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well as from the Navajo and Pueblo cultures he came to know in his childhood.

Lynda Paladin's book is the only collection of thirty-five full-color plates of his work. This book is a visual and verbal compendium of Paladin's mystical philosophy, based on the interrelatedness of all forms of life and the responsibility of humans to contribute to the ongoing unfolding of order and harmony in the universe. He stresses the point throughout the book that creativity cannot be limited to a narrow cultural perspective but rather "stems from the total human experience" (p. 35).

Paladin reiterates the vital importance "of accepting the validity of people who experience the world differently from the way we do" (p. 36). Through such a perspective, says Paladin, "we can heal the world" (p. 36).

Such a philosophy is certainly worth heeding in a world torn by strife over ethnic and religious differences. Paladin's art is rich in multicultural symbolism and spiritual meaning. He expresses his philosophy in an articulate manner both visually and verbally.

As I read this book and studied the handsome reproductions of Paladin's work, I found myself also appreciating the work of other Native American artists who are drawing from their own banks of cultural heritage without mixing imagery from non-Indian cultures. Allan Houser, the Chiricahua Apache sculptor, depicts Apache and Navajo subjects and yet transcends cultural boundaries to communicate universal concepts of dignity and love of family. Each reinterpretation of spiritual themes adds to our understanding of the whole; there are many ways to transcend cultural boundaries. As I am sure Paladin himself would agree, each of us must find our own unique path, our own special means of responding to life.

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Songs of My Hunter Heart: A Western Kinship. By Robert F. Gish. Ames, Iowa: Iowa State University Press, 1992. 150 pages. \$19.95 cloth.

This unpretentious-looking collection of narratives of the hunt pleasantly surprised me, because it proved to be both a source of considerable entertainment and an initiator of a deep introspec-

tion. This is a book ostensibly about the experiences of Robert Gish and his family, but those experiences touch on such fundamental issues in life that it can also be read for its commentary on the human condition. Some readers may find little more here than an interesting collection of anecdotes, but anyone who has hunted seriously, or puzzled over hunting's allure and morality, or perhaps thought about the role that hunting has played in human history will find real treasure.

Gish has assembled six previously published stories about people, places, and experiences that figured prominently in his formative years. He introduces us to his father, a Choctaw-Cherokee from Oklahoma who migrated to New Mexico in search of a cure for his tuberculosis; his fun-loving brother-in-law Herbert, whose life ended tragically during experimental heart surgery at age 33; his uncle Roy, who raced cars and hunted with equal aplomb; and other assorted relatives and acquaintances. These characters all have their own interesting qualities, but what is most important is not the people we meet; rather, it is how they figure in the issues of life, death, and self-knowledge that command center stage in Gish's writing.

As a young man, Gish wrestles with paradoxes that have challenged countless generations of hunters and left their mark on nearly as many religious philosophies. Gish seems clearly to understand that hunting—killing—has made us what we are, and much of what we are is good. Hunting at its best confronts us with a unique combination of intellectual and physical challenges that force us to define ourselves and our *raison d'être*. But whether we regard our place in the web of life as ordained by the creator or simply dictated by nature, the killing of our nonhuman relatives to ensure our own survival is never easy, nor is it ever fully acceptable. As hunters, our sense of kinship with our prey becomes strongest while attempting to decipher the animal's every move and to know its every thought, all for the sole purpose of bringing its life to an end. Success in the hunt provides one of the most powerful affirmations of life, in part because "through seeing animals die... living [becomes], paradoxically, all the more precious" (p. 7).

Looked at from a perspective only myth can provide, Gish is a hero in search of the "eternal dreamtime," the state of primordial unity that the creation of the present world forever shattered into so many distinct entities and elements. Although acknowledging that his own family's hunting lacked "the

seriousness of ritual, fetish and talisman" (p. 134) that characterized the pursuit of game by his traditional Isleta friends, the young Gish was on an equally serious quest to learn about a kinship that extended well beyond his human family, a quest to learn if the knowledge contained in the hearts of his animal relatives agreed with that in his own hunter's heart. His success was only partial, leaving him wondering if this grail might lie forever beyond our grasp. His Isleta friends, I suspect, knew from their traditions and experience that the separation of human beings from their animal relatives is not complete and that the proper ritual and training can enable human beings to share in the knowledge of other, "wilder" hearts. The spiritual unity this entails lies in the domain of the shaman and can never be sustained indefinitely, of course; any escape from the dilemmas and paradoxes that hunting poses can be of only limited scope and finite duration.

The lack of traditional Native American ritual in the hunting Gish shared with his family did not preclude its accomplishing some traditional ends, nor did it obscure from his intellect what was truly universal in the experience. Hunting provided Gish's initiation into "manhood and brotherhood," just as it did for his ancestors. As a young boy, he watched the local men line up along the river to shoot doves and later came to see their similarity to "ancient hunting clans, each with their own totemic identification—usually their pickups with the names and logos of their businesses painted on the doors" (p. 122). Being asked for the first time to join in the hunt gave him a sense of belonging and equality, of being respected and trusted in matters of life and death. It also gave him the opportunity to "earn his stripes" (p. 40) and begin developing a true hunter's patience and finely honed powers of observation. Although his first quail hunt with his uncle Bill made him begin to think of himself *as* a hunter, it was in the aftermath of the two of them killing Gish's first deer that, in an important sense, he *became* a hunter:

It wasn't as romantic as I'd imagined. She was precious, pitiful in death That first shooting and dressing made me appreciate the mystery of the life spark, the vitalizing spirit in the assembly of flesh and bones That first doe's sacrifice impressed upon me that I never wanted to wound or wing an animal. To hunt must be to kill as swiftly as possible (pp. 126–27).

Notwithstanding the special sense of family and belonging that accompanies a hunt with one's closest comrades, Gish discovered early that "the purest and most enrapturing hunt is that of the lone hunter" (p. 33). To hunt alone is more dangerous, of course, but the experience involves far more than a mere test of courage. All hunters "had above all else to be observant. [They] had to be alert, aware . . . had to pay attention to the total environment with as many of [their] senses as [they] could bring into line" (p. 33). For the lone hunter, the imperative to be fully attentive to one's own feelings and often subtle messages provided by the surrounding environment is especially strong. Total concentration is made easier by the lack of distractions that fellow hunters might cause, and the isolation itself facilitates entry into an altered state of consciousness in which one's awareness becomes focused in ways not ordinarily possible. This kind of hunt provides a special opportunity for deepening one's self-understanding and for contemplating the nature of life and death and one's own destiny. Gish seems to have made the most of it.

Although the appeal of hunting has faded for Gish and he has forsaken the mountains and the company of "dead animals" for the city and the society of humans (p. 145), it is clear that he retains his hunter's heart. The essence of what the hunt is all about lies within him, secure against any change in lifestyle. It seems appropriate that he is fond of Thoreau's comment in *Walden* concerning the existence of "a period in the history of the individual, as of the race, when the hunters are the 'best men,' as the Algonquins called them." Gish's move away from hunting may stem in part from his disgust with some who call themselves hunters but aren't. He learned from his father "that there were killers and there were hunters, good and bad ways to kill animals, worst men and best men" (p. 63). For Gish, "some of the best men in my past were hunters in their time. For a few brief years in time, and for the longest time in memory, we have all remained brothers in the hunt, our own 'best men'" (p. 148).

Songs of My Hunter Heart has helped me to refine my thinking about hunting and its place in human evolution. It has also provided me with important insights on how best to teach students unfamiliar with hunting about life and ethics in hunting societies. My reading of this book was punctuated by frequent excursions into my own memories of the hunts I have enjoyed and other journeys I have taken me far from humanly created land-

scapes. For readers who have not hunted, the effect of this book may be less visceral, but I suspect it will be equally edifying.

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Teaching American Indian Students. Edited by Jon Reyhner. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 328 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

Teaching American Indian Students is an attractive, edited volume that is timely and should be of interest to researchers, practitioners, policy-makers, and community leaders. After twenty-five to thirty years of concerted efforts to reform curriculum, restructure schools, train teachers and administrators, and involve the native community in the education of their children, Indian education is beginning to experience the fruits of success.

In the beginning chapters, we discover that, for nearly 480 years prior to the current self-determination period, the history of educating American Indians and Alaska Natives was fraught with failure, frustration, and futility. Later, as American Indian and Alaska Native self-determination took root and as society learned to accept cultural diversity, Indian and non-Indian educators alike began to conceptualize and administer the type of culturally appropriate educational programming long held to be the most effective stimulus in fostering the cognitive, affective, and psychomotor development of native children. This book serves as a reminder that achievements in Indian education amount to much more than more effective teaching or breakthroughs in curriculum development; the chapters touch on the roots of failure and the foundations of success among culturally distinct peoples who have been subjected to assimilation, acculturation, and genocide.

At first glance, the book is a well-organized collection of chapters focusing on multicultural education; instruction, curriculum, and community; language development; reading and literature; and teaching in the content areas. A foreword by Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell offers a compelling and emotional appeal to accept the challenge of improving the status of Indian education. The appendices complement the text with essential demographic information and additional sources for children's litera-