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Introduction

KENNETH LINCOLN

"TRANS-"

"TO THE OTHER SIDE OF, OVER, ACROSS"

Crossings: every "word" *translates* the world we live into the world we know. When the process of language works, our *known* world comes alive *in* words, animate and experiential. Among other plastic forms of human expression (music, dance, costume, drama, sculpture, painting), words embody reality:

—through metaphor to reconcile
the people and the stones.
Compose. (No ideas
but in things) Invent!

—"A Sort of a Song," Williams, *Selected Poems*.

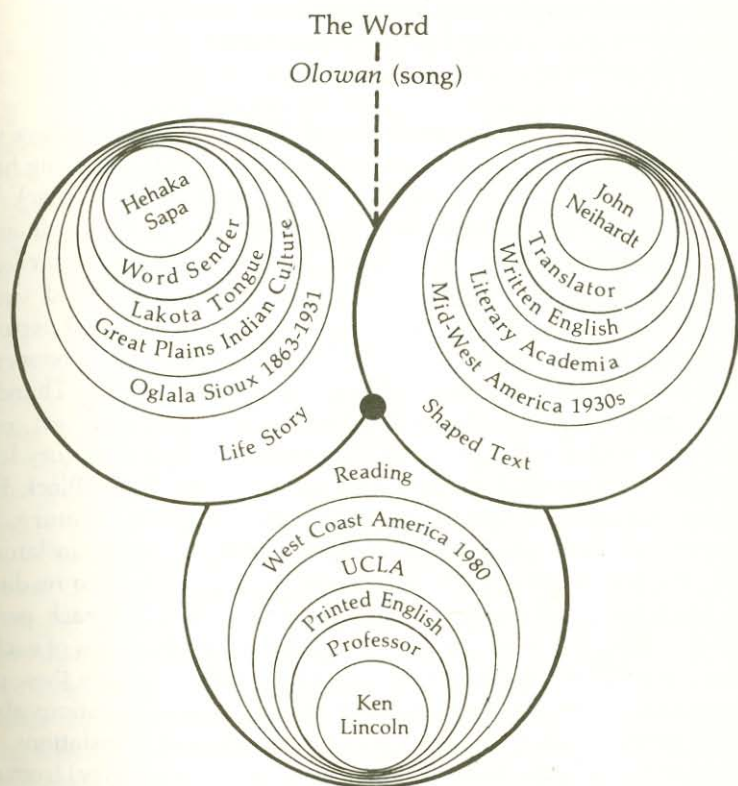
When more than one language and culture and space/time lies at either end of this metamorphic and multiple process, the translator must look two ways at once: to carry over, as much as possible, the experiential integrity of the original, and to regenerate the spirit of the source in a new verbal performance. Two languages and artists orbit at the beginning and end, neither simultaneous nor identical, but reciprocal—and recipient to differing audiences. When the tribal ear listens ceremonially at one end of this continuum, and the existential eye scans the printed page at the other end, questions of form and function, how and why one uses language, the designs of literature, naturally come into play. "Firmly planted. Not fallen from on high: sprung up from below," Octavio Paz, the Mexican poet, says *In Praise of Hands*. The voiced word, like the hand-made object, the right-told tale, the well-shaped poem, speaks of "a mutually shared physical life," not as icon, commodity, or art for its own precious sake. "A glass jug, a wicker basket, a coarse muslin huipil, a wooden serving dish: beautiful objects, not despite their usefulness but because of it."

If the tribal poet begins in an integrated context of beauty, ethics, and use, how can the translator carry Native American oral traditions—hundreds of indigenous literatures permeated with religion, mythology, ritual, morality and heuristics, national history, social entertainment, economic skills and magic formulas, healing rites, codes of warfare and hunting and planting and food-gathering, visions and dreams, love incantations, death chants, lullabies, and prayers—into printed words in books for modern audiences? One language may be assumed magically powerful, the other only a functional transmission of ideas. "From what you say," Ikinilik told Knud Rasmussen, "it would seem that folk in that far country of yours *eat* talk marks just as we eat caribou meat" (Utkuikhalingmiut Eskimo). Peter Nabokov reminds us that the first Cherokee shamans to adapt Sequoyah's 1821 syllabary, the earliest "talking leaves" north of Mexico, in fear of exploitation hid their transcriptions in trees and attics. There are two (or more) sides to words here. "Good translation of any literature," Jeffrey F. Huntsman posits, "requires a native or near-native sensitivity to both languages, and few translators have the foresight to request a bilingual birth." So the working model might be collaborative translation, truly reciprocal and inter-tribal, in contrast with the isolate poet-maker's little cosmos (see, for examples, such collaborative works as *Sun Chief*, *Son of Old Man Hat*, *The Autobiography of a Papago Woman*, *Crashing Thunder*, *My People the Sioux*, *Black Elk Speaks*, and *Lame Deer*, among others). An artist's creativity is participatory with things-as-they-are. Copyright here becomes a collective and cross-tribal issue. And further: "The inherent differences between languages, combined with symbolism, figurative or metaphoric manipulation of ordinary language, secret or esoteric language, and fossils of earlier, now archaic language, all contribute to a maddening Arabesque of many varieties of meaning that only the most perceptive and careful translator should confront" (Huntsman).

The basic translative paradigm is one person listening to another tell his story. But consider the variables in *Black Elk Speaks*, *Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux* (1932), perhaps the most ubiquitous text in Native American Studies, "as told through John G. Neihardt (*Flaming Rainbow*)."

At any one moment (or "word") here, three overlapping sets of at least six variables come into play:

1. the *individual* in his own genetic/psychological complex,
2. his *role* in the event at hand,
3. the *medium* involved,



My nation, behold it in kindness!
 The day of the sun has been my strength.
 The path of the moon shall be my robe.
 A sacred praise I am making.
 A sacred praise I am making.

—Heyoka Song

4. the *space/time* of the event (synchronic),
5. the *cultural matrix* around the event (diachronic),
6. and the *performance* itself.

Hehaka Sapa (Black Elk) sat on the South Dakota prairie for days with John Neihardt, family, and friends in the spring of 1931, recalling half a century of his life as an Oglala Sioux healer. His son, Ben Black Elk, translated the spoken Lakota into English speech, as Neihardt asked questions, translated back into Lakota by Ben Black Elk, recorded in stenographic notes by Neihardt's daughter, Enid. A purblind *wicasa wakan* or "holy man," Black Elk sat at the vortex of a textual performance, distinct from a set story, among his extended family, interspersed with his friends' commentaries (Standing Bear, Iron Hawk, Fire Thunder); Neihardt later translated these "translations" into a written text, exercising poetic license with the notes; the reader, still half a century later, assimilates the published account into his own life. From Black Elk's memories through Neihardt to the reader's present spans a century. The process moves from visionary-healer-singer-teller to poet-translator to literate recipient; from spoken recall to written translation to reading a book; from field anthropology, the where and when, of each person involved to the next; from the cultural traditions and histories of each to another; from informant to creative writer to reader. To note these passages stimulates care for the translative details; it raises questions about how one moves toward, or slides away from, genuine translations.

Translation is a projection (Charles Olson says of all poetry) from one place "over to" another, if an original oral performance is to survive in a written poem (tradition, from Latin *trans* + *dare* or "to give over," has a cognate etymology). But language unfolds not just as a cognitive system, intense as its logical intricacies may be. The translated event, in its new form, must re-emerge as a poem, a musical pattern with origins in dance and song, an insight into this world, an arrangement of sound and sense like no other, an ancient revelation of the workings of human nature, perhaps ceremonial or traditional in the tribe. And all the while, without distorting the original, "... a free translation bases the text on its own language. It is the task of the translator to release in his own language that pure language which is under the spell of another, to liberate the language imprisoned in a work in his re-creation of that work" (Walter Benjamin). Poems must work, word by word, line by line, *as poetry* when translated. Transliterated ethnography in itself is not necessarily poetry, no more than folkloric motifs or anthropological paradigms, and may betray the original by failing to carry over its music, tribal value, or clarity of perception.

"A real translation is transparent," Benjamin argues; "it does not cover the original, does not block its light, but allows the pure language, as though reinforced by its own medium, to shine upon the original all the more fully." Within its cultural integrity, *all* poetry, in original text or rendered into another language/culture, is an act of translation *into* the medium of language. The original "poem" or song, described by Black Elk as the "sacred language" of "a great Voice . . . silent" in a vision, springs from a pre-verbal illumination in the singer's imagination, perhaps from the gods. In *Selected Translations 1968-1978* the American poet, W. S. Merwin, adds: "When I tried to formulate practically what I wanted of a translation, whether by someone else or by me, it was something like this: without deliberately altering the overt meaning of the original poem, I wanted the translation to represent, with as much life as possible, some aspect, some quality of the poem which made the translator think it was worth translating in the first place." And many removes later we ask of the translation: Does the poem *honor* the source of the original (its inherent cultural values)? Does the poem *sing* with an echo of the original music (rhythm, tone, syntax, structure)? Does the poem freshly *penetrate* things (insight and meaning)? Does the poem *give expression* to a truth (accurate form and style)? To question authenticity in translation, to look back to a poem's origins, is to look forward to issues concerning the very nature of poetry itself.

Since the early ethnology and folklore of almost a century ago, gestating the new "sciences" of archeology, anthropology, and linguistics, a new literary interest in Native America has developed, accelerated by alternative cultural explorations in the 1960s. Beginning with George Cronyn's *The Path of the Rainbow* (1918), other anthologies followed in time: Margot Astrov's *The Winged Serpent* (1946), A. Grove Day's *The Sky Clears* (1951), John Bierhorst's *In the Trail of the Wind* (1971), *Four Masterworks of American Indian Literature* (1974) and *The Red Swan* (1976), Thomas Sanders and Walter Peeks's *Literature of the American Indian* (1973), Gloria Levitas's *American Indian Prose and Poetry* (1974), Frederick Turner's *North American Indian Reader* (1974), Alan Velie's *American Indian Literature* (1979), and the more experimental *Shaking the Pumpkin* (1972) by Jerome Rothenberg and *The Magic World* (1971) by William Brandon. Indeed, a number of America's writers, from Thoreau with the word "Indians" on his dying breath, to novelists such as Cooper and Melville, Faulkner and Hemingway, Berger and Kesey, to contemporary poets Snyder, Merwin, Rexroth, Olson, Levertov, Rothenberg, Creeley, Kelly, Berg, Simpson, Wagoner, Norman, and Tedlock, have found a need to "go native," ingenuously or genuinely, seeking their more integral place in this land, their uses among people,

their tribal language and audience, their raw material in the myth and history and imagination of America. "Not for himself surely to be an Indian, though they eagerly sought to adopt him into their tribes, but the reverse: to be *himself* in a new world, Indianlike" (Williams, *In the American Grain*). Non-Indians cannot be Indians; but they can translate, discover or re-discover, their own tribal place in this earth. "We won't get Indian culture as cheaply as we got Manhattan" (William Bevis). Granted the good intentions of faulty translations, perhaps, how can we correct "the 'wilderness' poet approach which finds a tranquilly recollecting rhymers in every tree," noted by Jeffrey Huntsman? How see Native America for the many and diverse peoples and pasts and regions they comprise, rather than after-images of the feathered, naked, promiscuous, lawless, cannibal stereotype of the misrepresented Brazilian Tupinamba in the first New World woodcut surfacing in Germany in 1505: "They also fight with each other. They also eat each other even those who are slain, and hang the flesh of them in smoke. They live one hundred and fifty years. And have no government" (Hugh Honour, *The New Golden Land*)? How avert the commercial travesty and exploitation of *Hanta Yo* a will-to-power rendition of the Teton Sioux under a Lakota title—meaning, not as Ruth Beebe Hill supposes, "Clear the path," but more "Get out of the way"? How ward off ethnic slumming?

A translation can miss the truth of place and cultural history, looking sideways in space, or mar the delicacies of re-creative poetry, mirroring itself. The Tewa anthropologist, Alfonso Ortiz, wrote me that he rejects the artifice of Brandon's *The Magic World* and Rothenberg's *Shaking the Pumpkin* because they "de-contextualize so much that, very often, one can no longer recognize from where—from what people's singular genius—a given piece came after they have worked it over" (correspondence, 16 September 1979). At the same time, in a recent issue of *Western American Literature*, H. S. McAllister defends the "revolutionary" thrust of Rothenberg's experiments in "total translation," even if all the re-workings do not work all the time. With Trickster's room "for messing around," Rothenberg wants a poem-for-poem translation "not only of the words but of all sounds connected with the poem, including finally the music itself." His former co-editor of *Alcheringa*, Dennis Tedlock, succeeds more consistently in *Finding the Center: Narrative Poetry of the Zuni Indians*. Surely this is a matter of cultural understanding and poetic taste, of who does the translating and re-working, of how skillfully they re-create the song-poem. Levertov's Aztec adaptations in *Pumpkin* ring true, Olson's Mayan myths touch us with ancient narrative arts, and Merwin's "Crow Versions" catch the spirit-echo of the original songs notated by Lowie:

I am climbing
everywhere is

coming up

McAllister defends the intent, apart from the total success: "These new translations, like the originals, are vital poetry, and the essential alienness of the originals has been translated as well as the words." McAllister goes on to discuss participatory immersion within the environmental "field" of a poem, taking leads from Edward Hall, Marshall McLuhan, Walter Ong, and Barre Toelken, among others:

For us, the word is a third-hand, highly abstracted symbol, finite in the sense that its quantity is determined by its letters, discrete in the sense that it occupies visual space on the page. Its "thingness" is the visual structure we call the alphabet. Because of our deeply grounded literacy, which impinges on our total sense of language, the word is for us primarily (though not exclusively) a visual entity. For a non-literate poet or culture, the word is unambiguously oral/aural.

The aural word, though not infinite, is finite in a continuum rather than being clearly bounded like the visual word; the aural word is a portion of the flow which makes up our sound environment. The non-literate is more comfortable than the literate with the sense of language as a flow of sound, because that is how his ear perceives language, and he has not had the perception contradicted by knowledge of the discrete segments of meaning that appear on the page. However, he also perceives words as discrete "things," but this individuation is different from ours, again because of the lack of an abstracted visual mode like our alphabet. With the image of written language to cue us, we have no difficulty imagining what the aural poet means if he says that words are pebbles of meaning, but that very image of written language makes us see as a metaphor what he may mean as a literal statement.

Yes, and perhaps this is why Rothenberg and others seem strained or gimmicked at times, self-indulgently Westernized in attempts at free translation from oral cultures. Form is never free, poets say, any more than verse, regardless of new or old discoveries. Still, more to the point, what is the proper re-creation to carry performance into print, dance onto the page, ceremony into the classroom, one language and sense of reality over into new ones? Begin with caution against defacing the original, listen truly, and proceed with attention to the way *translated* language takes shape, on the page, relayed in the mind and body, *as a poem*.

"The poem's form is the sound it makes when spoken," McAllister

One should listen to the song-poets on these issues, from all cultures, for their life *is* poetry, not theory, and they certainly master poetic form and function beyond the ethnologists, linguists, structural anthropologists, or literary critics, who by and large do not write, perhaps even seriously read, poetry in their own language.

All the warm nights
sleep in moonlight

keep letting it
go into you

do this
all your life

do this
you will shine outward
in old age

the moon will think
you are
the moon

—Swampy Cree, Howard Norman, translator

Who knows more about the makings and performings of the word than the "word senders" themselves?

I do not know how many there are of these songs of mine. Only I know that they are many, and that all in me is song. I sing as I draw breath. (Orpingalik, Netsilik Eskimo)

Songs (poems) are thoughts sung out with the breath when people are moved by great forces and ordinary speech no longer suffices. . . . And then it will happen that we, who always think we are small, will feel still smaller. And we will fear to use words. But it will happen that the words we need will come of themselves. When the words we want to use shoot up of themselves—we get a new song. (Orpingalik)

It was the pictures I remembered and the words that went with them; for nothing I have ever seen with my eyes was so clear and bright as what my vision showed me; and no words that I have ever heard with my ears were like the words I heard. I did not have to remember these things; they have remembered themselves all these years. (Black Elk)

A description in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, unlike one in the *Aeneid* or in most modern writers, is the swift and natural observation of a man as he is shaped by life. (W. B. Yeats)

No tool 'gainst tiger,
no boat for river.
That much, no more,
and they know it;
but above all to be precise
at the gulf's edge
or on thin ice.

(Confucius, *Shih-Ching*)

To me it seems more and more as though our customary consciousness lives on the tip of a pyramid whose base within us (and in a certain way beneath us) widens out so fully that the farther we find ourselves able to descend into it, the more generally we appear to be merged into those things that, independent of time and space, are given in our earthly, in the widest sense worldly, existence. (Ranier Maria Rilke)

...if he is contained within his nature as he is participant in the larger force, he will be able to listen, and his hearing through himself will give him secrets objects share. And by an inverse law his shapes will make their own way. (Charles Olson)

The author's conviction on this day of New Year is that music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance; that poetry begins to atrophy when it gets too far from music. . . . (Ezra Pound)

In regard to the songs, Dreamer-of-the-Sun told me that I may pray with my mouth and the prayer will be heard, but if I *sing* the prayer it will be heard *sooner* by *Wakan' Tanka*. (Red Weasel, Standing Rock Sioux)

I go backward, look forward, as the porcupine does. (Joseph Nibènegene-sábe, Swampy Cree)

Do you picture it, or do you just write it down? (Joseph Peynetsa, Zuni)

I am ashamed before the earth;
I am ashamed before the heavens;
I am ashamed before the dawn;
I am ashamed before the evening twilight;
I am ashamed before the blue sky;
I am ashamed before the sun.

I am ashamed before that standing within me which speaks with me.

Some of these things are always looking at me.
I am never out of sight.
Therefore I must tell the truth.
I hold my word tight to my breast. (Old Torlino, Navajo)

First and finally, the words must *sing*, as Albert Lord says of oral formulaic tradition, not "for but in performance," applicable to Native American oral literatures, now finding voice in written languages, no less than to Homeric epics. "Text" is only a stop-time facet of the embracing mode and texture of a cultural performance, as Toelken and Dundes and others remind us. "But the Indian, you take away everything from him, he still has his mouth to pray, to sing the ancient songs" (Pete Catches, Pine Ridge Sioux medicine man).

A translator must take care not to package chants and ceremonial texts (music, religion, medicine, history) into technological and commercial artifacts, as print can temporarily petrify the spirit of dance, song, narration, healing ritual, prayer, or private witness to a world alive to interior needs: "Because there is a difference, and there will always be a difference, as long as one Indian is left alive. Our beliefs are rooted deep in our earth, no matter what you have done to it and how much of it you have paved over. And if you leave all that concrete unwatched for a year or two, our plants, the native Indian plants, will pierce that concrete and push up through it" (Lame Deer, Rosebud Sioux healer). Not everyone wants his or her shadow caught, notwithstanding Edward Curtis's genius, and some cultures don't care to "share" tribal ways and values with the non-Indian world (witness the Cheyenne controversy over *Seven Arrows*). The traditionalists resent sacred implements on display in museums (the Smithsonian, for example, as antiquarian dumping ground for native North America) and resist the recording of songs, ceremonies, and customs as data in Bureau of Ethnology and American Anthropological reports. Vine Deloria, the political trickster in *Custer Died For Your Sins*, dubs most anthropology the work of "ideological vultures" scavenging for tenure. In this regard, anthropology bears the bite of a restless Westering society that imperializes, knowingly or unknowingly, with an indiscreet appetite for *other* cultures, for travel and exploration and conquest, for the new and exotic and untouched, out of a dearth of self-definition within inchoate cultural traditions. Though Susan Sontag (*Against Interpretation*) eulogizes the anthropologist, Claude Lévi-Strauss, as the modern cultural hero in his international cross-overs, a Navajo who never met him might wonder how a few younger years of field work in South America equips a French academic, for all his Western brilliance, to deep-structure "the savage mind"

(read "neolithic" or pre-technological) through a windstorm of library research. "The Indian has been for a long time generalized in the imagination of the white man," N. Scott Momaday (Kiowa) observes. "Denied the acknowledgment of individuality and change, he has been made to become in theory what he could not become in fact, a synthesis of himself." Deloria finds this living in the "shadows of a mythical super-Indian." Of what *use*, the Native American might question today, is a taxonomic system of anthropological equivalences among diverse tribes, discontinuous in space and time, scattered all over North and South America, faced with immediate survival? This won't hold many sheep, Henry Yellowman would observe to Barre Toelken. These reflections may have sent Lévi-Strauss back to the table manners of his own culture (*L'Origine des Manières de Table*, 1968). To rephrase Deloria, "Anthro, Know Thyself."

[In Washington] I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. . . . Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misrepresentations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians" (Chief Joseph, Nez Percé, 1879 speech to Congress).

The *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* is developed, run by and for, American Indian peoples. Its "aim" is to counter misunderstandings among Indian and non-Indian ways of life, while tending and preserving tribal cultures. Whatever the disciplines, as the academic world slices reality, wherever the region and time, from over five hundred original native North American tribes, 315 officially extant (one hundred more petitioning for their existence), the issues emerge as interdisciplinary ones of *translation*. "The people" themselves want to be heard, not spoken for or paraphrased. There must always be an attention that ceremonial texts are not reduced to market products or cultural oddities, but instead that translations preserve their traditional contexts, respond to their participant audiences, maintain their sacred and/or medicinal powers (even if this means protection *from* translation), and keep alive their improvisational and traditional tellers and singers. "The best story teller is one who lets you live if the weather is bad and you are

hungry," William Smith told Howard Norman, Swampy Cree translator. "Maybe it won't be easy to hear, inside the story, but it's there. Too easy to find you might think it was too easy to do."

In this issue of the *Journal* appear an eclectic Karok Coyote tale translated with an ear for linguistic folklore and an eye to literary performance, a series of still-told Boruca oral myths presented in concrete or shaped verse, an ethnographic Zuni text reconsidered as ritual literature, an edited swatch of Yaqui autobiography, an essay on the unique concerns among current Indian writers, suites of traditional and modernist poems by a young Yuki, and reviews of Native American literature.

William Bright (UCLA) conflates several Karok Coyote variants from northwestern California, minding the stanzaic patterns of "measured verse" in Dell Hymes's structuralist folklore. With a nod toward Tedlock's Zuni work on "narrative performance," Bright considers the phoneme, the syllable, the cadenced line, and all their performing variables—the "paralinguistic" elements of pitch, loudness, silence, rhythm, and timbre—in delivery one of Trickster's timeless journeys. The account is delightful, in any language.

Susan Gordon (University of Costa Rica) moves through the triple translations, so often the case with Central and South American tribal texts finding their ways north, of Boruca oral tales, a Spanish linguistics project through the university, and her own concrete verse translations in English. "FORM IS NEVER MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF CONTENT," Charles Olson was convinced working with Mayan glyphs in the Yucatan. Gordon renders the original Boruca stories, listening to the shaped space of dramatic voices in the play of poetry, the more formal stanzaic versification of origin myth, and the prosaic story-telling of current history. Each telling or dramatizing or singing strikes its own posture in the world, on the page. Each translation remains unique and faithful to itself.

Andrew Wiget re-examines a Zuni text from the midwinter Shalako ceremonies as ritual literature, first published by Ruth Bunzel in the 1930 Bureau of Ethnology Report. In asking how to read this ceremonial text and how further to teach what we read, Wiget unearths questions of a literature's origin and context. He employs the newer structural sciences of folklore and cultural anthropology, applies linguistics to literature in considering ceremonial language, and collates technique with content through formulaic patterns, meter, metaphor, rhyme, and pitch. Wiget's work shows the broad as well as in-depth gains of interdisciplinary Native American scholarship.

Up-dating the tradition of Native American life-stories, Kay Sands (Arizona State University) edits the manuscripts of Refugio Savala's autobiography (published in 1980 from the University of Arizona Press), an acculturated Yaqui singer-teller-poet who worked most of his life on the railroad. His self-told-and-written story, including syncretic balladry from Spanish-Indian traditions, helps to represent the re-acculturated Yaqui communities in southern Arizona. Savala's common arts, once encouraged by Edward H. Spicer, set up communal alternatives, corrective options as it were, to the existential poetics of loneliness and power in Carlos Castaneda's portraits of the Yaqui *brujo*, "Don Juan."

Galen Buller (University of North Dakota) writes on modern "survivals" of Native American cultures *in literature*—the emerging arts of N. Scott Momaday (Kiowa) and Leslie Silko (Laguna Pueblo), Gerald Vizenor (Chippewa) and Paula Allen (Laguna Pueblo), James Welch (Blackfeet) and Vine Deloria (Sioux), Duane Niatum (Klallam) and Simon Ortiz (Acoma Pueblo). Buller points to the unique native motives and methods in attempting to translate healing stories, spiritual values, moral attitudes, and communal mind-sets, at variance tribally from one artist to another, and set apart even more radically from the dominant society's ways of thinking and living.

Original poems by William Oandasan (University of Illinois at Chicago Circle) are gathered throughout this issue (a selected volume is forthcoming through UCLA). Oandasan comes to us a writer of mixed bloods (Round Valley Yuki and Filipino) and backgrounds (northern California, Canada, the Philippines, the southwest, now Chicago), acculturated in modern literacies among more traditional forms: a young poet searching for the blending of voices and values in schooling himself a native in America. The ideal is to make use of one's composite place in this land. From his mother's Round Valley songs to haiku adaptations to free verse to city surrealisms, Oandasan brings the old ways forward into a new world.

"I go backward, look forward, as the porcupine does," Jacob Nibènègenesábe said of Swampy Cree traditions. The past is always "back there." A people's inherited burrow may "look forward" to their present lives, rounded on the quills of time: personal and collective history manifesting itself in who we are, where we make our home, how we live with one another, why we place ourselves in nature as-we-are. And the stories and songs: the origins of things are always with us. Rightly translated, sung, and told, the old ways rise up through the new ways. The true spirits in the world renew us continually, constantly, without fear of change, trusting seasonal continuities. Controversies over breed and

blood, urban and "res," conservation and progress, "going back" and coming forward, your tribe and mine, set up the dynamics of being who we are in the world, native to ourselves, tribal to our people, relative to all life forms, ritual to powers that spirit us. So again, to end this beginning and get on with things, how do we best "send" our word-beings "to the other side of, over, across"? The aged medicine man, Betonie, explains to the mixed blood protagonist in Silko's *Ceremony*:

"But long ago when the people were given these ceremonies, the changing began, if only in the aging of the yellow gourd rattle or the shrinking of the skin around the eagle's claw, if only in the different voices from generation to generation, singing the chants. You see, in many ways, the ceremonies have always been changing."

Tayo nodded; he looked at the medicine pouches hanging from the ceiling and tried to imagine the objects they contained.

"At one time, the ceremonies as they had been performed were enough for the way the world was then. But after the white people came, elements in this world began to shift; and it became necessary to create new ceremonies."

"... things which don't shift and grow are dead things."

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