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in a restricted sense. Internal chapter arrangement is systematic, and all chapters follow the same format: relevant cultural and historical information; the “Song connection”; information about the music; “experiencing” the music; lyric translations; and finally, the transcribed song itself (which is also found in audio format on the accompanying compact disc). The transcriptions themselves are very clearly notated and each opens with the hand drum pattern (which should continue throughout) and then persists through the melodic part, with vocal phrases marked by vertical dotted lines. As is contemporary common practice when Native music is set in Western notation, no meter signature is offered; rather, pulsation is implied through the ongoing drum part. The large size of the music font contributes to ease of performance (especially if sitting at a piano), fitting with the book’s direct and uncluttered presentational style.

Transcribing music from a culture whose songs live traditionally only in oral form has its drawbacks, including the inability of Western notation to portray vocal nuance and pitch outside the twelve-tone diatonic system. Had this text been a more music-specific and analytical ethnographic study, McCullough-Brabson’s musical settings and analysis would have been too thin. *We’ll Be in Your Mountains*, however, is aimed toward a broad readership, with an applied rather than scholarly basis, although it is helpful—but not required—that the reader be fluent in the Western European musical notation system. The only comparable existing text in terms of classroom use is Byran Burton’s *Moving within the Circle: Contemporary Native American Music and Dance* (1993), which is a much more general study of Indian song, containing far less cultural background. Appropriate use for *We’ll Be in Your Mountains* would be in introductory courses on Native cultures, general and Native-specific music and arts surveys, and tribal college performance courses.

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The Woman Who Watches Over the World. By Linda Hogan. New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 2001. 207 pages. \$24.95 cloth; \$13.95 paper.

Linda Hogan, one of the most distinguished poets of the present generation of American Indian writers, has demonstrated in her work the truth that a profound consciousness of mixed heritage, though often difficult to endure, may give writing its greatest power. As the daughter of parents of mixed Chickasaw and white ancestry she has always known that she inhabits an intermediary world between two cultures, and her references to this mixed background in *The Woman Who Watches Over the World* are often very moving, as when she tells how, at the age of fifteen, crossing the Atlantic by ship when her military family returned from Germany, she felt this division between Europe and America, between her Chickasaw and white ancestors, and between the child she had been and the woman she was becoming. “Perhaps,” she says, “‘between’ was, is, at the root of my very existence” (p. 35).

On the other hand, perhaps because prose is less concentrated than poet-

ry, this tension seems in her book of autobiographical essays to dissipate into didactic assertion and indeed often into despair. The truth is, she tells us, that “the two ways, Native and European, are almost impossible to intertwine. . . . [T]hey are parallel worlds . . . , bridges only sometimes made, allowing for a meeting place of lives” (p. 27). But she sometimes seems less concerned to define the “bridges sometimes made” than to assert her assumption that in America we cannot hope for any reconciliation of the opposites.

The woman of the title is a healer and soothsayer, represented in a purchased clay figurine which, carelessly packaged and broken in the mail, becomes a metaphor for the injured earth—and for that matter for Hogan herself, whose own damaged life is equated with our more general social and environmental disaster. The essays seem designed to demonstrate the truth that we are the sum of what has happened to us and that if we do not know where we have been we will not know where we are going. Ultimately their significance is in Hogan’s affirmation of the value of language: “Words, I see now, are the defining shape of a human spirit. . . . [Language] . . . creates a person. Without it, in the dawn, in the dark of night, there is no way to know who or what we are” (pp. 56–57).

Judging from what she tells us about her life, Hogan certainly has had plenty of reason to despair, for that life seems to have been a process of continuous trauma. As a child she did not speak, and by the age of twelve she was “a lost child. . . . I was absent from my own life” (p. 102). The alcoholism in her family inevitably led her to drink, even at a very early age, apparently in a deliberate effort of self-destruction. She describes herself then as “praying each night for death, as if I’d inherited all the wounds of an American history along with a family which hadn’t yet learned to love, touch, or care” (p. 42). Inevitably this would make her vulnerable to the first man who appeared to treat her decently, and at the age of twelve she began a three-year affair with an American soldier twice her age. Then as an adult she adopted two girls, whose experience of gross mistreatment and sexual abuse made them difficult to deal with. Later catastrophes included fibromyalgia, with resulting loss of muscular strength and sleep, and a terrible fall from a horse “in the split second of an accident [when pain] took up residence in my body” (pp. 15–16).

Given the fact that her prose is often profoundly moving and poetic in the best sense of the word and its account of the self-sacrificing love she gave her adopted daughters a vindication of her statement that in seeking to write a book about pain she ended by writing one about love, it is unfortunate that her vision seems terribly askew in her explanation of why alcohol came to be her curse. Her assumption that in her childhood drinking she was attempting to escape American history apparently derives from learning in “a Native AA group” that “History is our illness” (pp. 58–59), but the reader must wonder whether American history was more a cause of her drinking than the appalling conditions of her childhood and early adolescence. The truth is that she had an alcoholic father and a mother who could not love her, neither of them responsible enough to realize or apparently even to care that their twelve-year-old daughter was being seduced by a man in his twenties; indeed

they apparently assumed that if this was happening it was probably a good thing. This in spite of “blood in my urine and fainting spells” which Hogan believes were the “result of emotional trauma” (p. 41). When the man’s military duties took him away he wrote the one letter that was the last she ever heard of him. And yet Hogan wants us to believe that her early alcoholism was not an attempt to escape from this pedophile and these bungling parents but from what she calls the pain of American history. She seeks, in other words, to make the particular miseries of her own life a metaphor for American history in general. This is apparently why, in her account of her relations with an adopted daughter who survived terribly abusive conditions only to grow up to abuse her own children, she calls her “a remnant of American history [and] the result of Custer’s dream, containing the American violences [*sic*], the people from another continent, that entered this land without compassion” (p. 77).

This identification of Hogan herself with “Native America” and of her personal history with a larger American record of mistreatment of Native Americans is provocative, and much could be made of it. But if such a strategy is to succeed the details of the historical record must not be muddled. Three examples of such muddling ought to be enough:

(1) In saying that “Sitting Bull . . . found himself forced to become part of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show” (p. 60), she chooses a word which seems to imply something which I am unable to find in the substantial body of material on Sitting Bull. Neither Cody nor anyone else forced Sitting Bull or any other Indian to join his show. In fact Sitting Bull’s experience with Cody was actually his second entry into show business, and though the use of *forced* suggests something much more dire than economic circumstances the truth is that at worst Sitting Bull only joined Cody because he needed (or wanted) the money.

(2) Lozen, the sister of the Apache war chief Victorio, according to Hogan, was “Geronimo’s chief military strategist” (p. 139). Unfortunately none of the literature on Geronimo suggests that Lozen had much to do with him until his last campaign and her exile with the other Apaches who accompanied him to a prison in Florida. Hogan’s information on Lozen, a woman of remarkable intuitive powers useful to Victorio in predicting where he might find his enemies, is clearly derived from Eve Ball’s *In the Days of Victorio* (1970), an “as told to” book of the memoirs of James Kaywaykla, who knew both Lozen and Geronimo and was sent to Florida with them, but Kaywaykla did not tell Ball that Lozen’s war experience had to do with Geronimo. (On page 140 of her book Hogan muddles the subject further by garbling a quotation of a passage from Ball’s text which includes Lozen’s enemy-finding prayer.)

(3) Hogan’s statement that “Chief Joseph’s skull became an ashtray for a dentist who bought it” is powerful, and it leads to the further statement that “Our fallen worlds, our anguish, became their curiosities and souvenirs” (p. 62). The facts of the case, unfortunately, are at odds with her premise. In my review of the extensive literature on the life and death of Chief Joseph I have found nothing to suggest that his body was incomplete when it was buried on the Colville Reservation at Nespelem, Washington, in 1904 or that anyone since then has dug it up.

Readers of *The Woman Who Watches Over the World* will be moved by

Hogan's honesty of self-revelation and those with their minds made up on Indian-white relations in America will find further reason for indignation, but the strategy of defining personal history in the light of its larger background will only blur private reality if public "facts" are at best misinterpreted and at worst merely invented.

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