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insulate these people from increasingly common, detrimental, non-Inuit influences.

This experience of the Inuit relocation is not unique to Canadians, the Canadian government, indigenous peoples, or even the north. It is a story common to many governments that deal with citizens about whom they have little knowledge or experience and with whom they share no common purpose. Bureaucracies seldom deal well with groups that have different languages, cultures, or religions. And seldom, even in representative democracies, are the views of minorities evident among elected officials or reflected in national policy. In these relocations, the Inuit were the means by which other interests manifested themselves.

These particular incidents took place in the Canadian Arctic, but comparable situations have occurred in other regions. The evacuations of Japanese-Americans and Alaskan Aleuts from their homes during World War II have been reexamined recently by a federal commission. The evacuation and internment of Alaskan Aleuts is discussed in the U.S. Government Printing Office report *Personal Justice Denied: Report of the Commission on Wartime Evacuation and Internment of Civilians* (1982), and in historian Dean Kohlhoff's *When the Wind Was a River: Aleut Evacuation in World War II* (University of Washington Press, 1995).

Ultimately, *Relocating Eden* deserves visual treatment by Marcus, perhaps as a film produced in the spirit of Akira Kurosawa's *Rashomon*, whereby one event is seen through the eyes of several protagonists—in this case, government officials, Inuit advocates, and the Inuit themselves.

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Returning to the Homeland: Cherokee Poetry and Short Stories.
By MariJo Moore. Asheville, North Carolina: Worldcomm Press, 1994. 112 pages. \$9.95 paper.

Recently a whole new genre of fiction writing about Native Americans has arisen. Done mostly by first-time authors of reputedly mixed Cherokee ancestry, it often draws on New Age myths to narrate the author's "return" to his or her Cherokee traditions. On first examination, the reader might assume that MariJo Moore's

Returning to the Homeland is just another of these easily dismissable tomes. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Careful reading of this volume shows the depth of Moore's knowledge of true Cherokee tradition, and the author makes herself touchingly vulnerable by letting us see her stumble along the way to a more complete understanding of these things. A common thread throughout the work is the Trail of Tears, the historic dispossession of the Cherokee people, in which their homelands were seized and they were forced to walk from the Smoky Mountains to Indian Territory (1838–1839). It is an event as intrinsic to the Cherokee psyche as the Holocaust is to modern Jews, a shared tragedy that contemporary Cherokee people believe they can "feel" just as did their ancestors on that horrific trek. The ability to tap into that race memory is well represented in Moore's efforts. Time and again, in works on the topic or off, she brings us back to stand in the mountain shadows and watch as whole families are herded from their homes at bayonet point. The disembodied voices of those who lie in those silent roadside graves permeate *Returning to the Homeland*; these voices, to which Moore gives form, cry not for revenge, but for justice.

Companion to the long-dead Cherokee exiles are the mythic Cherokee figures whom MariJo Moore calls upon to help animate her poems and stories: the Little People, the Wizards, the Great Horned Serpent, the Thunders, a host of the extracorporeal legions who weave their way throughout her more mundane words about drunken husbands, annoying tourists, and crazy cousins who steal other people's babies. The unseen curtain that often separates these blood-tied populations is frequently lifted in these delightful stories, allowing modern Cherokee people to meet their tricksters in the Asheville Exposition Hall or the Miracle Mile of Route 19 on the North Carolina reservation. Most react as though the presence of conjurers, fairy folk, and anomalous animals that only show themselves to believers is a regular occurrence, as regular as attacking a loved one's drinking problem or lack of a sense of "Indian time." This calm acceptance of the constant attendance of the dead and the metaphysical is refreshing in its humor and its respect; there are no vision quests for sale here, no spirit guides choosing wealthy white women for their vehicles at the expense of Cherokee sisters whose profoundly difficult lives have made them the real inheritors of these gifts.

Probably the most compelling aspect of *Returning to the Homeland* is its focus on women as central to Cherokee identity. Truly

a woman-centered culture, the Cherokee were shocked and appalled by the disrespect they perceived in Europeans and even in Indian neighbors such as the Catawba. Although such judgments are hard to make in retrospect, they were and are very real to the Cherokee people, and an inherent reverence for all female aspects of life remains, albeit in dilution. MariJo Moore is able to capture this gynocentrist element, presenting it through her ethereal figures dancing with the crazy woman in the moonlight on some Big Cove road. She courts them in the tale of an old, old woman who hikes out to her late husband's grave almost daily to take her nap with him, so used was she to lying next to him through decades of marriage and a half dozen children. They call to young girls just beginning to feel the stirring of cultural pride, tribal sisterhood, and raging hormones all at once. To employ an over-used word, Moore's Cherokee women, real and imagined, alive and long beyond the pale, are "earthy." There is a subtle eroticism in some of her work that is more accurately described as celebratory of women as fertile, transcendent, sensual beings. These women are wholly, fully alive.

Juxtaposition lies at the heart of many of the poems and stories herein. Moore captures the bittersweet tug of both tradition and the luxuries of the modern world; her arena is often the multigenerational Cherokee family wherein grandparents hold fast to the old ways, their grown children are embarrassed or amused by these anachronisms, and the young grandchildren are fascinated by being able to use the life lenses of their elders to peer into a past of heartache, heritage, and hope. The jarring clash of cultures when a Cherokee artist meets her non-Indian counterpart is also a poignant theme, and we are party vicariously to the Cherokee woman's quiet dignity as she explains that the necklaces she makes are made from corn beads, not corn bread. The complex relationship between Cherokee women and men (both native and other) is treated tenderly, even when the subject matter is husbands who too often abandon, beat, or ignore the women with whom they share their lives. The reader can feel Moore articulating these women's rationale that the irresponsibility exhibited by their men is one more sign of their lost warriorhood, wrung from them by an imposed culture that feared and thus emasculated them.

Although MariJo Moore treats the title topic of a return from diaspora in both a real and a mythic sense, she never imposes herself into the narrative. Through her characters, though, we see

her journey, her growing comfort with her heritage, and her gradual acceptance by her more traditional kin. By using characters who span the life cycle, she gives us a feel for her own emergent Cherokee self, her own success story as one who has returned to her true identity. This aspect makes *Returning to the Homeland* a “must read” for those who are traveling the same road back home—Cherokee who have become, to borrow a Yiddish word, *teshuva*.

Although Moore’s *Returning to the Homeland* is a unique volume, those familiar with Cherokee women’s literary efforts might see in it a kinship with Joan Shaddox Isom’s *Fox Grapes* (1983). Shaddox Isom’s topics range farther afield, with tales of Kiowa ponies and frozen Lakota forms at Wounded Knee, but her work, too, draws as its core the love of recapturing a Cherokee past and the centrality of women to a full understanding of that past. In addition, *Fox Grapes* speaks to the experience of the exiled Cherokee in Indian Territory/Oklahoma, while Moore focuses on the Smoky Mountain Promised Land of both their foremothers. Taken together, the books might best be seen as a dialogue between those who trekked and survived the Trail of Tears and those who stayed behind, either as fugitives or in trailside graves. The stereoscopic version of the definitive event in Cherokee history contains both sadness and hope.

Returning to the Homeland is very easy to read. Its format consists of short stories of two to four pages, and poems that rarely exceed two pages. The wordsmithing is superb, with a fluidity that resembles a finely crafted song. Cherokee words are defined within the text, but a helpful glossary appears at the end for those who wish to have a more succinct definition. The able translation of these Kituwah (variously spelled Kituwha or Keetowah) dialect terms was done by Qualla Boundary (reservation) resident Marie Junaluska, a fluent speaker of her native tongue.

The glossary is the only area in which I would make a suggestion for improvement. Since *Returning to the Homeland* is a volume that will likely be embraced by readers whose nascent sense of Cherokee identity will be encouraged by these words, phonetic pronunciations might be appended to the definitions, in order to allow for a grasp of the sound of these words for those unacquainted with the melody of the Cherokee language (for example, the English transcription *v* is *unh* in Cherokee).

Overall, MariJo Moore’s *Returning to the Homeland* is an engaging book, one that guides the reader through the broad sweep of

Cherokee history and tradition but never fails to celebrate the triumph of the modern Cherokee spirit over adversity.

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Seven Hands, Seven Hearts. By Elizabeth Woody. Portland, Oregon: The Eighth Mountain Press, 1994. 127 pages. \$13.95 paper.

Elizabeth Woody writes of living. The poems and prose she sets down for us in *Seven Hands, Seven Hearts* flow as deep and strong as the Columbia River that she and her people, the Yakama, Warm Springs, and Wasco of the Northwest, have sustained themselves upon for an estimated fourteen thousand years. She is a storyteller for these traditions, as well as for her Navajo heritage. Thus, she writes as a testament to this awesome legacy, and as an assertion of its continuity.

In this volume, Elizabeth Woody explores her relationships with the earth, with her family, and with the U.S., and what these relationships mean to her in her context as a tribal woman. These relationships are at once potent, intense, complex, and intricate as Woody delves into her own life's meaning to share that wisdom with her readers. At times her storytelling bubbles with easy mirth, as in "Buckskin," a tale of a family's modern-day war-horse, a "pop-together car" that had a spirit all its own (p. 24). In other moments a poem might convey the deep pain of irrevocable loss, such as that which occurred when the U.S. government built the Dalles Dam, destroying the sacred Celilo Falls where generations of Woody's people fished the waterways of the Columbia River. The sadness of this loss is captured in the lines "There is Celilo, dispossessed, the village of neglect and bad structure," from the poem "She-Who-Watches, the Names Are Prayer" (p. 76).

Woody's reverence for the salmon, the rivers, and Celilo Falls reverberates through *Seven Hands, Seven Hearts*. Yet other pieces of her work explore her anger and its power to sustain her being and her traditions, as in the final lines of "Our Reverence and Difficult Return": "Warmed, I fill with simple pearls. I will name all of my children after landscapes however they resemble and perpetuate this ache" (p. 122). All of the poems and stories in this work flow together into a tapestry that enriches our understand-