is a good day to die," so let's talk straight to the point, and let the bastards know we've thought something. Don't dazzle them with histories, intellectual or otherwise; go directly for their jugulars, *but not until you can see the whites of their eyes.*

*Betty Booth Donohue*

University of California, Los Angeles

**Where There Is No Name for Art: The Art of Tewa Pueblo Children.** Subtitled *Art and Voices of the Children of Santa Clara, San Ildefonso, San Juan, Pojoaque and Nambe Pueblos.* By Bruce Hucko. Santa Fe: SAR Press and University of Washington Press, 1996. 119 pages. \$20.00 paper.

The Pueblo children who collaborated with Bruce Hucko to produce *Where There Is No Name for Art, The Art of Tewa Pueblo Children* are extraordinarily creative and yet ordinary members of the Tewa Pueblo communities. With gentleness and sensitivity Bruce Hucko photographs and describes his work with these young people from Northern New Mexico. The energy and spirit of these children emerge through and in-between Hucko's words. They talk about themselves as "real people," as "regular kids," yet as "special" also.

One child emphatically states, "We live the same as you do. We dress the same as you do. We're the same as you. We're just regular kids!" But then a couple of other girls literally sing, "And we're not just anybody. We're special" (p. 113). Throughout the book we know that the everyday activities of these Pueblo children include television, computers, Nintendo, bicycles, and cars. But we also see them participating in the unique ceremonial life of the community. We listen to their words about the significance of these community activities. One young girl talks of the dancers being corn plants: "I keep thinking that dancers are corn and they grow. The song sings to the corn. I think maybe the song talks to the corn, saying, 'Will you grow?'" (p. 97). We are given an unusual opportunity to view human beings living life and creating "works of art" expressive of the complexity of their lives.

The artwork is inspiring and breathtaking in its vitality and spontaneity. Obviously, Hucko trusts in the creative capability

of people. He believes that all people, and these children in particular, can look at and listen to all the myriad aspects of the world within which they live. He respects the power of creativity to give confirmation to these children's thoughts, experiences, and realities. He talks of respect, connectedness, trust, reciprocity, continuity, and community. Mostly, he acts to allow these values to emerge onto paper through crayons, pencils, tempera, oils, paints, and watercolors—and, in this act, validates the creators and their worlds.

Overall, the faith in human creativity expressed in the book is profound. It is a basic Pueblo belief that each human person has a unique perspective of the world which can be shared through any work or activity the person participates in. Creative potential is a given in the Pueblo world. Each person is capable of thoughtful and creative action. Hucko also clearly embraces this belief, and we see the consequent results in the works of the youngsters. He encourages each child to feel the creative power of the universe and to express this power as a way of participating in it. This gives the children the feeling of being special and ordinary at once. Yet feeling special about oneself, as Bruce Hucko must feel about himself, does not cancel out the acknowledgement of other people's specialness.

The book is unique in that Bruce Hucko persistently focuses on the works of the children. He does not ever forget who he is writing about. And this "writing about" is not condescending. His respect for the children guides him to acknowledge them as the energy and spirit behind the work. This is unusual in works about Indians where often the writers superimpose their thoughts and values on the people being written about. This is not to say that Hucko thoroughly understands Tewa life, culture, and thought. But there is enough understanding so that the people of these Tewa communities sense his genuine respect for them, their children, and their cultural perceptions and way of thinking. The book can, then, be embraced by the Tewa people for its sincerity and beauty. He does, as he wishes to do, "help foster a generation of aware, respectful, creative and positive young people" (p. 9).

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