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for men. In *Becoming Two Spirit*, moreover, two spirits' highly personal and extremely honest discussions of themselves, their lives, and their aspirations illustrate how colonialism and trauma have taken a toll. Yet resilience rules by connecting with community, ritual, and spirits.

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Blonde Indian: An Alaska Native Memoir. By Ernestine Hayes. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2006. 200 pages. \$32.95 cloth; \$16.95 paper.

Once as I was fishing for salmon, a pod of killer whales worked the edge of a drop-off; they would roll, and salmon would burst out of the water fleeing. One killer whale moved under our little boat, and when he surfaced I saw what the Lingít (or Tlingít) call his *a gooshí*, his dorsal fin, sunlit, electric. Ernestine Hayes beautifully captures that same moment of oneness in her memoir when she says, "I stand here on this particular boat, late in the afternoon of this certain day, with these people who have traveled distances near and far to stand here and be captured with me in this moment, which is gone before I blink and which will continue always to exist" (147).

That sense of oneness or the recapturing of self within the world's chaos is a central theme of Ernestine Hayes's *Blonde Indian: An Alaska Native Memoir*. Her life appears like two bookends, as an *at k'átsk'u* (child) and as a *sh yáa. awudanéiyi* (respected person). Hayes loses her way between the bookends (for twenty-five years). By interweaving firsthand accounts, metaphor, myth, and parallelism, Hayes recaptures her Lingít life and finds closure.

From the beginning of her childhood, Hayes was singled out as not fitting in, even by her own grandmother: "*Blonde Indian*. Grandmother sang and sometimes danced with me while I dipped my head and shook my hands *Blonde Indian*" (7). This was further accentuated when Hayes attended grade school and was force-fed European fairy tales, fended for herself when injured in a bloody accident, or was afraid to attend white children's birthday parties (11, 14–17). These firsthand accounts remind us how poorly children of two cultures are often treated, and we begin to understand why Hayes withdrew from Lingít culture and left Alaska. We also realize that it is imperative for her to return in order to heal and reconnect with place.

Metaphorically, Hayes constructs the memoir effectively by using chapter titles such as "The Retreating Glacier" and "The Bog." By thinking more figuratively, the memoir deepens and allows for further meaning. For example, she writes about glaciers: "After pushing as hard as they could for as long as they could, finally they gave up. They stopped pushing. They stopped pushing . . . and began to back up. Slowly in most cases. Bit by bit" (36). A reader can infer a multitude of interpretations in the selection: the Lingít culture may be backing up, which infers recovery and possibility, but it is also receding, due to the shrinking number of fluent speakers (between two hundred and four hundred). By pushing against something, Hayes suggests that her culture may

have hurt itself, or that her resistance hurt her identity. Hayes chooses her words carefully. When she writes about the salmon cycle later in the chapter, she describes the salmon as homesick while they wait for the chance to return to ancestral rivers. The metaphor and parallel are so clear: Hayes can only fulfill her own life by returning to her “home” place.

When Hayes returns home later in the memoir, she writes, “At the edge of the climax forest, a tall wide spruce slowly surrenders unrobed branches from its bog side, its bark already covered in moss. It is about to fall into the muskeg” (166). Once again, we recognize her realization of self as she begins to see her own life, her own mortality. She has not only internalized the cycles of nature but also the power of myth.

The myths of the Raven and others provide touchstones throughout the text and anchor the book’s narrative structure. Each myth adds depth to the stories; they do not seem forced or heavy-handed. Hayes deftly uses them when the moment is right. And that is true for much of her writing. The myth now enriches her family’s stories; it has filtered down. “I smiled at my uncles and their friend and listened to their proud stories about hunting for deer meat. I chased the reflection of the kitchen light bulb floating in my greasy soup” (26).

More parallelism comes in the form of peripheral stories about Old and Young Tom, a father and son, who share almost identical lives. Their relationship to Hayes is unclear, but they fulfill an enormously important purpose: to show how Native lives are cyclical, how one’s ancestry deeply affects behavior. Here Hayes is at her best: she creates a rich, complex set of narratives that play off each other beautifully. Hayes tracks both men through boarding school, bouts of alcoholism, fishing careers, failed relationships, and bad parenting. Hayes draws the parallelism with careful construction of language that matches up with Old Tom in chapter 1: “By then he’d made some friends, and he’d learned how to lie and how to laugh at the preacher’s prissy, clean hands” (29) and Young Tom in chapter 3: “and how to take a whipping and pray for an hour when he was being punished” (82). This technique joins the two stories seamlessly. The exact sentence is used to describe both men’s experiences with the same fishing boat: “The captain would make him wait as long as he could to cash out” (29, 86). The stories of Young and Old Tom are allegorical in meaning, and they offer deep insight into the destruction of self and culture.

Within the destruction of self and culture, there are profound moments. Old Tom’s father says that “‘they won’t stop until they do the same things to us that they did to their own Jesus. They beat us and break the land and then they crucify us. After that they worship it all.’ . . . ‘They run us over, and they run the land over, and they take what they want, and when they got us beat they plant a fence around everything and say it’s all theirs’” (36).

The memoir has some minor problems. Hayes could have included more of her own inner turmoil within the third chapter, which seems to gloss over a sizeable portion of her life, mostly because it does not connect with Lingít culture. Perhaps we should see more of the angst caused by her Christianity or her bad marriage. This could be accomplished through inner monologue.

Also, her prose becomes a bit stilted in the last chapter, but that may be due to its historical focus. It reads, at times, like a history lesson: "The town now called Petersburg was given that title to memorialize a man of Norwegian descent by the name of Peter Bushmann" (140).

For the most part Hayes' writing is multidimensional and poetic: "I will see more whales and eagles, I will see rough weather and calm. I will grow older, I will grow old. I will die. And all the while, a part of me will be lost in one moment, killer whales will surround me forever, that eternal moment will never happen again" (147). Beyond a few inconsistencies, *Blonde Indian* is a remarkable book. The reader cannot help but admire Hayes as she pulls herself out of a bad marriage and homelessness and successfully rights her life. It is a worthy and crucial book to help understand not only Lingít culture but also to find "oneness" in life.

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Canyon Gardens: The Ancient Pueblo Landscapes of the American Southwest. Edited by V. B. Price and Baker H. Morrow. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. 264 pages. \$34.95 cloth.

Interdisciplinary approaches to landscape studies have tweaked the way we employ language to articulate even the most basic concepts at the heart of our research. A generation ago *place* was often the preferred term among specialists who were trying to identify and explain the links between the natural world and human design. Whether it was a parish cemetery located across from a gentrified basketball court in Philadelphia, a modest orchard adjacent to the efficiently tilled fields of an agribusiness in Iowa, or a decaying boardwalk that supported local candy stores and thrift shops at the Jersey shore, earlier scholars sought to measure the impact of modernity on a rapidly changing urban and rural landscape that transformed livelihood as much as it did childhood. V. B. Price and Baker Morrow recognize and appreciate the stronger points elucidated by the previous generation and propose a new conceptual framework in their edited anthology. Instead of *place* we find *space* and *landscape* used in ways that reveal how Ancestral Pueblo peoples imbued, and contemporary Pueblos continue to imbue, the full landscape with spiritual meaning and a pragmatic sensibility.

Price sets the tone at the outset in his prologue. He argues quite persuasively that studies of space and landscape need to go beyond natural vistas, gardens, and golf courses, which offer limited understandings of culture and environment. A broader framework integrates cultural geography, landscape architecture, archaeology, and ethnohistory. The influence of the late J. B. Jackson, a well-known cultural geographer, is clear, as Price sees analytical value in Jackson's use of popular landscape patterns and objects to examine utilitarian and social forms and symbols in the human-constructed environment. Ancestral Pueblos enter the picture as some of the most studied