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Annette Van Dyke's study of women and power in Erdrich's novels shows the problems of applying Euro-American women's theory to American Indian women's issues. The essay falls short of examining American Indian literature—particularly those works written by American Indian women—as defined and represented by themselves and for themselves. Van Dyke plays the good woman/bad man game so prominent in larger US feminist writings and fails to dig deeper into Chippewa religion and culture to understand why or exactly how this is the case. She writes that Erdrich's "feisty women characters exemplify a kind of power central to life on the reservation . . . [while] the males must seek to find power and place" (p. 131). However, it is important to explore the literary methods Erdrich employs—the essay looks specifically at the female characters' sexuality—to help introduce American Indian gender and sexuality issues to scholars recently interested in American Indian women and literature. The essay is problematic in its approach, but relevant in its ability to open a much-needed dialogue regarding Native women's issues and study concerning their place in tribal systems.

Despite its drawbacks, the book contains several valuable examinations of Erdrich's work, each very different in its approach. Included at the end of most articles are extensive bibliographies, showing in-depth research and well-supported arguments that are accessible to those who may find theory dry. Chavkin's work, despite its inaccurate title, hopefully marks the beginning of further research on Erdrich's complicated and inextricable style.

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The Cold-and-Hunger Dance. By Diane Glancy. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998. 109 pages. \$22.00 cloth.

Diane Glancy published her first poetry collection in 1986 and since has published five more, in addition to three novels, three collections of short stories, a play, and three collections of essays. Given the autobiographical implications of *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance* and the ambivalence in her insights into the obsessions of multiculturalism, its publication may provide an opportunity for a tentative understanding of how she has reached this point in her brief but prolific career and the direction her writing might take in the future.

Glancy's definition of herself as a Cherokee writer—accepted by publishers and largely accepted by the Native American studies professoriat—is based on her descent from a Cherokee great-grandparent, her father's maternal grandfather. But that Cherokee identity has always seemed more a matter of will than emotion. Her one clearly Cherokee work, the product of substantial historical and ethnological research and an exploration of the Cherokee language and the syllabary of Sequoyah, is her historical novel about the Trail of Tears, *Pushing the Bear* (1996). But when we read in *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance* that the novel was the work of eighteen years we may wonder why she said in an autobiographical essay in the Brian Swann and Arnold Krupat collection

I Tell You Now in 1987, when she was supposedly working on it, that she knew little of her Indian heritage. Both the novel and her Cherokee identity, in other words, are the product of an assertion of will and intelligence.

At the same time it is clear from the autobiographical passages in *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance*, as well as her powerful definition of both the strengths and the limitations of evangelical Christianity in her novel *The Only Piece of Furniture in the House*, published in 1996 but apparently written in the early 1980s, that Glancy also is the psychological and cultural product of a Christian conversion of the “born again” kind. In other words, if she has made herself a Cherokee by an exercise of mind and will, she is a Christian by an equally powerful force of heart and soul.

Glancy’s career, in other words, provides further evidence of a phenomenon that constitutes the rarely acknowledged secret at the center of the academic condition of American Indian literature: that except for a measure of “Indian blood,” relatively small in some cases, the only common element that readers expect to find in all of those who produce that literature is not a profoundly tribal culture acquired through an upbringing in tribal tradition but a large measure of that culture, acquired academically, which in our current bureaucratic parlance has been labeled “Euro-American.”

And yet Glancy has chosen to understand her relatively slight racial connection to the Cherokees in terms of cultural loss—the loss, for example, of the Cherokee language: “[What] do I do with the hollowness where the Cherokee language should have been?” (p. 101) The fact that her Native language is English rather than Cherokee makes, she says, in spite of her Christian experience, for an incomplete spiritual life, and it leads her to make claims about the alleged inadequacies of English that ring hollow in the context of her own considerable artistic success. “If English is a stretchy language, . . . imagine what it would have been with the otherness of the languages it met” (p. 102). The truth, of course, is that any more than a casual survey of English etymology makes it obvious that at least since the Norman conquest English has been “stretched” more than most languages—probably more than any—by its absorption of words from every language it has encountered and that American English in particular has incorporated a considerable lexicon from American Indian languages.

We add little to our understanding of this matter when we give this process the fashionable label of “colonialism,” but in Glancy’s vision of language English destroyed Indian languages: “To be Indian is to know the loss of language” (p. 2). It is not easy to understand what this may mean, given the fact that in spite of the achievements of James Joyce and William Butler Yeats any Irishman, though those two did not, might say the same thing about Gaelic and that in any case what destroyed those Indian languages that actually have been destroyed was what destroyed tribal cultures, a process that was political and military long before it became anthropological and linguistic.

But this sense of what Glancy calls her “marginality” can only be negative in its effect on one’s self or one’s writing if it does not become a point of departure for explorations of the inter-relatedness of apparently disparate elements in American culture as a whole. Whatever the confusions in some of the pieces

in *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance*, this book and her recent short novel *Flutie* (1998) provide substantial evidence of Glancy's ability to see beyond that confusion to the real personal and artistic possibilities of her "marginality." *Flutie*, judging from what she has said in essays about her early life—her psychological inability as a child to speak, her painful consciousness of a mixed heritage, her effort to find in literature and in her own writing an escape from the silence and isolation of that childhood—is, in the psychology of its protagonist, a profoundly autobiographical work, a fictional treatment of what Glancy calls "the cold-and-hunger dance." That "dance" is the necessary interplay of two elements, negative and positive—the "cold" that plagues the lives of most people to one degree or another (grief, loneliness, domestic discord, feelings of inferiority, and the like) and the "hunger" for experience, particularly for language and the experience of writing, and for the meaning and self-definition that writing makes possible. And of course in Glancy's case the usual "cold" was made worse by her "mixed blood": "we weren't Cherokee enough to be accepted as Indian, nor was I white enough to be accepted as white" (p. 2).

What makes *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance* valuable—and a significant step in Glancy's career—is that it demonstrates that in her best moments she has chosen to explore the inter-relation of Indian and non-Indian cultures. Her Christian experience has given her an understanding of religious experience in general which informs two of the essays in particular—on the Lakota Sun Dance and on the elements in *Black Elk Speaks* that make it, she says, the Lakota Book of Revelation. Perhaps more significantly she notes that the Lakota Sun Dance she witnessed on the Rosebud Reservation was understood by at least some of the Lakota witnesses in relation to its similarities to Christian ritual. One of the elders present at the ceremony, in fact, defined it as "a form of Christ going to the cross" (p. 30). Furthermore the "Sun Dance Story," which Glancy retells from a narrative by a Ute woman named Mollie Cloud, incorporates Jesus Christ into its story. In other words, the process Black Elk began—experiencing a vision that could be understood in traditional tribal terms and then embracing a Christianity that subtly modified the original vision so that it can be understood as both Lakota and Christian—continues on the Rosebud Reservation and elsewhere in Plains Indian cultures.

It ought to be obvious that when we emphasize the differences between two things—or for that matter, between two societies, two cultures, or even two people—we are only a step away from saying that one of them is inferior to the other, but if we emphasize what they have in common we will discover what makes both valuable. Glancy's vision of her divided past has not always seemed unclouded, but her recognition of the wisdom common to all of the cultures to which she relates is the primary value of *The Cold-and-Hunger Dance*, and it should be read by anyone who does not wish to see the writing of American Indian authors, however their status is defined, relegated to a Native American studies ghetto where only its differences, its alleged "uniqueness," are assumed to be of any importance.

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