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referred to her own methodology in *Body of Power, Spirit of Resistance* (1985, 252), an exemplary tribal history in this reviewer's estimation, along with the papers in Whitehead's *Histories and Historicities in Amazonia* and Sahlin's *Apologies to Thucydides: Understanding History as Culture and Vice Versa*, all of which call upon us to decolonize the histories of survival motivating the particularity of resistance in an indigenous order of value.

Larry Nesper

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Tséyi', Deep in the Rock: Reflections on the Canyon de Chelly. By Laura Tohe and Stephen E. Strom. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2005. 72 pages. \$15.00 paper.

Diné poet Laura Tohe never visited Canyon de Chelly as a child, though she "grew up on the other side of the mountain from it" (xiii). She was an adult when she first marveled at its natural beauty. And it is beautiful. In 2000, I was one of four final candidates for the presidency of Diné College, one of the largest tribal colleges in the nation. I had the opportunity to explore the canyon in between interviews and public forums. It's magical. I never wanted to leave it. No wonder it holds such significance in the culture and spirituality of the Navajo people.

Eventually, Laura Tohe, who teaches English and American Indian literature at Arizona State University, began to explore the canyon. She started to write poems about the place, mentioning specific locations such as Antelope House and Mummy Cave Ruins. Place is very important in Native American writing. The connection between poet and environment is inseparable. She also weaves in references to coyote, crow, and wild horses . . . lots of horses. And the poems reflect the canyon walls, haunting, ever changing, sculpted, lonely, and quiet, such as her brief poem "On the Other Side": "On the other side is a wall / where the souls of the dead / watch the tears of the living flow."

But most notably, Tohe, who has been writing and publishing her poetry for more than twenty years, is able to express herself in her Native language, if only in three poems in the collection. Very few established American Indian writers can write or speak in their Native language. Language is one of the key identifiers of culture. When you ask a German what makes him German, the first thing he will say is that he speaks German. Geography, history, cuisine, and even religion follow. But language is paramount. This gives Tohe's poetry genuineness. It is real. It is meaningful. It is the first step toward a truly unique form of American Indian expression. I applaud her for it and encourage others to follow in her footsteps.

Although my own tribe's home is several thousand miles northwest of Tséyi' (the Navajo word for the canyon), important linguistic similarities tie our two Native languages together. Indeed, both belong to the Diné language family. In my Alaska Native language (Ahtna Athabaskan) our word for *rock* is *ts'es*, a first cousin to *tséyi'*.

The very last poem in this attractive collection, "His Birth," is a lyric in which the poet, in a dream, witnesses the birth of Nature, of Tséyi'. The concluding couplet captures the haunting grandeur of the canyon: "His heartbeat strong like a basket made of clouds / woven from the silence of the desert" (45).

Photographer Stephen Strom lends his excellent skills to this collection and a color photograph accompanies every poem. Although an astronomer by occupation, Strom has spent the past twenty-seven years photographing the landscape of the American Southwest. He has similarly collaborated with Joy Harjo.

Tséyi', Deep in the Rock is a gorgeous fusion of poetry, photography, and design. The book is a piece of art. Similar to the canyon, it is a thing of extraordinary beauty.

John E. Smelcer

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Viet Cong at Wounded Knee: The Trail of a Blackfeet Activist. By Woody Kipp. Omaha: University of Nebraska Press, 2005. 176 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

Woody Kipp, the author of this slim yet rewarding autobiography, is a rare kind of academic. Currently an English instructor at Blackfeet Community College in Montana, Kipp is also a self-proclaimed warrior/storyteller. A member of the Blackfeet Nation, Kipp was born on the reservation in 1945, the year in which World War II ended. In this book, he covers only the first thirty years of his life. It is a tale or, more appropriately, a cacophony of tales and vignettes, both serious and comical.

The first two-thirds of Kipp's often disjointed narrative provides a valuable and rare look into how one Indian male brutally came of age in Montana; learned to brawl, whore (his word, not mine), and drink as a Marine; and eventually see combat in Vietnam. Along the way, the author wooed Indian and non-Indian women, wed one, fathered two children, and went to university on the G.I. Bill after his military discharge. We learn, in the final thirty pages of text, that Kipp found his calling as a Blackfeet activist when he joined in the largely urban-based American Indian Movement (AIM) whose leaders occupied the Oglala Sioux Pine Ridge Reservation hamlet of Wounded Knee, South Dakota in 1973.

Anyone who knows anything about American Indian history will know that Wounded Knee was the site of the infamous massacre of hundreds of Lakotas in 1890. The AIM takeover more than eighty years later was not a random act, but rather a deliberate rebuke to the US government's and the corrupt local tribal council's claims of sovereignty over this hallowed battleground. Thus it is not surprising that Wounded Knee should appear in the title of the autobiography. Indeed, it is Kipp's juxtaposition of Vietcong and Wounded Knee that gives this memoir its power. In the book's final chapter, Kipp is among the AIM activists defending Wounded Knee from the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and Indian Bureau authorities who were determined to lay siege against these militants. As Kipp recalls: