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American Indian Culture and Research Journal

Title

Earth Power Coming. Edited by Simon Ortiz.

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/90j7c7st>

Journal

American Indian Culture and Research Journal , 7(4)

ISSN

0161-6463

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Publication Date

1983-09-01

DOI

10.17953

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Such a traveler might pack it along with (but certainly not in place of) a specialized archaeological guidebook, such as C. Bruce Hunter's *Guide to Ancient Maya Ruins* (Oklahoma, 1974).

However, the unwary reader should be cautioned that *The View from the Top of the Temple* is remarkably like the view from the top of most any Maya pyramid he is likely to climb in the thickly forested northern region of Guatemala: a very limited view indeed.

Janet Catherine Berlo
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Earth Power Coming. Edited by Simon Ortiz. Short Fiction in Native American Literature. Tsaille, Arizona: Navajo Community College Press, 1983. 282 pp. \$12.00, Paper.

This light-strewn collection of stories comes from the future, from the clay-fragrant breath of legends and the momentum of each waking day. The writings of some thirty authors have been selected and sequenced by editor Simon Ortiz with characteristic attention to beauty. Those who grieve the alleged disintegration of American Indian life can rejoice in this literary song of a society in continuous renewal while throughout the book, surprising images of White culture surface with casual precision.

The writing is dreamily realistic, unraveling an interconnectedness of experience intrinsic to Indian thought. "Turtle Meat" by Joseph Bruchac III describes love between an Indian man and a White woman in visions of passion past and undeniable present dignity. In "New Shoes" by Linda Hogan an Indian woman has the not uncommon task of raising her child alone and often invisibly in a White city. In talking to her daughter's teacher she tries to explain her child's background, her heritage, her roots, her spiritual ability to paint the center of herself in the scenes around her. "That's nice," says the teacher. "That is nice."

There are no wooden Indians in this book and few wooden Whites. The characters are buoyant, tangy and sometimes profoundly grim. Louise Erdrich places the anguish of a stolen son, the undiluted courage of a mother and the deodorized righteousness of a social worker side by side in her story "American Horse." "The Sonofabitch and the Dog" by Ralph Salisbury, and his future fable "The Gleams," hold up the malice of corporate

military technology, surgically, in tongs, for our review. ". . . How can we cease being man and woman, our lives to fulfill, before the soldier each of us is killed?" he asks. "She Keeps the Dance Turning Like the Earth" by Duane Niatum discusses death in believable dialogue of rebirth and the will to go on loving. "Only Approved Indians Can Play: Made in USA" by Jack Forbes opens the joke that is at work when any race attempts to define bureaucratically the authenticity of another.

Masculinity, the responsibility of the hunt and the spirit of the deer form the horizons of "The Hunter" by Larry Littlebird. Hunting is not mere killing and eating, but one among a kaleidoscope of exchanges of energies which physicists are just beginning to articulate and Indians have always known. Roger Jack documents the enactment of prayer in his drum dancing story "The Pebble People." A girl's womanness keeps pace with the free-breaking stride of magical steeds in "The Power of Horses" by Elizabeth Cook Lynn.

One of the more revealing stories in the group is "The Warriors" by Anna Walters. The time is not so long ago. An uncle cherishes his nieces, imparting the wealth of traditional knowledge he wears like an inner cloak. He is a singer, a musician, a historian, a hero, a hobo. He is a warrior. "Sister, tell me again, what is the battle for?" asks one of the children. Her sister replies, "Our battle is for beauty . . . he often said that everyone else just wanted to go to the Moon. But remember sister, you and I done been there. Don't forget that after all, we're children of the stars."

Indians have always been willing to share their knowledge. But perhaps there has never before been a source as timely, as portable and as invigorating as *Earth Power Coming* from Navajo Community College Press. The collection is crisply poetic, deep, leisurely and sad, easing the soul with laughter and half-remembered dreams. This prism of wisdom was assembled in a high pine forest in northeastern Arizona, a place of rambunctious weather and the drifting scent of trees. The college's modern cultural center rises among spectacular mountain masses, a tower of grey glass rubbed by ancient winds. This book feels good in the hand and echos with watery visions of beauty and strength, long after the eyes have finished decoding the beadlike patterns in the words.

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