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In any case, Wiget has taken a commendable first step in the process which we must hope will produce, eventually, a full and comprehensive history of American Indian literature. No one who hopes to contribute to this enterprise can ignore his book.

Robert L. Berner

University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh

Carl Gorman's World. By Henry and Georgia Greenberg. University of New Mexico Press: Albuquerque, 1984. 195 pp. \$35.00 Cloth.

It must be admitted that R. C. Gorman, as an artist and personality, far outshines the light of his illustrious father to those of us outside the art circles and societies of the Southwestern United States. As a master of the media in the 20th Century, R. C. has skillfully excelled in salesmanship, showmanship, eccentricity, boldness, ethnocentricity, guru-worship, and general con-manship not to mention the pantheon of other artist/public-figure skills a contemporary artist such as he requires not only to survive, but to succeed, in a world where "artists" are a dime-a-dozen. It appears that R. C. wasn't left out of the book about his father, either. Had Rudolph Carl Gorman not been so successful an artist perhaps Carl Gorman's light would've shone brighter, perhaps not.

One cannot help but wonder why C. N. Gorman, who surely qualifies as a great artist from the Navajo people, was never more publicly known in his long and distinguished career? As a member of the Navajo Code Talkers in the South Pacific's Guadalcanal during World War II he received the accustomed accolades due American heroes of war upon his return to the U.S.A. This service in duty to the U.S. Government, in spite of his personal dislikes and grievances against the administrative policies enacted towards the Navajo at this time, was upheld in what can only be described in terms of being the most undesirable circumstances any such man could be called upon to undertake. As a person who decades before was taught the traditional Navajo way, who knew the family history and knew of the historical atrocities committed by succeeding generations of U.S. governmental agencies and administrations against his people, and who struggled against such totalitarianism, the fine art of being "civilized"

towards such a people must surely have been next to a miracle to achieve.

Coming from an extended family of distinguished Navajo silversmiths, among them his grandfather, "Slender Maker of Silver," (Peshlakai), who in 1893 went to the Chicago World's Fair to display his silverwork and also travelled to Washington on occasion to represent his people, Carl was born into a tradition of art and culture that is more often than not seen by art historians, then as now, as Primitive with all the attendant controversy and negativism such a term inspires. Carrying the stigma of "Indian" as unwanted baggage, he braved the new world's fledgling intellectual empire and decided to become an artist because that is where his heart lay.

Carl's first wife, Adelle, a Navajo as well, ran off with another man while he was defending U.S. honor in the South Pacific. He returned to work at the Marine Corps supply base in 1945 at Barstow, California and pursued his dream of making art. It was here he met his second wife, Mary Excie Wilson. Henry and Georgia Greenberg write extensively of Mary and Carl's evolutionary relationship, which like his relationship with the Anglo society, was tumultuous due to his culturally different "Navajo Indian" predilection towards life and the dominant society's image of him. Mary's father's dislike of this Navajo, who at first befriended Carl, made their life together difficult. Credit is given to Mary for recognizing Gorman's perceptual gifts and inspiring him to continue to paint.

Other important events which are too numerous to mention in this very brief review seemed to be overshadowed by a tragedy of major proportions that had the effect of making the writer feel an almost personal loss with Carl and his wife, Mary. Their young son, Kee, who was well on his way to artistic genius, and Mary's mother, also named Mary, died in an unfortunate car accident in July 1966 on their way from Window Rock to Albuquerque to have their Volkswagen camper serviced. Carl became depressed in his grief and lacked the will to create but was encouraged steadily by R. C. to continue as Time, the great healer, gradually released it's Power.

Eventually the University of California in Davis, hired Carl to teach Indian art under the Native American Studies Program, then headed by Professor Jack D. Forbes, an anthropologist, in 1970. The 60s and 70s were decades of great change and turmoil

for the social fabric in the U.S. with the civil rights movement, the Viet-Nam war, Black Panthers, Red Power and the Kent State killings. The mood was peace, freedom, and justice for all set against the bleak back-drop of the Nixon-Kissinger war machine. The American Indian Movement was at it's apex in Indian Country and in it's visibility worldwide.

Being on the ground-floor, so-to-speak, brought Carl into direct and intimate contact with the founding and shaping of what is now known as D.Q.U., Deganawidah-Quetzalcoatl University. The University of California in Davis planned to take over a former army communications center declared surplus property by the government and utilize it as a primate research center. Sixty or more Indians and Chicano students, however, stormed the protective fence one night and occupied the site as protest against procrastination by the government to act upon the application of Dr. Forbes, David Risling, and other supporters, who also had a plan for turning the site into a university for Indian and Chicano students. Dr. Forbes won. In April, 1971, the deed to the site was officially transferred by the federal government to the D.Q.U. Board of Directors. It is now a two-year college, run entirely by Indians, with accreditation granted by the Western Association of Colleges in 1978.

As the history of this remarkable personality unfolded, a reminder of books I'd read as a student in art school written about Van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Egon Schiele's lives invaded my consciousness. Surely here is an individual whose life is as worthy of artistic merit and study as any great European artist. Surely, here is an artist who's lifetime of struggle for his art deserves recognition.

While the book is exceptionally well researched, documented, and written with great understanding and sympathy, it is difficult to understand why more quality art work wasn't included in the final format. Surely, this isn't the best of this man's work? Although some photographs are remarkable examples of the mastery of his idiom, others might have been better left out altogether as the tendency to judge the entire book by it's cover is all too real. Such a knee-jerk reaction can only serve to expel this book from the art world, which badly needs provocative, sophisticated, historical writers on Indian art of the Greenberg's caliber. Even so, the book will stand as a welcome addition to Native American Art history.

Material on this man is scanty in my part of the world, therefore further information about C. N. Gorman can best be obtained from George Longfish, current director of the Indian Art program at D.Q.U. in Davis, California. Mr. Longfish was an instructor to the writer in American Indian Art Studio and Art History at the University of Montana in the early 70s. He remains a personal friend.

Alfred Young Man
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The Indian Man: A Biography of James Mooney. By L. G. Moses. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1984. 320 pp. \$24.95 Cloth.

Recalling her first field work among the Kiowa Indians, Alice Marriott relates an incident that reveals the importance of James Mooney's Kiowa research. Her Kiowa consultant, Mr. Camp "re-entered the room with an outsized volume, bound in shabby green cloth and stamped with dulled gold, in his arms. 'There,' he announced, laying the volume on the table, 'that's Mr. Mooney. He wrote about us as Indians long time ago. Now when we don't know for sure what happen' we look him up in Mr. Mooney.' " (Alice Marriott, *Greener Fields: Experiences Among the American Indians*, 1953: 66).

It is possible that no greater testimonial could be offered to James Mooney and his work than the complete reliance that Mr. Camp placed on Mooney's *Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians*. But who was James Mooney and what were his contributions to American anthropology?

L. G. Moses's *The Indian Man* seeks to answer both of these questions. As such it is a welcomed contribution to the growing body of literature on the history of anthropology and should be read in conjunction with Joan Mark's excellent *Four Anthropologists* and the essays by Franz Boas that are brought together by George W. Stocking, Jr. under the title *The Shaping of American Anthropology, 1883-1911: A Franz Boas Reader*.

Moses deftly utilizes the fragmentary evidence and relates how Mooney's early years in Richmond, Indiana were years of trying to harmonize a vibrant Irish heritage with the demands of American culture. After involving himself in various Irish protest activities and discovering that life at a newspaper was not