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They suggest, however, the opportunity for enterprising scholars to carry similar research into the twentieth century. In Ewers' work, those scholars can find inspiration and a model for presentation, dated prose excepted. Those interested in Plains Indians who have not acquired the original essays should make room on their shelves for the present volume.

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Power of a Navajo; Carl Gorman: The Man and His Life. By Henry and Georgia Greenberg. Santa Fe: Clear Light Publishers, 1996. 201 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

To a large degree this is an autobiography. Carl Gorman's close friends, Henry and Georgia Greenberg, have relied on Carl's oral testimony for this account, and much of the text is apparently in Carl's and his wife Mary's own words. It is, therefore, self-laudatory and makes no attempt at an objective evaluation of the life of Gorman—not that he fails to peer into some of the untoward moments of his life. Still, the true biography of Carl Gorman's life is yet to be written.

"My culture is Navajo," declares Gorman, and he used that connection numerous times in his life. He interpreted for the Soil Conservation Service and the Stock Reduction Program in the 1930s, and then became a Marine code talker during World War II (by lying about his age to qualify for induction), became active in the Navajo Club in Los Angeles during a controversial phase of relocation after the war, and finally in the 1960s assumed the offices of director of the Navajo Arts and Crafts Guild and of the Office of Navajo Economic Opportunity. Between these stints, Gorman became a protégé of Jack Forbes, who promoted Indian studies at the University of California, Davis, and during that time the Navajo Gorman delivered lectures to American audiences. His lecture on Navajo culture was published in a Presbyterian ministerial publication, and the Presbyterians also filmed his *In Beauty I Walk*.

But many Navajos might question whether his "culture was Navajo." His mother was Episcopalian-Presbyterian, and Carl was raised a Christian. English was spoken in the home. His father did the very un-Navajo things of owning and operating a trading post and a ranch. The son loved Italian opera, and his

special favorite was *La Traviata*. Carl attended the Dutch Reformed School at Rehoboth, where as a natural rebel he was harshly disciplined. He ran away. He then went to the Albuquerque Indian School, where he excelled in football and became a New Mexico state champion. By now he was estranged from his mother, and soon after his marriage in 1930 he was also estranged from his young Navajo wife. His second marriage was to an Anglo who was thoroughly dedicated to his Navajo connections. In his lectures to Anglos he said that Navajos believed in a Supreme Being, which may be a kind of syncretism of Navajo and Christian beliefs, but the idea of one Supreme Being must be anathema to a traditional Navajo. One might argue, how successfully I am not sure, that Carl's early years were more in the Anglo mold, and that later in life he found the Navajo way intriguing, attractive, and a means of making a living.

There are many historical inaccuracies in this book, since it relies on Gorman's memory, and the Greenbergs did not check out the details. In Carl's time the United States Army was not stationed at Fort Defiance as they say (p. 10). Navajo sheepherders must surely go to *lower* elevations in the winter rather than *up* on the mesa (p. 26). How much the Navajos resented the gold-seeking and religion-converting Spanish is problematical, since the Spanish and Navajos had very little contact (p. 27). Nor should one accept without qualification the Forbes thesis that Navajos joined in the Pueblo Revolt in 1680 (p. 27). The Utes are charged with engaging in the slave trade for the Spanish, but what of the slave trade in which the Navajos engaged (p. 27)? In the reference to the Spanish invasion of Canyon de Chelly in 1804 to 1805, verification is needed for their perpetration of the Massacre Cave episode (p. 28). The Kit Carson campaign against the Navajos is horrifying enough, but that they were herded like animals in preparation for the Long Walk (or Long March as McNitt would have it), or that they lived in holes in the ground at Fort Sumner, stretches the truth somewhat (pp. 29-30). The Yeibeichai Dance originated in Canyon de Chelly with the Anasazi, Carl asserts, but Navajo contact with the Anasazi has yet to be proved. The Yeibeichai Dance he calls the "Nine Night Chant," but are not all Navajo chants nine nights in duration (p. 126)? Carl interprets the Navajo concept of "indwelling intelligent life" or indwelling spiritual being, even in inanimate objects such as the Four Sacred Mountains, as illustrating a belief in one Supreme Being or in a Creator, but if we accept Gladys Reichard's point that Navajo religion is completely "Other," then we should perhaps

question this relationship to Christianity (p. 128). A shopping mall on the reservation would not charge a "state tax," rather than not charge a "federal tax," as they say (p. 153).

Gorman also insists that Navajo religion is older than Christianity (p. 127), although the Native American brand must have originated in the 1700s with contact with the Pueblo Indians, and he argues the anti-archeological view, which has become fashionable in some circles today, that the Navajos have always lived in the Southwest and are the descendants of the Anasazi (p. 126). They are not Athabascan, therefore, which does not explain how the Navajos spoke a language which has roots in the far north, around Lake Athabasca. The ceremony performed for his mixed-blood daughter when she left for boarding school, described as Blessingway, could more accurately be a version of the girl's puberty ceremony, *Kinaalda*. Incidentally, in this description, the awkward phrase "paraphernalia bag" (p. 174) should be rendered "jish."

Is it no longer possible to write Navajo autobiography in the style of Walter Dyk's *A Navajo Autobiography* (Old Mexican) and of his *Son of Old Man Hat*, or of Gladys Reichard's *Dezba, Woman of the Desert*? What is it about the "voice" of these earlier works that seems so different and so genuine to the reader of today? Old Mexican, *Son of Old Man Hat*, and *Dezba* did not have assimilation to the Anglo culture to contend with. Perhaps that is the difference. Carl's repeated declarations of loyalty to his Native roots seem tainted. He leaves the reservation often to work in the white man's world. Arguably, his artwork, praised fulsomely by the Greenbergs, fails to show a genius in either the Navajo or the Anglo canon. Like so many Navajos today, it is difficult for Carl to find an authentic Navajo voice. But his dilemma is not detected by the Greenbergs, who deprecate his Anglo connections and emphasize his Navajo roots. Perhaps *Power of a Navajo* demonstrates the pitfalls and the frustrations of writing Navajo biography today.

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Songs for Discharming. By Denise Sweet. New York: The Greenfield Review Press, 1997. 54 pages. \$12.95 paper.

Denise Sweet has a world-sized soul and a microscope eye. This combination in a poet is a gift of transformation for readers. And