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hear Joy's softer voice. Where are her roots? When will she sing of Oklahoma? Where are Raho Nez and Rainy Dawn? What influence had the great-aunt of the book's dedication, Lois Harjo Ball? Where is the rest of Joy Harjo?

We seek her diligently. We await her next communication. With her talents she will do well as playwright, now that she has coalesced and banished her fear and has established a (firm) stable from which to work.

She has herded her horses.

Mary TallMountain
San Francisco

Echoes of Our Being. Edited by Robert J. Conley, Jr. Muskogee: Indian University Press, 1982. 76 pp. (No pagination.) \$5.00 Paper.

This small volume is the collective poetic work of the Tahlequah Indian Writers Group. All the poets represented in this publication are either Cherokee or Muskogee/Creek. Those included are: Robert J. Conley, Robin Coffee, Julia Gibson, Renee Reed, James Grass, Lance Hughes, Joni Immohotichey, Louis Littlecoon, Wilma Mankiller, Julie Moss and Pat Moss. The Group's stated purpose is: "(1) To assist in removing barriers and limitations upon the creativity of the membership by expanding upon it through the creation of opportunities for each individual utilizing group methodology . . . (2) To address the need for Native American writers in all related writing and communications fields through the encouragement and support of local Indian writers."

All the poetry in this volume is written in English. Consequently thoughts take on a foreign aspect in reference to the subject matter. Rhythms that would support the nature of the work, for example, in Cherokee are glossed over in English. Cherokee is an exact language with economy in its structure. There are no cases to know, no articles, no need for prepositions, explanatory phrases, nor clauses. The verbs are the most complex aspect, yet logical if thought through from a Cherokee frame of reference. The language does not employ many individual words. It is largely a system for combining and amplifying word cores.

While English allows inter-tribal communications and inter-cultural exchange, the Native language carries the beauty of vision that cannot be translated. Some of the authors are working bilingually to overcome the problems of lost expression, feeling and rhythm of the Native languages when translated into English. In particular, Wilma Mankiller, Vice-Chief of the Cherokee Nation, studies the Cherokee language to gain more insight. Robert J. Conley wrote a recently published collection of poems in Cherokee and English, entitled *The Rattlesnake Band and Other Poems*, which is also published by the Indian University Press.

The poets of the Tahlequah Indian Writers Group draw their strength from the centers of Cherokee and Muskogee/Creek creativity. These creative core centers of the respective Nations—the tribal towns and the village churches—provide the renaissance spirit. They give the needed balance of perspective of the natural environment, human nature and humor in the face of adversity. James Grass's poem "Webb" offers an example:

I talked to him
and he talked of trees . . .
the breath with the trees
and the life within,
fascination, wonder and praise
came from his lips—"Trees,
look they are all around."

Louis Littlecoon provides another in his work "Auk-Chou-Ko" (Blue Heron):

silently, silently, as an owl
god's fluff of feathers sailed
above the sleepy river
set wings . . . landed on a bar;
walked mechanically to the water
minnows, crayfish, hellgrammites,
scrambled . . . electrified!
fear of life, murder the cause
he raised one leg, made a figure four,
set-up radar for himself,
shut one eye for his winks
radar turned and scanned
what that? friend? enemy?

squawk! squawk! to air!
and the minnows, crayfish, hellgrammites
thanked god for their radar

The "electronic age" Cherokee and Creek Peoples are flourishing, not vanishing, as a result of their contact with the Anglo-Americans and Hispanic-Americans. In Oklahoma, California, Texas and elsewhere there is greater participation in the political and economic processes of the modern world. There is less dependence on the corrupting influences of the bureaucracy of the U.S. government. This too is reflected in such poetry as Wilma Mankiller's "Oktaha:"

he's been on the road for more than
a lifetime
and still the hunt goes on
from Alcatraz to Pit River to Wounded Knee;
from the rich red clay of his homeland
to the streets of San Francisco
hunger for the food of his soul
urges him on
maybe someday when he stops to rest in
the shadow of a cave,
drinks in the cool, clear streams
of an ancient spring
his thoughts will take him back
to a time when the wind was a child
and he will know that if he looks
into the eyes of a blue panther
he can find the tempo of his vision

Robert J. Conley and the Tahlequah Indian Writer's Group have written an interesting volume that reaches beyond itself to point to the centers of Cherokee and Muscogee/Creek creativity. The Indian University Press of Bacone College must be congratulated on its continued efforts to publish quality American Indian study materials, including this volume of poetry.

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