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key concepts are often difficult for beginners. A section about repatriation is also helpful. In the Northwest Coast, where long-standing traditions for the exclusive ownership of art, imagery, and intellectual property (or, as Jonaitis describes it, “intangible” wealth) have interfaced in complex ways with the laws and policies of the Canadian and US governments, this issue is particularly important and often difficult to understand. The repatriation section is thorough and useful in sorting through this complexity. Among other key events that have influenced the history of repatriation, Jonaitis discusses the controversy that surrounded The Spirit Sings exhibition in Calgary (not in the Northwest Coast region, but quite an influential event in the history of the relationships that have been forged between museums and all First Nations in Canada). She explains complaints that were directed to government agencies and museums in regard to Native authority, but she does not mention the important role of Shell Oil in this debacle as a corporate sponsor of the exhibition. Native people protested the relationship between government and big business, which often resulted in aboriginal exclusion from the jurisdiction of their own territories.

Art of the Northwest Coast is a rich source of information about Northwest Coast art, history, and culture, yet it never reads as a dry chronology. The author’s position and the perspectives of many who have affected the history of this field are made quite clear, and this enlivens the text. The book includes an excellent bibliographic essay that will be much appreciated by students and professionals. As Jonaitis indicates, a comprehensive book about Northwest Coast art has not been written until now. The *Handbook of North American Indians Vol. 7: The Northwest Coast* (1990) is excellent and thorough, but it is not dedicated specifically to the study of art. Bill Holm’s *Northwest Coast Indian Art: An Analysis of Form* (1965) is indispensable, but it was not meant to address all of the region’s arts nor the cultural and historical contexts of their manufacture. Jonaitis’s book is a unique contribution to the field of Northwest Coast art studies. It is a product of Jonaitis’s eventful career: her teaching experience, curatorial projects, research, and writing. It is more than useful because her ardor for her subject is evident and sets the book’s tone.

Judith Ostrowitz

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Big Medicine from Six Nations. By Ted C. Williams. Edited and with an afterword by Debra Roberts; with a foreword by Christopher Vecsey. Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 2007. 343 pages. \$29.95 cloth.

A Haudenosaunee born in 1930 on the Tuscarora Indian Reservation in New York, Ted Williams finished his second and last book, *Big Medicine from Six Nations*, just months before his death in 2005. His first book, *The Reservation* (1976), was a hit in academic “Indian lit” circles, with its casual, mock-naïveté and strategically ungrammatical voice that reminisced about the “exotic” characters and lifeways at Tuscarora. *Big Medicine* continues in this fashion.

Williams's voice retains its "gee-whiz" innocence, but his stories are more loosely joined because they lack the central glue of family chronology. Instead, Williams clusters his essays around the subject of medicines, including the earth medicines, which are largely water-, metal-, and plant-based, and the sky medicines, which are air-based through drumming, song, prayer, and other breath medicines.

During the last portion of his life, Williams lived in North Carolina, the new homeland of his people after the major migrations of the original Six Families (except the western Senecas or Eries), east out of Ohio, which started around the tenth century. Many of his *Big Medicine* vignettes of Six Nations peoples read like the leaves of someone else's photo album, wistfully gone over many years later. At times, I wondered whether Williams had permission to use some of the names and stories.

The book opens and closes with "Thanksgiving Address," which is the ancient Gathering of Spirits, summoned, greeted, and thanked in order, from earth to sky, which creates The One Good Mind of Consensus. All our relatives live in that mind, and no lies subsist among them. Between the gatherings, Williams discusses the operation of the different sorts of medicines, including some Western, New Age, and Iroquoian approaches. In particular, he leans heavily on the Enneagram, a Western chart developed by Don Richard Riso and Ross Hudson in *Discovering Your Personality Type* (1992).

Typical stories in *Big Medicine* include such adventures as hunting spirit deer, which appear and disappear; visiting Indian seers, particularly to thwart witchings; ESP-style sensing of various events in progress, including deaths and house fires; visiting indigenous peoples and sacred ("energy") places in America and around the globe; and physically healing those who have been despaired of. Regarding the latter, Williams details his own disastrous dealings with a chestnut oak that did not want to be cut down because Williams failed to thank it properly before he dragged out his chainsaw. The tree consequently fell on him instead of the ground and traumatically shattered portions of his spine (146–47). By "zapping" the Universe," Williams was able to heal his back, after the Western doctors had declared his case hopeless (149).

Williams also includes the requisite "ghost stories" so endemic to all Indian storytelling (that I know of). A particularly chilling tale from his own childhood had him, at the age of three, hearing the drums and boot thumps of the Revolutionary Army as it marched by at midnight to announce a local death (24). The genocidal, Sullivan-Clinton assault on upstate New York in 1779 remains one of the Iroquois' deep, intergenerational traumas, much alive in spirit, even to Williams's fifth (and my sixth) generations. Women still look behind them, and children cling close to their mothers' necks when that Town Destroyer, Washington, is mentioned. These marching haunts were clearly seminal to Williams because he mentioned them twice more (274, 294).

Williams's editor grouped his essays between the gatherings under the headings of "Medicines and Poisons," "How We Have Lived, Small Incidences," "Propriety and Derangement," "Six Nations, One Humanity," and "New Age and Ancient Wisdom." If these topics seem somewhat chaotic, it is because they are. I am no devotee of the simplistic thesis format so

beloved of the American academy, so this did not much bother me, but some of Williams's propositions within these sections could and should have been better explained. In particular, his reflexive use of the obscure Enneagram became galling after his *n*th reiteration that he was a "seven" on it and his regular numerical characterizations of other people based on it. These references were simply baffling, given the one, fast introductory image of it in Christopher Vecsey's preface followed much later by Williams's slim explanation of it as "more accurate than anything" that he "had ever come across involving human compulsions and behavior" (xvi, 41).

I looked up the academic literature on the Enneagram, only to find that a good portion of the psychological community thinks it is snake oil, whereas a smaller but faithful cadre all but worships it. I am one of many Indians who place scant faith in any psychological theory and see it as just another ruse of Western elites to misdirect the peasantry into complacency. My initial response to Williams's threes, sevens, and nines, was, therefore, disgust—but then I was unsure just how ironically Williams used the Enneagram. Given that twinkle in his eye, he might well have been dancing backward into the circle with it. In any case, the Enneagram is why they make editors; Debra Roberts should have supplied an informative discussion of it somewhere, if only in a sidebar.

Williams's regular interface with New Agers and his continual, open discussions of medicines, both of which are hot-button items in Native circles, was troubling. On the New Age side, Williams worked with Western sensitives and reservation rejects who now lead non-Indian "spiritual" circles around the country and hold Sun Dances and other tradition-specific ceremonies in a come-one, come-all fashion. I was stunned to read that Williams did "an Elders gathering" with "Mr. Cattaragus himself" in my homeland, Ohio (66–68). I know the real elders of Ohio quite well and not just the Iroquoian ones. They never met with Williams (I checked), and they want nothing whatsoever to do with the New Age group that presumptuously calls itself the Ohio Elders. As for "Mr. Cattaragus himself," on banishment from the longhouse by the Haudenosaunee elders in New York, he fled to Ohio to make bad medicine.

Williams clearly knew traditions and medicines, which are sacred trusts, so I was frankly shocked when he began to reveal things not to be spoken. Any of us who do know such things have been cautioned heavily, from the time we could speak, never to reveal them to anyone outside the medicine circle, much less to nonindigenous people. Medicine knowledge is earned; it is given by specific spirits to specific people. As I was told, it is not that, in the hands of "unbelievers," such things will be ineffective, as Williams stated repeatedly, but that they will be wild, jumping about, doing untold damage, like electrical lines downed in a storm, until the power is off. Never civilized or Christianized, the spirits of place are neither imaginary nor all-knowing. They do not recognize or know what to do with ceremonies and medicines from other places, especially those ineptly managed.

Williams acknowledges that he knows as much and muses more than once, "Maybe I've told too much already," but contends that "we don't need

to hoard anything,” that “people on the path to enlightenment need the reinforcement and encouragement that the experiences of others can give them” (194, 240, 215). He admits that “many of the big wheels of the Longhouse might get after me for telling too much,” but then he defiantly talks “taboo” (185, 187). As I grew more and more wary of turning pages, I came to three that stuck together fairly emphatically, which made it a challenge to separate them. Leading into this section had been Williams’s most hesitant disclaimer to date, so I decided not even to glance at those reluctant pages, nor will I reveal their page numbers here.

Williams’s own rationale for his loose lips (aside from his shrug that such behavior was only to be expected from sevens on the Enneagram) is simply to “trust” that “this book will hide like the Snakeroot flower” from the wrong people, so that they might “never come near” it (185). Somehow, this seems inadequate to me, but I do not even pretend to be big medicine. Perhaps Williams knew something that I do not.

Because the free spirit of the 1970s that feted Williams’s *Reservation* is pretty conclusively dead in academia these days, I do not think that *Big Medicine from Six Nations* will make the same splash as its predecessor. However, his family and friends, who very obviously loved him dearly, and his Native and New Age admirers will treasure this book.

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Casino and Museum: Representing Mashantucket Pequot Identity. By John J. Bodinger de Uriarte. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 2007. 241 pages. \$50.00 cloth.

The lives of the Mashantucket Pequot have received a great deal of attention in recent years due to the success of Foxwoods Casino. This tribe, under Richard Hayward’s leadership, excelled to a level beyond any gaming tribe in America in a very short period of time. Foxwoods Casino employs ten thousand people and has annual revenues of more than \$1 billion. The tribal members live in a gated community with an \$18 million golf course, and the driveways are filled with luxury cars. Each tribal member more than eighteen years of age receives an average income of \$100,000 a year. Tribal leaders receive an average income of \$1.5 million per year. In 1975, there were two people who lived in a trailer on the reservation. Today, with the success of the casino, eight hundred tribal members call the reservation their home (Sarah Kershaw, *The New York Times*, 22 June 2007).

With the financial power Foxwoods Casino brought to a newly gathered tribe came freedom and the challenge of how to express their sovereignty as a people. “Sovereignty is power and it goes by organization,” the Lummi tribe announced in 1998 at the Sovereignty Summit in San Francisco. Sovereignty gives tribes the right to choose how to proceed culturally and economically, which differs with each tribe’s history and culture. The older