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it records a changing linguistic situation, where French and Cree are being replaced by English. These languages help to define Metis identity, and are worthy of continued study. Douaud's study of the Mission Metis, and others (by John Crawford, Richard Rhodes and others) of North Dakota's Mitchif, need to be supplemented by studies of Metis languages or dialects elsewhere.

John S. Long

Northern Lights Secondary School

Seeing Through the Sun. By Linda Hogan. Amherst, Mass.: University of Massachusetts Press, 1985. 68 pp. \$16.00 Cloth. \$6.95 Paper.

A number of presses have committed themselves to publishing contemporary Native American poets: Greenfield Review Press, Strawberry Press, and Harper and Row's Native America Publishing Program for example. They insure an outlet for these writers and encourage newcomers in the competitive publishing world. Linda Hogan's first book came from Greenfield Review Press (1979) and her third from the University of California at Los Angeles American Indian Center Press (1984). She has participated actively in the community of Native American writers, appearing in many anthologies, magazines, and presses.

Her work has appeal to a larger national audience, as well. *Seeing Through the Sun*, published by the University of Massachusetts Press, a more general press, shows that American Indian concerns and experience also have relevance to a non-Indian audience.

The book is divided into four sections, none overtly on American Indian themes. The first, "Seeing Through the Sun," particularly contains poems that voice dissatisfaction with urbanization, "this full and broken continent of living" ("Evolution in Light and Water"). Fragmentation is the villain. Though some poems pertain directly to Indian problems, the majority appear to include a broader range. An especially fine poem herein is "Folksong," where Latvians' and Indians' plights as disinherited peoples are compared.

The next section is "Territory of Night," which contains a small set of poems literally set at night or in darkness. Concerns are

mostly personal. "Daughters Sleeping," the third division, begins with poems about the author's children. It progresses to more mythical maternal themes. The references to daughters communicates more than simple anecdotes. The theme of rebirth is always present. The final section, "Wall Songs," synthesizes the conflicts of early poems with hope for resolution. Always Hogan presents personal experience with larger intentions.

The poems of this volume are less overtly political than some of her previous work, like "Black Hills Survival Gathering, 1980" (from *Daughters, I Love You*), which protests nuclear destruction:

At ground zero
in the center of light we stand.
Bombs are buried beneath us,
destruction flies overhead.
We are waking
in the expanding light
the sulphur-colored grass.
A red horse standing on a distant ridge
looks like one burned
over Hiroshima,
silent, head hanging in sickness.

In this new book, the tension arises more quietly. It appears as the challenge of living harmoniously in an urbanized economy and environment. Social protest is buried within a personal narrative, quiet and yet persistent.

The poem "Friday Night" has an obvious political level—the feminist issue of violence against women. A first person speaker describes her neighbor's weekly beatings. Primary focus, however, is the friendship between the two women; the verse opens, "Sometimes I see a light in her kitchen/ that almost touches mine." The lights that nearly meet represent their shared lives. And the resolution of the poem finds the narrator giving comfort to the hurt woman:

I took her a cup of peppermint tea,
and honey,
it was fine blue china
with marigolds growing inside the curves.

Domestic violence becomes a universal travail for which herbal medicine, sweetness, nourishment, and beauty are respite—

comfort from a friend. The more oblique politics allows Hogan's poems to reach out further.

Paula Gunn Allen notes that contemporary Native American writers, no matter how traditional, still "live in contemporary America much, if not most, of the time." (Allen, "Teaching American Indian Women's Literature," *Studies in American Indian Literature*, 1983: 138). The urban environment directly challenges Hogan, too, to keep a sense of herself despite the paving over of the nature. "Heartland," particularly pointed at city life, uses irony to make a subtle protest. Rather than pastoral calm, as suggested by the title, the poem describes street noise and beggars. The beasts of the fields are reduced to pigeons. She concludes:

Through the old leather of our feet
city earth with fossils and roots
breathes the heart of soil upward,
the voice of our gods beneath concrete.

Heartland is cityscape where prayers are barely possible. The reader hears Hogan's frustration clearly beneath the objectified description.

Another protest against the status quo is "Wall Songs." With grand associative leaps, the narrator refers to Mississippi jungles as a natural kind of wall; then she contrasts this to glass-studded walls used "to keep the rich and poor apart," barriers of racism, and her own skin. Nonetheless, salvation from alienation is possible through memory of her Chickasaw grandmothers from Mississippi. Another redemption from artificial isolation is love: "a lover/ and I turn our flesh to bridges/ and the air between us disappears/ like in the jungle." Walls are ubiquitous features of the cities, but also can appear in a natural order. She ends the poem with a call to restore organic walls:

all bridges of flesh,
all singing,
all covering the wounded land
showing, again, again
that boundaries all are lies

Urbanity and nature are a predominant tension in the poems. This sometimes occurs in the form of a split between white and Indian worlds, embodied in the author's own mixed blood. "The Truth Is" begins:

In my left pocket a Chickasaw hand
rests on the bone of the pelvis.
In my right pocket
a white hand. Don't worry. It's mine
and not some their's.

The two hands do not live in harmony like branches of a grafted tree "bearing two kinds of fruit." Rather, there is conflict with "coins and keys" and "the sharp teeth of property"—all sinister symbols of city life.

The Indian outlook appears in Hogan's work as an antidote to a toxic environment more suited to machinery than people. This attitude is often an undercurrent. Allusion to Chickasaw heritage is spun into the middle of a long poem called "The Shape of Things" as a dream of a red clay vase. A child in the poem lives a full existence, at peace with animals, sky, mountains, and sun. The vase symbolizes harmony. Although many poems have no obvious connection to Chickasaw ways, an assertion of the oneness of humans with nature pervades, and always a spiritual outlook is apparent. These serene passages set up a contrast with those that describe the struggle for identity in the city. And never is the reader allowed to forget the origin of the newer, dehumanizing order.

An experienced writer, Hogan has developed a distinctive style. Most pieces are a full thirty to fifty lines long—rather longer than most recent poetry. This allows her low key, conversational syntax to extend itself into unusual metaphors and juxtapositions. The easy progression in "The Shape of Things" illustrates this. She opens the poem with a child chasing a red ball. This circular image—the Sacred Circle—recurs as the earth's molten core, sunset, a newborn baby's fist, a vase of red clay, and red hills. Appeal comes from well articulated imagery like this that fits tightly with content.

There are few tricks in clearly punctuated, straightforward sentences. In a few shorter poems this plainness comes across as rather flat in comparison to the full-blown thoughts of more typical long poems. The greater length also seems to trigger moments of fine imagination. An astonishing metaphor describes a red-winged blackbird road kill, "He opens his wounds, / a sleeve of fire."

The conversational ease apparent in the style of *Seeing Through*

the Sun fits the purpose of the writer. Her politics are internalized into a daily code of careful observation and comment. Her consciousness does encompass the conflicts around her as a Native American, a woman, and a citizen of a bleak, concrete terrain. Yet she raises daughters and gardens and writes. She creates a full life in an asphalt desert, and concludes, "This is the forest turned to sand/ but it goes on." ("Desert"). She offers, like a cup of tea, an optimism that gives hope to Indian and non-Indian readers alike:

That is what I teach my daughter,
that we are women,
a hundred miles of green
wills itself out of our skin.
The red sky ends at our feet
and the earth begins at our heads.

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For Those Who Come After: A Study of Native American Autobiography. By Arnold Krupat. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1985. xi-xv, 167 pp. \$14.95 Cloth.

For Those Who Come After: A Study of Native American Autobiography is Arnold Krupat's most recent contribution to the new and growing body of literary criticism regarding Native American writings. Krupat's work complements that of David Brumble, Gretchen Bataille and Kathleen Sands and others. An outgrowth of Krupat's articles, "The Indian Autobiography: Origins, Type and Function" (1982), and his Introduction to and Appendix in Paul Radin's *Crashing Thunder: The Autobiography of an American Indian* (1983), this book is in fact a duplication of the author's previously published works with three final chapters devoted to the broad analysis of specific Native American autobiographical texts.

Chapter One, "An Approach to Native American Texts," is Krupat's examination of "the concepts of (1) the mode of production of the text, (2) the author, (3) literature, and (4) canonicity to show how they can be organized into an approach to Native American texts." "Origins, Type, and Function," Krupat's second chapter, states his principle which constitutes the "Indian