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Telling Dreams and Keeping Secrets: The Bole Maru as American Indian Religious Resistance

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"Do we tell them our stories?" I asked. I felt doubt again.

Seated at Auntie Violet Chappell's table with many of my aunties and uncles, I wondered whether our trip to Stanford University was a good idea after all. It was three A.M. We prayed, sang ceremonial songs for the trip. After the prayer ceremony, around midnight, we sat down to eat. We were still talking. In order to arrive at Stanford by ten in the morning we would have to leave the reservation at six, in just three hours.

A former professor of mine had asked if I could get some members of my family to speak before a large audience about the popular and widely distributed ethnographic documentary film *The Sucking Doctor*. I said yes enthusiastically, even before consulting my family. The film covers the second night of a Kashaya Pomo healing ceremony in the Kashaya Roundhouse. Essie Parrish, Violet's mother and the last Bole Maru leader, or Dreamer, of the Kashaya Pomo, sucks a pain out of her patient's body. The audience hears many of her doctoring songs and witnesses her dancing and her work to locate and extract the disease. Cache Creek Pomo medicine woman and Dreamer Mabel McKay claimed Essie's death was due in part to her making of this film; not the making, perhaps, but the showing of our ceremonies to people unfamiliar with our rules. "She had to sacrifice," Mabel

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said. "I seen it in my Dream."

Anita Silva, the outspoken Kashaya politician, looked up from her coffee. "The question isn't, Do we tell them? It's, What do we say?"

"Oh," Violet said from her place at the head of the table. "There's just so much to this." Her voice was shaky, uneven.

"It's hard for her," said Anita.

"That's what I mean," I interjected. "We don't have to go. So much is at stake."

Violet set her coffee on the table and picked up an unlit cigarette. "They're going to show the film, and I have to see Mom in front of all those people. Oh . . . ."

Her anxiety provoked my own. This was my family, after all. Many of them are related to my grandmother. We share and practice the same religious beliefs. By my family I mean those faithful to the doctrine and teachings of Essie Parrish. At Kashaya, I have other "family" with whom I am related by blood and have friendly relations but do not share the same religious beliefs.[1] For weeks, even after my family agreed to come forth publicly for the first time since the film was made nearly thirty years ago, I worried that I might be setting them up to be compromised. Again, that old tug between my university life and my life as an Indian.

"We don't have to do it," I said again.

"Look," Violet said, exhaling a cloud of smoke and dropping a match into her ashtray. "It's true what you said, Greg, how you approached us about this matter. It's time for us to stand up, speak out. It's something I've been thinking about for a long time. It's prophecy. It's prophecy, who we are in the history of things. It's Mom's Dream we're thinking about right here. That's why we prayed first. For inspiration. For truth and protection in what we do according to Mom."

Auntie Violet cleared bowls and glasses as if to make room for what she had to say next. She set her cigarette in the ashtray. "OK, what happened? When Mom made that film she knew she was getting tricked. Those people from the universities told her it would be hers, just for her. Her family. So why did she do it? Because in her Dream she seen what was coming. She knew phonies would come out of the woodwork, Indian and white. After her death they would come around saying they are Dreaming her. But it's the devil they're seeing. So she did that film—something never done before—for truth, for protection. We who know the rules can heal ourselves with that."

Violet paused and took a puff from her cigarette. "OK, Mom knew moonsick women would hear those doctoring songs. She knew people would see things they shouldn't see. She knew what would happen. She knew it would come to this right here tonight. But she left us a tradition, something to keep thinking and talking about in our lives, something to carry through all time. But it's up to us to do it. And this is the next step. You see, we're sitting here talking about it, about prophecy, about the teachings. We're knowing who we are."

"Yes, Auntie," I said, "and that's what's bothering me. How do we tell that to others? I mean . . ."

Anita leaned forward. "It goes back to what I said. What do we say? But I'm not worried. It'll come. I know."

"I'm not worried either," Violet said. "Not anymore. I guess that's what I was getting to. We know who we are. We know what to do. We'll know . . ."

"But . . ."

"But nothing," Anita snapped, getting up from the table. "Have faith. You're letting the white come out in you. Hah! I just say."

In *The Sucking Doctor,* Essie Parrish is wearing her white dress. Her three helpers who sing with her wear white dresses also. The dresses are sacred, unique to Essie Parrish's doctoring ceremonies, something given to her in her Dream. The practice of sucking to extract disease is ancient among the various Pomo tribes of Lake, Mendocino, and Sonoma counties in Northern California. Sucking doctors traditionally have been considered the most valuable and powerful healers. While Essie Parrish was a sucking doctor, she was at the same time the Bole Maru, or Dream Dance, leader, directing all Kashaya Pomo religious activity from the dictates of her Dream. She directed the dances and singing and designed all the costumes, such as the white dresses, for given ceremonies. The film, then, not only documents a healing ceremony among the Kashaya Pomo, but in doing as much, it captures a feature of the Kashaya Bole Maru religion.

The Bole Maru, or Bole Hesi, as it is called among the Southwestern Wintun immediately east of the Pomo, is not ancient. Rather it is a revitalization religion, a religious and, ultimately, political response to European and Euro-American domination and ideology.[2] Like the Plains Ghost Dance religion, the Bole Maru was instigated to some degree by the doctrine of Wovoka, the Paiute prophet, who prophesied cataclysmic destruction of the earth and of all the invaders and a return to the precontact Indian way of life.[3]

In the winter of 1871–72, Richard Taylor, a Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo medicine man, called all the Pomo tribes to the eastern shores of Clear Lake in Lake County, where his followers had constructed seven semisubterranean earth lodges to protect the faithful against the flood that Taylor claimed would clean the world of white people.[4] More than a thousand people gathered under the seven earth lodges. Of course, they were disappointed when Taylor's Dream proved untrue. But what they carried home with them, what they had heard during their stay in the lodges, was the spirit of revitalization. Each Pomo tribe subsequently produced their own prophets, or Dreamers, who carried on and developed the Bole Maru religion in specific ways, with specific dances and rituals.

While the influence of these Bole Maru Dreamers was different from tribe to tribe, and while each tribe had its own Dreamer and individual dances, songs, and costumes associated with that Dreamer, certain features new to Pomo religion and social organization emerged throughout Pomo territory. Where once there had been many private or secret cults within a tribe, now an entire tribe was united under one cult, the Bole Maru. The Dreamers stressed the afterlife and preached the Protestant work ethic and Puritan principles of cleanliness and abstinence. They forbade gambling and drinking. They insisted that women keep their bodies covered at all times, particularly during ceremonial activities, in Victorian attire, high-necked long dresses that covered the legs and upper arms. The Dreamers were predominantly women, and, while they were not called chiefs, they assumed the role of tribal leaders, organizing their respective tribes' social and political activities around the doctrine of their Dreams.

Cora DuBois, an anthropologist who studied the Bole Maru in the 1930s, saw the movement as a significant revitalizing effort. Yet she implies that in the long run it generally opened the door to further Christianization and the decline of Indian religion and ideology. In 1939, she wrote, "At the moment it represents one of the terminal points in a progressively Christianized ideology, for which the Ghost Dance and its subsequent cults were the transitional factors."[5] By the winter of 1871–72, massacres, disease, and slave raiding by whites (and the Mexicans before the whites) had reduced the Pomo to under 10 percent of their precontact population. They had lost 99 percent of the land they once called home and lived on the land of local ranchers, only at the approval of the ranchers, whom they served as a source of cheap labor.[6]

Christian groups moved in, Catholics and Protestants, and agreed to protect and help those Indians who converted. Given these conditions and the general domination and oppression that have followed the Pomo to the present, it is no wonder that what DuBois saw, like the settlers and missionaries before her, were the ways in which the Pomo Indians, in a surviving religious cult or otherwise, integrated Christian religion and Victorian ideology at the expense of their own identities and beliefs as Indians.[7] Clearly, the Pomo could not afford to show how a blending of different religious and cultural ideals laid the foundation for a fierce Indian resistance that exists in many places to this day.[8]

While the Pomo Indians donned Victorian clothing and lived seemingly Christian lives, their Bole Maru leaders inculcated an impassioned Indian nationalism in the homes and ceremonial roundhouses. Everything associated with the white world was deemed taboo; interactions with whites except for necessary work-related situations was forbidden. Intermarriage with the foreigners was prohibited. Some tribes practiced the infanticide of mixed-blood children. It was taught that the invaders had no place in the afterlife and that unnecessary association with them could cost a person the reward of everlasting life. Seen from an Indian nationalist perspective, the assimilation of Victorian ideology then looks very different. The ban on drinking, gambling, and adultery not only assured the continuance of individual tribes but also of given family lines within the same tribes. And while the Bole Maru united each tribe around one particular cult, it influenced the revival of other ancient cults and secret societies. Families associated with certain secret cults again had sons and daughters who could learn and carry on special traditions. So while the Bole Maru was emergent in terms of its doctrine and social and religious structure, it simultaneously enhanced the resurgence and fortification of many precontact structures integral to Pomo life and ideology. In sum, it seems more likely from this perspective that the Pomo coopted what was useful in Victorian ideology and Biblical religion.

Of course, an understanding of the dynamics of any resistance movement and its success or lack of success depends upon who is examining it, what the circumstances are, and the methods being employed. Any perspective will have its limitations. Representatives from the dominant culture exploring the resistance of a subjugated people are likely to see little more than what the people

choose, or can afford, to show them. In turn, a subjugated people may not see the ways in which their resistance may further their alienation from the dominant culture and thus work to weaken their resistance and hasten their demise. And it must also be remembered that the method and narrative format used by either side in reporting what it sees or chooses to tell will compromise the experience of the movement in given ways. The possibility of open cross-cultural communication productive for both cultures usually will be strained, even in safer, postcolonial, more comfortably pluralistic contexts, by the history of domination and subjugation and persistent behavioral and cultural patterns of intercultural communication associated with that history.

The Pomo are generally private, averse to open exchange with persons outside their respective tribal communities. The Bole Maru, with its emphasis on local individual Dreamers, reinforced the stringent localism of the precontact cultures. Secrecy as an aspect of precontact culture became an asset for the resistance. As Essie Parrish once said of a university professor who wanted to interview her, "I watched. I listened. I let him show who he was. The white people, they're not like us. They show fast."

And this brings me back to the issues that concern me now, just as they did that night before our trip to Stanford to discuss *The Sucking Doctor*. In creating narratives for others about our narratives, religious or otherwise, in what ways are we not only compromising those narratives but at the same time compromising our resistance and identities, which are largely dependent upon those narratives? How might my particular discussion of the Bole Maru from an insider's perspective be appropriated by outsiders for their purposes, political or otherwise? The fact that I am writing or even speaking about the Bole Maru in this paper requires that my presentation utilize certain narrative forms, alone or together, that are accessible and intelligible to those of you who are not Kashaya Pomo. The ways I hear about and experience the Bole Maru religion are generally not similar in form, narrative or otherwise, to my narrative form of presentation and explanation herein, which is, at least in the middle part of this paper, "hypothetical-deductive."[9] I present an event or narrative, say associated with the Bole Maru, and deductively prove or disprove given hypotheses regarding the event or narrative. Your sense and understanding of the Bole Maru is based largely on this narrative model. The model affords little regarding my Kashaya Pomo sense of the Bole Maru. Is the fact that for you

I must distort and reinvent my Bole Maru narratives and experience of them an assurance that they are safe, at least in their previous forms? Will significant content leak out and be appropriated regardless? What can possibly be achieved here for both you and me?

I am a mixed-blood Indian (Pomo-Coast Miwok-Filipino on my father's side; Jewish-German-Irish on my mother's) and grew up in both Indian and white families. While I am related to many of the Kashaya people, my religious affiliation with them is through Mabel McKay, Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo Dreamer, whom I knew as a child in Santa Rosa. (The Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo are the easternmost tribe of Pomo, originally residing in the hills of Clear Lake in Lake County; the Kashaya are the southwesternmost tribe of Pomo, residing along the coastal area of Sonoma County; the Coast Miwok are coastal peoples also, living immediately south of the Kashaya Pomo in Sonoma and Marin counties. The city of Santa Rosa, about twenty-five miles inland from the coast, is located in the territory of the southern Pomo.) Mabel McKay worked closely with Essie Parrish on spiritual matters.

So I did not come to Kashaya religious doctrine as a child on the Kashaya Reservation, growing up with the particular teachings of the Kashaya Dreamer. Rather, I came as an outsider, or an insider coming back from the outside, with an outside Dreamer who had teachings similar to and compatible with those of Essie Parrish. I am in a privileged position then; all the more reason for me to be concerned with anything that might jeopardize that position, such as compromising Kashaya family members and revealing private information. Add to the problem my lengthy relationship with universities as a student and now as a professor. I must mediate not only between different purposes regarding the study of American Indian culture and texts but at the same time between different modes of discourse about those different purposes.

Renato Rosaldo observes that social analysts—and, I would add, literary critics, since they are often one and the same these days—can "often belong to multiple, overlapping communities."[10] He says that "the social analyst's multiple identities at once underscore the potential for uniting an analytical with an ethical project and render obsolete the view of the utterly detached observer who looks down from on high."[11] The position of having multiple identities as a result of belonging to multiple, overlapping communities may underscore the potential for new and

inventive projects, but it often is not an easy position to be in, not a comfortable borderlands existence; nor does it guarantee a project or report agreeable and intelligible to all of the communities involved. In any case here, my allegiance is first to my Indian community.[12]

So far I have mentioned only the features of the Bole Maru that are generally known or that, if known, would be of no particular threat to my people. You do not know, for example, the ways in which a meaningful retention of Kashaya Pomo values is maintained or the ways in which the retention constitutes resistance. A discussion, say, of orality and oral tradition will not necessarily open the cultural territory of the oral tradition for the purpose of finding answers to issues of resistance, any more than a discussion of secrets will necessarily reveal their content and significance. Obviously, we no longer don Victorian clothing; times have changed. An important feature of the Bole Maru tradition is the stipulation that dances, songs, and costumes brought about by the Dreamer must end with her death. Prayer songs and costumes given by the Dreamer to particular individuals for protection and health may continue to be used after the Dreamer's death only if she has given explicit permission. In some cases, certain songs or dances may be passed down to a successor. But everything else associated with the Dreamer stops with her death. New or revived ceremonies must come only with a new Dreamer recognized by the entire tribe. This not only reinforces the unique characteristics and manifestations of the Bole Maru in individual Pomo communities but also allows for a continuous reinvention of the tradition in those communities, always adapting the tradition and subsequently Indian identity to changing historical circumstances.

I have spoken of the movement in the past tense. Specifically, what I have not talked about is the present state of affairs. You might know that Essie Parrish has died and that we have been without a Dreamer to lead dances and so forth for over ten years. But what of my family's particular activities affiliated with the Bole Maru tradition? We do not and, according to Violet Chappell, we have never referred to that tradition as Bole Maru. "Those are white men's words," Violet says.[13] According to DuBois, "This is a compound term consisting, respectively, of the Patwin and Pomo words for the cult."[14] What Pomo was she referring to? Pomo and Patwin are also "white men's words," terms ethnographers used to categorize us by language families they invented with linguists to order and make sense of the cultural diversity

they encountered among native peoples in the area.[15] We are Pomo, Kashaya Pomo or whatever Pomo, because we must be for the purposes of Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) and other United States government relations. It is something we must don like the Victorian clothes of old. The Kashaya Pomo are and have been, since time immemorial, *wina ·má·bakȅya*, people who belong to the land.

Enough already.

Many Kashaya people might not agree with what I have said thus far. Others who are immersed in other religions might not care. It means something to my family, and it means something to you, the reader, since you are reading this paper. Wanting to know this or that for whatever reasons is nothing new for outsiders coming to Indian Territory.[16]

But now we—and I mean the family of Kashaya Pomo who share and practice a certain doctrine—are coming forth as never before. As Auntie Violet said, "It's time for us to stand up, speak out . . . . It's who we are in the history of things."

So what happens?

When we left the reservation that morning for Stanford University, it was still dark. None of us had slept; we were wide awake, still talking. Driving down the mountain, I noticed a pink eastern sky. Red sky in the morning, sailors take warning, I thought.

Anita and Violet rode with me and Vivien, Violet's sister; her family and three of Anita's children followed in separate cars. In Santa Rosa and Rohnert Park, we stopped to pick up more relatives. Seven cars pulled into Stanford, and I think my former professor was quite surprised. He stood in the middle of the parking lot where he was waiting for us, watching one car after another pass alongside of him.

I introduced him to Auntie Anita and Auntie Violet, and then the congregation of about thirty people followed him to a large lecture hall. The hall was full of students and faculty who wanted to hear what Essie Parrish's family had to say about *The Sucking Doctor*. The three of us—Anita, Violet, and I—took our seats at a table at the front of the room. The others found seats in the back of the room or stood lining the walls.

The professor introduced Violet and Anita as the daughters of Essie Parrish, the legendary Pomo medicine woman and tribal leader. "The same one you saw in the film," he said, "and they are here to talk about that and whatever else they might want to say." He then took a seat in the audience.

Anita is actually Essie Parrish's niece.

I stood up immediately and introduced the entire family, explaining how everyone was related to everyone else. As I sat down, Anita quipped for all to hear, "Whites ain't so good with genealogies."

Nervous laughter from the audience. Then silence.

Finally, Anita turned to Violet. "Do you want me to start?" Violet nodded.

"OK," Auntie Anita said, facing the crowd. "What do you want to know?"

The audience seemed stunned, confused. They were motionless in their seats, looking at my aunties in their dark stretch pants and brightly colored blouses. The crowd expected a lecture of some kind; they expected to be talked to. I had seen Mabel McKay turn the tables on audiences in this manner. With Mabel, people often became confused, disoriented. With Anita, the audience was likely to be intimidated as well as confused and disoriented. She is a large woman, forthright, with a powerful voice. "I am a rock," she says. "I know who I am, and nobody's going to take that away from me."

The second hand on the clock on the wall circled twice. I saw the professor biting his nails.

"OK," Anita boomed. "These things you want us to talk about—all the things in our lives—are sacred. Do you know what that means, what sacred is?"

A moment passed, and then a young man close to the front of the room raised his hand. "I want to go back to the first question," he said. He was nervously picking at his beard.

"My pleasure, sir," said Anita with a teasing chuckle.

"Can you tell us something about the film we saw . . . . Well, we saw two films, the one with your mother making acorn mush and the ceremony one. Can you say something about the ceremony film?"

Anita and Violet glanced at one another. Anita looked back to the student. "Why do you want to know?"

The student blushed, then came back with, "We have to write about it."

"Hah! How the hell you going to write about something you don't know anything about? Me, I'm sixty years old and I couldn't write about that film. It's too, too . . . what's the word I want? Complicated, that's it. There's so much to Auntie's teachings. It's full of meaning . . . ."

Violet jumped up and turned to the blackboard. "Look," she said. She picked up a piece of chalk and drew several horizontal lines. "OK, the film about the acorn mush, where Mom demonstrates making that mush, that's down here, this bottom line. Say lesson one. The doctoring film is way up here on top. Like she said, 'It's complicated.' All this, all of it is complicated. You can't just figure out this up here and not know the rest."

Violet sat down.

"That's a dumb assignment you got," Anita said to the student. "Maybe I won't get asked back here, but I just had to say that. Maybe I'm not too gracious."

"Look," said Violet, "I'm trying to think in your terms. All of this is like a book to us—Mom's teachings, her stories. We're still reading it. We won't be finished until we die. You want to finish the book, say what it is, and go on. Am I saying anything to you?"

With trepidation I shot a glance at the professor. He was red-faced, sunk low in his seat, seemingly choked in his tweed coat and tie.

Violet acknowledged another student, a woman in a long black overcoat with bobbed magenta-colored hair.

"Is this . . . if you believe, can you be healed? Is that how it works?"

Anita leaned forward, pointing at the woman. "You was going to say, 'Is it all in our minds,' wasn't you? That's OK. Don't be ashamed. Be honest. In enough time we'd find out about each one of you. And that's what I'm looking for right now—where you people are at." Anita sat back and adjusted her glasses. "Thank you. I know something about you, young lady."

I thought of the woman's question and remembered Mabel McKay's response: "Whether you believe it or not, it's true." I wanted Anita to answer the woman, to say what Mabel had said, but no such luck.

Anita patted her permed black hair. "See, I got a set of antennas up here. I'm zeroing in." She broke into raucous laughter. "Oops, I didn't mean to scare you."

I worried that people might take Anita literally—you know, think of her antennas as spiritual apparatuses of some kind. Again, I wanted her to clarify matters. But what would she say? Her antennas, as she calls them, are spiritual apparatuses, a part of her.

A woman wearing several buttons on her leather jacket stood up in the back of the room. "Well, that's what I've been bothered

about all quarter. What you said, Violet, I mean Mrs. Chappell. We read all this American Indian literature, the folklore and everything, and I don't know what I'm reading. I don't know anything about the Indians. I was hoping to know something after today, like where to start."

"You just said it," Anita said. "You don't know anything. That's where to start. Excuse me, Violet, but I just had to pick up on this one."

The woman wrung her hands. "But, then, how can we know about Indians or this film? I wanted to learn something."

"Sorry, Violet, I got to open my mouth again. Listen," Anita said, looking back to the woman, "Do you know who you are? Why are you interested? Ask yourself that. I think you are asking yourself right now. My antennas again."

Violet straightened in her chair. "Get to know us, mingle. Watch. Something will pop out that will say something to you."

Violet and Anita continued to answer questions. Violet spoke of her mother's life and of her experiences as the daughter of a renowned Indian doctor and tribal leader. "Oh, I used to watch Mom. She'd pick prunes in the hot sun all day, or at the cannery standing on the line maybe ten, maybe twelve hours. Then all of us. She had fifteen kids. Then off she'd go somewheres, two hundred miles, maybe, to doctor the sick. How does she do it? Then I'd think what everybody said: Mom is a special person." Anita spoke of her work with the Sonoma County Indian Health Board. She talked about her work educating medical doctors regarding the ways Indians perceive their bodies and illnesses. "You know, they don't always listen," she said.

The conversation always seemed to come back to issues of listening and knowing or not knowing. Now I wouldn't even glance at the professor. I knew he hadn't gotten what he wanted.

That night after dinner, the professor, now in Levis and tennis shoes, showed *The Sucking Doctor* in a student dorm. For my family, viewing this film constitutes participation in a ceremony. As always, certain rules apply. We didn't say much; we waited. This could be the most difficult part of the trip.

A small crowd turned up, mostly Indian students and interested faculty. The woman wearing the button-covered jacket was there also. She was sitting in front of me and I kept trying to read the buttons on her shoulders and back: "WOMEN ARE PEOPLE TOO." "TAKE BACK THE NIGHT AND KEEP IT." "EARTH FIRST."

During the film, Auntie Violet dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief. She took deep breaths, easy for anyone to hear, as if trying to compose herself. Afterwards, Anita asked for questions. "What did you see?" she asked.

People said various things. I remember my dissertation advisor, Mary Pratt, said, "I felt her power was endless. I've never felt anything like this." Such a candid response from Mary impressed me. I don't remember much else about what happened just then. I was thinking that things had turned out OK after all. Violet was able to start talking, and she was answering questions with Anita. My professor friend appeared engaged and relaxed.

I started thinking.

I had brilliant answers to my questions about this trip. The Bole Maru had become, in this instance at Stanford, an interrogative text. It was an historic move: From a secret cult to one that facilitated cross-cultural discourse about itself and other cultures and doctrines, the Bole Maru had again been reinvented, modified in a given historical context. "The next step," as Auntie Violet had said the night before. The Bole Maru was providing all of us a way to talk, to survive together, to understand. The dialogue it prompted exposed our differences and similarities, the bridges we had to cross in reading and knowing one another. What was compromised? Our time and energy . . . little else.

I started thinking of the paper I would write about this experience, of course never imagining at the moment how my interpretation and presentation of the trip might be biased by my own perspective. Then I looked up and saw that the room was empty. And the woman with the leather jacket was turned around, talking to Violet. "Something did pop out," she was saying. "I was thinking of my own mother. She died a year ago."

I looked away, embarrassed. Their exchange was none of my business. I was an intruder. Then I stopped thinking. I was hearing what Auntie Violet had said when she first spoke after the film, what I figured the woman had heard, and it told everything.

"This is my mother you're talking about, and we loved her dearly."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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NOTES

1. Many families on the Kashaya Reservation practice the Pentecostal religion. There are also practicing Mormons. The ways in which Kashaya individuals understand and negotiate their identities and history as Kashaya Indians thus vary.

2. Readers might be interested in A. F. C. Wallace's "revitalization" model and his *The Death and Rebirth of the Seneca.* Wallace provides a description and analysis of American Indian revitalization.

3. For interesting discussions of the Plains Ghost Dance religion, see James Mooney's *The Ghost Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890* and Alice Kehoe's *The Ghost Dance.*

4. Cora DuBois, "The 1870 Ghost Dance," in *The California Indians,* ed. R. F. Heinzer and M. A. Whipple (University of California Publications, Anthropological Records, 1939; Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), 497. DuBois notes, "The Bole Maru probably originated with the Hill Patwin prophet, Lame Bill, who also supported the Earth Lodge cult." Mabel McKay told me the Bole Maru, or Dream Dance, started with her grandmother's brother, Richard Taylor. "There's no such thing as Hill Patwin," she said. "It's just more white man names for us." *Patwin* is a southwestern Wintun word for "relations." Mabel McKay claims she is Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo (another white term) as was her great-uncle Richard Taylor. (The Long Valley Cache Creek Pomo central village was called Lolsel, or wild tobacco. "We are people from Lolsel," Mabel says. "'Wild tobacco' people." Mabel's mother, Daisy Hansen, was from Lolsel. Her father, Yanta Boone, was a Pomo from Potter Valley.) Mabel's basketry is clearly Pomo in design and style. Museums, art historians, and curators consider Mabel and her basketry Pomo.

5. DuBois, "Ghost Dance," 499.

6. L. J. Bean and D. Theodoratus, "Western Pomo and Northeastern Pomo," in *Handbook of North American Indians,* vol. 8 (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1978), 299.

7. DuBois, "Ghost Dance." It is likely also that DuBois, like many anthropologists and others studying different cultures during that period, tended to see and describe what was present, before her eyes, rather than consider, in addition to what was present, that which was covert, invisible, unspoken.

8. To what degree Pomo people were conscious of the historical process and intentionally applied a specific strategy of resistance—disguising the tactical, political nature of the "blending" in a conspiratorial way—is unclear and perhaps not a relevant concern. Tim Buckley notes, "I think that such tactics and processes are very rarely so conscious or intentional or conspiratorial; I think something more intuitive, unconscious, cultural (and therefore somehow even grander) goes on in these specific kinds of cases." What the Pomo were conscious of is that the whites would not approve or in any way be happy with the Bole Maru, the Indians' doctrine of revitalization and resistance to white cultural domination.

9. Renato Rosaldo, *Culture and Truth* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1989), 132. Rosaldo uses the term *hypothetical-deductive* when paraphrasing philosopher W. B. Gallie. The passage reads, "According to Gallie, alternatives to textbook versions of explanation have been suppressed by the dominant Anglo-American philosophical tradition, which at one time did, and in many quarters still does,

claim that the only valid form of explanation is the hypothetical-deductive model." See Rosaldo on his discussion of narrative history and analysis.

10. Rosaldo, *Culture and Truth*, 194.

11. Ibid.

12. I am not suggesting that there is a necessary or unavoidable conflict between the academy and the Indian community. I am not suggesting that academic discourse must be abandoned as a method of discussing my community or any other community. Rather I am suggesting, and I hope demonstrating, that academic discourse, with its various argumentative narrative styles, be interrogated by and integrated with other forms of discourse, perhaps to broaden what we (and I mean academics) mean by academic discourse or to collapse the rather arbitrary dichotomy between academic and nonacademic discourse and nonpersonal and personal discourse. I am an academic, as I have suggested, and discourse that is academic is part of my experience. To deny my academic background would be as dangerous and unprofitable for both Kashaya Pomo and non-Kashaya Pomo (particularly non-Kashaya academics) as it would be to deny my personal life and experience in my Indian community. Both groups would lose an opportunity and a means to talk about each other to one another. Both groups would lose an opportunity to inform and be informed by one another. When I say my allegiance is to my Indian community, I am speaking about information regarding ceremonials or whatever my elders and others have instructed me not to write about or discuss outside the home. Obviously, there is much I can talk about in order to raise issues regarding intercultural communication and understanding between Kashaya Pomo and non-Kashaya Pomo.

13. Violet Chappell, personal communication with author, 1990.

14. DuBois, "Ghost Dance," 497.

15. Mabel McKay, personal communication with author, 1990. Mabel McKay claims the word *Pomo* translates to "red earth" among the Potter Valley tribe of central Pomo. Linguists suggest the various Pomo languages belong to the Hokan family, which also includes the languages of tribes such as the Chumash of Southern California and the Karok of Northern California.

16. I think immediately of the current interest in American Indian art and religion. The New Age movement, with its appropriation of American Indian religion, is a good example of how citizens of a dominant society take what they find—what they came into Indian Territory wanting to know—for their own purposes. Here the interests, or need to know, may not directly affect the political well-being of a particular Indian community, but the interests nonetheless ultimately result in recreations of Indian life and ideology that may, through the creation of stereotypes and so forth, be damaging in the long run. Portraits of Indians such as Black Elk and Don Juan as religious ideologues, for example, decontextualize religion from culture and history. *The Sucking Doctor*, viewed without any knowledge of the Kashaya Bole Maru, accomplishes as much. Abdul R. JanMohamed and David Lloyd observe, "[T]he pathos of hegemony is frequently matched by its interested celebration of differences, but of differences in the aesthetized form of recreations. Detached from the site of their production, minority cultural forms become palatable: a form of practical struggle like *capoeira* becomes recuperable as breakdance." (Abdul R. JanMohamed and David Lloyd, "Toward a Theory of Minority Discourse: What Is to Be Done," *Cultural Critique* [Fall 1987], 11).