The Buckskin Ceiling

A Native Perspective on Native Art Politics

Alfred Young Man

The Buckskin Ceiling:

A Native Perspective on Native Art Politics

Alfred Young Man

The Buckskin Ceiling:
A Native Perspective on Native Art Politics

Alfred Young Man

Co-published by Kamloops Art Gallery, Faculty of
Environment, Earth, and Resources, Centre for Earth
Observation Science, Biological Sciences and Environment and
Geography, University of Manitoba

Aboriginal Issues Press
2012

The Buckskin Ceiling: A Native perspective on Native Art Politics is a refereed publication. Information and perspectives presented in this book are the sole opinions of the author and not those of the funding agencies, University of Manitoba, Aboriginal Issues Press, its employees, editors, and volunteers. All profits from the sale of this book are used to support the refereed publication of Aboriginal scholarship and the Aboriginal Issues Press Scholarship Endowment Fund at the University of Manitoba.

© 2012

Aboriginal Issues Press
Clayton H. Riddell Faculty of Environment, Earth, and Resources
Wallace Building
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3T 2N2

Phone (204) 474-7252
Fax (204) 275-3147
E-Mail Aboriginal_Issues_Press@umanitoba.ca
Web umanitoba.ca/environment/aboriginal_issues_press

Managing Editors Rick Riewe and Jill Oakes
Cover Painting/Drawing by Alfred Young Man
Cover Design and Text Layout by Karen Armstrong Graphic Design, Winnipeg
Printed in Canada by Friesens, Altona, MB

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Young Man, Alfred, 1948-
The buckskin ceiling : a Native perspective on Native art politics / Alfred Young Man.

Includes bibliographical references.
ISBN 978-0-9867261-3-2

1. Indian art--Canada. 2. Indian art--United States. 3. Art, Modern. I. Title.

N6538.A4Y69 2011 704.03’97 C2010-907857-8

For my mother Lillian, who always believed in me.

Table of Contents

An Eclipse Poem for T.C. Cannon
by Ted D. Tomeo-Palmenteer ....*viii*

Acknowledgments ....*ix*

Early Stirrings:
Searching for the Native Perspective on Native Art *1*

The Native Perspective vs. Anthropology: A Third Reality *7*

An Issue of the Historical Control of Native Art *13*

Anomalous Painters:
Writers, Critics, and Other 'Indian' Impostors *29*

North American Indian Art: It's a Question of Integrity *49*

Teaching Indian Fine Art in a Non-Native University *87*

References Cited...*100*

An Eclipse Poem for T.C. Cannon

By Ted D. Tomeo-Palmenteer

I saw an old Indian sitting out there
In his power of colors.
He released a color, it floated to you
You shared it.
You showed me each color
as you filled my empty spaces.
Now my heart is enclosed, and
I don't know which color holds me
That Black space . . . that Red space . . .
I wait in my silence, my center is lost
My mind, my soul, my heart turns, to you.

You smile with bright reflections, and say
"All is not lost." 'Brother, when that
Time comes, we will paint the sky
With day colors . . . with night colors . . .
That Red space . . . that Black space . . .
Each man returns to find his source.
We will sing, together, floating
Like there is no tomorrow.

Acknowledgments

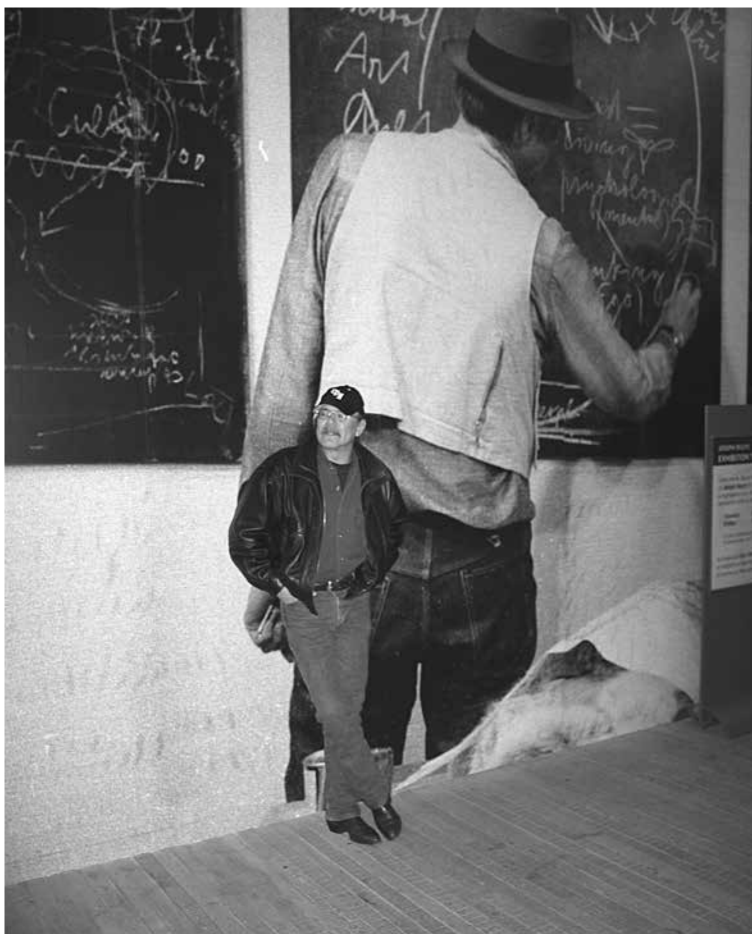
Ted D. Tomeo-Palmenteer (Colville/Nimi'ipuu)(Nez Perce)(1943 – ca1986) 'The Man Spirit in the Wind,' is the first person I must express my highest admiration for, whose inspired poem on the page previous pays homage to our fallen Indian artist classmate and brother T.C. Cannon (1946-1978). Ted understood, about as completely as any Indian person can, the powers that are innate in Indian symbols, rituals, ceremony, poetry, song and dance. After 'gifting' me with his poem, Ted told me that he could sometimes feel the discernible spiritual presence of those Indian artists who painted and studied Indian art on the campus many years before Institute of American Indian Arts (IAIA) was founded in 1962. Those early artists Ted spoke of were the first to study at what was then called The Studio, founded in 1932 by Dorothy Dunn. Like the early days of IAIA, The Studio was located on the campus of the old Santa Fe Indian School. Sadly the old IAIA campus on Cerrillos Road was leveled to the ground in 2008 – the death of a great dream and a great loss to Indian art history and the Native American community. The Studio era included Allan Houser, Joe H. Herrera, Harrison Begay, Gerald Nailor, Quincy Tahoma, Andy Tsinahjinnie, Oscar Howe, and Pablita Velarde.

James McGrath always served as an inspiration and a particularly positive influence on my work in the early 1960s and he was instrumental in opening doors so that I could get to London, England in 1968 where I was given a rare opportunity to study European and American art and film history for four years at the Slade School of Fine Art, University College London. I obtained the best art and film history education the world had to offer. Bernard Cohen, my painting teacher at the Slade, gave me some of the wisest and most solid advice any young artist could ever hope to obtain: "You have to be obsessed with your art because it is in art that we find our highest source of knowledge." I still follow his advice and regularly conveyed those words of wisdom to my art students.

My acknowledgment would not be complete without thanking Kimberly Roppolo for reviewing an earlier draft of this work and those Canadian Indian artists who have joined their ancestors in the spirit world: Bob Boyer (Métis)(1948 – 2004), Doreen Jensen (Kwakuitl)(1933 – 2009), Joane Cardinal-Schubert (Métis-

Blood) (1942 – 2009) and Carl Beam (Ojibwa)(1943 – 2005) and those still living, Gerald McMaster (Blackfoot-Cree), Tom Hill (Seneca), David General (Mohawk), Alex Janvier (Dene), Viviane Gray (Mi'kmaq), Richard Hill (Mohawk), Lee Ann Martin (Mohawk) and in particular George Longish (Seneca-Tuscarora) and Rick Glazer-Danay (Mohawk) who have kept me tuned in to contemporary issues and trends in Native American art these past three decades. Without them, this book might never have seen the light of day. Boyer, McMaster, Hill, Jensen, General, and Martin were instrumental in helping me understand the Native art scene in Canada since the late 1970s - being pivotal players in the Native art community and Native art history - they merit acknowledgment as the very best artists, art historians, and Native art activists in Canada today. In the 1980s Glazer-Danay and Longfish lay down the direction that Native art would take in the United States for the next three decades. I think anybody and everybody who wrote about the Indian fine art of that period owe these two artists a tremendous debt of gratitude for the genius they showed in their selection of young Native artists who would go on to become some of the most accomplished artists anywhere - Edgar Heap of Birds (Southern Cheyenne), Harry Fonseca (Namipu)(1946-2006), Juane Quick-To-See Smith (Flathead-Cree), Emmi Whitehorse (Navajo), Frank La Pena (Nomipom), and Bob Haozous (Mescalero Apache).

Thank you to the people and organizations who donated their imagery to this book so that any royalties would go towards supporting Aboriginal scholarship through the Aboriginal Issues Press Scholarship fund, including: Ron Noganosh, George Longfish, Rick Glazer-Danay, Teresa Marshall Judy Chartrand, Billy War Soldier Soza, Joyce Cannon, Buffalo Bill Historical Centre, National Gallery of Canada, and the Smithsonian Institute. Finally, it would be remiss of me not to recognize the always controversial and notorious Jamake Highwater (ca1930-2001) in all his many forms. This book is revised from several previous publications, including: Young Man 1987, 1988, 1991, 1992-1995, 1996, 1997, 1998 and 2002 (see References Cited).



About the Author

Alfred Young Man, Ph. D. (Eagle Chief) is a Cree enrolled member of the Chippewa-Cree Indian Reservation in Rocky Boy, Montana and Professor Emeritus of the University of Lethbridge and University of Regina. Born in Browning, Montana on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, his paternal and maternal Cree grandparent's were from the Duck Lake area reserves in Saskatchewan and the Erminskin and Cold Lake reserves in Alberta. Young Man has had numerous paintings, articles, essays, book reviews and art critiques published in art catalogues, newspapers, magazines, on internet web pages, and in refereed journals. He has travelled extensively throughout the world presenting at conferences and universities in Japan to South Africa to Paris to Rome to Yale to Australia, Germany, Mexico, California, Sweden, Finland, Canada, the United States and so forth.

Some major published works in random order, include: Networking, (ed.) 1987; Kiskayetum: Allen Sapp, a Retrospective, Regina: The Mackenzie Art Gallery, 1994; North American Indian Art: It's a Question of Integrity publisher Kamloops Art Gallery, Kamloops, British Columbia 1998; "Bob Boyer and SCANA" in Bob Boyer: His Life's Work, Canadian Museum of Civilization/MacKenzie Art Gallery 2008; "Segregation of Native art by ethnicity: is it self-imposed or superimposed?" in (Re)Inventing the Wheel: Advancing the Dialogue on Contemporary American Indian Art, January 28, 2006, publisher Denver Art Museum 2008 (includes cd-rom); "Edward Poitras: Showing Us The Way" in Art Quantum, publisher Eiteljorg Museum of American Indians and Western Art, Indianapolis, Indiana, November 2009; "A Critique of Anthropology from the Native Perspective" in Native American Studies Across Time and Space: Essays on the Indigenous Americas, Oliver Scheiding (ed.), American Studies Monograph Series v. 191, publisher Universitatsverlag Heidelberg, Johannes Gutenberg University, Mainz, Germany Winter 2010; "Indians as Mascots: Perpetuating the Stereotype" in Genocide of the Mind An Anthology by Urban American Indians: One Spirit Living In Two Worlds. Marijo Moore (ed.) publisher Nation Books, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY Fall 2003.

Early Stirrings: Searching for the Native Perspective on Native Art

The long journey toward surviving in the profession of Indian Fine Art began for me as a rebellious teenager who was told by his Bureau of Indian Affairs student counselor on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Montana that he had some kind of inborn artistic ability. All Indian children seemed to have this gift he said, or as Rennard Strickland would later write: Indian children were assumed to be gifted with "some kind of aboriginal artistic chromosome" (Archuleta and Strickland 1991:9). Of course, I was clueless that I was supposed to have this inborn talent since I grew up like every other reservation Indian kid of that period where I was sent to a BIA boarding school, shorn of my long hair, disinfected, Christianized and told not to speak my language under threat of corporal punishment. In September of 1963, I was sent from the Blackfeet Indian reservation by chartered bus to the Concho Indian Boarding School near El Reno, Oklahoma to await transfer to Flandreau Indian Boarding School in South Dakota, or Haskell Indian Boarding School in Kansas or some other BIA run boarding school if and when an opening became available, to learn something prudent like becoming an auto mechanic, plumber, carpenter or some such employable occupation. Eventually I ended up in the newly established Institute of American Indian Arts [IAIA] in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I embarked upon my lifetime journey and career as an artist who happened to be a Cree Indian.

The road on which I set out to travel that September day has taken me through many times and places, many lands, many great cities of the world, culminating in my status as Professor Emeritus at the University of Lethbridge and University of Regina. That journey may be said to be the raison d'être for this book. The trail has been arduous and even thankless on many occasions but never boring.

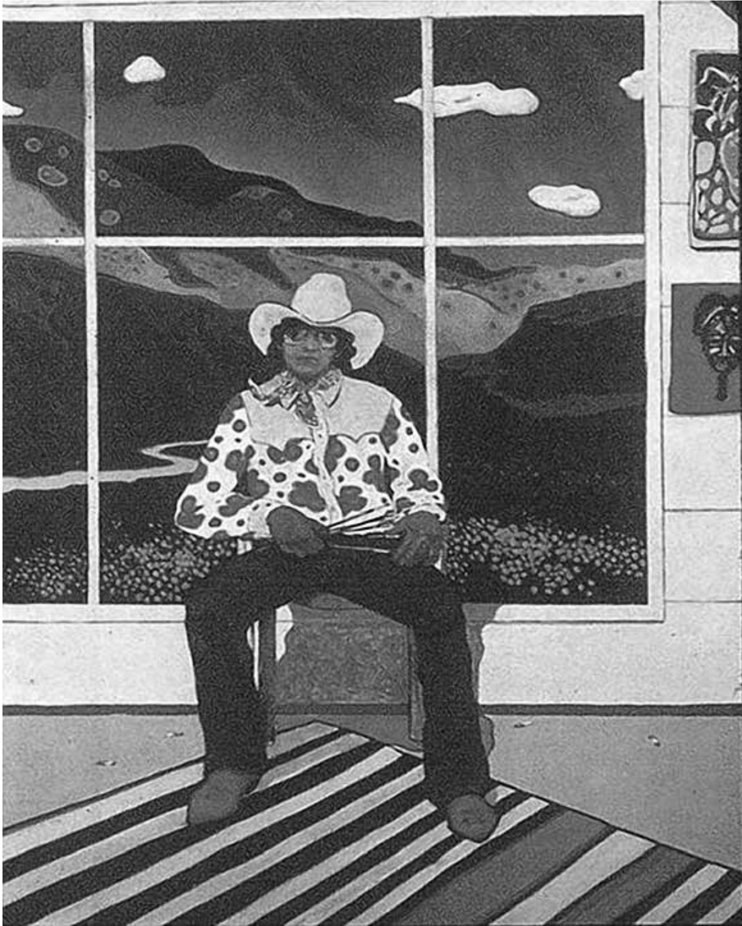
I was fortunate to be among the first generation of young Indian students from reservations across the USA and Canada to be sent to IAIA in the early 1960s to undergo a new experiment in Indian art education, gratis the Rockefeller Foundation's Southwest Indian Art Project. All that IAIA seemed to need in those early years were warm young bodies to fill the vacant seats in their empty classrooms. As fate would have it, there turned out to be a bonus of Indian art talent in that first ever group

of students, hugely gifted painters, sculptures, poets, writers, ceramicists, musicians and actors who would go on to achieve considerable fame, and even fortune in the field of Indian Fine Art. The list reads like a *Who's Who* of Indian Fine Art: Tommy 'T.C.' Wayne Cannon (Caddo), Kevin Red Star (Crow), Earl Eder (Fort Peck Sioux), Billy War Soldier Soza (Mission-Apache), Earl Biss (Crow), Linda Lomahaftewa (Hopi-Choctaw), Sheldon 'Wolf Child' Peters (Lakota), Juanita Waukazo (Chippewa), Eugene Stabler (Omaha), Connie Red Star (Crow), Frank Metcalf (Sioux), Parker Boyiddle (Kiowa/Western Delaware), Benjamin Buffalo (Southern Cheyenne), Phyllis Fife (Creek), Grey Cohoe (Navajo), George Flett (Spokane), Douglas Hyde (Nez Perce), David Montana (Papago), Peter Jones (Seneca/Onondaga), Austin Rave (Eagle Butte Sioux), Cliff Suathojame (Hualapai), Dominique La Ducer (Chippewa), Ted D. Tomeo-Palmenteer (Colville), Joy Harjo (Creek) to name just a few of the many talented artists chosen to establish the school. Those who have not passed on to the great unknown are my professional colleagues and contemporaries. IAIA also had some of the best Native American contemporary and traditional art, drama, and music instructors anyone could ever hope for, amongst these were Allen Houser (Mescalero Apache), Charles Loloma (Hopi), Otellie Loloma (Hopi), Neil Parsons (Blackfeet), Josephine Wapp (Comanche), Lloyd New (Cherokee), Louis Ballard (Cherokee/Quapaw), and Rosalie 'Daystar' Jones (Blackfeet).

IAIA before destruction, 1960s. PHOTO BY AND COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

IAIA after destruction, 2008. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

The artists who had the most impact on me were Earl Eder, T.C. Cannon, Kevin Red Star, Billy War Soldier Soza and Elmer Yazzie. Eder and Red Star were both friends of mine and between them and Cannon they exchanged imaginative ideas and discussions about art on many different levels, styles and genres, discussion that I tried to imitate but later grew to value and build my own knowledge upon. I should have learned such things from my art teachers but Earl and Kevin were natural teachers even though they were only several years older than I. Earl included me as a member of his rock and roll band when I was seventeen years old. We called ourselves the *Fauves* after the French Impressionist movement by that name; it included Kevin Red Star on drums, Earl as lead guitarist, me on rhythm guitar and T.C. Cannon as lead singer. Cannon was a good folk singer who played guitar and sang Bob Dylan better than most; as his fame grew I am told that Cannon would on one occasion open a concert for Peter, Paul and Mary. Historically all three painters/musicians would go on to become among the best known Native artists of their generation and it was they, more than any other artist at IAIA, who would change Indian fine art into what we know of it today. I cannot remember who influenced whom in that group. They were all inspirational poets, painters, singers, and writers, but almost always there was an atmosphere of passionate excitement and an exchange of knowledge in everything we did, from painting for an upcoming art exhibition to playing for the local student dances to publishing poetry to going off to higher education in some of the most prestigious art schools in the world. IAIA in the 1960's, set the stage for what Native art was to become in the United States and Canada for the next four decades where Native and non-Native artists as far



Tommy "TC" Cannon, Self Portrait in the Studio (1975).
Oil, 132 cm x 183 cm. COURTESY OF JOYCE CANNON.

apart as those in California, New York, Alaska, British Columbia, Alberta and Nova Scotia can be seen to have been influenced by what occurred there. The evidence of that impact is clearly visible in the art now being produced in the art galleries in Santa Fe and in the art collection archives of the Museum of Contemporary Native Arts (formerly the IAIA Museum) located just off the plaza in downtown Santa Fe, housed in the old Federal Post Office.

The years 1968-72 at the Slade School were remarkable by any standard, providing ample opportunity for me to meet many famous and talented people. I was the only American Indian in London that many people had ever met so I became a back yard celebrity of sorts. Some English people were fascinated by the idea of meeting a real 'Red Indian,' which is what they call us, and so I decided to

capitalize on that curiosity for the first few years. Because of their interest, I think anyway, I met prominent painters like Pop artist Jim Dine, was able to meet Richard Hamilton and David Hockney as visiting art instructors. Hamilton had just finished a successful run designing the cover and inside sleeve of the Beatles' *White Album*. I also had opportunity to meet artists such as Henry Moore, Francis Bacon and Andy Warhol but did not press the likelihood, not wanting to become a celebrity junkie. After I met Stephen Stills of Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, who introduced me to Jimi Hendrix, I had just about enough of the celebrity tour and so when the chance came for me to go to a Neil Young concert and to meet him beforehand, invited by a friend who worked for Young, I turned down the invitation. I was simply weary of meeting legendary people. Hey, I lived in London, what more could I want than to live and study there? David Bowie used to play and sing at Bunjies, a folk club just off Leicester Square, where I also used to meet my English and American buddies for folk music jam sessions. After awhile, all celebrities became fairly common, and so they had an air of commonness about them. Kathryn Hepburn walked by my studio at the Slade one day and chatted for a bit. I was not particularly impressed by that sort of thing, but I remember it now because it is not something that happens to me at all these days. Charlton Heston would walk around the Slade studios on occasion, admiring the art. Paul Maslansky, who was later to be the director of the financially successful *Police Academy* B movies, came by one day and purchased all my drawings in one of my art exhibitions. The Slade seemed to be a magnet on many agendas and I was in the middle of it all, the 'Red Indian' in the cupboard.

I practically lived in the art galleries and museums of London, frequenting the Tate Gallery, the British Museum, the Hayward Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the Bond and Cork Street galleries, the alternative galleries and exhibitions in Islington, Baker Street, Nottinghill, Chelsea, and Whitechapel. I went to hundreds of art exhibitions around London which routinely featured the works of Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenburg, George Segal, Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, Kenneth Nolan, Frank Stella, Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Larry Rivers, Robert Rauschenberg, Picasso, and many other famous classical, modern, and avante-garde artists. Feminist Germaine Greer spoke to a small group of us on the values of feminism. The nearby Courtauld Institute was one of my favorite haunts and it had on permanent exhibition the works of Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Cézanne and Turner.

The West End had copious theatres that ran popular plays, concert halls where classical music and opera were always available, and art film cinemas were in abundance, all of which I drank in. My English art school pal and I ruled the London streets by night, enjoying the warm beer in the many pubs until closing time and then roaming and exploring the narrow cobblestone streets until the early dawn hours, while London slept. We would come across people who lived underground in the sewers of London, and what a strange culture of humanity they were, emerging from their hideaways only after dark, true denizens of the night. London was a place that was culturally rich beyond my imagination and I reveled in the opportunity, making the most of it.

During the summer holidays for four years, because I could not afford to fly home to Montana, I would do the destitute nomadic art student traveling thing and hitchhike around Europe to visit the temples of the art gods, the Louvre, the Moulin Rouge and Montmartre in Paris, travel by boat, train or plane to the Acropolis in Athens, to Istanbul and to all points in between. I once hitchhiked to the Island of Hydra in Greece looking for Leonard Cohen, boarding a ferry-line owned by Aristotle Onassis. It had three levels: the rich occupied the top deck; middle-class rode on the second, and the peasants, paupers, or lower-class people and animals on the bottom, where I rode – shades of the movie *Titanic* without the girl or romance. When I finally found where Cohen lived in a little hillside fishing village on Hydra, unfortunately he was gone on tour but the local bartender at the pub knew who he was.

During all this time I was classified by the Selective Service in the United States as 4-F. Although I was ready to go to war in Viet Nam for the good of my country, I was never drafted. As it turned out, because I was the youngest of three brothers I was not called to serve in Viet Nam. The U.S. Army has a guiding principle to leave at least one brother alive to carry on the family name, the film *Saving Private Ryan* comes to mind.

In my time in London I became politically active and that shows in my paintings, research and writing. I was reading black activist literature by Frantz Fanon, Eldridge Cleaver, George Jackson, Bobby Seal, Angela Davis or the revolutionaries Mao Tse-Tung and Ho Chi Ming, and African and American Indian quatrains. Musically I was listening to the black Ghanaian rock group Osibisa whose crisscross rhythms explode with happiness or groove on Miles Davis playing his out of this world jazz, *Live Evil.* In 1969 I discovered *Custer Died for Your Sins* by Standing Rock Sioux author Vine Deloria, Jr. (1933 – 2005), which I found in a bookstore on Shaftsbury Avenue in London, and learned that the London Observer newspaper named him as one of the twelve most influential thinkers of the Twentieth Century.

London was a great place to be in the late 1960s to early 1970s, for the world had been undergoing rapid changes—politically, culturally, and technologically. Many of my paintings from that period reflect my awareness and fascination with those changes.

It is my hope that this book offers something distinctive to you — a Native perspective on Native art and a foray into the Native art politics of our day which are anything but simple. The thesis from which this book evolved, was written for my Ph.D. in Anthropology at Rutgers University, a most unlikely achievement for me, given the fact that anthropologists have controlled the discourse on Native art for more than 150 years, silencing the voices of Native people continuously regarding our own cultural and historical legacy, production and spirituality. I am a Cree Indian armed with a Ph.D., having the academic authority, determination, and I hope cultural and personal integrity to write against the distortions of the Native art world committed by non-Native specialists for longer than we care to remember. It is time to move forward.

The Native perspective vs. Anthropology: A Third Reality

Hell, if you understood everything I say, you'd be me!

– Miles Davis

Scholars and historians writing about Indian fine art must write about Indian societies and histories from their own imagined systems, doctrines and terms of reference within which they position their own world. These long established social and political theories have predictably created their own time and space paradigms with which Native art realities must now coexist and which the Native perspective must now deconstruct and redefine.

For over 150 years 'Indian' specialists have invented new phrases and words which have become intrinsic to the Western perspective's description of Native American societal relations and their art. Expressions such as 'ethnographic present,' 'primitive art,' 'natural art,' 'scavenger art,' 'savage art,' 'cultism,' 'Stone Age,' 'exotic art' are conventional expressions in art, anthropology, archaeology, ethnology, and other disciplines when discussing Indian fine art. Berndt (1968:25) suggests related concepts such as 'archaic,' 'backward,' 'naïve,' 'retarded,' 'unsophisticated,' 'stunted,' 'vegetative' and even 'Nature-folk' all have a pejorative ring, but continue to be used by an unwary, unsophisticated and uncritical scholarly and lay community. Forty years later, not much has changed; Western scholars, and consequently the lay person, generally embrace the 'us vs. them', where 'them' is familiar stereotypes (noble savage, heathen savage, and primitive) rather than a Native reality. Through the Native perspective, all 'outside' metaphors play a subservient role. Native fine art is a subject unto itself. I call this theory from which my interpretations grow, "Native perspective."

'Pure Indian' cultures have never existed, since the concept 'Indian' itself is a semantic booby trap. Authentic Native cultures do exist. That is *not* the issue; the imagery created by asking 'Are you Indian?' conjures up endless false pretenses. Perspectives from anthropologists like Graburn (1993) see Indians evolving from an uncontaminated *ethnographic present* into an assimilated 'melting-pot' Euro-American world order. To do so using the vocabulary of art and art criticism created

by Western science has great implications for Indian fine art theory and history. Today the question becomes one of Native people having the power and freedom to define ourselves.

When queried by Stan Steiner (1976:292) about what it means to be a Cherokee, Gerald Wilkinson of the National Indian Youth Council (NIYC) shrewdly responded: “No one can make a culture. You don’t make a culture. You don’t make a nation. You don’t make a tribe. The Great Spirit makes them. It happens because people live together, because they survive. That’s what makes a culture, a nation, a tribe. That’s something that’s given to you and you just accept it; you don’t make it. What is a tribe? It’s not rituals and customs. It’s the relationship of human beings who share their lives, who are together in the way they express themselves. And if you are nothing, you can be anything”.

Wilkinson’s use of the term ‘tribe’ is a European concept of ancient Roman origin and politically incorrect in Canada (Lobban & Lobban 1975), where ‘First Nations’ is used since the 1980s to reflect Aboriginal peoples as citizens of sovereign nations that existed prior to European colonization. The British Crown signed treaties with ‘nations’ of Native people, not ‘tribes’ of Native people. Many Native cultures were partially or completely destroyed by overwhelming forces of political, physical and cultural genocide, ethnocide, and/or enforced acculturation for over 500 years. Peter O. Peretti (1968:39-40) wrote, “The confining of the Indian upon reservations, called ‘concentration camps’ by some critics, has nurtured a form of segregation and isolationism, and in turn resentment by the Indians which has been prolonged throughout the period of Indian-White relationships…When the Indians were rounded up and placed on reservations, as we know them, the white people always seemed surprised that sickness and death threatened their extermination but there should have been no surprise, for even when white people are put into such camps the death rate rises”. Further supporting this argument, Earl Shorris wrote,

> War and slaughter were the way of the nation for three centuries, the crude tools of conquest, of the making of a nation. The history of practicality romanticizes the wars, fostering the love of a country that allows future wars, creating a chauvinism (sic) of assassination, an essence. The anthropologist who visited the Sioux and called them ‘warriors without weapons,’ laying the blame for the depressed conditions of the men living on the reservations on their lack of opportunity for war, made no attempt to compare his own culture with that of the Sioux. War for the Plains Indians had been ritualistic, a game with unreasonably high stakes, but a game with limits. The Sioux were appalled by the white enemy who fought to conquer. They were dumbfounded by his cruelties: hanging, imprisonment, the beating of his own children. Yet the anthropologist manages to look upon the Indians as if he were a man from a society of peace and reason straining to see downward to understand the plight of the abruptly pacified warriors. (Shorris 1971:68)

Whether one is defined as a Darwinist, a Marxist, a capitalist, a postwar neo-functionalist, or modernist, or a practitioner of structuralism, feminism, positivism, or materialism, the 'new anthropologists' practice yet another ambiguous aspect of their discipline. The ultimate objective of some of the members of their 'tribes', as some anthropological leaders affectionately refer to themselves and their followers, is one of gaining, securing or winning the definitive perspective on their 'living fossils' or 'interdependent marks' of research. Their combined philosophies assigned Aboriginal peoples of at first the European and the Mediterranean non-Greek cultures, and later North America and the rest of the world, the esoteric space of '*Other';* a concept that became entrenched during the Industrial Revolution.

From the Native perspective, the very word 'anthropologist' has become synonymous with conquest, colonialism, adventurism and cultural ethnocide. Some argue that my analysis is 'essentialism' however the one, two and three dimensional man of Western society and Marxist philosophy is supplanted by the indigenous intellectual, who exercises an absolute property of fourth dimensional thought and philosophy over the context of the contemporary Native American universe.

Personal knowledge of genocide saturates the Native perspective. Indigenous peoples of North America have observed social scientists with their interpretations of Native cultures at work for more than a century. A Western attitude of panopticism has prevailed throughout that time. Structuralism with its objectifying gaze has erected chimerical models for the world to ponder, only to have the conclusion swallowed up by newly created theoretical paradigms. Leví-Strauss once said, "People only have feelings because their culture makes them obligatory." This marvelously abominable statement was made after his study of anthropology's 'living fossils'. Isolationist, provincial and parochial theories continue to flood the three dimensional world of social science to the point of dogmatism. Vine Deloria, Jr. was concerned that these attitudes, which have become provincial and parochial in time, would eventually become provincial and parochial in space. It may be that we are destined to be trapped in Jeremy Bentham's panoptical world forever. Perhaps the planet is becoming more and more an 'Escheristic' macrocosm. The North American Indian, the native Llongot Headhunter, and the ever anthropologically present Trobriand Islanders and thousands and millions of the *Other* who have been studied, dissected, stratified, objectified - reified as 'primitives' - may be the only escape from the Western fears of *an* assumed 'Cartesian anxiety' complex.

Westernized alarm at losing one's grasp on power is a real neurotic psychological state and not dependent on society making this fearsome emotion obligatory, as Leví-Strauss' postulate would lead us believe. Mao Tse-Tung's admonition, popularized in his *Little Red Book* (1938) that power comes out of the barrel of a gun seems to be more apt. As long as anthropology fears its own demise along with the extinction of its 'living fossils' or 'living laboratories,' Native Americans and other 'natives' cannot provide the world with culturally-correct insights into our own deportment, behavior, and artistic presence or response. The Westernized preoccupations and pretenses of having a *priori* knowledge regarding who or what

the Indian is, however obtained and defined, causes misinterpretations. The status quo of social science needs to be reordered to incorporate a dialectical approach to the Native perspective.

Native artists must free themselves from the prison of the anthropological gaze before they can become free people who create art as Art writ large but it may be that anthropologists must acknowledge they are part of the problem and not the solution before that can be realized.

To achieve purity in research, the scientific investigator must first assume the responsibility of being the dominant social authority and in one single motion align ideologically — or come into an eventual ideological alignment with – that same western system or philosophy in some way, whether spoken or unspoken, acknowledged or not. The question becomes academic. This is not something a contemporary American Indian could do without feeling as if the very roots of his/her Native culture, value system, and philosophy were pushed aside in favor of this 'higher' form of intellectual performance. It is perhaps significant and noteworthy that only one American Indian person, Alfonso Ortiz, has become a celebrated anthropologist (Bosveld 1990:74). While there now may be as many as sixty Native anthropologists around North America, it seems biologically and psychologically impossible to be both 'primitive' *and* 'scientist'.

Michael Ames (1933 - 2006) of the University of British Columbia seemed to be the only contemporary anthropologist, so far as I am aware, who bothered to write seriously about the acceptance of the Native perspective per se, going so far as to actually try to define its tangential qualities as universal principles, still not going as far as I would like but nevertheless, making a good beginning (Ames 1993). Although others like Trigger (1985), Vastokas (1986 - 1987), and Townsend-Gault (Nemiroff, Houle & Townsend-Gault 1992) seem to speak vividly of Native peoples and their contributions to society and even appear to be on the right path, they still fall short of the mark. Ames cautioned us:

> Culture and its expressions have become a contested terrain as those on the margins of society gradually, inevitably, vocally, and sometimes defiantly, march with determination towards the centre of attention. . . . It is naturally difficult to clearly see our own circumstance—think critically about the ways we think—and there is the constant danger of imposing a conceptual violence upon other views in an attempt to understand them. Thinking the contemporary, no matter how imperfectly and incompletely, is nevertheless a necessary part of coming to terms with the world within which we live and work. (ibid. 1993)

In a footnote, Ames' mentions: "Toronto writer M. Nourbese Philips prefers the term *frontier* as being more positive for those inhabiting such spaces" (ibid). Needless to say, contemporary Native artists are not likely to posit themselves as situated on yet another 'frontier'.

Where there is such a Native perspective to be found, such perspective(s) must be documented, taught, and obligatorily addressed, no matter how complicated they are to come to terms with, until they become an integral part of the status quo vocabulary, language, and conceptual framework of reference. Principles could then be postulated and established that would bring about not just another structural theoretical model to be at first emulated only later to be plundered and cast aside by the skeptical, undereducated, and uncritical, but a model which truly reflects the perspectives of all Native parties involved. This cannot be achieved without actively consulting with Native people and making them full partners in every sense of the word, which is what good field workers are supposed to do at any rate. The 'object of research' would no longer simply be the 'object' then, but would in fact be an equal. In this way Native art and anthropology merge to form an enhanced Native perspective.

It is up to this generation of Native scholars, if not graduate student anthropologists, to try to establish a more reasonable solution to this problem, which continues to dog the most politically astute among us. The Native perspective informing the rest of this book provides a counterbalance to the anthropologically driven interpretations of Native art in the past and points to a future where dialectic can truly exist and inform.

An Issue of the Historical Control of Native Art

Compared to the antiquated, dry exercises in Western art history, the academic study of North American Indian art is a relative newcomer. Prior to 1978, the Indian Fine Art 'movement' was just beginning to gain ground in an art world that had written off Native history, cultures, and societies as primarily a thing of the past, a 'vanishing race' as it were; it mattered little that Native artists were producing art in an underground kind of way whenever and wherever they found the occasion to do so in the preceding one-hundred years. During this century of denial, there arose from the ranks of art, anthropology, and the sociological disciplines various pointed ways to describe what was happening within the psychology of the Native art of the period, as revealed through the examination of their cultures. The psyche of the 'vanishing race' was considered merely an empty vessel into which one could pour endless, mostly meaningless content concerning the 'superiority' of Western Euro/American culture. The best possible thing that could be done for these heathen, hedonistic cultures was to Christianize them. "We've got to civilize these savages!" So went the credo of the era; much of this was accomplished through the now notorious Indian boarding and residential schools in the United States and Canada respectively.

Virtually all critical analysis of Indian fine art before 1978 affected a modernist attitude, subsuming Native artists as culturally and intellectually inferior, upward bound from some a-historical, pre-civilized Stone Age state of existence. Little thought was given to the notion North American Indian cultures as viable economic, political and social structures in their own right, with their own art histories. After all, what kind of history or social systems could these *preliterate* societies build without written languages?

Bronislaw Malinowski (1884-1942) would have a major influence on Western society's preoccupation with the primitive vs. the civilized with *Crime and Custom in Savage Society* contributing to the status quo by presumably demonstrating customs could be restrictive and socially integrating without written laws. He proclaimed that some kind of morally upright Native 'civilization' did exist, albeit being of a different sort from the commonly accepted norm that was considered Euro/American civilization.

Nevertheless, Native artists from 1880 to 1950, like Northwest Coast actor/painter/janitor George Clutesi, Charles Edenshaw, Mungo Martin, Willie Seaweed, Alberta Blood Indian artist Gerald Tailfeathers, Oklahoma's Paul Zotom and Acee Blue Eagle, and numerous other 'underground practitioners' of illegal 'Indian' cultures in Canada and U.S., continued to produce their art right through more than a century of colonial oppression. Such suppression generally took the form of anti-Indian legislation, the pass system in Canada, broken treaties, institutionalized racism and bureaucratic ineptitude, theft of land, resources, artworks, and bogus colonial education about Indian history. These early Native artists would be emulated by new generations of Native artists who found themselves in the same predicament.

In the 1960s, hints to the direction in which contemporary Native art was heading in Canada came from artists such as Chipewyan painter Alex Janvier, who refused to sign his work with anything other than his Treaty Number, his Department of Indian and Northern Development bureaucratic identity. And then Norval Morrisseau (1932-2007), the founder of the Woodland School of painting, who rebelled against his Ojibwa tradition to paint what many traditionalists considered to be sacrilegious. Some countered with the opinion that Morrisseau's 'spiritual message' in those early years of his rise to fame, came out of the bottle of liquor his alcohol-diseased body required. Daphne Odjig, inarguably one of Canada's major artists, in those same early years of establishing Native art in Canada, faced complete rejection as a Native female artist, with noteworthy art critic Jay Scott of the *Globe and Mail* condemning her for "puréeing everything from Picasso to Walt Disney into a blandly decorative pictorial pulp" (1985:35). A retrospective on her work which has traveled Canada lately seems to have put Scott's negative criticism to rest.

A decade later, a new generation of Native artists hung the 'Woodpecker school of art' moniker around the neck of any Native artist whose work was associated with the anthropologically-defined Woodland cultural area. Such self-inflicted psycho-parody by Native artists proved to be a necessary stepping stone in a continuing war of attrition against their sins of uncritically and carelessly accepting the anthropological stereotypes that were unscrupulously sold to an unwary, náive public by what seemed to be an omnipotent scientific establishment. The derisive 'Woodpecker school of art' label can be traced directly to a similar U.S. movement, which shouldn't be too much of a surprise since Native peoples have always been more closely related across the 49th parallel, otherwise known as 'The Medicine Line,' than most Canadian historians, politicians and their southern counterparts ordinarily like to imagine, let alone discuss. This was clearly articulated when Salteaux artist Robert Houle curated *New Work by a New Generation* for the Mackenzie Art Gallery in 1982, "wherein the forty-ninth parallel was symbolically erased to join the First Nations of Canada and the Native Americans of the United States" (Nemiroff et al 1992:73).

In the Southwest, an earlier movement by Native artists in the 1960s similarly gave rise to what has become known in American Indian art history as the 'Bambi School of art.' Young Native artists of the time became disenchanted and impatient

with the simplicity of the Southwest art establishment in the guise of Dorothy Dunn, a Chicago Art Institute graduate, who founded The Studio in Santa Fe, New Mexico (1932-37) wherein a style of anti-intellectual, two-dimensional Indian painting was invented, defining literally and figuratively what everyone thought Indian art was for more than a generation. Wielding the satirical weapon of humorous commentary enabled the emerging Native art communities of the swinging '60s and the disco '70s to overcome what was in effect a total hijacking of Native sensibilities, history, culture, emotions, and creativity by a world art establishment unabashedly practicing little other than gross paternalism and decadent deception.

In Canada, guilt seemed to play a central role in the first attempts by non-Native critics to define Indian fine art criticism. In short, the blame over colonization and the resulting terrible social conditions of First Nations peoples served as the force and focus for canonizing Native art works, though Native artists wanted and still want recognition on the intrinsic significance of their work, not merely acknowledgment based on ethnicity and guilt. Tom Hill wrote, "… a critic for the *Globe and Mail* . . . wrote for a New York column, the first very serious criticism on Indian art. This lady who did the review made a very good effort because it was serious criticism." Hill, however, seems compelled to add, ". . . and she didn't do it for any sort of guilt reasons" (1978:35).

Hill was to comment later, "John Bentley Mays came up with a label . . . 'guilt art!' His statement to the public was why must we make our Canadian art institutions feel guilty for not accepting Native art?" (Young Man 1987:9)

The following quote aptly illustrates the emotional, explosive quality of this debate as expressed by Hill at the University of Lethbridge:

> Back in October of 1978 the first Native Artists Conference was held on Manitoulin Island … Alex Janvier as he sort of stormed out of one of the sessions: 'It is obvious from my point of view that these organizations we have come across are of little value, or of no use to us. It seems that they have their priorities and are engaged in something little different than what we are. I think we have a commitment, a commitment to ourselves as artists, to our tribes, and to our Indian people in general.' Slam! went the door and out walked Alex Janvier! (ibid:8)

Those early years of Canadian Native art were stormy ones indeed. To ascertain whether 'guilt art' was an accurate assessment or merely a figment of John Bentley Mays' imagination, we must turn to the politics and quality of Native art history for a credible answer. It seems hardly convincing that anyone, let alone a Native artist who took his/her art seriously, would attempt to pass off their hard won creations as merely emotional rescue nonsense. The 'guilt' playing such a prominent role in the psyche of these art critics, such as Mays, is built into their system. Jean Fisher wrote, "...we are all, to a greater or lesser extent, a part of neocolonial heterogeneous populations subjected to and spoken for by corporate and media based hegemonies"(1986:iv).

Unable to recognize, identify, and reconcile these psychological anomalies within their own communities and personalities, art critics and Native art critics remain vulnerable, blithesomely exposing their Achilles heel. From our position today, it is evident many Native art critics prior to 1978, in matters relative to Native art, were of the 'weekend gardener variety,' uninformed and basically unmotivated to do the research needed to write a meaningful text. In part, this could be attributed to these writers being simply ethnocentric in their attitudes towards the *others* of this world, an ethnocentrism, as we have seen, based on the scientific and political mythologies of the day: "Our understanding of the world is increasingly becoming what has been called 'false consciousness': 'knowledge' based on the reception of a vertiginous display of historically and spatially discontinuous fragments of already interpreted data which, unlike lived experience, provide no context in which the 'truth value' of information can be critically assessed. . . . the illusion of the coherent self begins to fragment" (ibid:iv).

Several 'styles' of Native art criticism predominate today. One of these widely used learned styles consists of simply tacking whatever Native artist is being considered for the moment onto the end of a chronologically-long list of Western art historical material, supposedly demonstrating Native artists are in essence assimilated and can be quite comfortably be ensconced within a Western art aesthetic, the 'Indian art is dead; long live art by Indians' prerequisite. But of course, the end result of that method can do no other than provide evidence Native artists do nothing other than create derivative mush, the empty vessel analogy. No attempt is made to unearth where the roots of such art originates. The artist may be given a place in the sun for the moment, but at the very high cost of disregarding the truth of his/her culture and history. More than one Native artist has found this lack of sensitivity on the part of art critic/historians to be more than a little unprofessional and even insulting, if not downright condescending, and it certainly gets attention in political analysis. Mohawk artist Rick Glazer-Danay spoke of this dilemma in this way: "Professional realities . . . museum realities, are professional realities. Ultimately we must have our work judged by the same universal criteria that all art is judged by" (Young Man 1987:67). There is certainly no quarrel with this hypothesis, no matter how unpremeditated a statement it may be. However, to reiterate, the same criterion has seldom been applied universally in matters relative to good written Native art criticism, historical and otherwise. The museum going public's judging Native art objects by universal art criteria does not automatically guarantee like-minded activity in the areas of well-researched scholarly historical material. "Anthropological conclusions about a culture do not automatically account for the art of the culture" (Hill & Duffek 1989:12). All too often the products, which are in this case the anthropological conclusions, presuppose the context and content of Native art as one and the same therefore there is no connection of the circle.

Another 'method' of time-honored Native art criticism does no more than include a conspicuously small, four-line byte of information about the artist such as his/her name, 'tribe,' title of the work, date of creation, and perhaps the material out

of which the art was made, in the text, next to a black and white, sometimes colored photograph of the art object in question. This unprincipled, fashionably minimalist approach to art comment, not masquerading we hope as serious art criticism, has led to more than one Native artist angrily denouncing such practices as achieving nothing more than the 'ghettoization' of Native artists and their work. A mass exodus of Native artists from the ontological Indian fine art world was threatened. Unfortunately this ghettoization phenomenon is another idea seemingly concocted by our unilaterally appointed saviors of the art-for-art sake ideology, who continue to lack the necessary political will and critical credentials to write intelligently about our subject at hand relying on old outdated theories and dogma to point the way. In these post-modernist times, admittedly some progress has been made in this area but it still exists.

What about the term Native artist? In the late 1980s, Nova Scotia video artist Mike MacDonald (who is of Mi'kmaq, Scotch, Irish, Beothuk, and Portuguese ancestry) created "electronic mountains" of televisions, which are convincing statements of an acknowledged Northwest Coast Indian aesthetic. His *Electronic Totem* (1987) regale the viewer with messages from the anthropologically defined 'paperclip' culture whose metaphysics is measured not in decades or hundreds of years but in eons, millennia, beyond history. "This work [*Electronic Totem*] tends to show only positive images of the people and their land, and both appear much as they would have before contact with European culture. We don't see the vast areas of clear cut forests or the trains and trucks speeding past reservation children. I am attempting to show enduring aspects of the culture, things these people have done for centuries and will continue to do." An earlier work of his, *Seven Sisters,* is a video collage comprising a five screen video presentation in which MacDonald defines the "Gitksan Wet'sewet'en nation . . . [of B.C. as one which] . . . sprang from the earth over thousands of years. It is respectful of the earth. While some people see it as a great shame that the culture is being destroyed, I feel that the great shame is the failure to adopt the culture among those who have come to exploit the resources" (Gray & O'Neill 1993:35). MacDonald and Joane Cardinal-Schubert simultaneously rejected the Native art label with the former noting, "There is a common denominator in that we're using our backgrounds in our work . . . we describe ourselves as Canadian artists of Native ancestry," MacDonald says (Bushkeikin 1989).

Yet another acceptable method of Native art commentary involves an anthropological culture-area tour around the Native art landscape, short-listing Native artists according to their geographical location. This method of art education depends rather lavishly upon keeping abreast of the Native art events of the moment and making short tacit remarks about the individuals, one at a time, looking upon the mosaic of Native artists from a viewpoint of assumed superior Western articulateness with virtually no, or at the most very little, blending of contemporary political and historical reality.

Since many Native artists neither have the resources nor know the technical jargon to command the linguistic and conceptual expertise to write lengthy,

thought provoking essays on the subject (what artist is her own or his own best critic?), and academically qualified Native art critics of Native ancestry are virtually nonexistent, it becomes increasingly simple for liberals or other 'hangers-on' to exploit this vacuum. "Like, hey, there's money for this kind of stuff! Let's go do a Native art show!" Consider the similarity of the following statements made by an anthropologist (who shall remain nameless here) within the past couple of decades and one allegedly made by a U.S. President eighty years ago. Anthropologist: "The North American Indians may be primitive but they are our 'primitive superiors!'" (Isn't that something like declaring that the noble savage may be a 'savage' but by god, he's 'my' savage?) Needless to say there aren't too many Native artists attempting to live up to the noble savage anthropological stereotypes, although that doesn't mean there aren't some who have tried. Just the same, there are those non-Indians who still try to exploit this void left by Indian fine art's lack of expertise in this area. Nevertheless, the serious Native artists, historically and contemporaneously, have first and foremost created the Native art paradigm as we know it today. All valid interpretation in the scholarly and artistic community depends on this fact. Quality Native art does and will stand on its own merit. The problem is getting qualified art critics to write about it as it was meant to be written about.

Time alone will tell if the 'ghettoization' ruse is fact or fiction—more likely it will be the latter. The idea of 'guilt art' is most certainly imaginary. Guilt alone, being an emotion, is completely useless, producing nothing without the artist. All the guilt in the world won't get one good sentence written on Native art. To drive one final nail into this trite coffin of Western comprehension, it should be noted any Native artist, or any other person for that matter, who is called upon to teach or write a critique of Native art for any university or public art institution, cannot be said to be the least bit qualified to undertake such an arduous task if that same person has any qualms at all about the 'legitimacy' of his/her subject matter. How can one instruct from a text in which one doesn't believe?

The unfortunate problem of appropriation seems to continually raise its dreadful head in the world of Picasso and Van Gogh as well - the 'official' art world. In the process of denying the legitimacy of their art on its own historical terms, Native artists who have uncritically bought into, and adopted wholesale, the Westernized concept of 'ghettoization' have simultaneously discovered they are forced to repudiate their own historical identity in order to become acceptable and succeed as 'artists' in the Western world, to get their 'fifteen minutes of fame,' as Andy Warhol put it. Not inexplicably, we find such dissenters inexorably turning back to Native art exhibitions curated exclusively as 'Indian fine art' based in this or that theme with each new effort undeniably a unique exhibit, in its own right with its own particular signature, each irrefutably Native art in concept and design unable to shake the circumstances of their own history, thoroughly caught up in the incidents which comprise times gone by. The jury is still out on those Native artists who have totally abandoned their Indian identities in favor of buying into the so called 'universality' of the Western art brotherhood in order to claim success.

Pop Art's Robert Rauschenberg (1925 – 2008) is the only Indian (or at least the only one *rumored* to be Cherokee Indian) who has somehow managed to slip through the cracks of this disagreement; but then again, he did not generally make it known he was of Cherokee ancestry. This is rather like trying to decide if Elvis or Tina Turner is the 'genuine thing,' that is, an Indian. Would Rauschenberg's work have been accepted by the art establishment if he admitted to his Indian identity, culture, and history as being an indispensable element of his existence that informed his statements, as does Carl Beam and Alex Janvier? Perhaps Rauschenberg knew better than to go there, or it could be the idea never entered his mind or as Robbie Robertson simply said, no one cared. What looks like a good idea from the Western perspective, assimilation, is fatal from the Native perspective.

There was a minor attempt in 1983 to include Native artists in a glossy coffee table Canadian fine arts book as artists who do Art writ large, *Visions: Contemporary Art in Canada* (Bringhurst et al 1983) but that went nowhere. And what about a world class art exhibition? *Savoir-vivre, Savoir-faire, Savoir-etre*, Art Contemporain, 1990, hung at the Centre International D'art Contemporain in Montreal included two well known Native artists, Eddie Poitras and Mexican Indian Domingo Cisneros. However, by universal standards this was exiguous recognition and far from Canadian Indian Fine Art having an honored place, for example, in the National Gallery in Ottawa.

The Norval Morrisseau Retrospective in 2006 at the National Gallery of Canada is the answer to Native artists and scholars leveling continuous criticism at the Canadian art establishment for refusing to recognize Native artists as Native artists per se, but whether or not this is a fundamental change in approach on the part of the status quo is yet to be seen.

This raises a related issue of whether or not the National Gallery should begin collecting Native art purely on the basis of the artist being an Indian. Nemiroff believes it cannot be done since she believes an inevitable lowering of standards would ensue. On the contrary, Native artists and Native critics demand as much rigor in quality as their white Euro/American counterparts; excellence in the art itself must be the bottom line and current production would seem to bear this out. This suggestion has come to be viewed as absurd by some, that first rate Native artists should be included in the National Gallery under a separate title akin to something like *Canadian Indian Art*, that this would be something in the order of a 'created fact.' Unfortunately, because of that, it could also be perceived as political truckle.

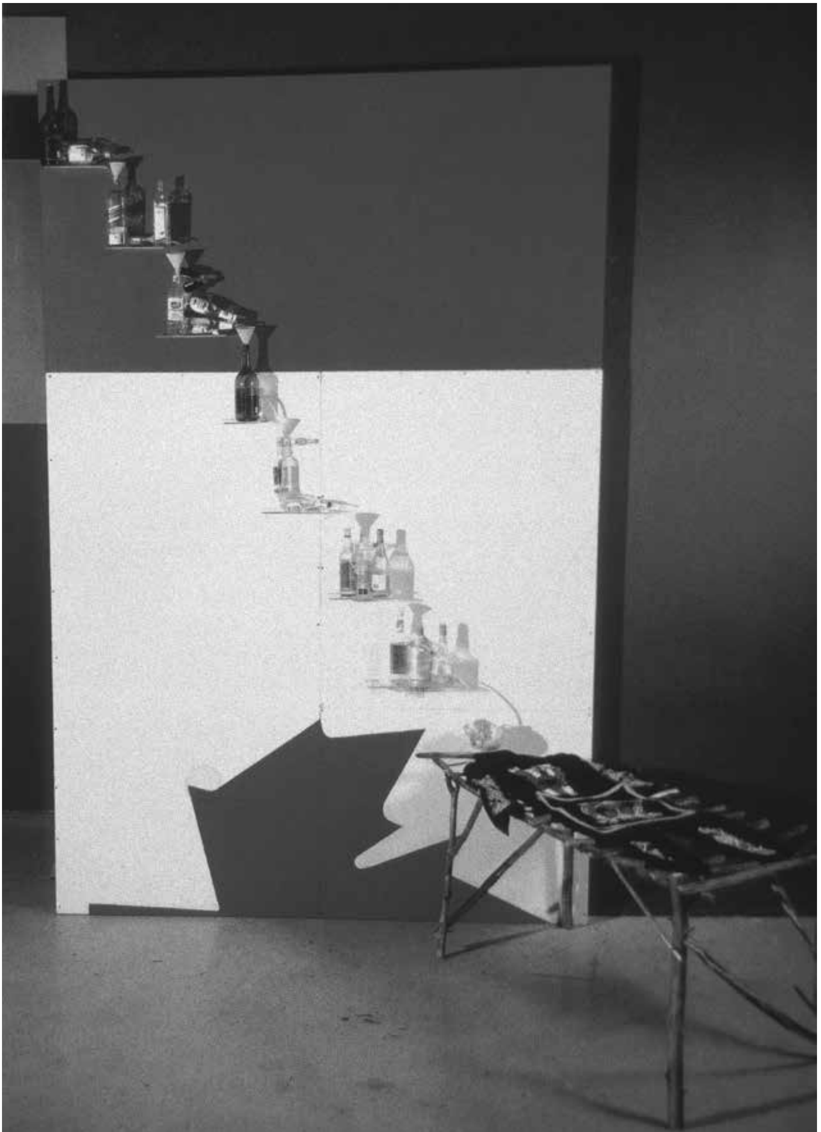
Actually, Canadian art as a whole is no less of a created fact, but this doesn't prevent the National Gallery from collecting it wholly on the basis of it being art done by a purely nationalistic group who call themselves Canadians. Ask yourself, "Would the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) in New York City collect Canadian art just because the artist was a Canadian?" Of course not, but they do collect quality art made by Canadian artists which, as we have seen, is a created fact, and that undoubtedly has an influence on the decisions of MOMA directors in more subtle ways than we can perhaps imagine. Canadian artists do not go out to deliberately

create 'Canadian art' in order to be collected by the National Gallery in Ottawa; neither do Native artists deliberately go out to create Native art in order to be accepted by Native art historians or critics. They exist. They are real facts. Canada should neither be denying the political facts of Native art's existence nor its historical legitimacy.

The juxtapositions of the works by Poitras (Canadian First Nations) and Cisneros (Mexican Indian) with works by Rauschenberg, Joseph Beuys, and R. Buckminster Fuller in *Savoir-vivre, Savoir-faire, Savoir-etre*, *Art Contemporain,* 1990, should have at least sought to authentically address the obvious pressing questions Native art raised. The curators, additionally, should have come up with some convincing answers to as to why this sort of thing could be allowed to go forward unquestioned by anyone other than Native people. "Art meeting science and spirituality," which was *Savoir-vivre, Savoir-faire, Savoir-etre's* theme, may have been a noble reason to curate a show of this kind within its own paradigms, but what of the very real conditions that separated these artists at the cultural and historical levels in the first place? Poitras and Buckminster Fuller could hardly be equated as soul mates. There was an ocean of questions that deserved appropriate answers there. For instance, what happened at Oka in the Montreal suburbs, in the same time and space? A small exhibition a few blocks away ran concurrently at the VA Gallery, Concordia University, with Mary Longman (Plains Cree), Arthur Renwick (Haisla), Erick Robertson (Gitksan), and Veran Wallis (Apache) entitled *Our Home and Native Land*. Moreover, the smaller exhibit held at least as much, and perhaps even more, relevance to the preceding questions of Native art's place in Canadian society.

Ojibwa constructionist Ron Noganosh writes:

> I am according to the Government of Canada, a real INDIAN. The number that has been assigned me is BO47957 and my band number is 99. This has helped me to find my place in society, for without this information, I would, in all probability not know that I was an Indian, says the government. I spent my youth on the Shawnaga Indian Reservation, attending various and sundry schools, after which I was pronounced CIVILIZED. Upon completing a Graphic Design course in Toronto in 1980, I was officially declared an ARTIST, and let loose upon an unsuspecting world. Thereafter I obtained gainful employment in diverse occupations ranging from car washer to screen washer and discovered that jobs for CIVILIZED INDIAN ARTISTS are not profuse. During this time, caught up in the mystique of being a CIVILIZED INDIAN ARTIST, I began making prints of a realistic nature and this approach continues to this day. I entered the Fine Arts Program at the University of Ottawa and began teaching art at the C.E.G.E.P. de l'Outaouais in Hull, Quebec. At the university I began to explore the political, economic, ecological, and social issues, which confront people in their everyday lives, through



Ron Noganosh, *Lubicon* (1988). COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

> the medium of sculpture, using found objects. Perhaps I am becoming a MYSTICAL CIVILIZED INDIAN ARTIST . . . say the reviewers. Their pronouncements have led to exhibitions in Ottawa, Hull, Toronto, Brantford, New York, Tokyo, and Munich. My work has been acquired by the Dept. of Indian and Northern Affairs, the National Museum of Civilization and several private collectors. Someday I may even be a RICH MYSTICAL CIVILIZED INDIAN ARTIST (SIC). (Hessel, Kanbara & Young Man 1991:52)

In the same vein, the photography of Greg Staats shows us a camera in the hands of a sensitive artist need not automatically turn the image of the Indian into ethnographic philosophy, exotic swill, commercial exploitation, or political fodder. Catching his subject matter in the honest light of their shared existence speaks its own powerful truth. Staats (1989, n.p.) writes he is:

> . . . [D]iscovering and nurturing the inner potential. When I began this journey of images in 1979, I realized I was starting something that was very new to photographic history; Native peoples being portrayed by a Native photographer. In today's world of advanced technology, change is left to science and progress measured by technology. Yet we cannot expect to benefit by this process alone, and it is up to us to change and advance through our lives. As the Native traditional teachings of the Four Directions, Medicine Wheel tells (sic) us, there is in all of this a great potential. We are all given a gift to share with others and it is up to us to discover and nurture that gift throughout our lives.

If the past, relatively short, social history of contemporary Native art in Canada is anything to go by, we can safely assume the destiny of Native art will not accrue to the dynamics or the dogmatism of Western social and political behavior but is itself heterogeneous, constituting a social, historical, and political organism in its own right. However, there still seems to be a desire on the part of many to make the 'round peg fit the square hole.' This is not to say the foregoing comprises the worst case scenario by any means. I suppose we can be thankful North American civilization has not degenerated into the kind of savagery and totalitarianism once found in South African society, absolutely forbidding, under pain of death, any mention of anything like an aboriginal aesthetic. Archaeologists were sworn to secrecy when any new digs might indicate a prior occupation by ancient black civilizations of South Africa, ancestors of masses of blacks whose struggles for freedom we witnessed daily in our newspapers and on our television screens throughout the world as Nelson Mandela decayed in prison. History, therefore truth, was nothing more than a political hatchet in that unjust land. North Americans cannot assume they have left that kind of savagery and totalitarianism totally behind, either. One hopes the freedom from apartheid gained by Mandela will still send a positive signal to Canada that she is not yet out of the woods and has much work to do in this regard.

Happily, not all critics and curators of Native art shows can be included in what appears here as a rather ignominious description of how Native art is treated today. Norman Zepp, Michael Parke-Taylor, Elizabeth McLuhan, Robert Houle, Carol Podedworny, Tom Hill, Garry Mainprize, Joan Randall, Karen Duffek, George Longfish, Jean Fisher, Richard Hill, Lawrence Abbott, Margaret Archuleta, Gerald McMaster, Loretta Todd, and Lee Ann Martin are Native art historians and critics who know their stuff and are amongst those largely responsible for any positive developments and change in this area for the past two decades (a mixed bag of Native and white). The combined efforts of these writers touch upon nearly all of the salient characteristics of the American and Canadian Native art world performing everything from in depth political analysis to outlining the linear history of Native art in Canada. The white writers, it can be argued, were not writing from the Native perspective it is true, but then neither were some of the others, or at least they weren't formally out to establish the Native perspective as the basis for what they were writing about. But Todd, McMaster, Martin, and Longfish do have more of the Native perspective in their writings.

Elizabeth McLuhan's *Altered Ego's: the Multimedia Work of Carl Beam* (1984) is an exceptionally good effort at an early critical resolution of this artist's work. The Native art world needs more of this kind of thing but more from the Native perspective. Robert Houle's probably unfair criticism of what he perceived as McLuhan's relatively off centered shortcomings vis-à-vis her idea about 'Indianness' in *Horses Fly Too*, which was, incidentally, more in the way of a short analysis of what she thought 'Indianness' was rather than actively pushing the theme 'Indianness' as crafts people are free to do should not deter good scholarly criticism. Carl Beam was about as censorious as any First Nations artist dare get and still survive to create another day in regard to the Western establishment's historical negative treatment of Native people. His 1986 work *The North American Iceberg* in Canada's National Gallery, represents his own individualistic self without an obvious historical relationship to his personal existential history. Beam had become the proverbial Ojibwa up the creek without a paddle, for all intents and purposes, who was thoroughly appropriated.

Zepp and Parke-Taylor's *Horses Fly Too* begins an introduction written by Elizabeth McLuhan with the statement, "Bob Boyer and Edward Poitras both operate without benefit of ethnic umbrellas. While their art addresses many Indian issues, it is not Indian art per se" (1984:7). Here was the dreaded 'ghettoization' syndrome full tilt.

It is important, to recognize the historicity of these artist's life experiences, informed predominantly through their contact with the First Nations aesthetic and sensibility. The authors disregard, perhaps unintentionally, their own philosophical proclivities and continue to include for historical and critical analysis artists Alex Janvier, Norval Morrisseau, Robert Houle, and Robert Davidson, all at one time or other acknowledged as 'Indian artists'. Both authors admit, incidentally, Boyer's and Poitras' Native heritage was influential and should not be denied. But their

'Indianness' was not seen, illogically, as a major determinative factor in their work. The artists are seen as utilizing a primarily multi-referential format, which addresses its subject matter from a mainstream perspective on contemporary art. Anything 'Indian' about the outlook of both artists is simply edited out of the picture. The dangerous underlying message here was 'one cannot be an Indian *and* make art.'

Robert Houle was most notable as one Native painter who had undergone intense struggles to become accepted as an 'artist' who doesn't do 'Indian art'. Jay Scott quotes Houle on the idea of 'ghettoization' and writes about an art that demands to be judged on a 'detribalized' basis:

> I use my tribal heritage in the same way as James Havard, who is a master craftsman with paint—'it's just there, you don't deliberately draw from it,' he commented in his walkup Toronto apartment. 'If you do, I think that's chauvinistic. When you're creating you don't have time to think that way.' (1985:33)

Houle's major influences in terms of organization and colour are Piet Mondrian, Barnett Newman and Kenneth Noland; in the secular stance of the art itself, which demands to be judged on a detribalized basis, the influences are Scholder and Havard, both of whom refuse to exhibit in galleries that show only Indian artists (Houle 1982).

Houle asked to be excluded from Mary E. (Beth) Southcott's obsequious survey of the Native art of Ontario, *The Sound of the Drum* (1984). Houle is a treaty Indian and his parents live on a reserve, but he bridled at the suggestion that questions of 'identity' had a place in his art. "What the hell is Indian-ness?" he asked (Houle 1982). "Elizabeth McLuhan and others write that a work shows 'Indian-ness'. Maybe they know what it is. Neo-nativism is a lack of will, a lack of character, a lack of independent spirit—it all depends on nostalgia, it's very naïve, and I think fundamentally it caters to the dominant concept of what natives should be." Houle would apparently reverse himself and later write "assimilation would mean spiritual suicide" (Nemiroff et al 1992:48).

Fritz Scholder, typically exhibited in exclusively curated Native art shows in the past. Scholder finally claimed publicly he wasn't an Indian after all, but rather was only along for the ride because the attention and the money (we may presume) were so lucrative (Scholder 1984). Scholder saw his Indian heritage as marginal at best and the relatively recent retrospective *Scholder: Indian Not Indian* (2008) at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C. does nothing to dispel that attitude. Does this put him in the category of those who exploit the Indian for personal and professional gain or does it simply make him better equipped to be a chameleon in an enigmatic world anyway? What can this personal historical dilemma relative to art history and Native art history possibly have to say about his art? He refused to be acknowledged as a North American Indian, he maintained he was not an Indian 'per se' and who should know better than he, then does this make him a white man who exploits Native art?

Should North American Indian art historians drop Scholder from their history rosters because he is an 'imposter' just as Western art historians consistently refuse to include Native artists in their art history rosters because such people are perceived as phony artists, as being 'too Indian?' Should Native art historians behave like their Euro/American counterparts and banish Scholder from the Native art world because his art is too 'white'? If Jack Shadbolt, a non-Indian Canadian artist, who openly registers Northwest Coast art as being the major influence on his work (Woodcock 1974:167) is not included in Native art history, then why should Scholder be included, who remains more of an anomaly than anyone else? Perhaps there needs to be another category in Native art reserved for these kinds of individuals, something like *Anomalous Painters*? Where does one draw the line? Western art historians have no qualms whatsoever with drawing the line at race. By the looks of things, neither Scholder nor Shadboldt are completely successful in either world. Monetarily, exceedingly perhaps, but monetary success is not the sole criterion for determining whether or not an artist has proved him/herself as an artist. Schlock art brings in money by the barrelful, but we all know there is no art to it. History must play a central role in these matters and needs to reflect the contradictions inherent in social interaction. "One basic common denominator that all First Nations share is that each of us is seeking to maintain or regain control over our lives and futures from within countries which continue to treat First Nations in a colonialist fashion—as minorities to be assimilated with as little fanfare and as rapidly as possible" (WAFN82 1982:3).

Unfortunately Marshall McLuhan, the hip 1960s high priest media guru and leading spokesman for the 'post-literate' electronics age unwittingly chose to parade the ill conceived 'tribal' appellation before the public, leaving the indelible impression even he believed in its universality and authenticity in describing Indians. McLuhan writes, "Edmund Wilson's *Apologies to the Iroquois*, with a 'Study of the Mohawks in High Steel' by Joseph Mitchell, stresses the new tribalism that animates the North American Indian: 'The nationalist movement of the Iroquois is only one of many recent evidences of a new self-assertion on the part of the Indians.' Today there are nationalist movements in Quebec and Wales and Scotland and in every place that harbors tribal memories or acoustic resonance" (1970:242). And McLuhan did not stop there with minimizing Mohawk nationhood. He continued to spread even stranger and probably racist ideas about the Mohawks as stereotype: "The Iroquois in high steel have no qualms since they don't have the habit of visual perspective. If you never think to look down, a twelve-inch girder high above the street is as secure as a sidewalk" (ibid:50). According to Mohawk friends of mine, they can become as terrified as the next guy, although if you wish to believe this nonsense they are more than happy to let you. "When my older brother, who was also a builder, fell, my father was forced to face the fact that Indians are not genetically superior ironworkers. In fact he had seen many men die on the job," wrote Mohawk artist Richard Hill (Hill & Hill 1994:235).

The other artist mentioned by Houle, James Havard, had his most notable exhibition in the annals of American Indian art with *Confluences of Tradition and Change* out of Davis, California (Gordon 1981). Havard has since dropped out of sight (of the Native art world in any case) to pursue the 'real world of art,' to chase his 'fifteen minutes of fame,' it can only be presumed. Is James Havard to be yet another Robert Rauschenberg, an artist by day and an Indian by night, being what appears to be a 'closet Indian'? Giving his abstract illusionist works such titles like *Buffalo Bull's Backfat, Pushmataha, Eagle Egg,* and *Chippewa* speaks more to his Native background than to postmodernist trends informing his art itself. They are certainly worlds away from the disembodied Rauschenberg titles of *Winter Pool, Pail for Ganymede, Art Box, Overdrive*, and *Satellite*. This does not mean Native artists should not try to 'make it' in the Western art world if they can.

This chapter has identified the issues of the historical control of Native art and its ancillary acceptance or rejection, thereof, by the dominant art world. If splitting the psyche down the middle is the only way Western society can accept its Native artists, then perhaps a lobotomy is due for all Native artists. We may not only be in more trouble than we imagine, but more than we even *can* imagine. However, I am optimistic the Native Americans and First Nations will find their way through this quandary as they have found their way many times before. This may not only be a fundamental problem for Native artists and critics to resolve, but it may be at the very center of the crisis of modernism and post modernism as we know and understand those concepts today. Spirituality, as an aspect of what Native art is, cannot be ignored. One of *Savoir-vivre*'s artists, Edward Poitras, was influenced by a Mexican Indian artist in the exhibit, Domingo Cisneros, under whom he studied in 1975 at the former Manitou Community College in La Macaza, Quebec (Hill and Duffek 1989:32). Cisneros who was born in Monterrey, Mexico in 1942 writes: "We are losing our magic, our sense of the sacred. So much of modern art appeals only to the intellect thus becoming accessory to the fracturing of the human being, to the division and subdivision of humanity in general. I believe in art that forces our emotions and our senses into play as well, art that passes through the gut. It seems to me that the ultimate role of art in our lives should be that of a spiritually unifying force" (Houle 1982:23).

Daphne Odjig makes a comment similar to Cisneros' about the spirituality inherent in her work in the CBC television documentary *Spectrum: Seven Woodland Indian Artists* (1986) in response to a viewer commenting her work "did not look Native." Her reply? "What can be more Native than the spirituality of Native people?" The influence of Manitou College on the larger Native art world in 1975 may arguably be seen as chiefly negligible however, since the college's art philosophy was more of an educational, political, and emotional conduit for Québécois nationalism and regionalism while Odjig was reflecting the general political mood of the Native people across Canada and the United States.

Native spirituality has existed since time immemorial independently, outside of Western institutionalism's grasp, and can be found wherever you find North

American Indians. But, defining what is specifically 'spiritual' in Native art from region to region is not such an easy task, if not a downright impossible one. Anthropologists, as a group, have catalogued more information about Native spirituality than any other discipline, but as individuals go they know no more about Native spiritually than your average Indian. How could they? However, to go away thinking Native art is spirituality only is to miss the point, settling one sole aspect of the entire argument.

The controversies over what North American Indian art is 'per se,' as I have illustrated using Zepp and Parke-Taylor (and now the many others who seem to have become entangled) provides us with some of the jargon and dogma out of which good Native art criticism can be fashioned, just as the Pop Art movement of the 1960s found its position and narrative through in depth analysis of what artists of that era were saying about popular culture. Campbell's soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley, Coca-cola, comic books, the Empire State Building, and billboard painters offered a wide variety of Pop vernacular which became the 'currency of legal tender' among museum and gallery technicians throughout the Euro/American art community. Art critics practically broke their necks trying to jump on the Pop Art bandwagon of new 'superstars', including: Andy Warhol, Mark Rothko, Claes Oldenburg, Jim Dine, Tom Wesselmann, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Roy Lichtenstein, Jasper Johns, Wayne Thiebaud, Larry Rivers, and from England Pop Art stars David Hockney, Richard Hamilton, R.B. Kitaj, Allen Jones, and Patrick Caulfield. There was no shortage of political dogma for critical research there. The political will, which existed in great abundance, probably accounted for much of the desire to participate. Any critic who wanted to risk turning a blind eye to Pop Art was likely to damage or even lose a career. It was the 'in' thing. By contrast, Native art will probably always be treated as 'marginal,' simply through attrition, and through no fault of its own.

Those professional art critics and writers who tipsy toe lightly round the world of Native art today only serve to inflame pent-up emotions and set up Native art for pathological labels such as May's 'guilt art'. Waiting for Native art to 'grow up' and become 'real art,' refusing to recognize the universal nature of its tenets points to a kind of Western paternalism and bigotry, almost as if admitting to the reality of an American and Canadian Indian art aesthetic and history would spell Armageddon for the Western state, the Cartesian anxiety in full bloom, or some other equally ridiculous contention. Clearly the hypocrisy of requiring indigenous artists to melt down into 'real Americans or Canadians' can't be substantiated if, in Canada at least, its 'Canadian content' laws remain on the books, which are apparently there to protect Canadians, including distinct society Quebecers, from becoming too acculturated by Americans, too 'Americanized,' whatever that means. The British faced a similar national neurosis in the 1960s and 70s, when McDonald's hamburgers and Sesame Street (and yes, cold beer) were initially introduced from the U.S. They protested they were being too 'Americanized,' losing their culture. Such obvious political gerrymandering of history, whether by a critic, politician, or Native artist is

simple reductionism. Attempting to control something as unstructured as art can do nothing more than create a negative political atmosphere and almost certain political backlash. Art writ large cannot be held to serve the paranoid, parochial fantasies and attitudes of modern nationalist politicians or artists who insist on expelling the kind of emotional and ideological blackmail which often masquerades as the 'art elite,' even less so can the art and history of Native Americans be controlled. " . . . Native art has generally followed its own internal trajectory, regardless of the efforts of critics to channel it" (Abbott 1995:3).

Anomalous Painters: Writers, Critics, and Other 'Indian' Impostors

Many individuals make *anomalous* claims to being Indian, creating the '*anomalous*' Indian celebrity (Miller 2006). These individuals co-exist outside what it means to be a real Native American – First Nations individual today. Indians are "members of tribes, bands, and communities so recognized by the United States [...] most of them residing on reservations or on individual allotments and said to be under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs [...] some who dwell elsewhere may maintain their ties with the tribe and still consider the reservation their home; others, although also members, retain only tenuous connections and do nothing to advance the tribal community" (Brophy and Aberle 1966:11). In Canada, there were 608 bands, 2,370 reserves, and 573,657 registered Indians (DIAND 1994). Indians are born and *not made*; therefore, American and Canadian Indians rarely require 'proof' to define their Indian identity.

Impostors, dating back to the 17th century, have been identified publicly (see Dickson 1973, Murray 1987 and Smith 1982), and new counterfeit Indians are discovered almost daily. Two examples, author Forrest Carter who has claimed 'Cherokee' blood but is said to be a white supremacist and author 'Nasdijj' (née Timothy Barrus) who has passed himself off as a Navajo and who is said to be one of multicultural literature's most celebrated memoirists (Miller 2006, introduced to me by Elizabeth Hollings-Stops). Books by both of these imposters have been considered for Hollywood movies. Becoming a professional fraud is not only lucrative, it has become extremely common.

The first to manipulate the Indian's image to their advantage were early Americans who dressed up as Mohawk 'Indians' to throw the tea of King George III into Boston Harbour, the Boston Tea Party in 1773. The Mohawks got the blame. In World War II, Adolf Hitler adopted the black, red, and white colours of the Shawnee Indians for his SS troop uniforms and swastika flag (Lutz 2002:31). Hitler is purported to have read Karl May's work (1842 – 1912), who created supra-Indian stereotypical characters such as Old Shatterhand and Winnetou and never met a real Indian until later in life. Today, European hobbyists have gone off the deep end with 9000 'Indians' at one 'powwow' in Germany several years ago.

The image of the Noble Savage, the primitive Indian, galloping across Hollywood movie screens is irresistible, being the bread and butter of filmdom for most of the last century. Thomas Edison, that great inventor, used film vignettes of Indian dances for his early penny arcade peep shows in 1894 (Bataille and Silet 1980:xxii). New Age enthusiasts, sports teams, rock stars, film, and art world professionals have all exploited the imagery, sometimes with comical and/or disastrous consequences.

Artists, writers, critics and 'Indian' impostors included in this chapter met conditions, criteria and a critical ethical standard distilled through years of my personal and professional discussions. Native people commonly have very strong personalities locally, family-wise, linguistically, and culturally. Vine Deloria, Jr. wrote,

> People in American society have virtually no personal identity in the sense that Indians experience it. When you inquire about an Indian, the first question is almost always, where do you come from? Followed by, who are your relatives? In American society, you are asked where you come from and what you *do.* (1997:218)

Then too, as the saying goes, 'if you are indeed an Indian, someone back home will know for sure.' A reservation Indian is never mistaken for a non-Indian by their natural born Indian brothers and sisters. Asking an *anomalous* 'Indian' who he or she is can be risky business since you might open yourself to a tirade of invectives that you won't soon forget. As a result *anomalous* painters, writers, critics and other 'Indian' impostors will increasingly become the odd man out, they will be the collateral damage of this new attitude of 'outing' the fakes as Native Americans work towards total sovereignty.

There are subtle differences between 'imposters' and '*anomalous*'. Deloria called the *anomalous* "marginal Indians (1986:4)." Not having been born on, or grown up on a reservation or reserve, or even among Indian people, the *anomalous* must invariably 'come home' to find out who they are. A major difference between the impostors and the *anomalous* is that the latter are also comprised of non-Indians who appear to be doing their work for altruistic reasons, while the former deliberately mislead the public through gross, even ludicrous exploitation of the image. The former are the worst possible kinds of individuals in the eyes of some Indians. A note of caution here: it is not my place to decide which individuals today or yesteryear are Indian 'impostors' except where these individuals have already been identified as such by other authors. I have however, attempted to take this discussion to a new plateau where we can move beyond the old accusations and stereotypes, where I venture to distinguish the *anomalous* and imposter from the reservation norm.

Intelligent Native Americans will have no problem accepting and applying the criteria as discussed herein to other Indians or themselves. Native artists and writers tolerate the fact that there is a heavy price to pay for asserting their Native American identities in public. Naturally, concern should be expressed about those artists, writers and critics who believe that there is no such thing as a sovereign idea

called Indian fine art (which is at its simplest definition nothing more than art made by North American Indian artists). Incongruously, it is the impostor and *anomalous* amongst us who are most likely to advocate Indian fine art and who are accepted by the professional and lay public alike as real 'Indians.' They may also be the most successful in selling their 'Indian' notoriety into profitable ventures with far-flung influence. There are not many actual American Indians who are able to achieve that definition of success.

In the past few decades there has been an explosion of information about such *anomalous* individuals and the Internet has unearthed thousands more lost individuals who are earnestly seeking their Indian roots. Search any Indian related website, for example insert *alt.native* or *soc.culture.native* into your search engine, and you will find masses of information discussing Indian identity issues. There are a myriad

Whites dressed as Indians, black and white photo.
COURTESY OF JUDY CHARTRAND.

of other North American Indian list servers and websites that indicate the world is full of individuals who do not know who they are, where they came from, and who want to belong to this or that Indian 'tribe' – wannabes in other words.

Whites dressed as Indians, black and white photo.
COURTESY OF JUDY CHARTRAND.

Tribalism is 'in'. The list below is from a very early website.

Tribes of Native American Actors/Actresses (1995.06.26)

Aaron, Victor	: ???
Bass, Monty	: Creek
Berti, Dehl	: ???
Burrows, Darren E	: 1/4 Cherokee, 1/4 Apache?
Cardinal, Tantoo	: mixed Cree and Chippewa
Charge, Doris Leader	: Lakota Sioux
Cher	: ???
Cody, Iron Eyes	: mixed Cree and Cherokee
Coyote, Peter	: ???
Drum, Josh	: ???
Farmer, Gary	: Iroquois (Mohawk?)
Garner, James	: part Cherokee
George, Chief Dan	: ???
Grant, Rodney	: Omaha
Grant, Saginaw	: ???
Grant, Stuart Proud Eagle	: Sioux
Greene, Graham	: Oneida (Iroquois)
Herman, Jimmy	: Modoc?
Hill, Jason R Lone	: Sioux
Horse, Nathan Lee Chasing His	: Sioux
Kilmer, Val	: part Cherokee
King, Henry	: ??? (stuntman)
Landham, Sonny	: mixed Eastern (Carolina)Cherokee and Seminole
Marie, Buffy Ste.	: Cree?
Martin Jr., Richard	: White Mountain Apache
Means, Russell	: Oglala Lakota Sioux
Miles, Elaine	: mixed Cayuse and Nez Perce
Rainwater, Greg	: ???
Ramus, Nick	: ???
Reevis, Steve	: Blackfeet
Sampson, Tim	: ???
Sampson, Will	: ???
Schellenberg, August	: ???
Schweig, Eric	: part Inuit
Smith, Davina	: Navajo
Spears, Michael	: Sioux
Studi, Wes	: Western Cherokee(Oklahoma)
Torres, Tenya	: Apache
Trudell, John	: Lakota?
Turner, Tina	: 3/16 Navajo, some Cherokee
Westerman, Floyd Red Crow	: Dakota Sioux

According to the *American Indian Talent Directory* (*AITD*) *1985 – 86,* Nick Ramus (cf. above) is listed as Blackfeet (Geiogamah 1985:30) however I know of no Blackfeet who know this man as being Blackfeet. Tim Sampson and his brother, Will Sampson, are identified as Muskogee Creek (ibid:31,32). In a telling disclaimer found inside the front page of the *AITD,* it reads: "While every effort has been made to insure the correctness of the information contained herein, neither the American Indian Talent Directory nor the American Indian Registry for the Performing Arts is responsible for the accuracy of the material" (ibid:2). Meanwhile, a writer in *Freedom Magazine* identifies John Trudell (cf. above) as "a full blooded Santee Sioux" and Jesse Ed Davis (not listed above) as being "a full-blooded Kiowa." Jesse Ed Davis, according to that writer, was also a close friend of John Lennon and worked as lead studio guitarist on a number of the Beatles' most enduring songs (Whittle 1986:7). These are only a few examples underlining the importance of identifying who the real Indians are versus who is an *anomalous* or impostor 'Indian' for cultural, economic, academic and historical purposes.

In the past decade, some very high profile personalities have acknowledged their Native identities for example Robbie Robertson, formerly of the 60's rock group, The Band, has openly embraced his Mohawk identity, and Rita Coolidge has acknowledged her Cherokee ancestry (Much Music 1998). These two 'closet Indians' found it within the realm of personal and public integrity to come out of the closet and claim their Native lives and ancestry. Some say Jimi Hendrix identified as being part Cherokee, this would be *anomalous* to be sure; however, he received a Native American Music Award posthumously along with the living James Earl Jones, both have been recognized as having Cherokee ancestry by the Cherokee Nation, Black Indians as it were. Rumours have it that pop artist Robert Rauschenberg (1925 – 2008) considered identifying himself as a Cherokee, Wikipedia states that in fact he was; if all this is true then these famous names should be added to the rolls of famous Native artists in Indian fine art history. Even though all these individuals are 'marginal' or *anomalous*, it is only through acknowledging who the real Indians are that we learn what Native people have in fact given to the Western world in the way of art, music, medicine, philosophy, culture, literature, spirituality, language and so forth.

Many times *anomalous* individuals do not seem to fully appreciate nor understand the nature of Indian fine art nor the issues studied therein, or if they do, they seem unable to realize and articulate the true cost of their actions. Ninety-nine percent of the *anomalous* and imposter individuals discussed here are professionals in their own right and their work, without question, fills a niche in the Western world; it just does not serve the same purpose in the Native art and literary worlds. Deloria provides us with as good a reason as any as to why the issue of Native identity must be openly addressed and discussed. He says that to let anyone other than a Native American speak on behalf of Indians as an Indian in our time – to let them go unchallenged by Native American people – is to send the wrong message to future generations of Native people. He raised the stakes and standards of what it means

to be an Indian today. We do not have to settle for an imposter representing us to present and future generations. A person of 'Royal blue-blood' lineage or a person of genuine Jewish descent would not settle for a Native American artist, writer, or critic passing themselves off as 'Royal' or as being of Jewish descent in the literary, artistic, or historical records. Likewise, Indians have to show the world who we are, at the very least that we care.

Without question, the right to define who an Indian is belongs first and foremost to Indian people. This issue is one of basic human rights over those of commercial exploitation, scientific investigation, religious conversion, art for art's sake, or any other characterization since it is an indispensable part of Native American identity, art history and culture. This is also where the strength lies in being a Native artist and in defining what Indian fine art is today, whether it be in the so-called 'tribal,' the modernist, or post-modernist style. In other words, this is a call for the truth to be spoken from inside the Native perspective.

Laws in both Canada and in the States have wavered ever since colonial times regarding who may call themselves Indians. This is enacted largely through the notorious *Indian Act* and its subsequent changes in Canada and through the obfuscating blood quantum dictates of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the United States and resulting tribal regulations.

On another issue, Cherokee artist Lloyd Kiva New (1916 - 2002) pointed out that some artists "...do battle with the question as to what extent may one work innovatively without losing one's identity as an Indian artist?" (Monthan & Monthan 1975:ix). These are the sort of matters that ought to be discussed endlessly; nevertheless, we need to continue exploring answers to these important questions.

The criterion for the choice of those individuals who merit inclusion into the world of *anomalous* painters, writers, critics and 'other' Indian impostors personify the principles below. The *anomalous* and impostor Indians on the whole define themselves according to their actions so listed below are some ways to recognize these individuals.

The Search for the Anomalous

1. The 'Indian' individual who cannot explain nor prove who he or she is by way of family ties, personal friends, or through local, state, or federal recognition. Does anyone know who this person is for sure? Native American and First Nations individuals who live on reservations and reserves normally find this burden of proof no problem at all. There are individuals who publicly assume 'Indian' personas in the professional world, who then get caught by reservation Indians who question their identity. This person typically drops out of sight, allegedly because Indians are rude for questioning his or her personage. If there is in fact an Indian beneath that thick veneer of New Age, anthropological, artistic, or literary intellectualism, then Indians will want to know and will be more than happy to acknowledge this person as an Indian.
2. The critic who does not seem to know if he or she is writing about Native art when writing about an artist who is an Indian – this person deserves special

selection into this hall of notoriety. This is the critic who believes that to mention the word 'Indian' in the same breath as the word 'art' is to ghettoize the Indian artist, so the critic is driven to say that Indian art is either dead, non-existent, or at the very least dysfunctional. This condescending individual would not be caught dead writing about 'ethnic art'; they only write about Art with a capital 'A'.

3. The biologically born Indian who does not know if he or she is doing Native art or that he or she is working within the paradigm of Native art. On the other hand, if an Indian artist, writer, or critic chooses to opt out of the idea, then so be it, but it is doubtful that history will allow such a fixation. However, if he or she is successful in making such a choice, then that person will probably never be heard from again, at least not in the Native art world. They are probably following the advice of the person described in the last paragraph unfortunately. As a cultural and biological imperative, Indians cannot help but create from the Native perspective since if they really are of the First Nations, Native American family, the Native connection will necessarily surface in some shape or form, no matter how subtle, and if it does not surface, then they probably are not doing Indian fine art. It should go without saying that Indians who are artists are a part of Indian history whether they recognize that fact or not. This is an anthropological certainty; this is the 'cultural baggage' idea – if there is any truth to that theory at all.

   If an individual has been adopted as a child and knows nothing about his or her Native family lineage, then how could anyone else possibly know, other than a close Indian relative or friend? A few such artists have been known to find their way 'back home' to Native society from that other world. All this does not affect other principles described herein or the future of Native art. The problem of adoption then becomes a localized and individualized matter. What about children who are adopted by non-Native people? Is their art inherently 'Native'? I know of one adopted Native artist whose work is inherently Native; she found her way back home. As they say, you can take the Indian out of the rez but you cannot take the rez out of the Indian. The poet activist John Trudell would go so far as to say that DNA plays a part in the biological and psychological makeup of Indian people today, and I see no reason to disagree.

4. Those non-Indians (and this comprises a large group) who appropriate the Native art paradigm in any way, shape, or form, whether by using Native arts' iconography, aesthetics, design, formalism, philosophy, spirituality, mythology, legend or cosmology as inspiration for their work or lives. Plainly, such individuals cannot be Indians and are therefore *anomalous* since Indians normally do not appropriate their own culture, work, or philosophies. Native artists might explore the art techniques of other Indians from other cultural areas so such study ends up being research material for critical Native art discourse. This may seem specious, but life is not rational and, yes, cross-cultural diffusion is a fact of Indian life; we do it in music, art, drama, literature, and

spirituality. This kind of activity used to be referred to by the antiquated term 'pan-Indianism,' but I hope we have become more refined than that in our definitions of Native art. Then, too, those who unwittingly subscribe to the idea of anthropologically defined cultural areas have a lot to learn about Native freedom of expression and syncretism. For example, I come from an oral culture, so am I appropriating the English alphabet to write this essay? I think that perhaps I am.

5. The individual who perceives his or her Indian blood quantum or association with Native people as detrimental to their apparent success as professional writers, artists, singers, movie stars and so forth. This is an issue of great importance, the ghettoization problem again. If an individual is reluctant to accept their Native heritage, then Indians would likely not be supportive of this person anyway. In other words, Indian people are normally satisfied with being who they are. I have never known an Indian to become white or vice versa, indeed the very question is an oxymoron.
6. The individual who has so little Indian blood (mainly a U.S. problem), anywhere from 1/64 to 1/4, that they feel they do not qualify being an Indian – a recurring problem. These people typically have more European, African, Asian or some other racial blood running through their veins than Native American. When these individuals have to think of themselves as Indian, it is almost an apology. If they feel that their art does not come from an Indian mind, then why should anyone else insist they are Indian? Native people, to their detriment, are usually inclusive in that sense. The claim to Indian autonomy in this case would not necessarily remove this person from election to an *anomalous* or impostor identity. When an individual begins accepting the fact that they are Indian, then in all likelihood so will everyone else. Being an Indian is forever – it is a biological and cultural imperative. Normally, an Indian individual can have no choice in the matter; nor can an individual move into or out of that cultural and biological situation on a whim, so the problem is again localized.
7. The individual who claims to have a Cherokee great-great-grandmother somewhere in the family tree – this is one of the all time great claims to being an Indian. The trouble with this principle is that those individuals who do in fact have a Cherokee grandmother are an obvious exception to the rule. Strangely enough, there seems to be a general absence of those individuals who have a great-great-grandfather who was a Cherokee. Perhaps having a savage great-great-grandfather is not such a great idea since such a situation is less socially acceptable than having a Cherokee princess grandmother.
8. The individual whose family members insist that they are not Indians; this deserves special inclusion here. With this kind of support, or lack thereof, the individual needs more than art to set him or herself straight. The problem is once again localized and individualized.
9. That individual who claims to know more about being an Indian than Indians know about themselves. They want everyone to know that they can

'out-Indian' the Indian. Normally, Indians do not suffer this egocentric problem, and any Indian who did would probably be laughed off the rez.

10. The individual who has hinted that they might be part Indian but does not know for sure which part that might be, but anyway, why should it matter? The proper response here is, why bring it up then.

Whites dressed as Indians, black and white photo.
COURTESY OF JUDY CHARTRAND.

11. Those non-Indian politicians, performers, religious leaders, actors, or statespersons who throw on a war bonnet in public, who are obviously not Indians. Why include them here? Well, white people have been donning Indian attire since the Boston Tea Party in 1773. People could not tell the difference back then, and all too many people cannot tell the difference today.
12. There are those individuals who must invariably play the semantic word game when asked about their 'Indian' identity, status, or ancestry. Being an Indian is not a word game – Indian people are born, not made.
13. The individual who says he or she is an Indian but has only non-Indians to confirm this illusive fact. This verges on sheer political nonsense. Caddo/Kiowa artist 'T.C.' Cannon said it best,

> I believe that there is such a thing as Indian sensibility. But I don't believe that it necessarily has to show in a person's painting. This

> has to do with the idea of a collective history. It's reflected in your upbringing and the remarks that you hear every day from birth and the kind of behaviour and emotion you see around you. It's probably true of any national or racial group that's sort of inbred; in other words, where Italians marry Italians and live in an Italian community and eat Italian food you can't very easily turn out to be Chinese (Highwater 1976:177).

14. The individual who is clearly not an Indian, but who says that he or she is anyway. Choose any one of a thousand Hollywood B-movie actors who starred as 'Indians,' their stereotypical and false portrayals affecting the image of the Indian in everything from the silent movie era of Cecil B. DeMille to *The Indian in the Cupboard* and Disney's *Pocahontas*. Even with real Indian actors and voices, movies and cartoon movies are still affected by those caricatures. Hollywood is an especially bizarre place where one can find even more weird personalities. Acting is the only profession where an individual can be paid mega-dollars for behaving like someone they are not. Actors can be awarded an Oscar for being better than anyone else at playing someone they are not. If the popularity of Hollywood Indians in Europe and the rest of the world is any indication, apparently the people cannot tell the difference between the Hollywood Indian and a real Indian. Unfortunately, the Hollywood Indian is almost universally taken as being the *only* Indian.
15. The individual who privately and/or publicly denies being an Indian. This is an odd predicament to be in. This individual's fan club raised this person to great heights and strangely adores the idea of him/her being an 'Indian savage,' but the very idea that this individual might have to admit to being an Indian to the world at large brings on a panic. Such an admission means that he or she may become ghettoized, which means that he or she may never again be taken seriously as an artist or writer by the same establishment that pretends to extol his or her artistic and literary genius. The problem, once again, is localized and individualized.
16. The individual who says he/she is an Indian, but often changes the name of the 'tribe' they claim to be from. This individual was lost from the start. What can he/she say now that can change this fact?
17. That artist who does not know if what he/she is doing is Indian fine art. The reasoning here is that if such an individual does not claim Indian heritage, does not know what nation he/she is from, does not know from where his/her ideas are coming, then how can such an individual be said to be doing Indian fine art?
18. The individual who believes that Indian fine art does not matter to anyone. Such a person is *anomalous* because informed Native people normally believe that Native art does, in fact, matter.

Case Studies

Fritz Scholder, Jamake Highwater, Adolph [Adolf] 'Hungry Wolf' Schmidt, Hyemeyohsts Storm, and Iron Eyes Cody are a few individuals – some known to history, others still living – discussed using the criteria as outlined above in the following case studies.

For Fritz Scholder (1937 – 2005), *Arizona Magazine* unabashedly trumpeted, "Here's one painter whose work can't be categorized" (Montini 1982:12). Rudy Turk, director of the University Art Collection at Arizona State University, says in the same issue, "Much of the attention Scholder receives has nothing to do with his art. It is celebrity attention" (ibid:14). Nowhere in the article is there the remotest hint that Scholder was an Indian. To the contrary, everyone involved in his promotional scheme seemed intent on getting Scholder as far away from the Indian art paradigm and image as possible.

In a painting class that Scholder once taught at IAIA in 1964, he scolded me for painting Indians, complaining that I would get nowhere using the Indian as subject matter. It did not seem to occur to Scholder, long before he ever painted an Indian image, that the art he apathetically dismissed was informed by the centre of my own culture. I used archetypes and issues in my work that were put forth by my own customs, politics and history, things that Scholder was never privy to, ever. Scholder was more interested in becoming an Abstract Expressionist and in so doing he attempted to alter, even suppress what his art students authentically painted. Critic Jay Scott would call Scholder an American neo – expressionist (1985:33). Typical of the guileless Scott's scant attention to detail in these matters, he also referred to Scholder as a 'native artist.'

It is an historical fact that Indian artists of IAIA's Golden Period (1962 - 1968), had a fundamental impact on what Scholder was to paint for years to come and furthermore, how he was going to paint it. Writers and historians generally get that part of IAIA's history wrong thereby they obtain Native art history backward, pointing out the need for more accurate scholarly integrity in this area. Historians cite Francis Bacon and Wayne Thiebaud as being the primary influences on Scholder, but these artists never used Native culture as subject matter. In point of fact, from a different perspective, eighteenth and nineteenth century Indian art had a profound impact on what many modernists of those periods were painting from Picasso onwards, including Surrealists and popular artists.

Unfortunately, writers continue to say that it was Scholder alone and not IAIA artists – who had the greatest impact upon Indian fine art and non-Native art styles and artists in the Southwest and elsewhere during the 1960s and thereafter. Certainly, the style of art in the community of Santa Fe from the 1960s onward – not to mention changing the future course of Native art history – was affected. Charleen Touchette's seminal retrospective exhibition in 2001 'IAIA Rocks the 60s' at the IAIA museum clearly shows evidence of these young artists as having the greatest influence on nearly every artist in Santa Fe from Scholder onward. Native art historians tend to get the wrong idea about where, why, and exactly how

Scholder became so captivated by Indians artists and their art. They misapprehend who he was or what he painted before he ever painted an Indian. There is an entire period at IAIA where writers such as Margaret Archuleta and Rennard Strickland (1991), Jackson W. Rushing III, and Edwin Wade (1986) simply fail to see the evidence, possibly because they were not there.

Writers and historians have denied Native art and artists of that period an appropriate place in their own history. Since Jamake Highwater (1976:181) first introduced Scholder to the world of Native art in an inaccurate order of what happened, subsequent writers and historians continue to follow suit. There is a veritable busload of Native artists who conceivably had an influence on Scholder, including: Earl Eder (Sioux), Kevin Red Star (Crow), 'T.C.' Cannon (Kiowa-Caddo), Franklin Metcalf (Crow-Muscogee-Lakota), Beverly DeCoteau (Oneida), Neil Parsons (Blackfeet), Don Montileaux (Lakota Sioux), David Montana (Papago), Alberta Nofchissey (Navajo), Austin Rave (Sioux), Bill Prokopiof (Aleut), Larry Bird (Santo Domingo-Laguna), Alfred Clah (Navajo), Carol Frazier (Paiute), Douglas Hyde (Nez Perce), Angelo John (Navajo), King Kuka (Blackfeet), Linda Lomahaftewa (Hopi), Ted Palmenteer (Colville), Parker Boyiddle (Kiowa/Western Delaware), Bennie Buffalo (Cheyenne), Don Chunestudy (Cherokee), Grey Cohoe (Navajo), Phyllis Fife (Creek), Barbara Goodluck (Navajo), Dominick F. La Ducer (Chippewa), Clifford Suathojame (Hualapai), Billy 'War Soldier' Soza (Cahuilla/White Mountain Apache), Earl Biss (Crow), and Elmer and Richard Yazzie (Navajo). These artists had redefined Native art discourse before Scholder ever painted an Indian.

Billy 'War Soldier' Soza, *FBI Series* (1979). COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

Scholder explicitly told writer Larry Abbott in 1991, "I'm not an Indian artist" (1995:16). And before that in 1980 he said, "Working from a unique perspective as a non-Indian, I can only continue my individual odyssey" (Highwater 1980:176). It is plain to see that the U.S. and Canadian controlled Indian fine art establishments are so in need of the archetypical Indian hero – that strange character seen as the 'intellectual savage' – that they will latch onto almost anyone who even remotely resembles the part; it makes little difference that such folks may prefer to describe themselves as non – Native, or white. A more direct quote from Scholder may help convince the skeptics and further clarify the truth of the matter. In this reference, Scholder had just been invited to represent Indian artists at a conference via the Native perspective. This, of course, would cause panic in anybody who was asked to speak as someone they are not, as it so obviously did Scholder:

> When the coordinator of this conference wrote to me and invited me to participate in this conference, I decided to call her, and I told her simply, no. I said to her that I was the wrong person, that I had stopped painting the Indian two years ago, that I was very critical of 95% of Indian artists, and that I wasn't an Indian. [...] The other point I made with the coordinator was that, of course, I am not an Indian, and this has been documented so often I hate to talk about it. I am one quarter Luiseño. I happen to be one quarter French, and one quarter German and also one quarter English. My name is German, and conceivably I am a German artist (1984:61-63).

My second case study is Jamake Highwater (ca1930 - 2001) (writer/historian) who said he was born in Montana and adopted as a child. Highwater was also thought to be J. Marks and gay Greek filmmaker, Gregory Markopoulos (Adams 1984). In conversations with me, Highwater claimed Blackfoot-Cherokee or Blackfeet-Eastern Cherokee heritage from Alberta or Montana. The Blackfoot-Cherokee have Black and Cherokee culture rooted in slave descent (Forbes 1993 in McAllister 2001). The Blackfeet and Blackfoot Indians in Montana and Alberta respectively, are two distinct peoples, separated by at least 329 kms (206 miles) and by perhaps thousands of years of genetic material. Highwater dropped out of the world of Native art in the 1980s after he was unable to prove publicly who he said he was. He had become disenchanted with questions about his identity. When I queried him about why he thought Indians and non-Indians of the Native art scene discarded him, he wrote, "Let's get it straight. I didn't get lost, the Indian world lost me" (Personal correspondence 1995).

Assiniboine political activist Hank Adams brought racketeering charges against Highwater and others in 1986 in the Hank Adams, Plaintiff v. Jamake Highwater et al. lawsuit for allegedly making up his 'Indian' identity, the first time in history that such a lawsuit had been brought against such an individual. A year later, the U.S. District Court (1987) found Highwater innocent of all charges. Not surprisingly, Highwater found Indians rude and uncivilized for asking who he was (Personal cor-

respondence 1995). Mick McAllister (2001) wrote, "When Hank Adams went after Highwater, the latter was, according to the NYPL [New York Public Library] archivist, 'disappointed by the failure of many Indian friends and associates to support him against the attacks.'…In 1975, as 'Blackfoot/Cherokee' Jamake Highwater, he wrote the *Fodor Guide to Indian America*. Then, for about ten years, he parlayed a glib tongue and sociopathic shamelessness into a major career as that freak of nature, an Indian intellectual. I use 'freak of nature' with some irony, please. Part of his shtick was that 'his own people' couldn't appreciate him because he was an intellectual. And part of his appeal to white folks was that he satisfied their idea of what an Indian intellectual should be" (McAllister 2001:N.P.).

At that time, Montana state law and provincial law in Alberta mandated that adoption records be sealed against inspection by anyone, including the adoptee, so unfortunately Highwater's real identity was sealed, even to him, if there was any truth to his story at all. There was movement afoot to rewrite the law and make adoption records available to adoptees in Montana, so Highwater's actual life story may be told one day. Since no one, other than their non-Indian friends and acquaintances seem to have seen Markopoulos and Highwater together in public, the truth of their separate personalities still remains a puzzle to those who believe that he *is* who he says that he is, or was, especially to those who have witnessed the disagreeable controversy Highwater had to live through for more than a decade. Nevertheless, Highwater maintained his innocence. Whatever the case Highwater's identity problems become localized and individualized, having no real long-term or detrimental effects on the larger Native art world.

Highwater must be given credit for advancing Native art criticism to the next level of discourse, beyond that of Dorothy Dunn's efforts in the 1930s, who was no less an *anomalous* individual in her own time. Accepting that, it still remains doubtful that Highwater could have achieved such a major shift in paradigm all by himself. He needed the fundamental assistance of George C. Longfish and Richard Glazer-Danay who acted as his 'Indian' informants, if you will, allowing him to find and visit the Indian artists he wrote about. Most of the Native art books written by Highwater favoured the anthropological theories, along the lines of 'Western civilization vs. the savage' or 'primitive' more than actually reflecting the Native perspective.

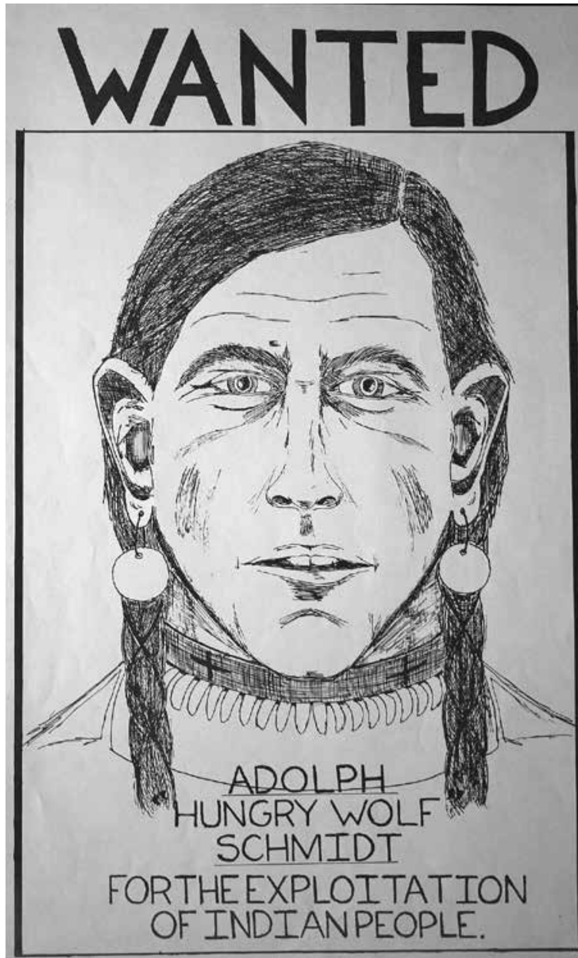
I invited Highwater to the University of Lethbridge to present his ideas on what he thought Indian fine art was, we kept in touch as he struggled through his double and triple identity crisis. He swore that Gregory J. Markopolous was another living person, which is supported by current Internet search results, unavailable at the height of this scandal. I am responsible for Highwater acquiring his Indian name c.1980. I suggested to Leroy Little Bear (Kainaiwa) and to Highwater that the local Blood Indian elder Ed Calf Robe bestow an Indian name on Highwater, which Calf Robe did do in a name giving ceremony in front of the assembled conference delegates. What was I thinking? I naively assumed that since Highwater 'claimed' to be from the Blackfeet and Cherokee people that he should have an Indian name.

The name he received, Mi'ksikátsi, is roughly translated as a mallard duck with yellow-orange webbed feet, according to Donald Frantz, Blackfoot language professor emeritus for Native American Studies at the University of Lethbridge, similarly translated by a fluent Blood Indian student. The idea for the name possibly references the hue of Highwater's glowing yellow-orange facial features which may have been applied using cosmetics, likewise with his jet black hair; Highwater apparently changed the English translation to Eagle Boy or Eagle Son; I was more than a bit incredulous by that change of translation. Blood people hand out Indian names routinely to people with no unique relationship with their "tribe"; for example, Prince Charles was given an Indian name, a fact less than widely known.

I still do not know if Highwater was a real Indian, all the same, I respect his distinguished attempt to establish a clear depth of knowledge and path with regards to Indian fine art where none existed before, where historical and current, traditional and contemporary Indian fine arts movements merged, at least as convincingly as his choice of models and language would allow. Highwater's desire to be an Indian, however misguided, enabled Native American art history and theory to move forward, beyond the purely anthropological.

My next case study is Adolph [Adolf] 'Hungry Wolf' Schmidt, amateur anthropologist/sentimentalist/author, is routinely mistaken for an Indian by the public who attend summer powwows on the Great Plains of Alberta and Montana, and 'powwows' in Europe. Adolph is a German who wears his hair in braids, has a Kainaiwa ex-wife and children by her, he is not an Indian. His writings have had remarkable influence on a new generation of German students who made summer pilgrimages to the Blood Indian Reserve in Southern Alberta to sit at his feet studying the ways of the 'savages.' Local Kainaiwa still find these starry-eyed pilgrims particularly bothersome. Some of 'Hungry Wolf's' acolytes were once found camping on the doorstep of a Kainaiwa woman who was too polite to ask them to leave. A poster with a police-sketch likeness of 'Hungry Wolf' was circulated on the Blood reserve in the early 1980s proclaiming that the Blood people "Wanted: Adolph Hungry Wolf Schmidt for Exploitation of Indian People." Had it not been for the poster's candor, the public may have gone on forever not knowing who this person was.

Another case study, author Hyemeyohsts Storm may actually be Dutch. Storm's *Seven Arrows* (1972) mentions his father was from either the Cheyenne, Crow, or Sioux people and presumably passed the story of *Seven Arrows* down to him. On one webpage, Storm identifies himself as a mixed-blood "breed" (http://www.hyemeyohstsstorm.com/hstorm/about.htm.). Rupert Costo (1972:41,42) had some reservations (pun intentional) and stated the work was a "falsification and desecration of Cheyenne beliefs and religion" and "an enrolment number doth not an Indian make." Sometimes the U.S. government forced Indians to enroll European Americans and African Americans alike, and that they were even fraudulently enrolled without the consent of the groups involved (Costo). Readers mistakenly take



Adolf Hungry Wolf wanted poster. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Storm for an Indian since the book is written in an identifiably 'Indian' style; with references to Mother Earth, spirituality, the cosmos, beads and feathers, eagles and buffalos and so forth the Indian connection is obvious; although the artwork is not traditional with hippie-like nude women being swirled around by bright florescent colors. It is the trusting and guileless who get taken in by this nonsense. *Seven Arrows* and its sequel remain in university bookstores as perennial good sellers.

Another case study is Iron Eyes Cody (actor) (ca. 1904 - 1999) who lived in Apple Valley, California and was known by Indians who live there to be Italian, his parents were from Sicily. Mikkelson writes, "Iron Eyes Cody's was born Espera DeCorti on 3 April 1904 in the small town of Kaplan, Louisiana. He was the son of

Francesca Salpietra and Antonio DeCorti, she an immigrant from Sicily who had arrived in the USA in 1902, and he another immigrant who had arrived in America not long before her" (Mikkelson 2005: n.p.). Espera DeCorti is the person who has become known as television's ecological Indian of the early 1970s, dressed in fringed leather coat and leggings complete with a feather protruding from the back of his long braided black hair, paddling a canoe through polluted water. A crocodile tear rolls down his cheek as he surveys the corporate desecration of nature.

Being a symbol of the ecological Indian, Espera DeCorti, or at least his Indian image, also become the subject of intense anti-Indian/ecological denunciation (Krech III 1999:15). Several years earlier, a NBC TV report had Cody wearing a war bonnet and labeled a Creek Indian. Why was a Creek Indian (albeit an imposter) wearing a Plains Indian war bonnet? In 1995, Hollywood's Native American community honoured Iron Eyes for his longstanding contribution to Native American causes. Although he was no Indian, they pointed out, his charitable deeds were more important than his non-Indian heritage (Mikkelson 2005).

Historical impostors generally include Archie Belaney, a.k.a. 'Grey Owl' (Dickson 1973), Frank Hamilton Cushing (Murray 1987:3-8), and Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance (Smith 1982). These figures have been thoroughly discredited for the fakes they were in a number of informative books, films, and essays. Others include Carlos Castañeda, Yeffe Kimball, Lynn Andrews, and Chief Red Fox. Edward Curtis must be mentioned here for he occupies his own special place for manufacturing fake sepia 'ethnographic present' images of Indians that have lasted down to the present day (Lyman 1982). It does not matter that Curtis did not claim to be Indian, he was *anomalous* in that he constructed an imaginary Indian, all the more *anomalous* since Indians normally do not need to construct imaginary selves to be themselves. The fact that non-Indian authors have chosen to reveal the suspicious roles these imposters have played in Western society and in Indian societies today, more than recognizes the need for some sort of 'principles' to be generally adopted.

All of the above mentioned individuals have contributed directly and distinctively to the paradigm of Indian fine art, literature and film, if only through controversy and notoriety. They have definitely affected the world of Western art and society in that they have proven that Indian fine art, Native history, and Native culture is alive and well because they have not only been influenced by the paradigm, they have benefited handsomely from it, financially and otherwise. If there were no such thing as Native society and history, therefore Native art, these individuals would never have become as successful as they did. This is the *anomaly* in their characters and of their place in Native society and history.

Hopefully this chapter can help to define who Native artists really are and what Native art is about today. It puts the onus on the individual claiming to be a Native individual to come to terms with the question first, before speaking publicly. Indian fine art, like Western culture or art, has no settled definition, it is simply a 'given,' and the definition must be left up to scholarship and to those Native artists who have yet to create the Native art of the future. It is time that Indian artists and writ-

ers take responsibility for making sure that the media quote their Native affiliation correctly, every time. As professionals in the Indian fine art world some writers have been grossly wanting in this area. In a few of the mentioned cases, that may very well be the reason for the apparent change in 'tribal' affiliation, meaning the original writer got the identification wrong.

If we leave the definition of who is a real Native artist, writer or critic, or what Indian fine art is up to the *anomalous* individuals among us, we are only asking for more problems. Deloria once noted that a much respected anthropologist confidently and authoritatively announced a new theory based on the preposterous idea that Indians drank alcohol to gain an identity. Deloria added his own bit of wit to that nonsense, "To the contrary," he said, "Indians will first introduce themselves and then they will offer to buy you a drink" (Deloria, Jr., 1977).

It was once the trend and hopefully it is still not the case, to forgo identifying oneself as a Native American or First Nations from the Cree Nation or the Navajo Nation or from some other Indian nation whenever an individual was about to be introduced publicly or is to have one's name attached to essays or books about to be published, or to have a painting or some other art creations published in a non-Native publication. Those Indians who practiced that kind of self effacing non-identification in the past were also encouraged to do so by non-Indians and Indians alike, who thought that they were doing the right thing in using this assimilationist approach to history. That practice has turned out to be a grand self – deception and makes myths of us all.

The time has come to change that ill-advised modus operandi, for that is surely the road to leaving future generations of Native American people without a past. If we take care of the present, the future will take care of itself. One thing is for certain, it is imperative that all those named above, and anyone else who may identify with their problems, get their personal histories correct if they wish to retain their personal and historical integrity and dignity and become known as the Indians they claim they are (or are not) to future generations of Indians and to each other. To do anything less is to face nasty criticism. If Indians and non-Indians choose not to make precise declarative statements about ancestry when it is appropriate then they are only cheating the public – Indians and non-Indians – and themselves out of their past, present, and future; out of their true history.

In conclusion, I am Alfred Buster Young Man, Saustiquanis Kiyugimah, or Little Yellow Head Eagle Chief White Horse. I am Cree from the First Nations Sanctuary of the Chippewa-Cree Rocky Boys Indian Reservation in north-central Montana, so named because the Chippewa and Cree reside there, which does not make me a Chippewa-Cree or Ojibwa as inaccurately stated in one short bio written by another writer. My federal Bureau of Indian Affairs enrolment number correctly lists me as being 13/16th Cree by blood quantum.

North American Indian Art: It's a Question of Integrity

"Between Two Worlds"

The wilderness of forest has given place to comfortable dwellings and cultivated fields...Mental culture, industrial habits, and domestic enjoyments, have succeeded the rudeness of the savage state.

Cherokee Memorial to the United States Congress,
December 29, 1835. (Josephy, Jr. 1961:417)

Western stereotypes have a profound impact on mainstream perceptions; they may decide how our education strategies, popular mythology, scientific opinions and definitions, and even sense of humor operate, as well as their definition of First Nations people, their history and their art. This is evident through a review of both contemporary and traditional Native art and the treatment it has received by the state, academia, and the cultural establishment, including museums for over five hundred years (Young Man 1995). A historical [history = his story, not our story] review reveals how some fictional stereotypical and archetypical images were first formulated.

In 1499 England, John of Holywood wrote of a headless man in Central America whose head was located in the middle of his chest. He wrote how these strange creatures in the New World had skins that were "blue in colour" and heads that were "square." The early Spanish governor of Cuba, Velasques, wrote of a tribe that had "dog faces and flat ears," while De Oviedo described humans who were like monkeys, except that they were "half feathered and half furred," and they sang "like larks." Even the precise historian of Columbus' chronicles, the monk Peter Martyr, told of men in the Land of Inziganin who had tails that were three feet long (Steiner 1976:144). These imaginative sightings were also illustrated by some of Europe's most respected artists, how could the average European disbelieve their descriptions?

Similarly, the idea of discovery had artists portraying heroic explorers coming to claim North America for their king or queen in the sixteenth century. One clichéd etching characterizes the act of discovery where First Nations people just happened to be on the beach that day in 1492 with pearls, peace pipes and the whole

nine-yards, waiting to be discovered. In contrast, the Native perspective relates that day's event as any other common event, with individuals enjoying the beach on a calm October day with no hurry to welcome aliens from who knows where. The European concept of the Native population falling prostrate, in supplication to these god-like newcomers arriving on 'ships from heaven' is absurd given they had no Christian idea of heaven nor Hell or the Devil. Contrary to Hollywood movies, European translators could not possibly have been fluent in the local languages. Could European historians, and artists, even know what the Arawak (the people who first met Columbus) were saying or thinking at that exact moment of history, they didn't know where they were going or where they were when they arrived in the western hemisphere. At that exact moment in history, the sailors had stumbled upon a civilization that had no concepts for locks on its doors, jails or prisons, had no insane asylums. The First Peoples, were for all intents and purposes, living in a world that taught the ultimate in respect for their fellow human beings.

Academia knows more about Native history than it otherwise would through the study of the artworks produced in specific eras throughout North American Indian history. Each has its own unique visual language and purpose that in turn speak volumes about how artists in those ancient times perceived the world. Native artists have left us a rich legacy in this regard. Instead of seeing the explorers as 'gods', Native people were more likely in complete awe of seeing prophecy, as told through their myths and legends, come true.

Stereotype: Indians are thought to come from largely static societies and cultures and portrayed as unable to evolve into anything substantially different from that which ethnologists and anthropologists have defined for them, or 'ethnographic present Indians'. Bea Medicine writes, "This *ethnographic present* which is the basis for so many anthropological writings on Indian tribes, bears significantly on the contemporary scene" (White 1987:5). Many anthropologists are still searching earnestly for that Stone Age man or woman who will fit the *ethnographic present* archetype. Every time an isolated group of people is 'discovered' somewhere in a jungle, in the desert, in the mountains, or on a remote island, they are thought to be a relic society from the Stone Age. Much to the annoyance of theorists, such people are usually proven, in one way or other, to have roots traceable to modern humans. Likewise, Native artists are not allowed to be the people they are, the onus on us is to maintain a 'primitive' facade, to look like that Indian in the window, to live up to an image invented by people whose state of minds can best be described as caught in a twilight-zone catalepsy. Lack of space prevents me from relating those cases that I know of personally. I am not the only Indian, incidentally, who has experienced this exploitation – society's refusal to allow us to define ourselves both in our lives and in our art.

Art is the one indispensable element of Western patrimony that is the most jealously guarded of all activities. To bequeath the honor of being called an artist with a capital 'A' to a Native artist in the same breathless, awe-inspiring fashion in which, for example, Andy Warhol, Henry Moore, or Michelangelo are referred to as being

'Artists,' could mean giving up some pretty important 'civilized' territory gained by Western society over these 'primitives' these past 500 years. At least that's the message the popular history and the media have been sending out to indigenous peoples the world over. Native people must be seen to theoretically live in two worlds or be 'living between two worlds' in order to harmonize with the *amour-propre* of the status quo. They must not only been seen to live in their world, but they must also, literally, try to straddle that of the white man's, otherwise a Native person's assimilated, unable to adjust to contemporary life, or as good as dead. The *ethnographic present* becomes *ethnocentric present* politics. This odd theory of cultural evolution is primarily found within the disciplines of art and anthropology and is not one which normally concerns Native people. Native artists might comment on it by referring to 'weird scientific theories,' having arrived at this common point of association through personal intuition, deductive reasoning and introspective analysis without having a Ph.D. in psychology, paleo-anthropology, or art history.

As long ago as 1835, the idea that Native people lived 'between two worlds' was given credence by an aggressive immigrant society bent upon exploiting the Industrial Revolution. Native artists have always been aware that they live in only one world, this world, and always have. For the most part, Native artists take the responsibility to redefine how the art world works very seriously. They not only accept the challenge, but stand behind their creations with confidence in the knowledge that this is what art is about; this is the way the world works.

Significantly, the question of how deeply Western values have been compromised by over five hundred years of association with Native *hegemony* has never been thoroughly explored. To the public, the best kind of 'Indian' has long been that person exemplified by the Lone Ranger's sidekick Tonto, who is cast as a primarily two-dimensional, mud-sucking, inarticulate, illiterate, childish, uncultured, nomadic, ahistorical, kinless, taciturn, ughing, grunting, pinheaded dimwit who lucks-out and solves an abstract problem related to 'crime in the west' once in a while. Jay Silverheels (real name Tom Smith) played the part of Tonto for years; he was from the Six Nations people. In one comic book, Tonto split from the company of the Lone Ranger, declaring as he lands a hay-maker on the jaw of his one-time companion, "I'm not your Indian! I'm nobody's Indian! I'm Tonto!"

The notorious role the Masked Man scripted for himself in real life with regards to the theft of Tonto's land and resources is never cast in what must be one of Hollywood's longest running horse operas. The Lone Ranger can still be seen on television sets in foreign lands. It seems to have escaped the producer's notice that Tonto was comically running around with a masked federal agent, as Oneida comejun Charlie Hill cracks. Not much has changed today. Like the Tonto stereotype, Chigliak in *Northern Exposure*, was in direct contrast to *Exposure's* artist-come-DJ character, Chris Stevens of K Bear (KBHR) radio, whose Zen-like character was digitally programmed, on cue, to run off at the mouth about every twenty minutes, concatenating the profound with the mundane. Cicely, Alaska's fictitious, self-indulgent, intellectually high-brow, radio station would probably have stayed in business for exactly one hour and twenty seconds in reality, in downtown Lethbridge

Art schools teach that art germinated during the Neanderthal epoch when early humans inhabited the caves of France, Spain, and Italy. Native people and their art are used as an exaggerated archetype, a carbon copy, for how Europe's art supposedly began or how it looked 35,000 years ago. The theory is so loaded that it never occurred to anyone that perhaps First Nations people were not Stone Age people. This bizarre idea, with all if its negative ramifications, proved to be far too enigmatic and paradoxical for later generations of university educated First Nations artists to simply assimilate and accept carte blanche without question. George Longfish, a Seneca/Tuscarora from Six Nations, was among the first Native artists to challenge the dogma that had long surrounded the definition of what constituted Native art. Although he grew up in Oshweken, Ontario, Longfish chose to defy the Canadian art establishment on neutral territory in the U.S. where he also ran into stiff opposition, not only as an artist but also as an art professor. Such an important figure could not be left out of the nationally pivotal *Indigena,* the Canadian Museum of Civilization's 1992 exhibition of contemporary Canadian Native art. Longfish occupies a central place in the enduring struggle of Native artists to move ahead into the new millennium as exemplified by *Confluences of Tradition and Change (1981). Confluences*... which was curated by Longfish and Glazer-Danay, would later serve as the launching pad for the highly praised book *The Arts of the North American Indian: Traditions in Evolution* (Wade 1986).

The End of Innocence (1991) is Longfish's parody of contemporary Western mythology. Longfish writes,

> "While we as cultural people have learned and changed in order to survive, we find that the dominant society no longer wants the Indian to change. An interesting dilemma. We are much less threatening to the white man when we are uneducated in his ways, and when we are unable to have our Indian ways. The more we are able to own our religious, spiritual, and survival information, and even language, the less we can be controlled" (McMaster and Martin 1992:151).

Métis artist Rick Rivet, who currently lives in Terrace, British Columbia, paints the conquistador as swine or wild boars who have brought the Christian syllabus to North America on the point of a spear (Clark 1992). For the most part, Rivet focuses on shamanism even though the term itself is of Siberian origin and has very little to do with Native North American spirituality *per se*. His *Legacy* (1991) painting can be found in McMaster and Martin's *Indigena*, where Rivet gave full expression to his political consciousness.

George Longfish, *The End of Innocence* (1991). Acrylic on canvas, 3 m x 7.5 m (triptych). COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

Rick Rivet, *Legacy* (1991). Acrylic on canvas, 122 cm x 168.5 cm. Courtesy of the artist.

Much contemporary Native art, especially the new statements, are not all that popular in public or private art galleries. Ironically, university-educated artists find their most favorable audiences in anthropology museums, regardless of qualifications or the appropriateness of this placement. Mohawk artist Rick Glazer-Danay, for example, from Caughnawaga (now Kanehwake), Ontario, holds an MFA from the University of California (U of C), Los Angeles, and is a professor emeritus at the U of C, Long Beach. Irregardless, the Museum of Mankind in London, England (1980s) exhibited his work alongside ancient Aztec artifacts. In contrast, do you see the work of Euro-American artists with MFA's exhibited in ethnographic museums lately? *Cowboy Time* (1986) is Glazer-Danay's humorous send up of 'Indian time.'

Richard Glazer-Danay, *Cowboy Time* (1986). COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

In his attempt to metaphysically describe human cultures in 1894, Otis T. Mason postulated that there were six major classes of human arts and industries: exploitation, cultivation, manufacture, transportation, commerce, and enjoyment (Lester 1972). By classifying and aligning the tools (manufacture) made by humans beginning with stone tools, onto and through the Copper, Bronze, Iron, and finally Atomic Age, Mason deemed it possible to ascertain the cultural status of each race of man relative to cultural evolution, usually inferring what each culture gave to the present in the way of technocracy and knowledge. Since the tools excavated from pre-Columbian Indian burial mounds, caves, and other archeological sites were implements primarily made of stone, Mason's common theoretical mistake put Indian cultures at a disadvantage, landing them squarely in the Stone Age. The reason this cultural evolutionary classification system was done with tools only, and not with other Indian inventions like government, genetic breeding, architecture,

mathematics, astronomy, religion, and so forth, can in large part according to Deborah Doxtator, be attributed to the widely accepted practice of "establishing the hierarchy of societies via comparing industrial technology and material wealth … two accomplishments of which Europeans were very proud" (Doxtator 1988:60). Surely in a vast number of other areas the North American Indian not only equaled but excelled beyond what was invented in Europe morally, intellectually, and spiritually, if time lines were to be correlated for the past two thousand years. Unhappily, the cultural status device explaining ethnographic theory as fact is still being used as a tool by educational theorists.

Victorian cultural status diorama. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Trafficking in the concept of the "primitive" to make a fast dollar continues unabated, figuratively and pragmatically speaking. Le Baron's traveling road/exploitation show sells pottery made by Tarahumara Indians from south of the New Mexican border. To the unwary tourist, these wares could easily be seen as valuable, genuine local Pueblo artifacts, or pots that came from a pot-holer's and other illegal grave robbers' booty.

Le Baron's traveling road show (back). PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Le Baron's traveling road show (front). PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Distinguishing between what is authentic and what is fake, artifact vs. artefake, is a common enough problem in anthropology, archaeology and ethnography. Congress enacted *The Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act of 1990* in order to return those cultural artifacts and human remains that had originally been seized through the thoughtless acts of desecration and piracy of Indian graves. "A guiding principle in crafting the final legislation was a desire to balance the need to respect the human rights of Native Americans with the value of scientific study and public education - all within a complex legal framework" (Platt, Jr. 1991:91). It is estimated that something in the neighborhood of over 300,000 tribal bodies have been exhumed by anthropologists and archaeologists over the past 200 years, not counting the vast numbers stolen by pot holers and other Indian-grave robbers. The majority of the known remains are still stashed away in secured storage vaults in museums like those of the Smithsonian Institution.

"Smithsonian castle." PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Skulls displayed (ca. 1970's) at the museum in the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe show homicide and trephination, the practice of brain surgery, by the archaeologically designated pre-Pueblo Indians and fourteenth century Pueblo Indians. As recently as 1992 the National Museum of Natural History in Washington, D. C., saw fit to exhibit a similar skull in its 500th year exhibition *Seeds of Change* which had as its primary theme the changes brought on by the "discovery" of America by Columbus. The white man hasn't come far, morally, at all. Columbus could be found treating the First Nations peoples he met in this same sorry fashion. Part of the legacy which Columbus left behind must also include the rubbish of intellectual and ideological barbarism which knows no state or national boundaries.

14th Century Pueblo Indian and brain surgery. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Homicide in pre-Pueblo society. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Skull in *Seeds of Change exhibition,* 1992. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Joane Cardinal-Schubert, a Blood/Métis from Calgary, takes this point very seriously. Her business is to pinpoint those "messages" constructed for and around us by Western politics, science, and religion and recycle them, de-constructing and then reconstructing them, as her art. Her complex installation work *Deconstructivists* (This *is the house that Joe built)* (1990) explored these areas for the raw material which informed her tableaux. She portrayed the result of "discovery" as nothing short of catastrophic for Native people's culture, religions mythologies and land. Philosophically, animals are brothers to the Indian. What are Western scientists and sportsmen doing to Indians through the continued violation of these animals? Who gave these animals to the white man to do with as he pleases? Controversial Western values become the source for Cardinal-Schubert's work. Even Emily Carr is not beyond Cardinal- Schubert's critical eye in *Birch Bark Letters to Emily Carr: House of All Sorts* (1991). "Our attitude about Indian people is something we keep passing from generation to generation," says Cardinal-Schubert (Hill and Duffek 1989:36).

Early European explorers and adventurers (predominantly male) who traveled west of the Mississippi River from the 16th C – 19th C returned home with ships and wagons loaded with randomly collected artifacts. Such people displayed their collections in 'cabinets of curiosity', the foundation of modern museums, such as the Canadian Museum of Civilization and the Smithsonian Institution. Objects were displayed as 'curiosities' without regard to their provenance. "The National institute's Cabinet which became the Smithsonian Institution, exhibited Indian artifacts alongside the lower jaw of a sperm whale, insects from British Guiana (sic) ... coral, fossils and crystal (Doxtator 1988:21). A number of classification systems were ultimately constructed, including the *cultural area* concept, engendering its

own special problems for Native people to contend with (Howard 1975:22; Wissler 1914:447-505). Native artists today intuitively create their aesthetic statements around this change in their world.

Cabinet of curiosity. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

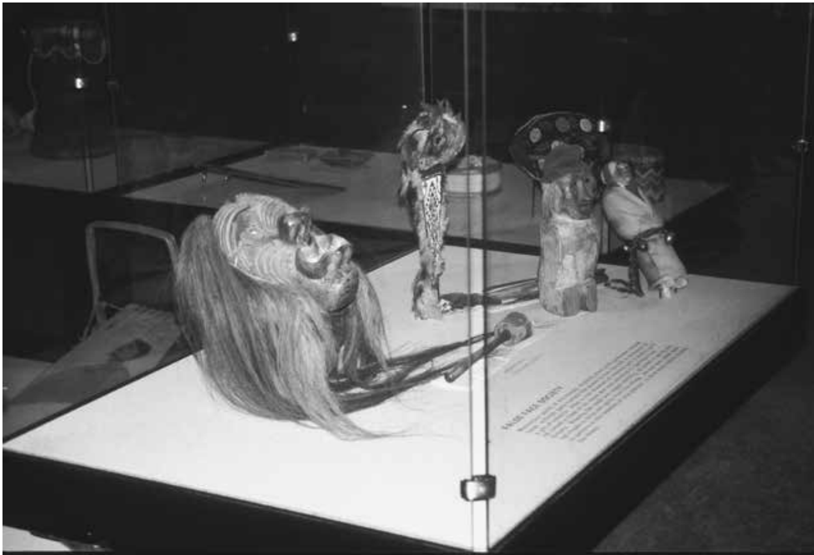
Horse-dance sticks or horse effigies were an integral part of turn-of-the-century Plains Indian dances where the horse itself was a primary actor. Ian M. West relates that these effigies were used by Plains Indians in such activities as counting coup in battle or for ceremonial clubs and memorials (West 1978:10, 11). Among the Peigan, Blackfeet and Cree Indians in Alberta and Montana great spiritual and philosophical significance was attributed to these ceremonies. Horses were actually taken into a specially prepared arbor to dance with the People. The Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History errs in its ethnographic gallery where it reduces a horse effigy to a child's hobby horse in a long-outdated diorama. Since millions of visitors from across Canada and throughout the world have visited this particular building on the Mall in Washington. D.C., we can safely assume that over the decades this exhibition has incorrectly influenced countless naive people.

Horse dance stick. COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

Horse stick in Smithsonian Institution display, 1992. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

The exhibition of what are considered sacred objects also remains a contentious issue. It matters little to First Nations people whether museums and galleries consider these to be art or ethnography. The exhibition of False Face masks, in particular, has given rise to a set of by-laws passed by the Haudenosaunee of

Akwesasne whereby originals and replicas are strictly forbidden exhibition privileges. Nonetheless, museums continue to ignore the authority of real Indians who reserve the sole right and sovereign ownership over their history and culture and therefore, the autonomy to state which way their revered objects and sacraments should be treated by themselves and others. One such case in which the exhibition of a False Face mask raised the ire of Mohawks was the Glenbow Museums exhibition *The Spirit Sings* (1988) during the Calgary Winter Olympics resulting in a law suit against the museum. Mohawks from the Iroquois Confederacy who brought the suit lost the case when an uninformed Calgary judge ruled that the mask be reinstated in exhibit. Curiously, the Canadian Museum of Civilization (against the wishes of the Mohawks) made fiberglass copies of similar Iroquois masks so accurate, detailed, and aesthetically convincing that most viewers were unaware that what they were actually seeing were replicas.



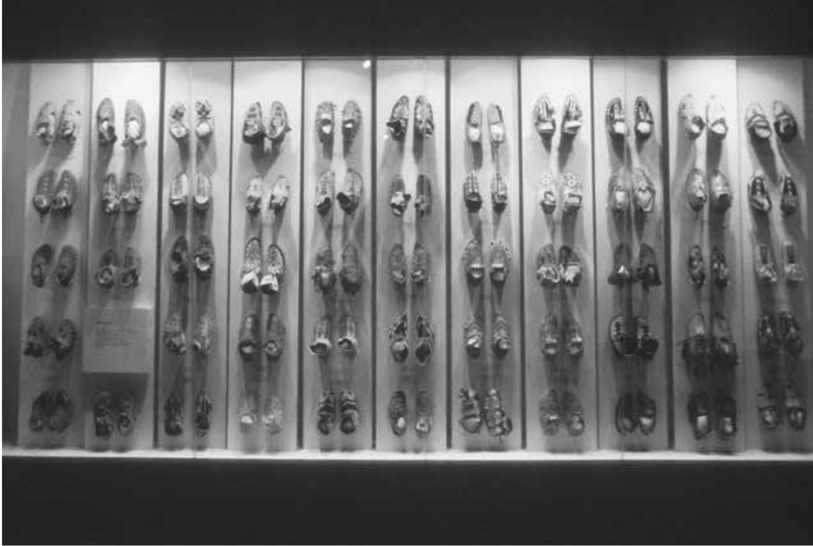
False face mask display. Glenbow Museum, Calgary, 1992. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Plains Indians feel no differently with displaying items like medicine bundles, sacred pipes, war bonnets, rattles, and eagle bone whistles used in sun dances, or other personal heirlooms irreverently displayed for public consumption and profit. When such objects are isolated behind glass, out of touch and beyond the reach and feelings of those who have made them and who may still retain an emotional attachment, a vicious schism is created in those people's lives. The only way to settle or otherwise positively bridge the violence brought about by exhibition is through having the items on display honourably repatriated to their rightful owners, when the owners are in fact known. This tear in the social fabric remains a problem as long as

Rattles on display. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

the people who claim the objects are alive and as long as the objects remain behind glass. The refusal of the majority of museums to recognize the psychological cost to Indians in this regard is unforgivable, although in the U.S. that is largely remedied, in law at least if not in reality. In Canada, the Assembly of First Nations/Canadian Museums Association joint Task Force met over a period of years to discuss such concerns as repatriation of artifacts and the exhibition of sacred remains on a nationwide basis after an initial planning meeting in Ottawa (Task Force Report 1992). Still, little progress has been made toward meeting the pressing concerns and needs of those haunted today by such gelid museum policies. Eventually, the name of the national conference between the CMA and the AFN held at Carleton University became known as "Preserving Our Heritage: A Working Conference between Museums and First Peoples". The mission of the Task Force was stated as working towards the development of an ethical framework and strategies by which Aboriginal peoples and cultural institutions can work together to represent Aboriginal history and culture. Two other important studies which have positively contributed to the ongoing public debate over the role and definition of Native art are Lee Ann Martin's The *Politics of Inclusion and Exclusion: Contemporary Native Art and Public Art Museums in Canada* (1991) and the Thunder Bay Art Gallery's *Mandate Study 1990-93* (Houle and Podedworny 1994), with the latter being mainly concerned with the redefinition of its own policy regarding the collection, exhibition and interpretation of contemporary Native art. Thunder Bay Art Gallery director Sharon Godwin envisioned the study as hopefully having an influence on other museum and gallery policies in both Canada and the United States; however that still needs to be seen.

The meaning behind displaying scores of moccasins together is lost. This particularly weird display had 'specimens' dating back more than one hundred years. In another cabinet in this same museum, footwear could be found which predates Columbus by fifteen hundred years. Such displays seem to prove nothing other than that the Indian's foot has not changed all that much in two thousand years. The prosaic warehousing of nearly every facet of Native culture is really what is at issue here. The hidden message in such collection policies, one anonymous critic retorted, was simply '...to prove that Western society can collect whole cultures!'



Display of moccasins in Buffalo Bill Cody Museum, Wyoming.
PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

"Unwelcome" signs made their appearance here and there early on in Indian Country on the Plains and in New Mexico and Arizona's pueblos and reservations. In her essay "Changing Images" written for *Hopi Images,* Erin Younger writes, "By the early decades of the twentieth century Hopis began to restrict access to photographers. By 1915, the photography of ceremonials had been banned" (Masayesva and Younger 1983:14). Out on the Great Plains, Yuwipi ceremonies, sun dances, purification lodges, and ghost dances already forbade such transgressions, this in stark contrast with today when on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota whites can pay up to $5,000 to participate in a sun dance, although why and what they would get out of it is the big question (Porterfield 1997). Needless to say all this has become a hot political issue with traditionalists who are correct, in my opinion, in decrying the use of this most sacred of dances for profit and notoriety. These "unwelcome" signs could at first be seen displayed only during the specific days the ceremonies or dances were to be held. Soon these gestures of defiance began

to sprout annually every spring, like the perennial dandelions after April showers, at virtually every gathering where white artists, anthropologists, and other white men and women had become accustomed to making annual pilgrimages over the years.

Over time the signs became at least semi-permanent, if not permanent fixtures on the landscape in and around pueblos and on many reservations. In the early to mid-nineteenth century, waves of uninvited, ignorant academic strangers doing "pure research" and other kinds of investigation must have been a curious sight to Indians of that period. Their ultimate aim was to leave Indian county hours,

Example of typical "unwelcome" sign found at entrance to pueblo in New Mexico. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

days, months and sometimes even years later with massive documentary evidence, including: drawings, paintings, and photographs of the vanishing tribal life on the rez (Deloria, Jr. 1969:83). Deloria has proven to be an even more progressively articulate and entertaining author in other books and articles he had written since 1969. Sadly he was not able to exclusively afford the Native art world the jewels of his wisdom before he passed on, although, as a writer, I owe him an immense intellectual debt of gratitude. A few of the original foreigners and their students publicly proclaimed they had become life-long friends with the particular tribe of Indians they happened to be studying (and may still be studying). Some of the more adventuresome claim they had to teach some forgotten ceremony or ritual to Indians who had lost the primary knowledge through assimilation, although it is difficult to imagine which long forgotten ceremonies and rituals needed to be relearned by any particular Indian 'tribe" in question. One such case in Alberta was much discussed among Native American Studies students late in the 1970's and

early 80's; with the very tradition-minded Native students and Native professors agreeing that such would never be the case. More than likely, the white academics who were supposed to have been performing this culture-saving task were merely being supported in their endeavors by the more knowledgeable and wise Elders. One alleged historical exception from the U.S. would seem to be the anthropologist Frank Hamilton Cushing (1857-1900) (Hovens 1988:2). Americanist David Murray of the American Studies Department at the University of Nottingham, England took exception to this notion in 1987 when he wondered aloud whether an individual could be both a scientist and an 'Indian' (Murray 1987:30). He wrote that Cushing, in his time, was "...seen as a problematic nineteenth century precursor of the participant-observer, as a man who 'went native'." To abridge what could very easily erode into one long, tedious, essentially rhetorical defensive argument coming from Murray's supporters, traditional Pueblo Indians today would almost certainly challenge such a claim anyway, that is, that Cushing somehow had the unique ability to become a Zuni.

Caught in a similar position in the 1960's members from the Hopi village of Hotevilla, Arizona, questioned anthropologist Frank Waters claim to special status when he published the *Book of the Hopi* (1963) in which he professed to have an insider's experience and knowledge of Hopi society in order to authenticate his research and spur sales. His co-author, Oswald White Bear Fredericks, an Indian, has certainly played a major role in his book's marketability if not in his own credibility. Otellie Sequafenema Loloma, a Hopi art instructor from Shipaulovi (Shungopovi) on the Second Mesa, warned me in class "not to believe everything written by Waters."

Unknown to First Nations people, the knowledge they so freely gave would be used in novel and unexpected ways over the years. The Glenbow Museum in Calgary, the Museum of Civilization in Ottawa, the Museum of Mankind in London, England, the Buffalo Bill Cody Museum in Cody, Wyoming, and the Smithsonian Institution, to name a few, exhibited virtually all of the information gathered by their specialists within the archetypical context of primitive vs. civilized. Underscoring this issue is the sober fact that in spite of all the studies done on Northwest Coast Indian art in British Columbia over the past century (they are perhaps the most studied Indian people in North America) the province still does not have a school of Northwest Coast Indian art in any of their major art institutions or universities. Is it any wonder that Native people ultimately ask, "What is the point?"

Teresa Marshall, a Mi'kmaq from Nova Scotia, uses that famous tool of capitalist history, the board game "Monopoly" in her multimedia installation *Monopoly* (1991) to get her message across, a message which is similar in tone and urgency to those in the works of Joane Cardinal-Schubert.

Teresa Marshall, *Monopoly* (1991), installed in *Uncommon Ground(s)* (1997). Mixed media installation, Kamloops Art Gallery, June 12 – August 3, 1997. COLLECTION OF THE ARTIST. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.

Another Marshall work *Peace Order and Good Government* (1993), symbolically used the power of Mi'kmaq colour and design to encase a safe, a gun, work boots and a hard hat as a trade in Indian values. Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun, a Coast Salish Okanagan artist, depicts Northwest Coast formline humans pushing in directions many people do not like, literally and metaphorically. Paintings like *Red Man Watching White Man Trying to Fix Hole in Sky* (1990) and *MacMillan Bloedel Eco-System Destroyers and Their Preferred Weapons* (1994) by this Emily Carr School graduate have become controversial, to say the least. Purist Northwest Coast Indian anthropologists, according to Yuxweluptun, once had problems accepting the validity of his work as Northwest Coast Indian art since it seemed to fly in the face of everything they believed about the survival of Northwest Coast formline design, therefore Northwest Coast Indian culture. In *Clayoquot Sound Environmental Terrorist,* Yuxweluptun makes no apology for telling it like it is. In the catalogue entitled *Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun: Born to Live and Die on Your Colonialist Reservations* Charlotte Townsend Gault wrote of Yuxweluptun, "Salvation art" is Yuxweluptun's own term.... Over the past decade Yuxweluptun has attempted to make a space for himself within contemporary art discourse where the idioms and cosmology of his own Coast Salish culture can be a serious and inevitable vehicle for topical thought and social enquiry and an excoriating critique of systemic racism. Simultaneously, his social concerns have increasingly come to focus on the environment, especially the effects of mining, clear-cutting and other toxicological intrusions into his land. The colonizers are meeting the effects of their power to

pollute, physically and morally, both on the colonized and on themselves. He paints this muck in all its toxicological bliss as he puts it, not to set himself up as a new stylist for some green party but to assert his right to the land that is being destroyed. He is painting not landscape but land claims (Townsend-Gault et al 1995:7).

Perhaps Yuxweluptun said it more poignantly; an artist's statement made in his catalogue of his one-man show also entitled *Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun: Born to Live and Die* o*n Your Colonialist Reservations* held at the Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery at the University of British Columbia, Yuxweluptun writes:

> "CONCENTRATION CAMPS RESERVATIONS
>
> RESERVATIONS = SEGREGATION
>
> SEGREGATION INTERNMENT CAMPS
>
> INTERNMENT CAMPS THE INDIAN PROBLEM = THE INDIAN ACT
>
> . . . I accuse the said Crown and government officials of perjury in the first degree. . ." (ibid:1)
>
> "Native people have endured too many years of forced concentration camps in B.C. The Department of Indian Affairs has been unsparing of time and lawyerly energies in maintaining a despotism that is backed up by the RCMP, the Canadian army, Canadian air force, Canadian coast guard, Department of Fisheries and Oceans, game wardens, provincial courts and the Supreme Court of Canada. Land is far more important than taking monetary wealth from the outlanders. I am tired of your usufructuary rights; I am fed up with being a usufruct person. I am tired of being fruct around by all of you. I would like to see all First Nations people have self-government and be able to protect their rights as Aboriginal people." (ibid:1)
>
> When asked why he painted his figures the way he does he responds: "I can paint the male or female anatomy as accurately as any artist trained in the Greco-Roman tradition of realism but I prefer to paint these figures as Indians, for this is the way the Indian *looks.* I call this style of painting ovoid-ism" (ibid:1).

Yuxweluptun traveled to Bisely and the Healey Estate, England, in September 1997, where he performed *An Indian-Act, Shooting the Indian Act.* He chose that location because he could legally shoot twenty copies of the actual *Indian Act* document with a rifle and shotgun. Yuxweluptun's goal was to send a shot copy of the Indian Act to Queen Elizabeth, the Canadian Prime Minister, the Premier of British Columbia, the Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development and the Grand Chief of the Assembly of First Nations. The performance, including guns, bullets and the shot *Indian Act* was also developed into an installation, which is in the collection of the Kamloops Art Gallery. Yuxweluptun is a voice literally crying

in the wilderness - the wilderness of Canadian politics - daring to bring issues and concerns of contemporary Indian people to the public forum in a way which has never before been attempted. Art is one of those areas where politics are shunned, but Yuxweluptun has thus far been able to overcome that barrier recognizing that art and culture are intertwined and inseparable. The land and culture are one, so are art and culture. It remains man and womankind's highest source of knowledge and expression and Yuxweluptun's art take full advantage of this philosophical edge, setting down for all time the kind of world First Nations people are forced to live in today. In so doing he exhibits great honesty, blunt humour, and a heartfelt conviction born of a life steeped in pathos and irony. He is highly respected not only by his Native artist colleagues and critics, but by members of the art and scientific establishment as well. Such achievement is commendable and far beyond the ordinary for it says something especially important about the times in which we live just after the turn of *the* millennium.

Rebecca Belmore from Thunder Bay was invited to Banff in the summer of 1991 to participate in the art event *In Between Views* an exhibition of eight artists who addressed issues related to travel, place, identity and belonging. The performance of *Aywn-ee aawachoomamamowan; Speaking to Their Mother* carried Native messages to the Earth Mother. The spot she chose was a beautiful meadow surrounded by majestic mountains. Belmore's megaphone later appeared on the cover of *Land Spirit Power,* the National Gallery of Canada's exhibition catalogue which showcased the fine art of eighteen First Nations and Native American artists from Canada and the United States, marking the Columbus Quincentennial in 1992.

Cree ceramicist Judy Chartrand received her Masters of Fine Arts from the University of Regina in 2003. In her Photoshop study, Chartrand has some particularly witty statements to make about Native art and artists. Raised on Vancouver's skid-row, she has no qualms about letting the world know that this lived experience informs her work that parodies popular misconceptions about Indians and brings new energy to subject matter that sometimes gets overworked.

Rebecca Belmore, *Aywn-ee aawachoomamamowan; Speaking to Their Mother* (1991). Performance work with 13 Native speakers, 2 m diameter megaphone, Banff, Alberta. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Judy Chartrand, Photoshop study (2009). COURTESY OF ARTIST.

Cree artist Lionel Peyachew sculpted *Counting Coup,* depicting a Cree warrior counting coup on a Blackfeet, is an image that has never before been seen as a sculpture. This enormous art work was cast by the Shidoni Foundry in Tesuque, New Mexico in 2010 and is now a part of the Painted Hand casino in Yorkton, Saskatchewan.

Lionel Peyachew, *Counting Coup* (2010). Bronze, shown with Shidoni Foundry artists and technicians. PHOTO COURTESY OF SHIDONI FOUNDRY.

Movie stars have been known to get into the act as well. In the early years of New Ageism, John Voight and Elizabeth Taylor apparently met with Hopi Elder Thomas Banyacya (also spelled Banyaca) of Oraibi, Arizona. Although Banyacya expounded a genuinely spiritual knowledge and message based upon Hopi prophesy, the true-to-form tabloids just did not get the big picture. The guinea pig public, the real economic engine driving this farce, comes up the loser. Editors have made great fortunes creating and living out their tabloid fantasies which are founded upon their very limited frames of reference and driven by their very real materialistic greed. They iniquitously exploit what can be called a sympathetic society. Consenting to having one's brains routinely pumped dry of consumer information by public opinion polls seems to be a prerequisite for membership in Western society. The raw data is regularly sold to politicians and corporate executives who are quarterly and semi-annually dependent upon this industrial statistical fix in order to define their political agendas, chart their courses of action and divine their

destinies. Public opinion polls are undertaken in complete confidence that the data provided will suffer a margin of error of no more than +3 or -3 percentage points (depending on how the nonsense is presented) 9 times out of 10. This information is then calculated to make them the country, if not the world's, most invaluable and indispensable of leaders.

LIZ JOINS MIDNIGHT COWBOY IN BIZARRE INDIAN PROPHECY

Confusion reigns over Jon Voight's mystery message

By Steven Edwards

NEWSMEN are still shaking their heads in wonder over a bizarre, celebrity-studded press conference that featured Liz Taylor, Tyne Daly — and a rambling statement about a mystical Indian prophecy made by actor Jon Voight.

The Oscar-winning actor — accompanied by Liz, Tyne and Ally Sheedy — revealed at the Hollywood gathering that he has been chosen by some Hopi Indians to announce an earth-shattering prophecy to the world concerning mankind's future.

With him was Hopi spiritualist Thomas Bininaca, who will soon convey the prophecy to Midnight Cowboy Voight when the time is right. The Hopis, whose traditions date back more than 11 centuries, now live on a reservation in the northeast corner of Arizona.

Elizabeth Taylor joined Jon Voight at a bizarre Hollywood press conference (above) with Hopi Indian spiritual leader Thomas Bininaca.

Tyne Daly and Liz (left) listened stone-faced as Voight said the Hopis had selected him to pass on their "world-shattering prophecy."

In a rambling, often incomprehensible announcement, Voight, 47, said: "I have gathered you all here today, surrounded by all my fellow comrades in one form or another, to spell out to you the perfect words, so you can understand them perfectly, so you cannot or will not distort them to please your own egos.

"So what is it you will hear?" he continued. "This is the holy prophecy of holy elders, who have not been able to speak this prophecy throughout this century because there have never been enough true white men that could find truths within their own souls long enough to try, to see, to hear — to be the deliverers of their own existence. They were too involved in their own greeds, their own pursuit of destruction.

"Now it seems to be the right time, for there are enough white men that are gathered here now with me that know they want to exist, they want to live, they want to be able to free their inner souls from their past programming of negative thoughts against the red man."

Although Voight never said what would be revealed, nor when, he did say: "Now when they entrust us with the prophecy that has never been spoken before, we may be shocked. But the shock may be the perfect shock to shock us into a reality that will plainly focus on what is happening to us and what we must do about it. God is here. God is now. He guides us all, and I want to express it."

Elizabeth Taylor, along with Tyne, Alley and comedian Cheech Martin, sat stiff and stone-faced during the press conference.

"Jon called each one of them individually and asked them to join him," said a close friend of his. "For instance, when he called Liz Taylor, he told her what the press conference was about. She displayed a great deal of trust in Jon by taking part."

A spokesperson for Liz Taylor explained the star's presence: "She obviously has a certain belief that the Hopi are being treated poorly and she was there to support their cause with Mr. Voight.

"There's a good possibility that she'll be involved at the next press conference, when Mr. Voight reveals the Hopi's prophecy."

Voight's friend said the "prophecy" will be announced in the "near future," maybe in a month.

"The Hopi are having their spiritual dances right now, and as soon as they determine when this event will take place, they will contact Jon and he will contact the press accordingly," said the friend.

Though Voight has long proclaimed a deep faith in God, his spiritual beliefs are less known to the public. Shirley MacLaine has mentioned him in her visionary autobiographies.

Voight said: "My whole life has been a series of steps toward this focus, which I'm at here in the present."

The friend said Voight became involved with the Hopis by coincidence: "They were all at the same Indian gatherings — Jon was there because he is totally supportive of minorities — and they found they were linked on a spiritual level.

"Jon is not a member of any organized group or religion. He is simply a man who approaches life from a spiritual place and sees truth and goodness in all spiritual teachings. He's not a religious zealot."

After the conference, Voight, who won an Oscar for his role as a paraplegic Vietnam vet in *Coming Home* (1979), went into seclusion to work on a movie script.

A respected actor since bursting on the scene in *Midnight Cowboy* in 1969, he was nominated for another Oscar last year for his riveting portrayal of an escaped convict in *Runaway Train*.

"He doesn't care what (the announcement) does to his career," said the friend, even though the effect of his prophesying may be detrimental.

Already, the word from Creative Artists Agency, which manages Voight's theatrical career, is pessimistic.

Asked if Voight's involvement with the Hopis would adversely affect his career, his agent's assistant, Sylvia Horn, replied: "Probably." □

I WOULD rather be able to appreciate things I cannot have than have things I cannot appreciate. — ***Humorist Elburt Hubbard.***

STAR AUGUST 19, 1986 33

Pro-Indian movie stars get the tabloid treatment. Source unknown.
PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Inevitably, repercussions have occurred against all of the theories and tabloid tales which allege to know more about Native peoples than they know about themselves. For over a century art and anthropo1ogy had the upper hand, doing pretty much whatever they pleased, whenever they pleased, when they originally ventured forth to study these "primitive peoples." Had Edward S. Curtis faced the kind of Native activism found at Kanehsatake, on the Peigan Reserve northwest of Lethbridge, on the Queen Charlotte Islands and on virtually every other reserve in Canada in the 1980's and 90's, his famed 'vanishing race' sepia photographs (which carry so much ideological weight with the public) would never have seen the light of day. Anthropological icons like Franz Boas and Lewis Henry Morgan most probably wouldn't have gained any credibility at all with the Kwakiutl, Haida, Blackfoot or Haudenosaunee.

In *The Vanishing Race and Other Illusions* (1982), Christopher M. Lyman explains in considerable detail how Edward Curtis went about manufacturing such portraits for public consumption. The camera did and can be made to lie. Curtis' photographs consist mostly of handcrafted, retouched images set to the theme of extinction, which of course never happened. Nevertheless, the myth persists and Native artists are routinely expected to look like the Indians in the Curtis photographs, if they are to be taken seriously that is, as the genuine thing. Those Indians today who do happen to resemble Curtis' images exploit their resemblance, as if they also believe. Deloria had this to say about the problems First Nations people experienced in gradually coming to see themselves as a new species, the "Indian", invented by the white man: "Prior to the coming of the white man, it is doubtful if any of the tribes held a conception of that racial character which today we categorize as Indian....if anything the people saw themselves simply as "men", the two-leggeds, in contradistinction to the four-leggeds... With the advent of the white man and his insistence on seeing all red men as "Indians" came the gradual recognition that the tribes had more in common than they had separating them. Yet this feeling did not transform itself into an identifiable image until modern times, when the helplessness resulting from political and economic status and the acceptance of the innate incompetence of the "Indian' was seen to represent an experience so universal among the tribes as to constitute a new species called "Indian" (Bataille and Silet 1980:49).

Needless to say, John and Jane Q. Public who revel in Curtis' descriptions give further credence to the stereotypes through personal preferences actions, and public performance. This influences First Nations people, who may also believe their ancestors were ethnographically different from what they, themselves, are today. The public has been conditioned to accept anyone as an 'Indian' so long as they adhere to a few of the personality traits of 'Indianness' as in the vintage photograph. These markers range from the sublime to the ridiculous. In his introduction to Lyman's book, Deloria again writes:

"Everyone loves the Edward Curtis Indians. On dormitory walls on various campuses we find noble redmen staring past us into the sepia eternity along with poses of W.C. Fields and Humphrey Bogart. Anthologies about Indians, multiply-

ing faster than the proverbial rabbit, have obligatory Curtis reproductions sandwiched between old clichés about surrender; mother earth, and days of glory. This generation of Americans, busy as previous generations in discovering, savoring, and discarding its image of the American Indian, has been enthusiastic in acquiring Curtis photographs to affirm its identity. Indeed, the many hundreds of thousands of white citizens who have discovered Cherokee in their veins since the last census seem to use Curtis pictures to verify the authenticity of their Grey Owl Trading Post buckskin costumes." (Lyman 1982 n.p.)

Whites dressed as Indians. COURTESY OF JUDY CHARTRAND.

Little has changed in the mind of whites since Curtis filmed *In the Land of the War Canoes* in 1914, which was also published as a book entitled In *the Land of the Head-hunters* in 1915. Curtis wrote of the book that it "…had its inception in an outline or scenario for a motion picture drama dealing with the hardy Indians inhabiting northern British Columbia" (Curtis 1915;1975:vii). In both book and film Curtis claims to "give a glimpse of the primitive Americans as they lived in the Stone Age and as they were still living when the hardy explorers Perez, Heceta, Quadra, Cook, Meares and Vancouver touched the shores of the Pacific between 1774 and 1791" (ibid).

Even contemporary everyday items are not exempt from the bizarre Western preoccupation with cultural exploitation and voyeurism. Complete dance ensembles which include powwow dresses, drums, head—dresses, hustles, roaches, beaded moccasins, and bone breast plates are put on exhibition for tourists much too preoccupied with their vacations in the West to meet real Indians. People from throughout the world visit Banff and Yellowstone National Park during the summer months and ordinarily take side trips to visit the privately owned, Buffalo Bill Cody Historical Museum in Cody, Wyoming. The intent of the museum may be thought of as noble but this discouraging state of affairs is extremely offensive to many traditionalist Indians who must face the bleak prospect of seeing the Powwow, an annual celebration of life on the Plains, being exploited. To add insult to injury, beer distilleries are advertised and admission fees are charged in many places.

Powwow exploitation 1994 style. PHOTO BY ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Politicizing the innate dangers of acculturation to the basically apolitical continues to be on the agendas of many Native artists. Native artists are regularly criticized for engaging in politics, but it seems to be quite okay for museums of art to spend massive amounts of dollars to collect someone like Picasso who distinctly characterizes politically inspired issues, *Guernica,* Picasso's horrified and angry response to the Fascist bombing of that Basque town during the Spanish Civil War, painted in 1937, comes immediately to mind.

Hobby groups in Europe go so far as to research their Indian costumes down to the smallest detail. Many of the people in these groups are serious amateur anthropologists and Indian art collectors. English hobbyists, in particular, used to harbour some fairly quaint ideas about the "Red Indians" as they call the North American

Indians. A real Indian to them was someone who was supposed to be able to start a fire by vigorously rubbing two sticks together. If an Indian from Canada or the U.S. couldn't do that, then how could such a person claim to be a real Indian? The elderly war-bonnet clad gentleman on the far left in this 1960's photo, it is rumored, was able to do just that. The English public, at the time this photo was taken, did not generally understand that many First Nations people in the U.S. and Canada were up to using much of the latest technology generally available to the public in North America. Today the English learn much about Native Americans from museums, such as the Museum of Mankind in London and the mass media. They now have ample opportunity to know, of course, that North American Indians and Inuit send messages via e-mail, establish web pages, use voice mail, send letters and other messages by fax, that many Indians even employ satellite dishes, drive automobiles, watch CNN world newscasts, spawn rock bands and movie stars, and use Diamond brand matches or a *Bic* lighter if they wish to start a fire. This in no way makes Native people any less than the people they are of course.

In 1923 the students at Central School Auditorium, Lethbridge, Alberta, participated in a school play called Hiawatha which required them to fold their arms like the good, stoic Indians they pretended to represent. The silly part in all this is that they lived adjacent to the Kainaiwa Indian Reserve where they could have easily seen that the Kainai never behaved that way. So why did they do it? As if to prove some things never change, a modern dance troop of Mormons called The Young Ambassadors from Brigham Young University, Utah who billed themselves

English "Indians" in 1969. Photographer unknown. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Central School Auditorium, Lethbridge, Alberta, 1923. Printed in the *Lethbridge Herald*. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

as wholesome family entertainment, toured the Mormon Bible belt of Southern Alberta in the early 1980's, publicly satirizing their conceits about Indians in their rendition of a western hoe-down. Was this blatant exploitation of First Nations for profit, racism disguised as entertainment, Joseph Smith-ism gone berserk or what?

The Young Ambassadors, Brigham Young University, Utah, 1980. Printed in the *Lethbridge Herald*. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Historically some anthropologists have vulgarly added to the stereotype of the Native in a civic minded fashion. The headline INDIANS ARE "CANNIBALS", ANTHROPOLOGIST SAYS, speaks for itself. In this instance the fight was over Native land and resources in Colorado, so the specialist in question decided to take a side, typically it wasn't the side where he made his living (Greenway 1960). Tabloids, as we all know, are no strangers to fabricating their own brand of narrow-minded, low-brow, yellow journalism to bolster sales.

John Greenway Rides Again

Indians are "Cannibals," Anthropologist Says

By Eulala Pegram

The Winter Night Club of Colorado Springs recently heard a University of Colorado anthropologist call American Indians "savages" and "cannibals."

John Greenway, erstwhile anti-Indian anthropologist and renowned racist, was the speaker.

Greenway stated, among other remarks, that payment of claims by Indian groups are "ridiculous."

Greenway is quoted in an article in the *Gazette Telegraph* of Nov. 15, and a tape recording exists containing the first 60 minutes of his speech.

In a rather rambling talk, to an audience comprised of community leaders, Greenway used quotations containing well-known derogatory and degrading statements about American Indians.

Some complimentary remarks he attributed to Christopher Columbus were immediately "balanced" by statements charging the Indians with being cannibals.

Greenway stated that the English colony at Roanoke "probably went down the gullet of the North Carolina tribes," which were praised by Admiral Burroughs.

Claiming "I am not anti-Indian," Greenway found it funny to also say "I have never killed one. At least not yet."

At another point in his speech, the anti-Indian anthropologist quoted a letter in which he threatened to scalp Dallas chief Eagle, and "maybe bury a hatchet in big Chief Eagle head."

Greenway also declared, "I like to think if I were fighting again, it would be under a man like (Col. John Milton) Chivington. (Chivington led the 3rd Colorado Cavalry in the massacre of Indians at Sand Creek, and Greenway admitted this was indeed a massacre.)

The Winter Night Club has an approximate membership of 350. Its chairman is the city manager of Colorado Springs.

Greenway appeared to court his audience at several places in his talk. At one point, when he was explaining, "My remarks are certainly not subscribed to by the generality of anthropologist," he said he hopes his views were "accepted better by you than by my colleagues."

"I hope for something better from you people," he remarked. "I understand there is a smattering of liberals in the audience, but they are pretty well dominated by the majority."

Greenway attempted to disclaim the Indians' reputation for great oratory by quoting Geronimo's interpreter, a man he professes to admire, but one who was later hanged, presumably for some unrelated incident.

In this context, Greenway also quoted Mark Twain, who, he claimed, "made the ultimate judgment on the oratorical history of the Indians."

Said Greenway, "The Indian language is very simple and unostentatious and consists of plain straightforward lies," the anthropologist quoted as the words of Mark Twain. This remark brought a huge laugh from the audience.

Throughout his speech, Greenway failed to name specific tribes, areas of Indian ownership and habitation, or even the time frame of events he was describing.

He did not once quote an American Indian account of an event, nor did he produce even one example of poor oratory, nor did he make an attempt to differentiate between land claims, treaty claims, or any other claims. He also let it be understood that he had no background in law.

Greenway began his talk by proposing to discuss the "Indian Today." However, all his references but one were of past events.

About ten years ago, the anthropologist revealed, he was commissioned to preview 21 books about American Indians, all written by non-Indians. He said he became "incensed" at the authors' "wilful-ignorance." An article he wrote as a result of all this reading was refused publication by the publisher who commissioned it, although, he said, he was paid for it.

Finally, Greenway explained the present interest in the American Indian as due to the "Puritan strain in American society.

John Greenway is a member of the anthropology department at University of Colorado. He has served as book reviewer of Indian books for such newspapers as the Hearst San Francisco Examiner and others, despite charges of racist interest placed against him by the American Indian Historical Society.

According to a colleague at the university (who refused to be named) "Greenway is not a member of the archaeological community, nor does he represent an accepted anthropological position on the American Indian, either present or past. He is an embarrassing thorn in this department's side. But we are stuck with him because he has tenure."

John Greenway rides again. Source unknown. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

Bleeding-heart movies about Indians make me sick!

MY AMERICA
By ED ANGER

I'm madder than Hiawatha with a leaky canoe over all this Hollywood hullabaloo about American Indians.

First of all, there ain't no such thing as an American Indian since America didn't even exist before the Pilgrims came over and started calling it that!

But these weepy, bleeding-heart actors like Kevin Posner, or whatever his name is, are always making movies that make the screaming redskins of the Old West look like really nice guys.

Tell General George Armstrong Custer how nice those banshees were!

My wife Thelma Jean and I were watching those Oscar awards on TV a couple of weeks ago and both of us almost threw up when that injun movie *Taking Chances With Wolves* or some nutty title like that won picture of the year, for crying out loud.

That late, great Indian fighter John "Duke" Wayne must be spinning in his grave!

What about a film about those brave blue coats who killed Indians to make the prairie safe for the REAL Americans — those rough 'n' ready settlers who tamed the West!

Hey, I like tom-tom music as much as the next guy, but give me a break. If I see one more peace pipe being passed around or some heap-big chief bellyaching about the white man's forked tongue, I think I'll puke.

Let's face it. We BOUGHT most of this great land from GREEDY Indians who'd rather wheel and deal for a fast string of beads than hunt buffalo. Manhattan Island in New York is a perfect example.

Indian real estate agents took the white man to the cleaners on that little deal — $24 for a few thousand acres of swampland. And 24 bucks was heap big money in those days, folks — about $340,000 in today's cash. And that kind of dough buys a lot of moccasins.

But what makes me so pig-biting mad is that if the Indians would have won we'd all be living in teepees, worshiping totem poles and reaching out and touching someone with smoke signals, for Pete's sake.

And another thing. I never heard an Indian on TV say much more than "UGH" or "HOW." But let one of 'em so much as grunt in these bleeding-heart movies and some translator says, "Chief Pain In The Butt says Great White Spirit blah, blah, blah, blah, blah," and goes on to recite the darn Preamble to the Constitution.

And all the Big Chief did was burp.

If these redskins were so great why do kids fight over who's going to wear the boots and six-guns in cowboys and Indians?

So let's put the movie Indians back where they belong — eatin' lead from Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, by gum!

MOVIE redskins like this are nothing like the real thing.

Mongoose attacks man's snakeskin boots!

Fancy-pants playboy Harry Keen saved for seven months to buy a pair of $1,600 cobra-skin cowboy boots — then watched in horror as a hopping-mad mongoose ripped his ritzy boots to shreds!

By JOE BERGER

The ruthless mongoose named Mort attacked the instant happy-go-lucky Harry strutted into a pal's pet shop to show off the hand-tooled boots he'd bought just minutes before.

"Mongooses are ferocious snake-eaters, and when Mort saw my new boots, he must've figured lunch was served," groaned the heartsick car salesman. "That little rascal really tore into them.

"He's usually an easygoing little guy, but he came at me so fast and furious I didn't have a chance to fight him off — and the next thing I knew, he'd torn those beautiful boots to bits.

"I'm guess I was lucky to get away from him with all my toes intact."

The swashbuckling bachelor's tale of woe began late last summer when he spotted a pair of snazzy snakeskin boots in the window of a Hong Kong clothing store.

"They were the most gorgeous things I'd ever seen, and I knew I just had to have them," recalled dapper Harry, 32.

"So I rushed in to buy them, and found out they cost $1,600.

"I almost keeled over in my tracks. I didn't have that kind of dough lying around, that's for sure, but I was absolutely determined to have those boots." So the skirt-chasing salesman scrimped and saved for seven long months till he had the money in hand.

"I was so excited the day I waltzed into that store and slipped those things on," he said.

"I knew no woman could resist a man in $1,600 cobra-skin boots.

"I walked out of there on top of the world."

Flamboyant Harry headed straight for buddy Kenneth Lok's pet store to give him a gander at his grandiose footwear.

"I knew Ken had Mort running around in the store as a pet, and I know that mongooses are notorious for killing and eating huge, deadly snakes — but I just never dreamed he'd come after my snakeskin boots," said the rattled romeo.

"It happened so fast, those poor things didn't know what hit them.

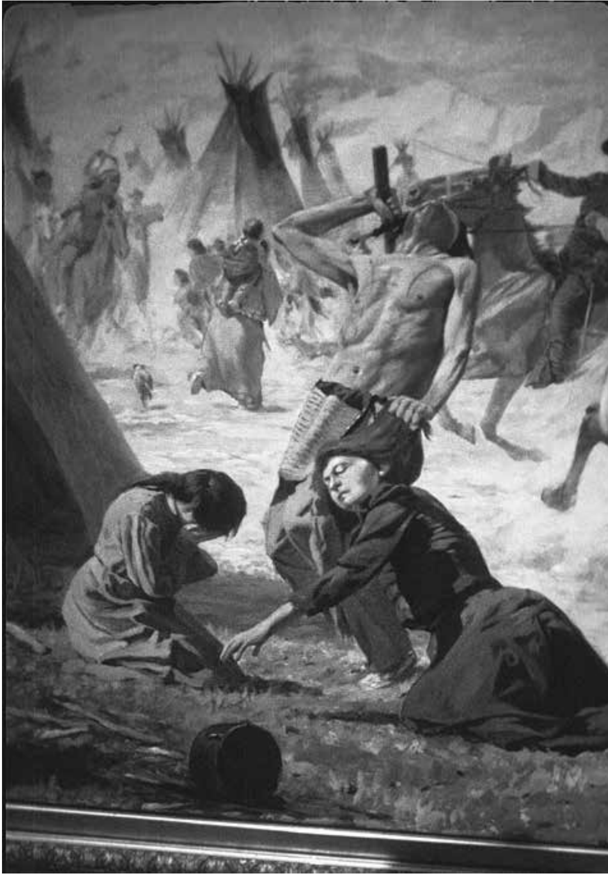
"I took them back to the store and asked the guy if I could get my money back, but he just laughed at me. He said only an idiot shows off a pair of $1,600 snakeskin boots to a mongoose."

"These bleedin' 'eart liberals." Ed Anger's My America in *World News Weekly,* 1988. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

The history of the American west has always glorified the heroic frontier man and woman. Savages always seem to be descending upon these unfortunate, helpless victims like swarms of killer bees in popular paintings of the genre, such as Edgar Paxton's *Custer's Last Stand* (1899). Misconceptions abound about the buffalo hunt which are sometimes more comical than historically or politically correct. More importantly, and sadly, William Leigh, the painter who created the bombastic scene in *Buffalo Drive* (1947) probably believed what he was illustrating. In this sense the twentieth-century artist is really little different than his fifteenth-century counterpart. They both employed historical propaganda to misconstrue and exaggerate reality. Patricia Trenton and Patrick T. Houlihan's *Native Americans: Five Centuries of Changing Images* (1989) identify many other misconceptions about Indians which popular artists of the past five hundred years have rained down upon the world. One

Edgar S. Paxton, *Custer's Last Stan* (1899). Oil on canvas, 179 cm x 269 cm". COURTESY OF BUFFALO BILL CODY HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WY.

William R. Leigh, *Buffalo Drive*, copyright 1947. Oil on canvas, 197 cm x 319 cm. COURTESY OF BUFFALO BILL CODY HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WY. ACQUIRED WITH DONATIONS FROM THE WHITNEY PURCHASE FUND, WILLIAM F. DAVIDSON, THE COLE FOUNDATION, AND CORLISS C. AND AUDREINNE H. MOSELY.



Charles Schreyvogel, *The Summit Springs Rescue* (1869, copyright 1908) (detail). Oil on Canvas, 122 cm x 142 cm.
COURTESY OF BUFFALO HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WY, BEQUEST IN MEMORY OF HOUX AND NEWELL FAMILIES.

of the most lasting negative stereotypes is that of the helpless white woman being raped, tortured and finally killed by the savage Indian as in Charles Schreyvogel's *The Summit Springs Rescue* (1869) (detail). In many cases whites preferred to stay with their captors, turning this common myth inside out. In addition, there is a long history of intermarriage between Indians and whites in which they sometimes married for mutually beneficial reasons, such as to ward off small-pox epidemics. Inoculation through marriage was a widespread practice in New England in the sixteenth century, sometimes to create alliances in warfare with each other, or simply because it was the human thing to do. There are undoubtedly many other reasons.

Appropriation is of major concern to Natives today. Many Indians are protesting the use of Indian images or symbols as university mascots, for example. The internet is rife with Indians expressing their indignation about the blatant racist use of such imagery. Sports clubs are misguided in their impression that they are somehow honouring Native peoples by making them mascots. "Just harmless fun!" says one sports announcer. Move the criterion to Jewish or black people and witness the fireworks. Is it still just harmless fun?

An issue which has major implications for education is that of appropriation of Native art by non-Natives, more specifically Canadian and American modern artists. But just what is it that was stolen? Well, virtually everything. Max Ernst openly declared his affinity for Northwest Coast Indian and Pueblo art forms. This attraction definitely influenced the structural qualities of his art. He used the Northwest and Southwest Native art prototypes to his heart's content. He has never been criticized for his outright appropriation of another culture's art perceptions by the critics of his day; The *King Playing with the Queen* (1944) (collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York) seems to embody that very contention (Spalding 1979:35). Of course, that might be the surrealism he intended, but I doubt it. Ernst avidly collected the works of African, New Guinean, and Peruvian artists in the early part of the century for clues to any artistry which might improve his own insights into art. Modern artists routinely collected Native art by the train load, as well the artwork created by the many so-called 'others' of the world in order to enlighten their discipline (Rubin 1984).

The evidence in Rubin's book *"Primitivism" in 20th Century Art* points to Native art's conventional methodology as the driving force behind much that is considered modernist invention today. From the Spanish Picasso to the American Warhol to the Canadians Carr and Shadbolt, we can ascertain that Native art has had a great influence. Yet textbooks on the history of the art of Canada and the Western world are just beginning to address these issues; too often the pages stand in mute testimony to this fact. Any notion that Native art somehow had an impact on Euro Canadian and American aesthetics and philosophy during this past century is strictly qualified, similar to the unrecognized historical fact that the U.S. Constitution is based fundamentally upon the principles of government founded by the Iroquois League of Nations (Six Nations) over eight hundred years ago (Barreiro 1988). Native art's rightful place in Canadian and Western art history has gone largely unrecognized and the debt which modernism owes Native art and the depths to which modern and post- modem art have been influenced by Native art may never be known. The West has shown a clear disregard and break with its historical past, such a split is a dangerous situation if occurring in an individual's personal life and deadly if found within the doctrines of the state.

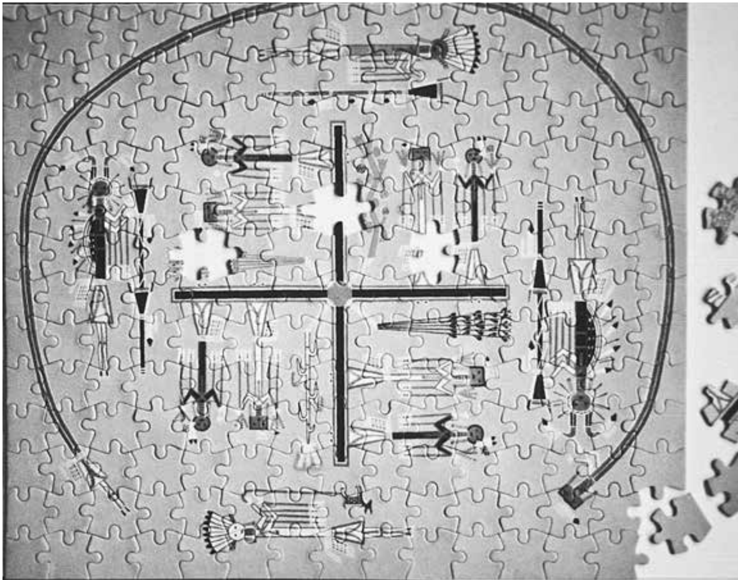
When Ojibwa artist Carl Beam uses similar techniques as Pop artist Robert Rauschenberg, his work is immediately labeled derivative. Beam's *The North American Iceberg* (1985) has the great distinction of being the first contemporary Native art work ever to be collected by the National Gallery of Canada. This work could very easily symbolize the tip of the iceberg called Native art. The gallery had,

for many years, refused to amend its policy concerning the collection of Native art until SCANA (The Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry) came into existence.

Carl Beam, *North American Iceberg* (1985). PHOTO © NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA.

The NGC today has a policy which explicitly authorizes "the acquisition of representative examples of contemporary Inuit and Indian art" (Nemiroff et al 1992:17). This, of course, is still a long way from collecting Native art under the title Canadian Indian Art, or some such label. SCANA, whose roots can he traced back to at least the 1950's, has had a great influence on virtually every other form of progress made by contemporary Native art in Canada in the past fifteen years (Hill 1978:34). As the voice of Native artists in the early part of the 1980's and on into the 90's, it fell upon SCANA to lobby the National Gallery and other art institutions across Canada to change their collections policies with respect to collecting Native art. SCANA clearly felt that Native art was worth collecting, as part of the Canadian state and as a way to preserve Native heritage. Up until then the National Gallery didn't even know there was a contemporary Native art heritage worth saving. The gallery simply left the 'unsavory' job of dealing with Indians to the anthros across the river at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Quebec. SCANA's efforts seemed to have some effect since the National Gallery did amend its collecting policy (although they would never admit to it) under pressure, but even today they still refuse to collect the art on the basis of it being Native art and a vital part not only of Canadian history but of Western art history. Many people in the art establishment still do not want to definitively accept the concept and reality of Native art as Art writ large in its own right.

In conclusion, after more than a century of scientific theorizing and following Hollywood mythology, three centuries more of skewing historical facts and fantasizing about Indians, another century lost inventing new *'Indian'* imagery for public consumption, another two hundred years wasted on party politics, and another century of following false impersonators, all that Western society seems prepared to offer First Nations is this pathetic jig-saw puzzle reproduction of an otherwise exquisite sand painting, originally conceived and created by a Navajo spiritual healer. The jig-saw puzzle is sold in a gift shop at the Horniman Museum in London, England; the original sand painting is displayed in an upright position, sprayed with fixative so the sand does not fall off, for authenticity I would imagine, it used to be situated flat on the floor. Among Navajo people this amounts to a sacrilegious use of their sacred imagery. It is truly ironic that the state has not been able to improve upon the original sand painting, which is still in use, despite more than a century of study. The state has finally reached an idiosyncratic dead end.



Jig-saw puzzles of Navajo sand painting. COLLECTION OF ALFRED YOUNG MAN.

To fundamentally change Native societies and culture beyond all recognition has been the quintessential quest of the state for more than a century and it has been an unqualified failure. What about assimilation? To be sure, there have been indigenous nations who have succumbed to the genocidal practices of early land and resource hungry settlers and pioneers, and still others have met a statistical type of doom but still, maintain their Native roots, however improbable this may seem. Although there are no actual documented cases of mass assimilation, the theory has become a part of our common vocabulary. And yet *we* have no idea what the mecha-

nism may be by which whole nations of indigenous and foreign peoples become as one, totally and unequivocally. It is entirely possible that the idea of assimilation is just another deception grounded and promoted in ignorance. It is appearing to be more so every day. *And* as with other theories, it is time to put that theory to rest and recognize that there are no Stone Age people in North America waiting to be assimilated. There never was. Pueblo anthropologist Alfonso Ortiz (d. 1997) wondered about the archeological wisdom of pushing the dates for early occupation of North America further and further back in time. All that would be proven, he says, is what Indians have been saying all along, that they came from nowhere else, they simply originated here (Bosveld 1990). In any case, an ancient date of occupation in North America is essentially meaningless to the First People since after 15,000 to 20,000 years of occupation what does it really matter?

To study is to know. Knowledge enhances societies, or so we are told. If the final goal of gaining knowledge is to give back, and if we take the true meaning of knowledge to signify imitation, then it is abundantly clear that the state has never had as its primary goal the enrichment and enhancement of indigenous people's knowledge through the study and acculturation of their societies. To do so would be to add to the cultural hegemony from the interior of the *Native perspective* rather than using only the vague expressions of the exterior and anterior paradigms to explain and analyze. All the evidence before us indicates the state understands only the art and language of interpretation through subjugation.

Teaching Indian Fine Art in a non-Native university

If I were asked to write and put into practice a political proscription to guarantee long term social catastrophe amongst Native American and First Nations peoples, something that would bring about a near total collapse of their societies and non-recovery, it would go something like this:

To begin with I would take away their art; in this way I have disengaged the people from their mythology, philosophy, history, spirituality, laws and language in one stroke since those ideas are fundamentally embodied therein. Art is the principal means by which Native people constitute society, the equivalent of how Western society uses libraries, churches, courthouses, theatres and schools. Next, I would write and enact laws, enforceable at the point of a gun of course, which would allow me to replace their accumulated wealth of spiritual, traditional, oral and visual knowledge with my own ideology, or collective philosophy, economics, and religions that are based on a social order that rely heavily upon materialism as its most basic principle and social function. Third, I would insist on using improvable scientific theories and other tenets of faith to explain the different descriptions of reality these ancient peoples allegedly harbor about themselves and furthermore I would require everyone to use the vernacular established by these theorists, politicians, and preachers whenever the subject of the Native American, or First Nations was discussed, in whatever context. Finally, I would proscribe the freedom of the indigenous voice in an assortment of ways so that their experience of truth would never become known as fact or reality. I would do it all in the name of freedom: freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of association and assembly, or academic freedom, all of which would be written into a national manifesto or constitution that would make it illegal for the first one hundred years, to treat Native Americans as the human beings they surely are, who nevertheless have the same innate right to freedom and justice as myself. However, if they wanted those freedoms, it would take enactment of a special piece of legislation by a national legislative assembly to make that happen.

After that diktat had been faithfully carried out by my army of willing accomplices for more than seven decades, what do you think we would have produced?

Just about the only thing we could have created is a seriously dysfunctional social order faced with nearly insoluble problems of adaptation and survival in a fast changing world. How could any rational thinking person expect a group as gravely disenfranchised as this to simply go and take care of business as usual? With its limited frame of reference, that is what Euro-American society has done to Native people in the U.S. and Canada. All the same, it is a testament to the genius of Native people that we were able to survive at all. It was not just the taking away of the land and resources that acted as the final coup de grace in all this however since one must include over three centuries of theft and warehousing of hundreds of thousands of Native art objects that nobody ever gets to see. Of course, it is just these kinds of statements that make me an academic outcast among university scholars and professors everywhere who uphold any kind of Western doctrine.

Studying North American Indian art history can be a shocking and daunting enterprise to the typical Canadian and American university student. Over their lifetime they have been hyped with so much nationalist, ideological, rhetorical, dogmatic academic determinism that after the first year of taking an Indian fine arts course, students find it hard to get around the feeling that they are living in a country that, for all intent and purposes, has simply been made up or invented and that is a huge part of the problem of teaching in a non-Native university.

It is during the deconstruction and reconstructed analysis and evaluation of the historical dichotomy between First Nations vs. Western pedagogy that underlying anti-Indian feelings begin to emerge from student conversations. In this process of instruction, as a student begins to learn that Western education is a parochial and provincial affair, interaction as you might expect, becomes tense and uncomfortable. University students expect their professors to teach from the ethnocentric description of Euro-American history without qualification, not from the Native perspective so this new perspective comes as something of an eye-opener.

Understandably, a Native art professor advocates an unusual approach to Indian art history through the eyes and experience of the Native perspective. After some time learning how to use this perspective, students come to understand that the version of history they are accustomed to learning from is more of a nationalistic hero-driven kind of history with definite limitations. By contrast, the intellectually curious First Nation students express feelings of calculated liberation since these questioning individuals have in all probability intuited the reality of the matter all along and were simply waiting for someone in the academic world to validate their personal feelings and opinions on the issues. Non-Native students may conceal feelings of guilt, skepticism, frustration, distrust and sometimes hostility towards their Native art professor that are normally articulated as self-indulgent behavior that shows up as negative end-of-term evaluations with comments such as the professor is anti-Christian, anti-anthropology, anti-white, or practices reverse racism and discrimination. After thirty-three years of teaching, I expect this situation will continue to occur and that I will have to continue to make annual appeals for my academic freedom and survival to my academic performance evaluators rather than

receiving the teacher of the year award. With little, if any knowledge of First Nations people, no competency in Indian fine art, nor what it means to teach that art and create from that awareness, the Native art professor has no chance of being fairly evaluated by peers and administrators. Most performance evaluation committees would not know a Cree from a Mohawk artist, an Apache from a Navajo, a Blackfeet from a Cherokee, Native art from modern art, religion from spirituality and all that implies. Incongruously, in this illogical world of Westernized education, a Native art professor is required to obtain a Ph.D. in a related field, such as anthropology, in order to teach courses on Native art. This state of affairs is very close to obtuse paternalism and racism, coming as it does from an academy that are as badly-educated as primary school children, which is where knowledge of First Nations people begins and fades. It seems the only people who gain knowledge about First Nations people are anthropologists, however doing so mainly for themselves and for their own theoretical ends, ignoring the Native perspective altogether. Paradoxically, university students learn about the multifaceted philosophical concepts underlying Indian fine art, from this highly-eccentric and toxic environment.

In studio art, students are confounded to learn that a discipline called Indian fine art even exists for they have long learned elsewhere that First Nations and Native Americans have no word for art therefore how could Native art exist? An accurate perspective on Native art requires students to reevaluate and become re-educated about the true nature of the Native artistic experience, creativity and expression, students need to be taught how to judge and justify Native art's authenticity, quality, integrity and value. First Nations students are apt to do better here since the subject matter and instruction methods tend to reinforce their personal and ancestral identities of themselves which is a pedagogy they will find nowhere else.

Indian fine art as inspiration seems to be appreciated more in international arenas such as those found in Europe than in North America, among hobbyists and anthropologists, however that admiration may be an enjoyment of and appreciation for the wrong kind of "Indian" which may be attributed in large part to watching thousands of Hollywood "Indian" films of the last century or learning to swallow the prejudices as found among Occidental academics and social scientists whose theoretical material still informs the masses about First Nations and Native American people and I have said this before in an earlier chapter.

It may be said that Indian fine art fills the void that has always existed between the Native and the Western perspectives; it fills that ever widening schism created by the dominant academic narrative that posits the arts of Western man as the highest source of knowledge. Why is it that Indian artists are required to exhibit their work in the natural history and civilization museums as primitives but never as artists who do Indian Fine Art writ large? The National Gallery of Canada lately allows Native artists to exhibit as artists with a capital "A" however these same artists are not allowed to exhibit as the Native artists they are, they are shorn of any association with their Native art history. That discouraging dichotomy of art and anthropology as Western archetype has First Nation artists straddling two divergent academic

disciplines, opening these branches of knowledge to creative and critical analysis, deconstruction and reconstruction. Strangely enough, that dichotomy serves as a plus for Indian fine arts.

Western civilization's historical and moral justifications for overrunning the continent - commonly known as Manifest Destiny and the Doctrine of Discovery – that are so highly esteemed by non-Native politicians and historians of every political stripe and persuasion, should be the new muses of imagination for Indian fine artists. These doctrines and their justifications are the fundamental intellectual dogmas that First Nations artists should address and attempt to change, that is if the prevailing academic, art, intellectual and political establishments are to take Native art seriously since these historical canons of faith are the ultimate colonialist tools of suppression and subjugation. Yet, such a deep-seated change in thinking and action cannot happen if non-Natives alone are teaching students their version of what they think Indian fine art is for Western patrimony will simply not allow that crucial change in ideology to happen. Ironically, it is by being principally situated outside Western authority that Indian fine art can find and gain its strength and be allowed to grow.

There is a perception that anybody can teach Indian fine arts and that First Nations and non-First Nations students can find good quality Indian fine art courses taught from the Native perspective just about anywhere. I am reminded of a dean of education at the University of Victoria who told me that Australian Aboriginals are our closest living relatives to the apes. Needless to say, with authority like that sitting at the helm of higher education in Canada, it is doubtful that finding the Native perspective "just anywhere" will happen for another century.

So, what of the role of Native American Studies in all this? One of the products of Martin Luther King's '60s civil rights movement was the establishment of Native American Studies programs and departments in the U.S. and Canada that also had an effect on Indian fine art. Not until civil rights did the Native perspective and academic history of Indian fine art finally begin to be taken seriously. A brief look at how NAS departments came about is helpful here. The first restless stirrings towards Native American Studies in Canada began in the 1960s, with the establishment of Trent University's Native American Studies Department in 1969. White liberalism was at its peak and Trent's Native faculty set some powerful precedents for other educational institutions to follow. In the U.S., Indian Studies programs were primarily on 'soft money,' that is, living on federal government monies made possible by President Lyndon B. Johnson's Great Society program, his war on poverty was set in motion in the mid-1960s. It was hoped, among Native students at least, that some of these Native Studies programs, proto-departments, would gradually merge into the bigger university system and be accepted as equals along-side the permanently funded 'hard money' departments such as Art, Anthropology, English, Math and so forth, to eventually participate in the internal governance of the university. When the government funds came to a sudden halt during the Reagan years, many of these Indian programs vanished due to lack of funding and support. In many

cases intent on the part of the university to continue with the program in the spirit of genuine education, where Indian Studies professors could be put on tenure-track trajectories, was never there. However as long as the dollars held out these programs were kept around since Indian Studies programs in the U.S. brought in millions of dollars every year to university coffers. The implication for Indian fine art was there as well such as the Graduate Program in American Indian Art at the University of Montana in the early 1970's which lived or died with the funding. In Canada, the responsibility to take Native American Studies programs into internal governance fell upon the Universities of Regina, Lethbridge, Manitoba, Brandon, and Trent University. The University of Lethbridge (U of L) established its Native American Studies Department in 1975 where professor emeritus Menno Boldt (Sociology) played a fundamental role, along with professor emeritus Leroy Little Bear, past Vice-President Academic Owen Holmes and student advisor Roy Cunningham. The proposal was approved only after a protracted negotiating period of approximately three years according to Boldt which included endless committee and Board hearings, years of research and lastly an end run around anthropology professor Keith W. J. Parry, who nearly succeeded in sabotaging all that effort at the eleventh hour in a crucial General Faculties Council debate and vote on the matter, apparently anthropology had no faith that these "primitives" could effectively govern their own department.

Lethbridge emerged as the only city in Western Canada whose university possessed a full complement of five academically qualified Native professors and one non-Indian (who taught a Kainai [Blood Indian] language course). Perhaps auspiciously, the First Nations professors at the University of Lethbridge had one advantage over their U.S. counterparts in that they were autonomous, just like any other department, they were on 'hard money' and that allowed them to make the necessary personal and professional adjustments and mistakes needed to establish a fully mature academic department without fear of being summarily fired without good reason, just like any professor in any other discipline. They had succeeded in becoming integrated and entrenched, against all odds, in the internal workings of the academic community. Predictably this state of affairs would be perceived by many resentful, white politico/anti-Indian academics as somehow unauthentic. It was not uncommon to hear comments such as "Native Studies is only playing at academics," or "Native Studies professors are incompetent!" In the Indian fine arts discipline the most frequently heard mantra from faculty and students was, "There is no such thing as Indian art!"

Clearly, establishing the department did not define it therefore NAS still had to prove itself academically worthy of acceptance by other departments. Fortuitously most of the First Nations and Native American professors came from non-literate, oral traditions and backgrounds, which was a good thing for that grounded their traditional wisdom and knowledge in their local history and cultures which was in turn reinforced by their advanced degrees in a mixture of other academic disciplines. It was a great challenge to translate what each individual 'knew' into a satisfactory

academic format and perspective that could communicate to non-Indian students and general faculty the professor's pedagogical intents and purposes. In the field of Indian fine art this was no less true but managing to break and fry that egg proved to be impossible at best, for all the reasons I have mentioned. A generally unwritten but understood mandate called for identification, analysis and dissemination of a solid framework of information about the indigenous peoples of North America, including a commitment to encourage the development of forms of research and education that sprang from the traditions of learning, knowledge, and scholarship of the indigenous. Contrary to great expectations, this was not an easy initiative to come to terms with but fortunately the department's primary directive was to teach from the Native perspective which meant that as a junior Assistant Professor I had to go forth to determine and define what that perspective was in terms of Indian fine art. Since I had no experience with the Native perspective during my years in university - indeed no one on the planet did - I had to begin from square one and develop my own methodologies.

Other universities had Native American Studies programs, or their equivalent, taught by Native and non-Native faculty but that faculty gave their primary allegiance to their own departments such as anthropology, history, geography, political science, or sociology; only a few universities in North America had fully developed NAS departments that were independent and indebted to none other than themselves so the daily business of becoming acceptable to the academic establishment and art community was attended to with great relish, if sometimes in an atmosphere of naïveté. The department members became divided amongst themselves since they were as susceptible to internal and external political pressure and bickering as any other department. With no single academic philosophy to unite them, save that of being 'Indians,' the academy would prove to be just as divisive as any anti-Indian political strategy ever devised by government bureaucracy. Outside observers could contentedly declare that NAS was in disarray because, as they had been saying all along, Indians were incompetent savages. Regrettably NAS professors had learned to play the academic game of 'publish or perish' all too well, with no prisoners taken.

It was as if NAS professors had become irrelevant carbon copies of their white academic counterparts; they no longer personified the values, virtues, and philosophies of their more traditional families who in essence, embodied an holistic, inclusive way of living. The university at large on the other hand could quite rightly feel cynical towards this discouraging state of affairs since no concept for what NAS should or could be was advanced to them for their consideration or understanding.

The expression "Why can't Indians be more like us?" resonated through the hallways, seemingly written in granite, and like water dripping on stone, the steady erosion of the long established theories of Western pedagogy and cognitive thinking by Native philosophies and academic discourse seemed to be having little effect. Obviously, the professors and other members of the conservative white community saw their values as being the only viable models. The positive cultural and intellectual values of Native people seemed to be visible only to those Native professors

and students who cared. It was as if academic freedom was favoring Biology, Art, English, Anthropology, History, Math and some other departments who, incidentally, were growing at rates exponentially faster than NAS, white privilege in other words. NAS never grew beyond six or seven professors while in the same span of time, over two decades, Management grew from six to over forty professors. How could NAS not feel irrelevant?

Political interference on the part of insensitive U of L administrators continually left NAS situated like no other department. When NAS lost an Indian professor through attrition or retirement the department was obligated to hire non-Indians because conservative-minded university policy all but mandated such an action. Non-Indian academics do have important roles to play in Native education no doubt, but if NAS is to teach from a basic Native perspective then it is necessary that Indian academics play a substantial and primary role first of all.

NAS departments in North America are less than four decades old but anthropology was first established as an academic discipline at the University of Vermont in 1886 (Haviland 1983:9). With such a long history to draw from, there are now thousands of anthropologists with Ph.D.'s who can easily fill vacated positions in their discipline while it is virtually impossible to find qualified First Nations individuals with advanced credentials in NAS. To make matters worse, Native Studies graduate programs and departments have not been established long enough to supply enough graduates to meet the continuing demand, even though there are not that many NAS departments and graduate programs. The first doctor of philosophy degree was awarded in NAS only a few years ago so the shortage of specialists required NAS to hire from experts in other disciplines and try to make that curriculum effective by calling it interdisciplinary - it was as if Native American Studies was going backwards.

The lack of freedom of this generation of First Nations academics to choose their own destiny is the consequence, and is greatly reduced by the lack of support on the part of an aging non – Indian academic population. Whatever happens, if non-Indian scholars are to fully appreciate and accept First Nations scholars as equals then they must become familiar with the masses of information written by First Nations professionals across almost all disciplines. NAS departments in Canada and the U.S. are contributing research, art, and literature at an ever increasing rate and of a higher academic quality and value than ever before so the era of NAS proving it is academically worthy would seem to be drawing to a close although the same cannot be said of Indian fine art.

Historically, the effort to get Indian fine art accepted as Art writ large has been an ongoing struggle for over five decades in Canada and the United States. The first efforts in Canada were made by Haida artist George Clutesi in 1940 and later on in the 1960s by Ojibwa artist Norval Morrisseau and Chipewyan artist Alex Janvier, with the latter two trying unsuccessfully to get the world to see the truth in their paintings during the World's Fair at Montreal's Expo '67. Sadly they were met with a resounding silence, however their actions did not go completely unnoticed for a new generation of Native artists continued their struggle.

In Canada, the groundwork for the nationally known Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry (SCANA) was laid at a national Indian artists' conference held on Manitoulin Island in 1978 to be legally incorporated in 1983. All artists present recognized that without a long-term plan of action looking out for their own best interests, Native artists were likely bound for failure. One of SCANA's most ambitious objectives and least likely to succeed, was to get Canadian Indian art into the National Gallery of Canada, Canada's pre-eminent showplace for all of its major artists. Native artists knew full well that this fortress of colonial history had unyielding doors that would not easily open to their demands for a deep and resilient appreciation of First Nations art and its history by the intellectual and culturally elite was required. Regrettably without a good written history and exceptional scholarly Native art criticism written from the Native perspective being prevalent, Indian fine art was ignored by everyone but anthropologists who saw this art as primitive and savage in the main, as otherworldly; a ridiculous concept for sure as far as contemporary First Nations artists of the time were concerned who could never quite understand or make themselves believe that they were somehow primitive, or savage.

Scientific racism put forth as enlightened thought became unsolicited impediments to Native students in those early years and is perhaps one of the fundamental reasons the rate of matriculation was slower at university. It is also a significant reason why - as I have been saying for most of this chapter – Indian fine art was unacceptable in the national art establishment. It appears, for about the last five years at any rate, that the early work by SCANA and like-minded groups is now paying off, that the insoluble problem of "positioning" Native art appears to be alleviated in Canada, since the art elite would seem to be taking Indian fine art more seriously, or it this merely an illusion?

The Native art professor was fighting a continuing battle in those early years and in many ways still is. For every step taken forward, the student learned to internalize and articulate a contrary Western pejorative backward from his or her non-Indian professor. Students would find themselves in various states of confusion that sooner or later lead to frustration and apathy. The Native art professor had to become extremely shrewd if the student's attention was to be kept focused on the subject matter at hand rather than on the politics of the situation. To add insult to injury, the history of Native Americans and First Nations people as told from the Native perspective seems like an accusatory one, at least from the perspective of non-Indian students but if the truth about history was to be told then that was part and parcel of the question.

Being politically subversive is something that all students learn very rapidly and non-Indian students seem to learn the fastest of all, who regularly use the Dean of Arts and Science or the Dean's assistants to attack the supposedly racist, anti-Christian, or anti-white remarks of a Native professor and that is a hazard all Native professors recognized as being an inherent part of the job, it went with the turf as they say. This is not to say or imply that Native professors were or are deliberately

seeking to advance extremist statements or radical "anti-anything" attitudes. The extenuating factor in all this is that NAS is involved in nothing less than a total re-examination of the way that Native history, art, law, politics, and literature are taught to Indian and non-Indian students. Part of the problem with teaching students the new Native perspective lies in the nature of their own source of education, which from the Native perspective is less than ideal. The Native perspective is a standard that has never before been studied by non-Native experts, much less by novice students. For a First Nations professor to expect a group of Western citizens to merely accept the current state of Indian culture, history, language, art, politics, and spirituality would be like telling a South African during apartheid to give the blacks the vote, without strings attached. Revolutions in human thinking do not happen so easily.

The Society of Canadian Artists of Native Ancestry lobbied long and hard to catapult several hard working and deserving Indian artists into the National Gallery of Canada's spotlight in Ottawa in 1992, and SCANA has never formally received recognition for that accomplishment. Certainly the National Gallery will not acknowledge the role SCANA played but as SCANA's director for two years and board member for ten, I think those who know would agree that without SCANA, Native art would never have seen the light of day in that influential gallery. Elsewhere, in the federalist world of Canadian politics, Canada Council in Ottawa did more than its fair share in acknowledging SCANA's contributions to the world of Canadian art. The landmark exhibit *Indigena* had great support from the Council's Edith Goodridge who wanted to see SCANA become a national service organization before she retired. The entire *Indigena* exhibition, from the ground up, was conceived by First Nations curators, writers, artists, and academics. An impressive book *Indigena: Contemporary Native perspectives,* was published in time for its opening in April of 1992. The publisher, Douglas & McIntyre of Vancouver, had its editorial staff learning some very thorny lessons about how some Native writers use the Native perspective.

Not to be repetitive, the Native perspective is relatively new to the social and academic order on the Canadian and American academic scene therefore it is understandably formidable and at times daunting to those who are not familiar with it, much less able to converse within it. However there is another kind of hypothesis known to anthropology as 'pan-Indianism' but that and the Native perspective come from different learning paradigms and are not related, perhaps because the Native perspective, like the *Indigena* art exhibition, is uniquely First Nation.

The nine arts of Western civilization, architecture, dance, drama, fiction, music, painting, poetry, sculpture and cinema, are each approached by critics, teachers, artists, writers and scholars as individualistic disciplines that have as their raison d'être the self-evident high ideals and aspiration to greatness of Western civilization. Yet, nowhere in the phantasmagorical retinue of the Western world's vast storehouses of art and knowledge is there the slightest evidence as to the very personalized contemporary Indian art histories. Present day issues and arguments are rarely if

ever discussed, Indian fine art is simply non-existent to mainstream art politics, anywhere. Students taught and tested on Native American art history for the first time, using a linear time system, have not proven they have learned anything at all about the full three or even four-dimensional nature of Native American metaphysics. They can only talk about the uniform and linear Western concepts of aesthetics and one-dimensional man. All unconventional feeling, emotion, imagination, dreams, self-knowledge, and wisdom are censored in the name of the grandiose theme of Western civilization that has given us a world of good guys vs. bad guys, communism vs. capitalism, cowboys vs. Indians, good vs. evil, black vs. white, work vs. holidays, straight vs. gay, rich vs. poor, 'primitive' vs. 'civilized,' sexy vs. boring, ad infinitum, a society that works more like a pendulum in a clock shop than one that exists because of human reason.

The subtlety of distinctions becomes blurred and buried in the egomania and ethno-racism of power politics and self-aggrandizement. This polarity of consciousness seems to have created a type of student who cannot discriminate easily between right and wrong, who seems to believe academic rules and by-laws are made to be broken or circumvented, that morally-upright behavior is an aberration of the mind, that cheating and plagiarism, if you don't get caught, are socially acceptable ways to get through university, after all they say, "It's my dollar and it's all relative isn't it?" Attention to quality production and respect for the First Nations professor seems pointless to many students. The high moral ideals and aspirations to greatness of North American Indian civilization are next to impossible to teach since the very concept that there may be a civilized Indian around is a contradiction in terms, in the minds of some students and professors.

It takes an adult to understand art. James Baldwin, the great African American novelist noted there are very few 'adults' in this world. There may be fewer adults still in the Western art world and practically none who study Indian fine art outside of Native artists and Native art critics and historians themselves. In Europe, this process to adulthood is forever abridged by the German writer Karl May. This is not a happy verdict to hand down on the shortcomings of the Western system of education.

Norval Morrisseau has shown the world the power of Ojibwa philosophy, spirituality, faith, hope, and glory, against the taboos taught by his Elders and the disbelief of the public at large. Are all taboos to be regarded as superstition then? If I may be so presumptuous, perhaps the North American Indian's knowledge of the spirit world should now be publicly discussed, perhaps not. To refrain from such discussion implies ambiguity and certain emptiness. Still, there are those Indian artists who are exploring the subject as only they can thus adding to the metaphor, the conversation. There are those Elders who warn us against going down this road and in some ways their wisdom and wishes must be respected if only because the Western system of education simply cannot handle such a momentous task as part of the everyday curriculum, furthermore they would not know what they were letting themselves in for even if they could decide to invite Indians into their sanctuary.

There is simply too great a distance between cultures and elements of philosophical dialogue, custom and tradition, too much pride and distrust on either side. It is highly doubtful the Western art world will ever come to fully understand Native American values and beliefs therefore their art and where it originates. Aboriginal peoples from other continents and countries such as Australia, Africa, Norway, India and South America are more likely to perceive the values that underline Indian fine art since these same tenets support much Fourth World art, which is not to say that they are one and the same.

A well educated Native artist is acutely aware of the responsibilities of the Native spiritual leader to society and the legacy of spirituality our ancestors left us. To their credit such artists often indicate a strong desire to bring about a clearer and more direct understanding between the world art community and that of Native art. This quest for knowledge and respect for tradition has been known to try to bridge the gap between the Indian fine art of this millennium and that traditional art of the past when the artists were not allowed to create Indian fine art during almost a century of imperialist government policy and rule in both Canada and the United States (1874 - 1951). Politics mandated all North American Indian cultures be suppressed and destroyed during that period. It became taboo in Western society to speak in your Native language, engage in sun dances, sweats, vision quests, potlatches, Yuwipi ceremonies, ghost dances, False Face healing rituals, or create Indian art and so forth therefore it is not surprising that many Native artists address that seventy-odd years of white privilege, bigotry, racism, enforced assimilation and acculturation as the epitome of Western man's egoism. Today the Native American male and female's rightful role in society is extolled by Native artists as positive and therefore unquestionable after centuries of emasculation by the inventors of America. Native artists see their ancestors as the archetypal sacrificial lambs for Western society's sins and Indian fine art demands atonement and restoration through taboo imagery and spiritual power and if a few students and professors are insulted in the process then that is the price Western society has to pay. The Western world's prohibition on Indian fine art returns to haunt them. Superstition reigns supreme in 'rational' space age, computer mad, twenty-first century North America so perhaps it is up to the Native artist alone to divine and meet the universe's mysterious rhythms in the Western hemisphere.

Given the profound nature of human existence is it any wonder the place of Indian fine art in post-secondary curriculum, in Western art, and in Native tradition and culture is deceptive and problematic? With the academic disciplines of Western society reducing every element of human existence down to the smallest, most isolated, constituent of reality, leaving no room for either a hint of error or individualized self-realization, the exclusivity of Indian fine art might be regarded as a word of warning to the safe, well-guarded, uniform information environment of contemporary social and philosophical dialogue where students cannot be allowed, nor ultimately taught, to experience or create from the Native perspective. Every gain made in this field is a gain made against incredible odds. The Native

perspective, if it is understood at all, is perceived as one of two extremes, either it is thought to be too radical and unmanageable, as in John Trudell of the American Indian Movement or it is full of the wisdom of the Elders, as in Chief Dan George. Either view is assumed to be of no use to the young mind that must be programmed with information so that the institution graduates an upstanding 'citizen' who is able to function in the proper ideology of the dominant world view, who becomes someone who casts their vote for the right man or political party, who sings the right national anthem acceptably, who pledges allegiance to the only 'true flag,' who believes in the one original theology of religion or style of politics, who gives to the right ministry of God, who stands behind the leader of the country most righteous in its goals and aspirations, and who defends abstract ideals of no conceivable absolute universal value or consequence except those of piety to his own immediate egocentric existence. This student, with no original ideas to speak of, is sent out into the world four to six years later wondering what his years at university taught him. Those students of any race who lacked imagination or who steadfastly refused to learn or who were simply powerless to acknowledge Indian fine art's unique existence, in spite of mountains of documentary and physical evidence to the contrary, most likely turn hostile and unfriendly, if they were friendly to begin with, forever unable to comprehend that they are the victims of Western man's ego and ethnocentrism. They remain blind to the condition that they are living on a continent that will inexorably reshape, reform, and return the stuff of the North American Indian's corporeal existence back upon itself, espousing new undreamed of definitions for cultures and societies as has happened for thousands upon thousands of years. Nothing short of complete physical annihilation of the Native American will keep this from happening. This is the certainty that our 15,000 plus years of existence and traditions on these lands have taught us.

Today's Indian fine art is born of the dust and toil of untold generations of Native artists who created, loved, fought, died, and returned their flesh and bones to Mother Earth. Reducing all this magnificent effort of honest history, philosophy, spirituality, and creation down to bare bones and museum artifact must surely be the ultimate in irreverent arrogance. But why should that surprise those individuals who only know, and live in, a society whose admitted 'founder,' according to the informed, was a man who didn't know where he was going, didn't know where he was when he got there and did it all on someone else's money? As the tired old joke goes, aren't American Indians fortunate that we were not discovered by someone who was searching for Turkey? On the other hand if it had not been Columbus who lost his way it might have been some other wayward sailor blown off course, and North American Indians would then be labeled otherwise.

To close, it has not been my intent to rigorously document my analysis of the facts of Native American Studies as it is situated in North America or at the University of Lethbridge, and I know full well that what I *have* written can draw contentious comment and strong criticism. In the final analysis however, some hard choices had to be made and must still be made by all concerned. These choices

must finally look positively upon Indian fine art. To do anything less is to show a certain lack of academic and professional integrity and fortitude, however that takes a good education and all that implies. In Canada today and not any less so in the U.S., there is a tendency on the part of national leadership to ignore First Nation and Native American history and our demands for equality and justice, hence the title *The Buckskin Ceiling*. This sad circumstance is reflected in university politics, in art gallery collections, and in museum policy and ideology. One can only hope that this will change for the better as time goes by, and sooner rather than later but I do not have much faith that it will.

References Cited

Abbott, Lawrence. (Ed.). 1995. *Many Voices, Many Visions: Documents in the History of Twentieth Century Native American Art*. Salt Lake City, UT: University of Utah Press.

Adams, Hank. 1984. "The golden Indian." *Akwesasne Notes, 16*(4): n.p.

---. 1987, February 4. "Hank Adams, Plaintiff v. Jamake Highwater, et al., Defendants,

Judgment on Decision by the Court, Cause No. C86-1608C". Seattle, WA: United States District Court, Western District of Washington.

Ames, Michael. 1993. "The politics of difference: other voices in a not yet post colonial world." Paper presented at the American Ethnological Society Council for Museum Anthropology. Santa Fe, NM.

Archuleta, Margaret, and Rennard Strickland. 1991. *Shared Vision: Native American Painters and Sculptors in the Twentieth Century*. NY: The New Press and the Heard Museum.

Barreiro, Jose. (Ed.) 1987, 1988. "Indian roots of American democracy." *Northeast Indian Quarterly*, *1*(4), *5*(1).

Bataille, Gretchen, and Charles Silet. (Eds.). 1980. *The Pretend Indians: Images of Native Americans in the Movies.* Ames, IA: The Iowa State University Press.

Bosveld, Jane. 1990. "Interview: Alfonso Ortiz." *Omni Magazine 12*(6).

Berndt, Catherine. 1968. "The concept of primitive." In: Ashley Montagu (Ed.) *The Concept of the Primitive*. NY: The Free Press, Collier-Macmillan Ltd.

Bringhurst, Robert, Geoffrey James, Russell Keziere, and Doris Shadbolt. (Eds.). 1983. *Visions: Contemporary Art in Canada*. Vancouver, BC: Douglas & McIntyre.

Brophy, William, and Aberle. 1966. *The Indian: America's Unfinished Business*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.

Bushkeikin, Laura. 1989, June 19. "Show of Native art not limited by traditional images." *The Georgia Straight Newspaper*.

Clark, Jane. 1992. *Directions: Recent Work by Rick Rivet*, December 17 – February 9. Thunder Bay. ON: Thunder Bay Art Gallery.

Costo, Rupert. 1972. "Seven Arrows desecrates Cheyenne." *The Indian Historian, 5*(2) San Francisco: Indian Historian Press.

Curtis, Edward. 1915 [1975]. *In the Land of the Head-hunters: Indian Life and Indian Lore.* Originally published by Yonkers-On-Hudson, NY. Reprinted by NY: Tamarack Press.

Deloria, Jr., Vine. 1969. *Custer Died for Your Sin: An Indian Manifesto*. NY: Avon Press.

- - - . 1977. "Civilization and Isolation." [Audiotape] Edmonton: Athabaska University.

- - - . 1986. "Indian Studies: The orphan of academia." *The Wacazo Sa Review, 2*(2).

- - - . 1997. "Conclusion: Anthros, Indians, and planetary reality." In: Thomas Biolsi and Larry Zimmerman (Eds.). *Indians and Anthropologists: Vine Deloria, Jr. and the Critique of Anthropology*. Tucson, AZ: The University of Arizona Press.

DIAND Indian Land Registry. 1994, December. Indian Registration System. Ottawa, ON: DIAND.

Dickson, Lovat. 1973. *Wilderness Man: The Strange Story of Grey Owl.* Toronto, ON: Macmillan.

Doxtator, Deborah. 1988. *Fluffs and Feathers: An Exhibition on the Symbols of Indianness, a Resource Guide*. Brantford, ON: Woodland Cultural Centre.

Fisher, Jean. 1986. *Ni'Go Tlunh A Doh K A: We Are Always Turning around . . . on Purpose*, April 8 - May 8. Long Island, NY: Amelie A. Wallace Gallery, State University of New York, College at Old Westbury.

Geiogamah, Hanay. 1985. *American Indian Talent Directory 1985-86*. Los Angeles, CA: The American Indian Registry for the Performing Arts.

Gordon, Allan. 1981. "Confluences, an essay." *Confluences of Tradition and Change*, January 19 – February 27. University of California, Davis: The Richard L. Nelson Gallery.

Graburn, Nelson. 1993. "The fourth world and fourth world art." In: *In the Shadow of the Sun: Perspectives on Contemporary Native Art*. Ottawa, ON: Canadian Museum of Civilization.

Gray, Viviane, and Mora Dianne O'Neill. 1993. *Pe'l A'tukwey: Let Me… Tell a Story; Recent Work by Mi'kmaq and Maliseet Artists*, September 11 – November 14. Halifax, NS: Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.

Greenway, John. 1960. "Will the Indians get Whitey?" *National Review*, March.

Haviland, William.1983. *Cultural Anthropology* 4th edition. NY: Holt.

Hessel, Ingo, Bryce Kanbara, and Alfred Young Man. 1991. *Visions of Power: Contemporary Art by First Nations, Inuit and Japanese Canadians*. The Earth Spirit Festival, July 28 – 29. Toronto, ON.

Highwater, Jamake. 1976. *Song from the Earth: American Indian Painting*. Boston, MA: NY Graphic Society.

- - - . 1980. *The Sweet Grass Lives On: Fifty Contemporary North American Indian Artists*. NY: Lippincott & Crowell.

- - - . 1995, January 7. Personal correspondence.

Hill, Sr., Richard, and Tom Hill. 1994. *Creation's Journey: Native American Identity and Belief.* Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press.

Hill, Tom. 1978. "A retrospect of Indian art." *The Native perspective: Canada's Only Native National Magazine, 3*(2).

Hill, Tom, and Karen Duffek. 1989. *Beyond History*, May 31 - July 17. Vancouver, BC: Vancouver Art Gallery.

Houle, Robert. 1982. *New Work by a New Generation*, July 9 – August 29. Regina, SK: Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, University of Regina.

Houle, Robert, and Carol Podedworny. 1994. *Mandate Study 1990-9: An Investigation of Issues Surrounding the Exhibition, Collection and Interpretation of Contemporary Art by First Nations Artists.* Thunder Bay, ON: Thunder Bay Art Gallery.

Hovens, Pieter. 1988. "The Anthropologist as enigma: Frank Hamilton Cushing." *European Review of Native American Studies, 1*(1). Vienna: Museum of Mankind.

Howard, James. 1975. "The cultural-area concept: does it refract anthropological light?" *The Indian Historian, 8*(1). San Francisco, CA: The Indian Historian Press.

Josephy Jr., Alvin. (Ed.). 1961. *The American Heritage Book of Indians*. NY: American Heritage.

Krech III, Shepard. 1999. *The Ecological Indian: Myth and History*. NY: W.W. Norton.

Lester, Joan. 1972. "The American Indian: a museum's eye view." *The Indian Historian, 5*(2). San Francisco, CA: The Indian Historian Press.

Lobban, Richard and Carolyn Lobban. 1975. "On tribalism." *The Indian Historian, 8*(2). San Francisco, CA: The Indian Historian Press.

Lutz, Hartmut. 2002. *Approaches: Essays in Native North American Studies and Literatures*. Augsburg: Wissner.

Lyman, Christopher. 1982. *The Vanishing Race and Other Illusions: Photographs of Indians by Edward S. Curtis.* NY: Pantheon Books & Smithsonian Institution Press.

Martin, Lee Ann. 1991, March. *The Politics of Inclusion and Exclusion: Contemporary Native Art and Public Art Museums in Canada.* Report submitted to Canada Council, Ottawa.

Masayesva, Jr., Victor, and Erin Younger. 1983. *Hopi Images.* Tucson, AZ: Sun Tracks & University of Arizona Press.

McAllister, Mick. 2001. "Jack Marks is Dead, Oh Well." Accessed 2001. http://www.dancingbadger.com/highwater.htm.

McLuhan, Elizabeth. 1984. *Altered Egos: The Multimedia Works of Carl Beam*. Thunder Bay, ON: Thunder Bay National Exhibition & Centre for Indian Art.

McLuhan, Marshall. 1970. *Culture is Our Business.* NY: Ballantine Books.

McMaster, Gerald and Lee Ann Martin. 1992. *Indigena: Contemporary Native Perspectives*. Vancouver, BC: Douglas & McIntyre.

Mikkelson, Barbara. 2005. "Iron Eyes Cody." Accessed 2005. http://www.snopes.com/movies/actors/ironeyes.htm.

Miller, John. 2006. "Honest Injun? The incidence of fake Indians is almost epidemic." *National Review Online*, accessed 27 January 2006. http://www.nationalreview.com/flashback/miller200601271228.asp.

Monthan, Doris, and Guy Monthan. 1975. *Art and Indian Individualists: The Art of Seventeen Artists and Craftsmen*. Flagstaff, AZ: Northland Press.

Montini, Ed. 1982, March 14. "Keeping the brush in motion." *The Arizona Republic Magazine*.

Much Music. 1998, 15 July. "Making a Noise: A Native American Musical Journey with Robbie Robertson."

Murray, David. 1987. "They love me and I learn: Frank Hamilton Cushing and ethnographic method." *European Review of Native American Studies, 1*(2). Vienna: Museum of Mankind.

Nemiroff, Diana, Robert Houle, and Charlotte Townsend-Gault. 1992. *Land Spirit Power: First Nations at the National Gallery of Canada.* Ottawa, ON: National Gallery of Canada.

Peretti, Peter. 1968. "Enforced acculturation and Indian-White relations." *The Indian Historian, 6*(1). San Francisco: The Indian Historian Press.

Platt, Jr., Geoffrey. 1991. "The repatriation law ends one journey but opens new road." *Museum News, 70*(Jan/Feb).

Porterfield, Marie. 1997. "The selling of the Sun Dance: spiritual exp1oitation at heart of Pine Ridge controversy." *Indian Country Today*, July 8 - August 4. Rapid City, SD: Native American Publishing.

Rubin, William. (Ed.). 1984. "*Primitivism" in 20th Century Art.* NY: Museum of Modern Art.

"Savoir-vivre, Savoir-faire, Savoir-etre." 1990. *Art Contemporain*, September 1 – October 28. Montréal, QC: Centre International D'Art Contemporain De Montréal.

Scholder, Fritz. 1984. "The Native American and contemporary art: a dilemma." In: *Sharing a Heritage.* LA, CA: American Indian Studies Center, University of California.

Scott, Jay. 1985. "I lost it at the trading post: Indian art is dead, long live art by Indians." *Canadian Art, 2*(4).

Shorris, Earl. 1971. *The Death of the Great Spirit: An Elegy for the American Indian*. NY: A Mentor Book, New American Library.

Smith, Donald. 1982. *Long Lance: The Story of an Imposter*. Toronto, ON: Macmillan.

Southcott, Mary. 1984. *The Sound of the Drum: The Sacred Art of the Anishinabec*. Erin, ON: The Boston Mills Press.

Spalding, Jeffrey. 1979. *Max Ernst.* Calgary, AB: Glenbow-Alberta Institute.

Staats, Greg. 1989. Artist's statement. Collection of Alfred Young Man.

Steiner, Stan. 1976. *The Vanishing White Man*. NY: Harper & Row.

Storm, Hyemeyohsts. 1972. *Seven Arrows*. NY: Harper & Row.

Task Force on Museums and First Peoples. 1992, February. *Task Force Report on Museums and First Peoples: Turning the Page, Forging New Partnerships between Museums and First Peoples*. A report jointly sponsored by the Assembly of First Nations and the Canadian Museums Association, Ottawa.

Townsend-Gault, Charlotte, Scott Watson, and Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun. (Eds.). 1995. *Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun: Born to Live and Die on Your Colonialist Reservations.* Vancouver, BC: Morris and Helen Belkin Art Gallery, UBC.

Trenton, Patricia and Patrick Houlihan. 1989. *Native Americans: Five Centuries of Changing Images.* NY: Harry N. Abrahms.

Trigger, Bruce. 1985. *Natives and Newcomers: Canada's "Heroic Age" Reconsidered*. Montreal, QC: McGill-Queens University Press.

Tse-Tung, Mao. 1938, November 6. "Problems of war and strategy." *Selected Works, II*: 224, http://www.marx2mao.com/Mao/PWS38.html#s2.

Vastokas, Joan. 1986-87. "Native art as art history: meaning and time from unwritten sources." *Journal of Canadian Studies, 21*(4).

Wade, Edwin. (Ed.). 1986. *The Arts of the North American Indian: Native Traditions in Evolution*. NY: Hudson Hills Press.

WAFN82. 1982. World Assembly of First Nations. Regina: W.A. Print Works.

Waters, Frank, and White Bear Fredericks. 1963. *Book of the Hopi.* NY: Viking Press.

West, Ian. 1978. "Plains Indian Horse Sticks." *American Indian Art Magazine*, *3*(2).

White, Sid. 1987. *New Directions Northwest: Contemporary Native American Art.* , Olympia, Portland, OR: Portland Art Museum of the Oregon Art Institute, Evergreen State College.

Whittle, Thomas. (Ed). 1986. *Freedom Magazine.* LA, CA: North Star.

Wissler, Clark. 1914. "Material cultures of the North American Indian." *American Anthropologist, 16.*

Woodcock, George. 1973-74. "The paintings of Jack Shadbolt." *Artscanada: Stones, Bones & Skin, Ritual and Shamanic Art*. Issues 184-187: December, January.

Young Man, Alfred. (Ed.). 1987. *Networking: Proceedings from National Native Indian Artists' Symposium IV*. Lethbridge, AB: University of Lethbridge.

- - -. 1988. "Issues and trends in contemporary Native art." abridged for *Parallelogramme Magazine*, *3*(3).

- - -. 1991. "Earth Spirit: towards a comprehensive political history." abridged version in *Visions of Power: Contemporary Art by First Nations, Inuit and Japanese Canadians* Earth Spirit Festival, July 28-29. Toronto, ON.

- - - . 1992. "Teaching North American Indian Art in Native American Studies." abridged in *Gakuen Ronshu.* Sapporo, Japan: Hokkai-Gakuen University. Revised 1994, "Silencing the Native voice at the University of Lethbridge." *The Meliorist, 29*(12)

- - - . 1995. "Native Arts in Canada: the State, Academia, and the Cultural Establishment" In: McRoberts, Kenneth (Ed.) *Beyond Quebec: Taking Stock of Canada*, pp 218-248. Montreal, QC: McGill-Queen's University Press. This was an earlier version of *North American Indian Art: It's a Question of Integrity.*

- - - . 1996. "Anomalous Painters, Writers, Critics and Other 'Indian' Imposters." Revised, originally in the *Newberry Library D'Arcy McNickle Center's Occasional Paper in Curriculum Series*.

- - -. 1997. *The Socialization and Art-Politics of Native Art.* Ann Arbour, MI: UMI Dissertation Services.

- - - . 1998, reprinted 2002. *North American Indian Art: It's a Question of Integrity.* Kamloops, BC: Kamloops Art Gallery.

Zepp, Norman, and Michael Parke-Taylor. 1984. *Horses Fly Too*. Regina, SK & Thunder Bay, ON: Norman MacKenzie Art Gallery, Thunder Bay National Exhibition Centre & Centre for Indian Art.

Other publications available from Aboriginal Issues Press

Contact 204-474-7252, aboriginal_issues_press@umanitoba.ca

Aboriginal Health, Identity and Resources

Pushing the Margins: Native and Northern Studies

Working with Indigenous Elders

Inuit Annuraangit: Our Clothes

Coats of Eider

Native Voices in Research

Aboriginal Cultural Landscapes

Gambling and Problem Gambling in First Nations Communities

Seeing the World with Aboriginal Eyes, a Four Directional Perspective on Human and non-Human Values, Cultures and Relationships on Turtle Island

Aboriginal Connections to Race, Environment and Traditions

Climate Change: Linking Traditional and Scientific Knowledge

Residents' Perspectives on the Churchill River

Facets of the Sacred

On Thin Ice: a synthesis of the Canadian Arctic Shelf Exchange Study (CASES)

Beluga co-management: perspectives from Kuujjuarapik and Umiujaq

Sacred Landscapes

Environmental Change and Off-Road Transportation in Churchill, MB

Hudson Bay Region Research

Contemplating Sacred Space: From the tangible to the conceptual

Pikangikum Cultural Landscape Documentation Guide

Exploring the Sacred

After the Mill: From Conflict to Cooperation

The Buckskin Ceiling: A Native Perspective on Art and Politics

Voices from the Dorms: Qualicum School for Boys, 1935-1970

Guidelines to Authors

Call for Papers

Aboriginal Issues Press produces one volume of refereed papers each year and welcomes scholarly papers relating to Aboriginal issues from all fields of study, including: traditional knowledge, social, physical and natural sciences, law, education, architecture, management, medicine, nursing, social work, physical education, engineering, environment, agriculture, art, music, drama, continuing education, and others. Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal authors from a wide range of backgrounds and from all geographic locations are welcome, including: scientists, poets, educators, elders, chiefs, students, and government personnel. All papers (ranging from scientific papers to poetry) are reviewed by scholars working in related fields.

Papers must be submitted in hard copy and on disk (Word) following the APA Writer's Style Manual 5th Edition. Maximum paper length is 10 pages, double spaced, 2.5 cm margins, 12 pt font, Times New Roman. Any photographs, charts, or graphs must be provided in digital format (min. 300 dpi .jpeg/.tiff) are included in the 10 page count. Sources are included directly in the text; provide the author and date for paraphrased information, for example (Flett 1937, Graham 2001) and the author, date and page number for direct quotations, for example (Boas 1964, 33). Include full references to all sources in a section titled References at the end of the paper; for economy of space footnotes or endnotes will not be included. Capitalize Aboriginal Peoples, Native Peoples and First Nations. Convert all English measurements to metric. Include a 1-sentence biography, a 50 to 75 word abstract, and your return address with your submission. For further information please contact aboriginal_issues_press@umanitoba.ca

Books

Aboriginal Issues Press also publishes sole-authored books. Scholars interested in submitting a book manuscript for review must provide the following information to aboriginal_issues_press@umanitoba.ca

Table of contents;

Two sample chapters representative of the writing style;

A curriculum vitae of the author(s);

Samples of illustrations, photos, graphs, etc. for the publication;

A prospectus which includes the purpose, objectives, and how the author(s) acquired the knowledge shared in the manuscript;

A description of the audience and market; and

An explanation of why you chose Aboriginal Issues Press as a possible publisher.