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Present throughout the text is the haunting figure of Chief Joseph, who was only one of several Nimiipuu leaders before and during the Nez Perce War, but who of necessity became a key individual at the surrender and in the years that followed. After his resettlement in Washington, he tried for many years to recover and return to his homeland in the Wallowa Valley but was forever disappointed in his efforts. He died (as his physician famously said, of a broken heart) in Nespelem in 1904 and was buried on the Colville Reservation, but to this day he is also honored at Lapwai and, increasingly, in Oregon. This text has given me a greater respect and admiration for the man and for his role in helping his people survive their eight-year ordeal and beyond.

The book includes copious endnotes, numerous historic photographs and illustrations, an invaluable bibliography, and an index. There is one map showing the almost absurdly convoluted path the Nimiipuu had to follow to get from their homeland to the Indian Territory and back again. My one quibble with the book is that it could contain a few more maps and diagrams showing in more detail the many places where the Nez Perce were stationed. But that is a minor quibble. Pearson has written a moving and well-documented account of the Nimiipuu imprisonment and return that can take its place alongside our narratives of the other trails of tears and long walks all over this land that Native Americans have suffered—and survived.

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Pushing the Bear: After the Trail of Tears. By Diane Glancy. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2009. 176 pages. \$14.95 paper.

American history books usually allocate two pages or fewer to the Indian Removal Act of 1830, President Andrew Jackson's ruthless push of the Cherokees to Oklahoma in order to open up land to settlers. Colin G. Calloway in *First Peoples: A Documentary Survey of American Indian History* references Jackson's propaganda. Cherokees were deemed an "unhappy race," lacking intelligence and suffering from moral turpitude (1999, 250). The term *Trail of Tears* is so familiar to the collective mind of America that it has lost its potency to enrage or move us emotionally. Diane Glancy, the prolific, award-winning author, recreates the human suffering of this forced relocation.

This work is a sequel to *Pushing the Bear: A Novel of the Trail of Tears*. Glancy was intrigued by the idea of starting life over from nothing. Indian Removal was based on Thomas Jefferson's notion that Indians would resist "civilization" if they had too much land, but agriculture played a role in the Eastern Woodlands, and the Cherokee had a tribal government, a constitutional republic modeled after that of the United States.

Of Cherokee and German-English ancestry, Glancy traveled from New Echota, Georgia, to Fort Gibson, Oklahoma, to imagine the relocation. The Cherokees were forced to walk ten miles a day; the line of exiles was ten miles

long at times. One-quarter of the Cherokee perished, and the use of the \$500,000 promised by the US government for resettlement remains unclear.

In the afterword Glancy describes the work as “fictional, historical non-fiction” (188). The documentation for the book came from *The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Part I, 1897–1898* by J. W. Powell. The book, published in 1900, came into Glancy’s life serendipitously and inspired her reconstruction of the events.

The daughter of an undocumented Cherokee; Glancy animates the nine-hundred-mile forced removal through descriptions of the “spirit, the emotional journey, the heartbeat during the march” (189). Glancy describes the exiles looking back every other step to the green hills, forests, and streams, the prime land appropriated by the US government. In her attempt to present the collective point of view, Glancy has not engaged in conventional techniques of “characterization.” Reverend Bushyhead and Maritole are exceptions. Reverend Bushyhead leads his people forward with his evangelical fervor, alluding to the exile of the Jews to Canaan: “We work each day to drive away our discouragement. We work each day to plow our unmanageable land” (81).

The community had to depend on Bushyhead to put in orders to the government for all the necessities: bed cords, dishes, knives, forks, candlesticks, scissors, salt, and sugar. Bushyhead is also occupied with his translation of the English Bible into Cherokee. “Bushyhead found the old language buck under the yoke of translation. Some times the old words did not want to carry the new message of Christianity. But despite the tedious work of bending and stretching the old language—despite the rain, hardship, and uncertainty of everything, Bushyhead had a cabin and a log church with hewn seats and pulpit” (128–29).

The preacher is adamant in his conviction that Christianity and “conjuring” cannot coexist; his followers must leave the old ways aside. At night he could hear the groans of people. The struggle to remove rocks from the soil, to convert the hard Oklahoma dirt into farmland, was formidable. Bushyhead also listens with consternation to conjurers singing in the woods at night.

Maritole grieves over the death of her child and longs for a pregnancy. When Anna Sco-so-tah, who offers to cast a spell, approaches her, Maritole demurs. Glancy includes chants from Alan Kilpatrick’s book *The Night Has a Naked Soul: Witchcraft and Sorcery among the Western Cherokee* (1998). The exiles agree that if they can once again grow their corn, they will reclaim their spirit. “The plow was the holy stick they followed. The bear was their determination to continue” (78). The conditions were brutal and some of the people succumb to torpor, despair, and madness.

The oral history of the Cherokee people predicted the Removal trail. The Nunnehi, the immortals, lived underwater: they counseled the people to stand on a mound and wait for the immortals to take them away. The ground shook and thunder was heard; the people screamed in fear; and the Nunnehi dropped part of the earth. That mound is known as Setsi in present time. The people became immortal and invisible as they were transported away.

The tragedy of *Pushing the Bear* is relentlessly depicted: reading the fifty-nine short chapters became as onerous as digging rocks out of the stubborn Oklahoma soil. A foreshadowing of hope arrives with the first green shoots

of corn. At Fort Gibson the people are given shovels to dig for wells. For the first time Maritole allows a conjurer in her field. The conjurer took his rattle and drum to the field; in the cabin the people could feel the old power. "Something old broke loose in Maritole and she cried at the table." They could smell the earth from the dig, and it was not only the smell of a grave and death but also a source of water on their new land. "Out of it their lives would return" (185).

Glancy integrates passages from *The Baptist Ministry Magazine* published in the 1840s; the magazine documents the subjugation of the Cherokees in baptismal ceremonies—month by month, year by year. The officious tone mirrors government policy—this was business. Included in *Pushing the Bear* are photographs from the Cherokee Nation papers and lists of slaves, lost animals, reclamation, and spoliation claims. The dialogue in the book is contrived:

"I feel sometimes we have walked to the moon," Maritole said.

"There is nothing but work lined up for the rest of our lives," O-ga-na-ya said. "We won't make a dent."

"We will all plow fields," Knobowtee said. "We will hold them in common."

"There is already talk of taking care of the field nearest to the cabin we will build," O-ga-na-ya said (12).

The impossibility of rebuilding was a bear—the enormous task of starting over, the weight of discouragement.

The short sentences and repetitive structuring give the prose a wearisome, staccato rhythm. The pastiche of episodes, historical documents, and occasional myth were reminiscent of N. Scott Momaday's *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, but Glancy's prose does not have the same eloquence. In recounting the shameful brutality of the US policies during the nineteenth century, it is appropriate that we turn to the human, earthy prose of writers such as Glancy because the matter-of-fact tone of panoramic history books flattens and eviscerates the trauma of the displacement of Native people.

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Searching for Yellowstone: Race, Gender, Family, and Memory in the Postmodern West. By Norman K. Denzin. Walnut Creek, CA: Left Coast Press, 2008. 240 pages. \$89.00 cloth; \$29.95 paper.

Sometimes a book comes along that is so muddled and derivative, it is a wonder that it ever was published. *Searching for Yellowstone* is such a book. Overly earnest, broad in scope, and carelessly compiled, Denzin's multi-genre study offers very little that is new or interesting to Native American studies or American studies. The sections containing his personal memoirs, however, are appealing highlights of the book. Skimming the surface of stereotype and