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Ross in 1862. Elsewhere in the catalog, line drawings illustrate techniques such as quill folding and piping on moccasin seams. The catalog section of this book is also unusual in that it is written in a narrative style and is interspersed with historic and contemporary photographs of people and scenes relevant to the material being illustrated.

Out of the North will certainly gladden the hearts and swell the pride of contemporary subarctic artisans. Not only is it a carefully researched investigation into the origins and survival of a major northern artistic tradition, but it also is a thing of beauty. Authors Hail and Duncan are to be congratulated for the intelligence and elegance with which they have done justice to the skills and aesthetics of the northern people who made the objects now in the Haffenreffer Museum. In addition to being an essential and definitive source of information, the book is handsome enough to make a wonderful gift.

Robin Ridington
University of British Columbia

Puerto del Sol: The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary (25th anniversary issue). Edited by Kevin McIlvoy. Las Cruces: Writing Center of New Mexico State University, 1988. 340 pages.

Twenty-five years ago it was 1965. Twenty-five years before the 1988 publication of *Puerto del Sol's* anniversary edition, it was 1963. They were very good years. It was a very good era, although I'm sure no one quite knew then what the era was like. Certainly, when the first *Puerto del Sol* was published in winter 1960-61, no one likely knew what kind of decade was beginning.

Sputnik. The Russians had leapt ahead in the space race. John F. Kennedy, with the lady America held gracefully in his fated arms, danced towards Camelot. Civil rights and freedom riders. In 1960, the dream for individual accomplishment was heady. In my first year in college, I heard the challenge of "I have a dream" intoned proudly by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. John Wayne still saved every wagon train and "killed every Injun" in Hollywood. Free speech. Vietnam was just over the napalm-lit horizon, although Americans did not have the vaguest notion of it yet. Hootenannies. Poetry. The Beat scene in San Francisco—Snyder,

Rexroth, Ferlinghetti, Corso, and their groupies. They are old names now, but they were new and strange then. Bob Kaufman, the jazz poet, tried to tell us something was going to happen.

The early sixties and the immediate years beyond. I keep looking for some literary sense of the era in the twenty-fifth-year anthology. Assassins and politics. The *Manchurian Candidate* was not a movie but the next door neighbor. Malcolm X. The dream woke us up; it was an urban dragon, fire and smoke in Los Angeles and Detroit. A massive cultural, social, and political urgency and mobilization. Real poetry, real people. Red Power. Black Power. If you weren't part of the solution, you were part of the problem. Young whites believed it. They didn't hesitate much; they didn't know what they were doing, but they did it. Even the fading Elvis was part of it. The Beatles. Long hair and hippies. It was the Age of Aquarius—we believed it.

The older generation was appalled mostly, but among the elders of the Indians, the African-Americans, and the Hispanics, there were those who slyly, quietly, told us, "Go for it." It was approval with a lot of smiling, although they were bewildered, too. They didn't like the dope smoking and the Americanism. But at last, the young were waking up. Up against the wall. Burn, Baby, Burn.

Some said it was America looking for an identity, but it was really America seeing things for what they were and needing to change them. It was Herbert Selby who pushed us to the last exits to Brooklyn and other cities. And it was James Baldwin warning us, especially the literary- and intellectual-minded, of the fire coming. But it was William Burroughs, Joyce Carol Oates, William Styron, and their publishers, and familiar others, who set definitions for us, at least for those of us who were "cultured" in United States universities.

To a major degree, I went along eagerly until 1966, when I found that my voice did not resemble American literary tradition. It was odd and disconcerting to make that discovery; it felt like a betrayal of the goals and objectives I had sought and even thought were my due. Reading over twenty-five years of selected poetry, fiction, criticism, and artwork in *Puerto del Sol*, I want some insightful sign of that era. I believe art is insight, and it would help me understand the strangeness then and assure me that my voice is not so strange to me now. But it is odd to find there is very little of the tumultuous era in the anthology. I realize

that literature is not history, and maybe my expectations are too high, but I believe the value of anniversary anthologies is to offer a spectrum and dimension of our social, historical, and cultural movements.

The exuberant, dancing, belligerent children of Atzlan were powerfully spoken, and powerfully acting. Brown Berets and the Indian movement. Fearsome flexing, in some ways. Tierra Amarilla and Reijes Lopez Tijerina. The New Mexico National Guard invaded northern Atzlan and the University of New Mexico campus. The land and people were speaking. *Los hijos de Atzlan*, college students, of Jim Sagel's "Old Greymare," invited the elders of the tierra, Tiny Man and Primo Placido, to come to college to speak about "culture." Oral tradition—the necessary connection between people and the land—and its impact upon the literary and intellectual spirit of the Southwest, especially New Mexico—this, surprisingly, is the main element that is missing in the anniversary edition as a whole. Although the anthology includes the Chicano poetry of Leo Romero, interviews with Rolando Hinojosa and the Pueblo poet, potter, and singer Harold Littlebird, and a poem by Leslie Marmon Silko, the impact of oral tradition is not there for the most part.

If anything, it was this newly refound tradition that inspired the Southwestern part of the American and worldwide revolution. The war in Vietnam, and specifically military invasion and occupation, were not far away, for the most part, to the land and people of the Southwest. For five hundred years, this had been going on at Acoma, Taos, Tierra Amarilla, the Dine Nation, the Apache mountain land. And the people were still fighting. The vitality of the land and the people, the vitality of the spirit that regional literature should express is, unfortunately, not apparent in this anthology. In a distanced way, there is recognition of this spirit in an excellent brief essay, "Para Encontrar Nuestra Vida" ("Finding Our Lives"), by Philip Garrison on the peyotero of the Huichol Indians of Mexico and intelligence as "a sensitivity to the ratios that hold us in the world." And David Johnson offers an eloquent translation of an Aztec defense of their religion, which helps to provide a cultural context for a literary region that is important in American literature. However, this does not overcome the general deculturized nature of the literary and visual work included in the twenty-five year anthology.

The power of the oral tradition in all its cultural, social, politi-

cal, and economic aspects has surged throughout this recent quarter of a century, and it has not merely been confined to the old stories told by Indian and Hispanic elders. It has not been just a nostalgic throwback to a long-gone era of the Southwest. It has been a forceful element of necessary social, cultural, and political change. In some quarters this tradition may be mainly a cultural event addressed by the primo, the "eighty-nine-year-old kid" from the mountain or valley, but it is more than that—the old man is showing us what social-cultural process and struggle are. As I consider this idea of the oral tradition and the dynamics that have been powerfully apparent in Southwestern cultural, social, and political development, it is clearer now to me why I felt that strangeness. It was as if I was discovering myself hearing, understanding, and speaking a strange, unfamiliar tongue, and that language was my own.

Before the 1960s, the widespread image of New Mexico had to do with a moonlike desert where the world's first atomic bomb was exploded and where Indians lived on remote reservations. The natives were illiterate and quaint and their villages picturesque. Literature and art that portrayed the regional character were from the outside mainly, from D. H. Lawrence, Willa Cather, Georgia O'Keeffe and such. At an early age, I read Zane Grey by the bushel basket. Yet those were not my voices. So when I began to hear and see and participate in the oral tradition, especially in its nonverbal forms, it was as if I was finding and acknowledging a voice in me I had not known was there. And it was this tradition itself, which was powerfully asurge in the struggle of the people and the land, that was making my liberation possible. It was a strange and unusual voice to me, because I had not heard it intimately before. It had been a voice denied expression, suppressed by United States policy; it certainly had not been recognized by American poetics and critics. I realized that this strange voice was a cultural statement of the land and the people. It was our voice, the one I now had come to discover. No wonder I felt like a stranger to myself: I had never heard myself speak.

I have made reference to only one era in the twenty-five year period covered by *Puerto del Sol*, because it was during that era that the power of the oral tradition was first made apparent. Multicultural ethnic awareness was recognized not only as the driving force for change but also as the realization of what made

people and their communities unique. The Southwest and other regions have proudly touted their artistic endeavors. The respect they have gained usually has been well deserved. Over the years, *Puerto del Sol* has published much literature and art that is powerful, insightful, and culturally unique, because it recognizes the impact of oral tradition on Southwestern society as a whole. Somehow, for whatever reason, the twenty-five-year anthology reminds me of my discovery in the 1960s that I felt like a stranger in my own land; in the 1980s, it is not a welcome discovery to find the land and the people not speaking much.

Simon J. Ortiz

Lakota Woman. By Mary Crow Dog, with Richard Erdoes. New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1990. 263 pages. \$18.95 cloth.

During the years since the American Indian Movement exploded into the nation's consciousness with the 1972 Trail of Broken Treaties and the Siege of Wounded Knee a few months later, a number of books have been published on the topic. A few, such as John Trudell's *Living in Reality* (Society of People Struggling to Be Free, 1979) and Jimmie Durham's *Columbus Day* (West End, 1983), have represented the personal sentiments and recollections of movement participants. Many others—including Robert Burnette's and John Koester's *The Road to Wounded Knee* (Bantam, 1974), *Voices from Wounded Knee*, 1973 (Akwasasne Notes, 1974), Vine Deloria's *Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties* (Delta, 1974), Bruce Johansen's and Roberto Maestas's *Wasi'chu* (Monthly Review, 1979), Rex Weyler's *Blood of the Land* (Everest House, 1983), Peter Matthiessen's *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* (Viking, 1983), Jim Messerschmidt's *The Trial of Leonard Peltier* (South End, 1984) and Ward Churchill's and Jim Vander Wall's *Agents of Repression* (South End, 1988)—have sought to chronicle various dimensions of AIM activity, tracing the movement's social, cultural, and political motivations.

A common thread unifying these otherwise disparate treatments is that they are all male-authored and thus—often despite the best intentions of the writers—exhibit a clear bias towards a perceived masculinity of the AIM experience. The only exception to this has been Johanna Brant's *The Life and Death of Anna Mae*