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FOUR ANNIVERSARIES, ONE SPECTACULAR FALL SEASON


director's letter

You are cordially invited to attend a season of celebration in honor of the four distinct milestones of the Smithsonian’s National Museum of the American Indian this fall. The museum is commemorating the 20th anniversary of the signing of the legislation that established the museum; the 15th anniversary of the opening of the museum’s New York location, the George Gustav Heye Center in lower Manhattan; the 10th anniversary of the Cultural Resources Center, a state-of-the-art collections facility in Suitland, Md., and the fifth anniversary of the flagship building on the National Mall.

The celebration of these landmarks offers something fun for everyone. Most of the programs are free and open to the public, though a few require paid tickets. For example, the Rochester Institute of Technology’s annual Big Shot photo event will illuminate the Mall museum building with the help of more than 1,000 community volunteers’ flashlights on Sept. 26 (come and participate and receive the photo for free!). On Oct. 9, the museum’s ever-popular Dinner & A Movie will screen La Mission starring Benjamin Bratt (Quechua), followed by a moderated discussion with Bratt and his brother Peter, who is the film’s director. On Oct. 16, join us for the opening of Brian Jungen: Strange Comfort, (see p. 46 for a glimpse of this artist’s fantastical sculptures). This is the NMAI-DC’s first major contemporary solo exhibit of a living artist’s work. Coinciding with the museum’s anniversaries, and in honor of the brilliance of Jungen’s talent, the NMAI has acquired Crux, a colorful 26’ x 19’ x 16’ mobile that will grace the Potomac’s atrium.

On Nov. 14, the eight-member Kevin Locke Native Dance Ensemble will engage audiences with a dramatic performance of traditional and contemporary American Indian dances. On Nov. 14 and 15, “From Deer to Dance,” a museum-wide Fall Family Weekend festival, will explore the Native process of turning hides or skins of animals into beautiful regalia worn during traditional ceremonies and powwows.

A more formal celebration will be observed on Oct. 7, from 7 to 10 p.m. – the 20th Anniversary Gala. The gala is the perfect time for longtime supporters of the museum to gather and remind ourselves of our collective achievements. CBS news correspondent Hattie Kauffman (Nez Perce) will emcee the event. At the Gala, the NMAI will honor Senator Daniel Inouye and museum Trustee and former Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell and present the first NMAI Prism Award, honoring a recipient for his or her special work within their community. The evening will include cultural performances by the San Manuel Bird Singers, Metis Fiddler Quartet and InKomplicant, with special guest appearances by Academy Award winner Buffy Sainte-Marie (Cree) and actor Wes Studi (Cherokee). The gala promises to be one of the premier events in Washington, D.C. this fall. To purchase tickets or a table, or if you wish to receive an invitation, please contact Patricia Kramer at (202) 633-6953 or email kramerp@si.edu. We are grateful to all of our members and benefactors for making these celebrations possible, especially our Platinum Sponsors, the San Manuel Band of Mission Indians and the Yocha Dehe Wintun.

It is our hope that you will attend as many of the 20-15-10-5 Anniversary celebrations as possible. If you cannot come to Washington, consider celebrating in your community through our Virtual Potluck!

On Nov. 28 the museum will host a national fundraising event, a Virtual Potluck, in which you can participate from the comfort of your own home or community center. Create your own fundraising page online and invite your friends and family to help us reach our goal of $50,000. A live webcast will be available of the Foodways museum program, highlighting indigenous food along with free recipes and videos. Registration begins on Sept. 21 at www.go.si.edu/NMAIpotluck.

As the first national museum devoted exclusively to the history and art of cultures indigenous to the Americas, we reflect on the past 20 years and how the landscape of Native American knowledge and understanding has changed. We also look forward to the future. To this end, I am establishing a new department in the museum that will focus solely on research and scholarship. This new addition will enhance the substance and profile of the NMAI’s scholarly undertakings well into the future. More on that in an upcoming issue of the magazine.

Please visit the museum’s calendar section of this issue for the Official Guide to the Anniversary Celebrations. For updates and a complete schedule of fall activities, please see the museum’s Web site at www.AmericanIndian.si.edu.

Happy Anniversary NMAI! ♦

Kevin Gover (Pawnee/Comanche) is director of the National Museum of the American Indian.
As a young girl, Rose Bean Simpson (Santa Clara Pueblo) thought that everyone’s mother worked with clay. Born in 1983 into a family of Pueblo clay artists, she grew up surrounded by some of the best-known potters in the southwest; her mother is Roxanne Swentzell, her aunt is Nora Naranjo-Morse and her grandmother is Rina Naranjo Swentzell. The noted potter Rose Naranjo is her great-grandmother and namesake. Yet Rose also draws inspiration from the world of hip hop, slam poetry and comic books.

Her career, as sculptor, painter, printmaker, poet, dancer and singer, reflects the two close-by but very unlike environments in which she was raised. Her father is Patrick Simpson, a non-Native wood and metal sculptor. When her parents were divorced, she divided her childhood between Santa Fe, the arts tourist capital of New Mexico, and Santa Clara Pueblo, north of Santa Fe along the Rio Grande. For a few years, she was home-schooled in a house built by her mother, surrounded by fields, gardens and animals. Later she attended the Santa Fe Indian School, a boarding school governed and operated by the 19 northern pueblos of New Mexico.

As valedictorian of her class, Simpson was accepted into an Ivy League university. But she chose the University of New Mexico (UNM) in Albuquerque instead. She remembered stories of her great-grandfather’s escape from an Albuquerque boarding school. He had followed the Rio Grande back to Santa Clara Pueblo. Rose knew that home would be nearby, in case anything happened.

But she embraced the youth culture at UNM. At the age of sixteen, she had recorded back-up vocals for the Navajo rapper Natay. At UNM, she was in the hip hop group Garbage Pail Kidz. She also became involved in slam poetry. “I have always loved poetry,” she says, “its simplicity, honesty and structure… where every word has its place… and the space between having deeper and deeper meanings.” She calls herself a “3-D Poet.”

At the university, Rose double-majored in studio art and creative writing, with a minor in flamenco dancing. In 2005, she returned to Santa Fe to complete her BFA degree.
at the Institute of American Indian Arts (IAIA). There she joined the rock band Chocolate Helicopter. Today she is a member of the band The Wake Singers, composed of three original members of Chocolate Helicopter.

Since she had already taken her ceramics requirements, she enrolled in a small metals class at IAIA taught by Mark Herndon. She says she was “introduced to a whole new world of expression.” Her graduation exhibition included a number of etched metal works hanging from the ceiling.

Simpson’s work now combines the three-dimensional plastic tradition of pottery with two-dimensional influences such as comic art. She was one of the artists featured in the Comic Art Indigene exhibition curated by the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture in Santa Fe and recently on view at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.

Like her mother’s artworks, Rose’s pieces are figurative. Yet these figures have cutouts exposing inner chambers. They are missing limbs or have bodily protrusions. They speak to her experience as a woman and a multicultural Native, objectified and judged by others. Her art challenges those stereotypes.

This aim underlies her long-time interest in comic art. She credits her stepfather Diego Romero (Cochiti Pueblo) with introducing...
her to the genre through the *Love and Rockets* graphic novels. She acknowledges its dominance by males – both as its creators and consumers. Most of the human characters in graphic novels depict scantily-clad and buxom women, and men with absurdly muscular bodies. The images are often sexual and violent and can numb reactions to reality. She says, “we objectify, judge and stereotype pretty much everything after a while… [and] it begins to inhibit our abilities to
communicate and have much of a relationship with the real world."

The Comic Art exhibition displayed her "Objectification Series," four black-and-white figures cut from Masonite. The images address stereotypes based on physical appearances – a woman in a bra and short skirt, a Pueblo woman in a traditional manta, a graffiti artist in baggy pants and a hooded sweatshirt, and a lesbian couple with a motorcycle helmet. Simpson removed the black border that surrounds most comic strips and had each figure stand alone, away from the wall.

Many of her sculptures are personal, introspective pieces, but carry the universality of the human experience. Her inspiration arises from a "need to heal." By exposing the pain or "wound," healing can begin. This healing process is not for her alone; it is for everyone. As she reasons, "in understanding what is unhealthy within [me], then creating an art-prayer for growth and putting it out there for others to see, I am reflecting that same part of ourselves, and in my healing they can grow as well."

She explains, "I send prayers out to the world through my art, both figuratively and literally. It's hard for me to let go of a piece, because it contains my love and hope. In fact, I put a message in every piece I make."

A reporter from The Arizona Republic observed that Simpson's artworks are "no longer defensively Indian; they are the insides of all of us made visible." Simpson felt that that statement had lifted a barrier. "How can we abuse someone else if we see ourselves in their eyes?" she asks. "How do we begin to deconstruct our stereotypes if we don't break the surface?"

Although Simpson addresses wider, collective issues, she never lets Santa Clara Pueblo stay far from her point of reference. It has shaped her and provided a foundation. "Santa Clara is the center of my world, and that is where this stone came from that is dropping into the pool of water, the ripples are going out further and further," she says. Rose Simpson is an artist who creates "prayers" through art, offering strength to heal ourselves and, one hopes, everything around us.

More of her work can be viewed at www.rosebsimpson.com.

Anya Montiel (Tohono O’odham) works in the Cultural Arts Office at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.
"I send prayers out to the world through my art, both figuratively and literally. It’s hard for me to let go of a piece, because it contains my love and hope. In fact, I put a message in every piece I make."

Julez, 17" x 12", acrylic on Masonite cutout, 2009.
Eugenics and Er

Of the many dark episodes in American history, the one least confronted by the national conscience might well be the “scientific” 20th century racism of the eugenics movement. An extreme version of the “progressive” drive to reform society, this now discredited pseudo-science sought “improvement” of the human species by selective breeding. It succeeded only in blighting hundreds of thousands of lives. Although most of its victims were poor whites, it targeted interracial marriages and drove Indians underground. Tribes from Virginia to Vermont were subjected to what has been called “documentary genocide.”

In the United States, eugenics tried to reduce offspring from people it considered hereditarily unfit. A wave of state legislation in the 1920s and 30s, in an astonishing 31 states, provided for the involuntary sterilization of the supposedly unworthy. The U.S. Supreme Court endorsed these laws in the infamous 1927 decision Buck v. Bell, encouraging their spread. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. wrote the 8–1 majority opinion (supported by the famous liberal Justice Louis Brandeis); only Justice Pierce Butler, a Catholic, opposed it. Coupled with the fallacious belief that interracial marriages produced “degenerate” offspring, a notion rejected by genetic science, this movement also sponsored anti-miscegenation laws like Virginia’s notorious Racial Integrity Act of 1924. With the exception of the related drive to restrict immigration, eugenics had its main impact at the state level, and so fell under the radar of the history writers. But these state legislatures, and the U.S. Supreme Court, share some guilt for the greatest atrocity of the 20th century.

The whole package of American racial protection laws, including the Immigration Act of 1924, was closely studied by the rising Nazi movement in Germany. California’s involuntary sterilization act of 1932 provided the direct model for the new Nazi regime’s Law to Prevent Hereditarily Ill Progeny, passed on July 14, 1933, except that the Nazi law was less extensive. The contemporary German scholar Stefan Kuhl says that the 5,000 German women who died in the course of these forced operations were the first victims of the Nazi Holocaust.

Although historians are now looking more closely, many blanks in the eugenics story remain to be filled in. One is the extent of the continuing contact between the Nazi regime and American eugenicists like Virginian bureaucrat Walter Plecker. Another is the extent to which American Indians and mixed Indian families were targeted. Most important of all are the family stories, the personal heartbreak of children put in institutions or women denied the ability to have children or clans stripped of Native heritage by the arrogant stupidity of bigoted bureaucrats.

We are proud to present two articles that help fill in these blanks. One by NMAI researcher Gabrielle Tayac recounts Plecker’s attempt to erase Virginia’s Indian tribes. The other by Anita Jo Shiflett gives the human face. It tells how one family and people survived this assault on their identity, and rose above it. – Ed.
“One of the best-documented examples is Virginia’s eugenics-inspired campaign of racial intimidation, lasting from 1924 to 1967, and directed for most of the period by the arch-bureaucrat WALTER ASHYB PLECKER.”
nickname for Matoaka, daughter of Chief Powhatan. Thousands of the state’s elite would have been reclassified as “colored” if the law had passed as originally promoted. In 1926, eugenicists tried to overturn the clause allowing for one-sixteenth Indian blood but they were defeated in a legislature containing more than a dozen of Pocahontas’ descendants.

The main author of the Racial Integrity Act was a rigid, humorless rail-thin bureaucrat named Walter Ashby Plecker (1861-1947). Trained as a physician, he organized Virginia’s Bureau of Vital Statistics and became its State Registrar from 1912 to 1945. The law gave him authority to register the race of every Virginian, and he fanatically enforced it. An appendix to the Act shows precisely how Plecker started his campaign to erase the official existence of the Virginia tribes.

Plecker cited an 1891 article in which the anthropologist Alexander Francis Chamberlain wrote: “In some regions considerable intermix- ture between negroes and Indians (Science, New York, Vol. XVII, 1891 pp. 85-90), has occurred, e.g., among the Pamunkeys, Mattaponies, and some other small Virginia and Carolinian tribes…. It is also thought probable that many of the negroes of the whole lower Atlantic coast and Gulf region may have strains of Indian blood.”

Plecker added, “This probably accounts for the increasing number of negroes who are now writing to our Bureau demanding that the color on their birth certificates and marriage licenses be given as ‘Indian.’ The Amherst-Rockbridge group is the most notable example.”

The Amherst-Rockbridge group to whom Plecker referred is the Monacan tribe. The Pamunkey and Mattaponi, along with other tribes descended from the Powhatan Chiefdom, including the Rappahannock, Chickahominy and Nansemond, were about to face a racialized storm – the aftermath of which to this day impedes their struggle for federal recognition.

The early 1920s had been a hopeful time for the Virginia tribes. The Pamunkey and Mattaponi, who had lived on the oldest established Indian reservations since 1658, vigorously revived their traditional culture and received growing national attention. Tribes which had lost their reservations in the 18th century, including the Rappahannock, Chickahominy and Nansemond, boldly reorganized and sought renewed legal recognition in the state. A supportive anthropologist, Frank G. Speck,
“During World War II, (Plecker) caused the arrest of Rappahannock men who refused to sign away their Indian status when enlisting in the Army.”

collected material and intensely documented their 20th century survival to counter the notion that these communities had vanished. (Speck had the patronage of George Gustav Heye, founder of the institution that would become the National Museum of the American Indian, and his stunning photographic, object and archival collection is now housed at the museum.) Key leaders and community members such as Chief George Major Cook, Paul Miles and George Nelson worked towards the building of the Second Powhatan Confederation as well as separate formal tribal organizations. As an Indian force to be reckoned with in land and treaty rights claims, this activity surely caught the attention of Plecker.

Plecker began a zealous attack against the Virginia tribes’ Indian identity. He distributed a 1925 pamphlet The New Family and Race Improvement to thousands throughout the state. In it he asserted that Virginia tribes had become too racially mixed to be considered “true Indians.” Rather, he charged that the Native communities were committing an ethnic fraud – that they were mixed race “mulattoes” who would sneak into the white race and taint the pure, superior stock. He declared of Virginia Indians: “Their light color makes them more dangerous to the white race than when darker…. Do the white people of Virginia desire to admit some 3,000 of these organized mulattoes into their race under the guise of Indians?” Plecker began to arrest midwives who registered babies as Indians. He tried to dissolve reservations, to expel Indian children from white schools, and even to browbeat the manager of a segregated white cemetery to exhum and move the remains of allegedly “colored” people. During World War II, he caused the arrest of Rappahannock men who refused to sign away their Indian status when enlisting in the Army.

Native people fought back hard. Powhatan communities organized around the 1930 census. Chiefs including Otho Nelson of Rappahannock demanded that their members be counted in the Indian racial category. Plecker lobbyed tirelessly against them. In the end the Census Bureau listed certain individuals as Indians, but placed an asterisk next to their name to indicate that the determination was questionable. Throughout the 1940s, Plecker sent letters listing names of Virginia tribal people to other states urging that they not be allowed to identify as Indians. He continued to harass midwives as well.

Plecker attained national and international attention for his campaigns, including favorable notice from the Nazi Third Reich. He gave a keynote address at the Third International Congress of Eugenics in 1932, held in New York City’s American Museum of Natural History. Ernst Rudin, who helped write Hitler’s eugenics laws, was in attendance. In 1935, Plecker wrote to Walter Gross, the director of the German Bureau of Human Betterment and Eugenics, to be placed on his mailing list. He congratulated Gross for sterilizing 600 children of white German women and black men in Algeria. He added, “I sometimes regret that we have not the authority to put some measures in practice in Virginia.”

Plecker retired from his post in 1946 at the age of 85 and died a year later after being hit by a car. In recent years his career has become a deep embarrassment to the state, which issued a formal apology to his victims. A successor in his office has called his campaign against Indian registration “documentary genocide.” But the Racial Integrity Act stayed on the books until 1967, when the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously ruled it unconstitutional in the case of Loving v. Virginia.

The cumulative effects of eugenics on Virginia’s tribes can be felt to this day. Several generations of tribal people terrified by the racist harassment migrated out of Virginia, further disbanding small communities. Others determined that the risks in asserting Indian identification were too great, and chose not to pass on knowledge of their heritage to their children. As of early 2009, the Virginia tribes have not attained federal recognition precisely because their paper trail of Indianeness – an essential criterion for a positive finding – was erased by Plecker. As in the early 20th century, Powhatans, Monacans and their allies are working hard for a restoration of their tribal status.

Gabrielle Tayac (Piscataway) is a senior historian in the Research Unit of the NMAI. She is a curator of the NMAI exhibits Return to a Native Place and the upcoming IndiVisible.
Even with a coat and gloves on, I can’t get warm. Even with the sun dominating the landscape and requiring sunshades, my bones feel the March wind’s cold bite. It is a busy Saturday as my cousin Ramona and her boys Josh, 12, and Zach, 10, have come up from their farm in North Carolina to visit my family and see Washington, D.C. As we load up into two SUVs to make the short ride from my Alexandria home into D.C., I dread the day. We pick up my 68-year-old mother, my sister, her son and my son, and we caravan down the parkway and across the 14th Street Bridge.

Our destination is the same as that of thousands of other tourists that day – the National Museum of the American Indian (NMAI). It is the newest addition to the Smithsonian family and the crowds have been unreal. We called a week ahead to get tickets. It was so booked they give visitors an entrance time. Ours is three p.m. I am in a bad mood. The museum, I know, will only make it worse. For most of my adult life that is what my Indian-ess has caused me – bad moods. Oh don’t get me wrong. I love my people. I love going down home to Pembroke, N.C., and above all I loved the childhood summers my Indian grandparents gave me.

I grew up in a middle-class existence in Alexandria, Va. I looked white, like my father, so it wasn’t until friends would meet my mother or siblings that they would ask, “What are you?” I loved telling them I was Tuscarora. The fairly standard response to that bit of information was, “What is that?”

I would explain we were a very small band of Indians living in southeastern North Carolina. They always found it cool, and, frankly, I found my mother’s people – my people – the coolest.

Every summer of my childhood was spent with my Indian cousins at my grandfather’s house, a small unairconditioned structure that still had the old outhouse standing in the backyard and a gleaming “overflow” in the front yard. For you city folks, an overflow is a pipe wedged deep into the earth from which continuously flows glorious, cold, clear water. The running water formed a small pool at the side of the front yard, not far from the road.

At any given time of the day, Indian neighbors would stop in front of the little house and fill empty milk jugs with the cold water. Most we knew, and those unfamiliar faces my grandparents would recognize by asking the same question, “Who’s your people?” By the time the stranger mentioned one or two names, my grandparents would nod their heads, “Eh-hey, yes we know you,” and the stranger, more often than not, left with cold water and new knowledge that he or she was our cousin from some genealogical blueprint my grandparents kept only in their memory. It amazed me how they could trace any Indian stopping by to someone we were related to. “You will learn the names one day,” they promised me. “The names belong to you too.”

My Indianess during those summers was something I adored and in which I excelled. Even then, I knew when I was down home among my mother’s people, I was part of something special. My grandfather would plow all day in the field beside the house with the straps from the mule’s harness hanging around his neck. He never owned a tractor. Until he quit farming in the mid-1980s, he used a plow and a big black mule named Katie that lived in a rickety old stable in the backyard, about 20 feet from the outhouse. As he plowed the fields under the hot Carolina sun, I loved to walk behind him and step into the newly plowed dirt. It was cold and soft and wonderful stuff to smash small, bare feet into and feel the cold dirt rise up between your little toes.

The field was beside the road, and every old truck passing would beep, and a brown hand would wave to Granddaddy. He would always look up from the plow and nod. Being a child and being from a place where people rarely spoke to each other and never waved, I knew he must be very important. Or why
would so many people wave to him? It was this sense of community and love I felt that made my middle-class life in the city feel disconnected and often times lonely. And it was this connection for each other that was and is the best thing about being Indian. This sense of belonging. The instant acceptance because you are of the same blood. It warms you.

I think back on my summers spent in Pembroke as I pull my coat collar up to try to ward off the March winds as we wait for the clock to strike three. Why don’t I feel excited to come to this place honoring Indians from all over America? Why am I dreading walking in there and viewing the exhibits? But I do know why. And I wonder if the others with me feel it. There is my dear mother, now as old as my grandfather was when I followed so closely behind him and his plow working the field. She has become so much like her father I think. Always pleasant, always willing to accept the best in people and always optimistic that truth is a principle that must win because it is a principle – like physics. If she dreads going into this place, she does not show it or mention it.

I guess I take after my father. I am the worrier. The pessimist. Instead of deciding to enjoy the museum, I think of how the entire building is a reminder that we don’t belong. We are not “real” Indians. The government has told us this on so many occasions that I started to tell people when they asked about my background, “My mom’s an Indian.” I just deleted myself because at some point it became too tiresome to explain that our little tribe had simply been forgotten by the government and lost any tribal status. Who would believe the government is allowed to forget nations of people?

But that was the word used by the courts as well as Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) agents in later years to describe what happened to us.

You see, my grandfather and others in his tribe were recognized by the federal government as Indians in 1938 under the Indian Reorganization Act. But they never went on to receive full tribal status, even though Felix Cohen, the first Indian law guru himself, proposed a plan specifically for their tribe. For those non-Indians out there, in this country tribes are federally “recognized” by the government. You have to be on the list. Unfortunately, the government forgot about this small tribe.

In 1970, the government went so far as to tell us we were no longer even considered Indians under the federal law. I don’t know how the government explains the all-Indian schools, and “For Indian Only” signs that my mother and older siblings grew up accustomed to in Robeson County, N.C. This small band suffered all the prejudices of being Indian for centuries and survived intact, and it was devastating to these poor Indian farmers that their children would not be “Indian” because they were not on a list of recognized tribes.

Somehow we did manage to sue the BIA in 1973, and while the court ordered the government to return Indian status to those individuals who were recognized in 1938, the court had no power to grant us full tribal status. Only Congress, the BIA or the President could do that. Without the tribal status, our tribe would “legally” become extinct once our elders died out. Without tribal status, the government did not have to and would not recognize any children or grandchildren as Indians. Thus began a slow journey to regain tribal recognition and save ourselves from legal extinction.

It was during the 1970s that my grandfather became active in civil rights as he and members of our tribe started efforts to restore tribal status. After years of knocking on the doors of senators and congressmen, they embraced the controversial and sometimes militant, but always proud, American Indian Movement. My pleasant, very Baptist grandfather became fearless in his quest for the Hatteras Tuscarora.

Back then there were no casinos. There was no monetary benefit to being a member of a tribe. The single goal – the great benefit was the right to call oneself an Indian and own it as your birthright. This was my grandfather’s quest.

I think my lifelong love affair with the underdog began as I watched these old Indian men, in the winter of their lives, become true contenders. They were relentless and focused on the prize – federal recognition as an Indian tribe.

The tribal members always stayed at my family’s split-level house in the Mount Vernon suburbs when they came to take care of Indian business. They would show up in the middle of the night, as many as 25 at a time, and camp out in our basement. My father, a white construction contractor, would always welcome them and my mom would cook. “Stay as long you need,” Daddy would tell them and he would burst with smiles as in amazement at their tenacity.
I can barely feel my nose from the wind as we finally enter the museum doors a few minutes past three. I walk through the long line and hand the lady my ticket and count the backs of little boys’ hooded heads to make sure we are all present and accounted for.

I try to tame the monster rising up within me that makes me resent, rather than appreciate, the exhibits. So what. We’re Indian. They don’t care. Don’t ask me to define “they.” It is just that old feeling of illegitimacy. That feeling of warmth and belonging I felt as an Indian child has long been stripped away by years of neglect. We never achieved tribal status. Treated as second-class Indians by other tribes and regarded as non-Indian by the government, we have been forgotten, and it burdens me. We don’t belong here. I look at my cousin and sister and mother as we all look at the walls and walls filled with important things, and we don’t say anything to each other as we stand there and feel so very unimportant.

This place is supposed to tell the story of American Indians, but only the biggest and richest tribes will have exhibits. I followed the years of negotiating and struggling that went into building this place of national prominence. With over 500 tribes in this country, not all stories can be told here on its walls. Some, made wealthy through casino dollars, were able to contribute vast amounts to this place and their story will be told. Ours is not even a footnote. The monster is kicking my insides around.

What is an Indian? The words pop out at you from the wall as you approach. The second-floor exhibit is approximately 10 to 15 feet long. It is filled with old letters, legal documents, photos and things I cannot identify from a distance. Some heads move out of the way, allowing me to see a narrow view of the pictures and charts that make up the exhibit. Something in me is attracted to the images on the wall like a magnet as my brain races to keep up with my eyes. I call to my mother. My heart pumps faster and I call again louder and again – only this time I shout out to my sister and cousin as well as my mother. “Mom, come here. Mom, we’re here!!” I apologetically rush through a throng of people four to five bodies deep standing between me and the large exhibit on the wall. I had to make sure I was seeing what I thought I was seeing. I reach up and sweep my eyes over the wall before me.

By this time I have my mother’s full attention and the people standing before the exhibit clear a pathway for my elderly mother who walks slowly towards the exhibit. She doesn’t say a word as she approaches the wall. She raises her head up and looks at the photos through her glasses and I watch as she begins to slowly nod her head. As she touches with one finger the face in each photo on the wall, she quietly says their names.

With not more than a whisper of voice she says “Yes. They are here. Yes, yes,” she slowly nods her head. “That’s them.” She names all of them. The names and faces of the uncles and aunts she grew up with as a child on the Brooks settlement along the banks of the Lumber River. Faces looking out to her as she knew them as a young girl.

I then point to the list of names beside the old black and white photos taken by BIA government agents. It was my mother’s family chart. A genealogy chart. Her father’s family – all of them were listed. As we read the name of my grandfather, and of my great-grandparents and their children we are in awe of the moment. Lawson Brooks, Henry Brooks, Ella Brooks, Anna Brooks…

My sister and I cannot take our eyes off our mother as she stands before the wall. I just watch her and I want to thank whoever has given us this moment in time. No words are spoken but we all know as we stand several feet from one another, with strangers walking all about us, that this moment is changing us. In that one moment a burden is lifted from us, and we are so light we are dancing with angels on clouds. Yes, we are here. We have not been forgotten this time. We are Indian. We are listed on an entire wall in the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.

From the museum we call our relatives on my cell phone and the message is the same to all, “We’re here. We’re all here.” While my name or my siblings’ names are not listed, it does not matter. I know that as long as my small nation is on that wall, my sister, my cousin, my mom and me – we’re there too.

My mind flashes back to the overflow and my grandparents telling me that the people – the names – they carried in their memories were mine too. The Hatteras Tuscarora was not a group of “individual” Indians with no ability to pass on Indian identity to their children as the government had told us. We are a tribe and to have my tribe acknowledged on the wall of that museum – my nation – was to have recognized me, for we are the same. As one of the tourists asked what tribe I am, I feel no need to explain anything. I boldly say for the first in over 25 years, I am Hatteras Tuscarora. No explanation added. No definition required.

And so, the same group of Indians load back into our SUVs to drive home. The ride back across the 14th Street Bridge that night is a breeze. Dinner at Jerry’s Subs is delicious. Everything, it seems, is just a bit better. What happened that day wasn’t magic. But it was magical. In one quick moment the monster had been tamed and the burden lifted.

While the exhibit didn’t change our legal status as Indians, it did change our emotional status as Indians. Maybe we will always be second-class Indians to some, but it’s okay now because I no longer feel like one. I’m warm again. And like my grandfather and my mother I now believe in the principle of truth rising to the top because after all, it is a principle – like physics. ♦
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MUSEUM QUALITY ALASKA NATIVE ART
The farming skill of the American Indian is getting long overdue national recognition, on a medium you’ll soon find in your pocket. The first design in the new $1 Native American coin series pays tribute to Three Sisters gardening, the highly efficient joint planting of corn, beans and squash.

The U.S. Mint’s coin series is scheduled to run for at least 12 years. Each year, the back of the Sacajawea “Golden Dollar” will feature a new design to celebrate the “contributions of Indian tribes and individual Native Americans to the development of the United States.” Themes have been selected in roughly historical order, and the first, issued earlier this year, is agriculture.

The handsome gold-colored coin depicts an Indian woman in generic buckskin dress tending to the distinctive mound-planting of corn stalks and bean plants. (This year’s design continues the tribute to women intended by the original selection of Sacajawea [Shoshone] for the $1 coin. The obverse side of the series will maintain the familiar image of the Lewis and Clark Expedition guide, baby Jean Baptiste “Pomp” on her back.)

In accord with the Congressional act establishing the series, the Mint is consulting intensively with the National Museum of the American Indian on topics and designs.

By leading with agriculture, the series highlights one of the greatest of all American Native contributions, introducing dozens of staples to the world diet. It also honors indigenous skill in domesticking and growing these crops. Maize began to develop from the teosinte grass of central Mexico about six millennia ago, but after human experimen-

tation produced the hardy Northern Flint variety it rapidly spread and was found throughout North America by 1000 A.D.

About the same time, southwestern farmers had discovered that growing corn and beans together produced greater quantities of these staples than planting them separately did. Corn is one of the world’s most productive sources of carbohydrates, but it lacks amino acids. Beans, a legume, absorb nitrogen from the atmosphere, converting it into amino acids and protein. Not only do beans supplement the human diet, they fix nitrogen in the soil, providing nutrients to the corn. Natives in the Northeast filled in the space between with the third Sister, squash, an aggressive ground cover that squeezed out weeds.

Europeans, whose farming relied on extensive plowing, tended to dismiss the Three Sisters mound system as primitive, when they acknowledged it at all. Early settlers had a strong ideological interest in denying that Natives had any agriculture. By portraying Indians as nomadic hunter-gatherers, apologists like John Locke and Emerich de Vattel said Europeans were right to take lands they could use more productively. But intensive European-style farming for short-term gain is now imposing long-term costs. According to Jane Mt. Pleasant, professor of horticulture at Cornell University, plowing is now blamed for devastating soil erosion, a prime problem for American farming since the Dust Bowl years. Crop scientists are now advocating limited tillage which leaves most of the field surface undisturbed, an unacknowledged return to the principles of Native farming.

The Three Sisters principles represent a sustainable and, yes, scientific use of the land, and they at last are making an impression in the dominant culture. 

James Ring Adams is a senior historian in the Research Unit of NMAI and managing editor of American Indian. He has a Ph.D. from Cornell University and was previously Associate Editor of Indian Country Today.
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In Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, just off the northeast coast of British Columbia’s Vancouver Island, a small figure hurries to greet our boat, the Columbia III, as we tie up one misty June morning. “Welcome to Alert Bay, home of the Namgis people of the Kwakwaka’wakw
“Potlatch,” Hunt begins as we stroll up the hill towards the Centre, “is a Chinook word meaning ‘to give’ and was used by First Nations in the Pacific Northwest over many centuries of trading with each other along the coast and along the ‘grease trail’ which still exists today, stretching from Vancouver Island well into the interior of British Columbia.

“Potlatches are essential to our culture,” Hunt continues. “They are occasions for the naming of children, marriages, transferring rights and privileges and for mourning the dead. Guests are considered witnesses and are paid for this important responsibility with

Nation,” says Lillian Hunt (Namgis). Born and raised in Alert Bay, Hunt has been the U’mista Cultural Centre guide here for the last seven years. We join her on a cultural journey into the past when the Nation’s potlatches were many. We are all traveling together, or as the Kwakwaka’wakw say, “Wi’la’mola.”

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DANNIELLE HAYES
gifts. Marriages were arranged right up to my mother’s time about 50 years ago. Usually a chief’s eldest son would marry another chief’s eldest daughter within the same language group, like the Kwakwaka’wakw.”

Potlatches were elaborate affairs towards the end of the 19th century, and the Kwakwaka’wakw produced some of the most dramatic potlatch masks and artworks on the Pacific Northwest coast. There was the comedic masked dance of Noohlmahl, a supernatural being whose power was in his mucus. A dancer would appear to pull seaweed from the mask’s gigantic nose and toss the slimy stuff into the crowd. “Noohlmahl was the enforcer of rules and very sensitive about his nose,” says Hunt.

There were transformation masks that would open up to reveal two or sometimes three entirely different beings. Long beaks of bird masks would open and snap shut. Tails on sea creatures rose and fell, while side fins flapped.

“WE DON’T WANT TO REFLECT A DEAD CULTURE. WE ARE A LIVING CULTURE. THROUGH OUR ANCESTORS’ WISDOM AND STRENGTH, WE ARE ABLE TO ENJOY OUR CULTURE TODAY.”
Potlatches sometimes lasted several days, with much feasting, drumming, dancing and singing. Men and women dressed in their finest clothing, often decorated with their family crests.

By 1884 government officials, teachers and missionaries became frustrated in their unsuccessful attempts to “civilize” the people of the region. So the Canadian government revised the Indian Act to prohibit potlatches. Undeterred, the Kwakwaka’wakw continued to celebrate this important tradition but more secretly. (During this time, the famous American photographer Edward S. Curtis traveled to the Northwest and made his only feature film, *In the Land of the Head Hunters*, with the Kwakwaka’wakw people. It premiered December 1914 at the Moore Theatre in Seattle.)

The legal disaster struck in December 1921 when Chief Dan Cranmer held a huge potlatch on Village Island. More than a dozen elders were arrested and jailed, charged for making speeches, dancing and giving away gifts. The government officials forced the captives to give up their potlatch “paraphernalia,” including ceremonial regalia, masks, rattles and whistles, promising to return these treasures about a year later after the elders served their sentences. Most of the artifacts were sent off to what is now the Canadian Museum of Civilization (CMC) in Hull, Quebec, and the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Some objects were also set aside for the personal collections of Duncan Campbell Scott, then Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, and for George Gustav Heye, a New York collector and founder of the Museum of the American Indian.

Efforts to repatriate the potlatch artifacts began in the late 1950s after the Potlatch Law fell off the books in 1951. The CMC agreed to return its part of the collection on the condition that two museums be constructed to receive them, in Alert Bay and Cape Mudge. The U’mista Cultural Centre, designed after a traditional Big House where the Namgis would gather for potlatches, was opened in Alert Bay on Nov. 1, 1980. When asked what they should name the new museum, the Namgis replied that it was the return of something important. It was, in the Kwakwaka’wakw language, an *u’mista*.

Now surrounded by the potlatch masks in the museum, I feel a powerful silent energy that seems to emanate from them. The masks are not in glass cases because they were locked up so long. “We don’t want to reflect a dead culture” says Hunt. “We are a living culture. Through our ancestors’ wisdom and strength, we are able to enjoy our culture today.”

“Since potlatches took years to organize there was a strict order to the ceremonies,” continues Hunt. “First came the funeral masks which were worn by mourning family members of the deceased. Often they would have red streaks symbolizing acts of grief or painted tears. Sometimes the masks would have copper bands symbolizing loss of nobility.”
The dark and brooding Hamatsa masks are worn by young initiates of hereditary chiefs’ families. The Hamatsa or cannibal dance is performed during elaborate initiation ceremonies in the Big House. Then there are masks of Dzunuk’wa, whose role was to bring wealth and good fortune. As legend goes, she is a member of a family of giants and carries a large basket on her back where she puts disobedient children. She intends to carry them to her home in the mountains and eat them. But since she is vain, stupid and clumsy, the children outwit her.

The mask of Bakwas or Wild Man of the Woods, carved circa 1890, is particularly mesmerizing. Bakwas is a being who entices
humans to eat his ghost food and thus transforms them into non-humans. Bakwas typically has a skeletal face, hooked beak-like nose and branches or feathers for hair. During a potlatch, I can imagine this mask’s horse-hair and feathers swaying with the dancer’s movements while light from the central fire reflects from its brass eyes, to add to its hypnotic power.

At a Kwakwaka’wakw potlatch, certain songs or dances may be gifted to individuals, and can only be performed by that person. If the person dies before he gifts it to another, then the dance and mask dies with him. The very colorful Xwixwi masked dance was gifted from the Coast Salish of Comox. After threatening to wage war to acquire the dance and mask, the Kwakwaka’wakw were invited in as guests of the Comox tribe.

The sound of drumbeats now beckons us up the hill to the Big House. Stepping inside the dark interior, we see two massive pairs of Thunderbird poles guarding the entrance and far end where a half dozen young men and boys are pounding out a steady rhythm on a hollow cedar log drum. Dressed in beautiful button blanket regalia and cedar hats, women and children sit patiently waiting for all the guests to arrive, while a roaring central fire gradually fills the space with a smoky haze.

We hear a brief introduction by Andrea Cranmer (Namgis) of the dance group T’sasala, formed so “our young people will be well versed in their own culture and able to live well in the modern and traditional world.” Then the music and dances begin. Young boys dressed in cedar skirts leap around the central fire in the Hamatsa Dance. Young girls and women sway and swirl in other dances, their button blankets a bright blur of ravens, eagles, bears and other clan symbols. Our afternoon culminates with a seafood feast of fresh salmon, crab and oolichan, the fish that gave that gave the ancient grease trail its name. It is a noble ending to our cultural journey together.

Dannielle Hayes, a photographer and writer, divides her time between New York City and Vancouver, B.C.
Native actor Alex Meraz will soon reach a broad new fan base through his major role in the upcoming vampire romance movie *The Twilight Saga: New Moon*. He will likely become a heartthrob for the legions of teenaged girls obsessed with the series. But in his 20-plus years, Meraz has gone through a lifetime of heartbreaks and hardships.

He credits his mentors and other good influences for keeping him grounded. “Throughout my life, at the crucial times when I was about to slip or go into a really negative place,” he says, “the Creator has always placed positive people in my life to help steer me back.”

He hopes that his story will help others, especially Native youth, to find strength through their cultural traditions.

While Meraz has been a dancer more than an actor, his big break is coming in *New Moon*, opening Nov. 20. The movie is based on the *Twilight* vampire romance novels by Stephenie Meyer. In *New Moon*, the main character Bella Swan (played by Kristen Stewart) and her vampire boyfriend Edward Cullen (played by Robert Pattinson) separate because of a life-threatening incident. She seeks comfort with a Quileute teenager boy, Jacob Black, with the power to shape-shift into a wolf, an ability shared by certain tribal members.

In the fictional series, the Quileute tribe has made a pact with the Cullen family of vampires to protect each other’s secrets, provided the Cullens forswear human blood for nutrition. Meraz portrays Paul, a volatile and aggressive member of the Quileute wolf pack.

The locations in the *Twilight* books, the towns of Forks and La Push, are real places in Washington State. While auditioning for the role, Meraz conducted research on the Quileute and prayed every day, wanting to be conscientious and informed. He says, “I needed to do it for myself, as a background check, but also to show respect for the tribe.”

Meraz understands the importance of giving a contemporary and complex portrayal of Native people. He is Purepecha (Tarasco), an indigenous nation centered in the Mexican state of Michoacan. His paternal grandfather spoke the Tarascan language and was a practicing medicine man. When he was a child, his family would travel along treacherous hillsides by bus and then hike for hours to visit their relatives in the town of Ostula, whose people have retained control of their ancestral lands and maintained religious traditions.

He is proud that his role in *New Moon* will allow people to see the broader scope of indigenous America. He criticizes the tendency to overlook the indigenous people south of the
Native actor and dancer Alex Meraz (Purepecha) is making a screen breakthrough as a member of the (fictional) Quileute Indian wolf pack in the upcoming vampire romance New Moon. Meraz says he tattooed his feet in honor of his newborn son, knowing that the child would keep him “grounded.”
VAMPIRES + INDIANS

THE REAL QUILEUTE

If you quiz teenage girls about the Quileute, most will respond correctly that it is the name of a Native tribe centered in La Push, Wash., along the Pacific Coast. Ask the same girls about other tribes in the area and you will probably get a blank stare.

The fame of the Quileute lies in the Twilight vampire romance books by Stephenie Meyer, which have inspired several feature films. Fictional Quileute tribal members are featured in the novels, as wolf shape-shifters who combat vampires.

While conducting Internet research for the first Twilight book, Meyer discovered that the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State has the heaviest rainfall in the United States – a perfect environment for vampires – and that the local Quileute tribe’s creation story involves their origin from wolves – which she transformed into modern werewolves. The tribe emphasizes that these novels are fiction and a product of the author’s imagination.

Neither werewolves nor vampires are part of the tribal tradition, and in fact the well-developed European mythology of vampirism is almost totally alien to North American indigenous lore. (The one extant tribal vampire story, among the Oneida of upper New York State, could very well have been learned from Anglo-American settlers.) The shape-shifting idea, however, could have been derived from a Wolf Society ritual the Quileute share with other tribes in the region, the Ka-Kla-Kwalli or Klukwalli ceremony. (See p. 40)

While fans of the series may be interested in learning about Quileute wolf stories, there is more to the tribe’s history, culture and contemporary lives. The Quileute are not related to any other tribe in the area; their relatives the Chimakum of the Port Townsend area were wiped out by the Suquamish in the 1860s. Additionally, their language is an isolate, unrelated to any other in the world. In 2007, the tribal council established a language revitalization project encouraging the use of Quileute words and phrases in everyday life with the promotion of classes and language CDs.

Living in a lush environment surrounded by cedar forests, the Quileute utilize cedar as a building material for houses, house posts, boxes, dugout canoes, utensils, woven capes and skirts, rain hats and mats. Some canoes hold up
to three tons and span 190 feet in length. Like other coastal tribes in Washington State, the Quileute take part in the annual Tribal Canoe Journey where one hundred canoes voyage along traditional water routes, ending with a week of cultural events. On the Quileute reservation, visitors can enjoy cultural celebrations during Quileute Days every July with a traditional salmon bake, art and craft displays, songs and dance, and sports tournaments.

Some Twilight readers, however, do not understand the line between fantasy and reality. Former Quileute councilman Chris Morganroth III says that the Tribal Council received letters from people asking to meet the characters in the books. Quileute chairwoman Carol Hatch also told the radio show Native America Calling that visitors are coming to the reservation looking for werewolves. According to Hatch, on a scale from one to 10, tourism on the reservation has reached a “15.” Tour companies from as far as Japan want to visit. The tribe recently hired public relations consultant Jackie Jacobs (Lumbee) to handle all business related to the “Twilight Phenomenon.”

In June 2009, Chairwoman Hatch issued a statement saying, “The ‘Twilight Phenomenon’ gives the Quileute the opportunity to educate the world about who we are by sharing our own stories, food, song and dance passed down from generation to generation.” Jacobs added that the Quileute want fans to know that they are welcome to visit but must respect the land and the culture.

The Quileute Nation sees the Twilight sensation as an opportunity to gain economically as well. Businesses in the town of Forks (where the books are set) now sell Twilight memorabilia and the restaurants have added “Twilight Sandwiches” and “Bella Burgers” (named for the main character) to the menus. The Quileute are planning other products and offerings in time for the release of the second film (scheduled for Nov. 20).

Showing the humor in it all, someone erected a sign along the road to the reservation saying, “No Vampires Beyond This Point.” Hopefully no one seeing the sign will feel compelled to turn around.

Anya Montiel (Tohono O’odham) works in the Cultural Arts Office at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.
STEPHENVIE MEYER FREELY ADMITS SHE KNEW LITTLE ABOUT the Quileute Indians when she appropriated them for her wildly popular *Twilight* series. The shape-shifting Wolf Pack was a product of her imagination. But the Quileute Nation does share a Wolf Society ritual with other peoples of the Pacific Northwest. The charming drawings alongside depict one such ceremony, transliterated as the Klukwalli, Ka-Klu-Kwalle, or in some anthropologists’ accounts, Tlokwali. They are part of a collection of 21 pictures by Jimmie C. Hobucket, Harry California, William Penn and other Quileute students at the Indian School in La Push, Washington, in 1907, compiled by the schoolmaster Albert B. Reagan and now preserved in the Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives. We reproduce them with permission of the Quileute families.

Another Indian educator, Leo J. Frachtenberg of the Chemawa boarding school, visited La Push and left a detailed account of the six-day-long Klukwalli, or Tlokwali, ritual, to initiate a new member to the Wolf Society. On the dramatic first day, he writes, as the women and old men wait inside the Tlokwali house,

“All other members of the Tlokwali betake themselves first to the woods, where they imitate the cries and actions of the wolf. After a while they proceed to the Tlokwali-house, whistling, crying and behaving themselves like wolves. Before entering the house, they walk around it shouting, pounding the walls with sticks and throwing rocks at them.

Finally they enter, led by two men who wear wolf masks and the ends of whose blankets are tied in such a way as to represent the tail of the wolf. The others carry salal-bushes on their shoulders and are provided with whistles of various sizes. All crawl in on their hands and knees (also in imitation of the wolf:"

Those inside the house begin to sing a ritual incantation, at the end of which the doors open and the Wolves rush in, “shouting, blowing their whistles and shaking the salal-bushes.” At a signal from the directors of the ceremony, “they stop making noises and throw themselves in a pile, one on top of the other.” When the song resumes, the Wolves rush out again, take off their costumes and re-enter for the rest of the ceremonies, which culminate in a potlatch giveaway.
The "Other" Westerns

By Elizabeth Weatherford

Extraordinary tribal house fronts and towering poles carved with clan emblems, flanked by beaches with ocean-going canoes and on the land side, the dense rain forest—these images of the Pacific Northwest have always entranced the photographers, ethnographers and filmmakers who made their way there. The Native peoples of the Canadian and American North Pacific coast have provided memorable cinematic moments from the early days of silent movies to the present.

In 1914 photographer Edward S. Curtis (1868–1952) worked with the Kwakwaka’wakw to produce the silent film In the Land of the Head Hunters, a melodramatic story set before European contact. The people were already well-known for spectacular visual dramas in their traditional ceremonials; community members no doubt participated in the film because of their own interest in performance. The filming permitted them to openly perform parts of the ceremonial dances that had been driven underground by Canada’s Federal Potlatch Prohibition law, which remained in effect from 1884 to 1951.

The North Pacific coast has provided a counterpoint to popular images of the Indian. Director Jim Jarmusch used this contrast to great metaphoric effect in Dead Man, his twisted version of a genre Western. William Blake, a timid clerk played by Johnny Depp, ventures out west for a job but in a bizarre turn is fatally wounded. An Indian named Nobody, played by Gary Farmer (Cayuga), proceeds to take the dying man further West to a Makah village for eventual sea burial, in a location vastly different from the Plains and Southwest which for generations of movie-goers had defined (and limited) where Native peoples lived.

This setting offers potential for strange happenings in heavily forested and often isolated communities. The region’s traditional stories occur in a world shaped by multiform beings such as Eagle and Raven who preceded humankind. Perhaps contemporary film and television producers consider this isolation when setting their stories in a village or forest inhabited by werewolves or vampires (or, in the Twilight series, both). In Wolf Lake, a series on CBS about a town struggling with its werewolf citizens, Graham Greene (Oneida) played a lively role as the secretly knowledgeable high school science teacher.

Today the region has an outstanding Native presence in documentary and experimental filmmaking, infused with a strong sense of community activism. Seattle is one of the magnet towns for Native film education. It was the home of early Native filmmaker and teacher, Phil Lucas (1942–2007). Now the Native Voices program at the University of Washington is training a whole generation of new documentary directors.

Native Lens, a project that brings media training to Native youth in their own communities, has won an international reputation. The other vibrant Native film center in the region is Vancouver, site of the independent media maker organization IMAG/Indigenous Media Arts Group and, since 2000, the Indigenous Independent Digital Filmmaking Program at Capilano College.

Regional filmmakers are using media to represent community stories intimately, as independent productions and in broadcast series for Canada’s Aboriginal Peoples Television Network (APTN).

• Sandra Sunrising Osawa (Makah) has filmed in her own community and others since the 1970s about treaty-guaranteed fishing and land rights. She has made outstanding documentaries about Native performing artists, such as jazz musician Jim Pepper and comedian Charlie Hill.

• Marianne Jones (Haida) and Jeff Bear (Maliseet) produced APTN’s three-season series Eagles and Ravens on Haida arts and community issues, including the powerful Line at Lyall, documenting an incident in which elders stood on the road to stop clear cutting in Haida forests.

• Actor (and physician) Evan Adams (Coast Salish), who made the role of Thomas Builds-the-Fire come alive in Smoke Signals, turned to documentary filmmaking in his own Sliammon First Nation community as the treaty process with the Canadian government was rolling out in British Columbia.

• Barb Cranmer (Namgis) has focused on continuity in tribal traditions. She has documented families going to their traditional fishing grounds to net oil-rich eulachon, also known as the oolichan, a variety of smelt.

• In Raven Tales, an APTN animation series originated by Chris Kientz (Cherokee) and Simon James (Kwakwaka’wakw), plots turn on the intervention and mishaps of figures drawn from the region’s story traditions, such as Raven, Eagle and Frog.

Elizabeth Weatherford is director of the NMAI’s Film & Video Center at the George Gustav Heye Center in lower Manhattan.
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AUCTION SCHEDULE

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Gun Smoke Saloon, Page, AZ
Preview 11-12:30, Auction at 1 pm
www.blairstradingpost.com

SEPTEMBER 19
12th Bi-Annual Friends of Hubbell Native Art Auction
Hubbell Trading Post, Ganado, AZ
Preview 9-11, Auction at Noon DST
www.friendsofhubbell.org

SEPTEMBER 26
2nd Annual Gathering of the Traders Rug Auction
Cortez Cultural Center, Cortez, CO
Preview 9 am, Auction at 4
www.culturalpartners.org

OCTOBER 17
MNA / Flag Cultural Partners Navajo Rug Auction
Coconino Center for the Arts, Flagstaff, AZ
Preview 9-11 am, Auction at Noon DST
www.culturalpartners.org

NOVEMBER 14
Third Annual UNM Press Navajo Rug Auction
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Preview 9 am, Auction at 1 pm
www.unm.edu/~maxwell

NOVEMBER 20 & 21
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A division of Southwest Learning Centers, Inc., a non-profit educational organization, est. 1972
MÉRAZ understands the importance of giving a contemporary and complex portrayal of native people. He is purepecha (Tarasco), an indigenous nation centered in the Mexican state of Michoacan. His paternal grandfather spoke the Tarascan language and was a practicing medicine man.

United States, despite the wealth of communities who practice their traditions and speak their ancestral languages. “It is just a border. That’s all it is,” he says. “You can’t take away a culture because of it.

“It is time [for indigenous people] to unite,” he says. “We need each other.”

While his ancestry is Mexican, Meraz was born and raised in Mesa, Ariz., the youngest of six children. At the age of five, his life changed drastically when his father was incarcerated. His mother took two jobs to support the family. His eldest brother watched out for his well-being, involving him in the arts to keep him out of trouble.

Meraz attended the New School for the Arts in Tempe, a public charter school specializing in visual, performing and literary arts. He studied painting and became a break-dancer. He also studied martial arts for five years, earning a black belt. Meraz credits karate for giving him discipline and a strong work ethic.

At the age of 17, another tragedy struck when his mother passed away from stomach cancer. She was a major influence in his life, and he soon lost the desire to paint or dance. At that time, two people came into his life who eventually brought him back to the performing arts. They were the choreographers and dancers Raoul Trujillo (Apache/Ute) and Rulan Tangen (Metis). Trujillo was recruiting dancers to portray warriors in the film The New World, with Colin Farrell and Q’orianka Kilcher (Quechua). Meraz was cast as one of the core warriors and, although it was his first film role, the director was very enthusiastic about his work and movement.

Meraz was not cast in another film role for four years. Instead he continued to work in dance. His mentors introduced him to dancer and choreographer Santee Smith (Mohawk), who hired him despite his lack of classical training. He toured Canada with her company and learned technique. He was nominated for a Dora Mavor Moore Award, a Canadian award for theatre, dance and opera.

Meraz also worked with his mentor Tangen, who taught him about delving into a character, exploring the feelings and emotions behind certain movements. With each dance, he worked as an actor, developing and building characters.

Reflecting on his work with Tangen and Smith, Meraz remarks, “Women are the ones who create things. It is great for me to work with women who are so powerful. It has been an amazing blessing that has taught me so much, not only about dance, but about life.”

Another teacher in his life has been his 18-month-old son, Somak (“beautiful one” in Quechua), who he credits for giving him a new faith in life. When Meraz found out that his wife Kim was pregnant, he had the tops of his feet tattooed in patterns representing the marriage of the sun and moon in the Zapotec tradition. The tattoos honor his son. Meraz put them on his own feet to recognize that his son “is the one that was going to keep me grounded.”

Meraz hopes that his work in New Moon will provide him more opportunities to give back to the indigenous community. When he was younger, he taught painting and break-dancing. Now he wants to help open community centers on reservations and in low-income areas that would offer art and dance classes and counseling to youth.

When speaking to Native youth about his life, he encourages them to accomplish their dreams without abandoning their culture and traditions. He tells them that their culture “is what is going to give you that strong support when you are out there in the world. You need something to come back to spiritually.”

Anya Mantiel (Tohono O’odham) works in the Cultural Arts Office at the National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.
The pattern on this vibrant new Pendleton blanket is based on the painting *New Mexico No. 1 (1964)*, a landscape in horizontal bands of color by artist Fritz Scholder (Luiseño 1937-2005).


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The work of Brian Jungen (b. 1970), widely considered the leading Native artist of his generation, will be featured this fall at the Smithsonian’s National Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C. Occupying 9,000 square feet and featuring major works never before shown in the United States, *Brian Jungen: Strange Comfort* is the first solo show of a living contemporary artist at the NMAI’s Mall Museum since opening in 2004.

**The Weird Beauty of Brian Jungen**

By Kathleen Ash-Milby

Brian Jungen, of Swiss-Canadian and Dunne-za First Nations ancestry, worked for several years primarily in the Vancouver, British Columbia art scene, but his work came to prominence with the exhibition *Brian Jungen*, organized by the Vancouver Art Gallery in 2005. The exhibition prominently featured *Prototypes for New Understanding* (1998–2005), an ingenious series of masks Jungen created with deconstructed Nike Air Jordans. The artist began to attract critical attention as the exhibition began an extensive tour, including prestigious venues such as the New Museum in New York and the Museum Villa Stuck, Munich, Germany. By 2007, one of the *Prototypes* sold at auction in Toronto for $140,000 CAD, and he was fielding numerous invitations to exhibit his work internationally, such as the Gwangju Biennial in South Korea and the Sydney Biennale in Australia.

Just what is it that makes Jungen’s work so attractive to general audiences and to art critics? Perhaps it is his ability to transform everyday objects into mysterious, beautiful and playful forms while engaging in complex dialogues about globalization and the commodification of Indian culture. As exhibition curator Paul Chaat Smith explains, “Jungen transforms the familiar and banal into weirdly beautiful objects.” Sports paraphernalia, such as the baseball mitts that comprise the work *The Prince* (2006) and the rewoven sports jerseys in *Blanket No. 7* (2008) demonstrate the artist’s ability to pull together completely disparate worlds, such as professional athletics and contemporary art. His use of familiar objects provides a touchstone for viewers who may not normally be comfortable with contemporary art; for those of us familiar with Native art, the references to Native symbols, forms and the process of transformation add yet another dimension to his work.

A major new work featured in the exhibition is *Crux* (as seen from those who sleep on the surface of the earth under the night sky), which was created for last summer’s Sydney Biennale. A dazzling mobile featuring animals made from old and new luggage, Jungen created the work on Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbor. “Crux” is the formal name for the constellation that is commonly known as the Southern Cross. Both the subtitle and five animals — crocodile, possum, shark, emu and sea eagle — suggest an oppositional, Aboriginal reading of the stars and their meaning. The work was recently acquired by the museum and will be one of the first works the visitors will encounter as they enter the museum’s atrium.

*Brian Jungen: Strange Comfort* is a compelling meditation on the dangerous beauty and seductive power of objects, on the things Indian people make, and what others make of them. Presented on the politically and emotionally charged stage of the National Mall, Jungen’s work will provoke new insight, questions and conversations about living in a world that grows more complex and connected every day.

Kathleen Ash-Milby (Navajo) is an associate curator at the Smithsonian’s National Museum of the American Indian, George Gustav Heye Center in New York City. The exhibition *Brian Jungen: Strange Comfort* is open at the NMAI D.C. from Oct. 16, 2009 through Aug. 8, 2010.
Native cultures of Mexico come to the George Gustav Heye Center in Hispanic Heritage Month. In September, enjoy the vibrant energy of the fandango with Radio Jarocho. Then bring the family for Day of the Dead on Oct. 31.

The six multi-talented members of Radio Jarocho will bring their fandango – a celebration of music, dance and song – to the museum on Saturday, Sept. 12 at 2 p.m. According to Radio Jarocho founder Gabriel Guzman, fandango hails from southern Veracruz, Mexico, and is a blend of Spanish, Afro-Caribbean and Mexican indigenous cultures. The songs – *sones jarochos* – are a rich traditional style that includes a lot of improvisation. They are usually performed with an eight-string *jarana*, four-string *guitarra de son*, harp, *zapateado* (footwork) and percussion instruments. The performance is part of the “Celebrate Mexico Now!” festival that takes place throughout the city Sept. 11 – 13.

“People always have a positive reaction to our performances,” says Guzman, “whether they know the music or not, or where they are from. We’ve had the chance to play for school-kids and in the clubs. It’s happy music, about partying and having fun.”

Multimedia artist Tlisza Jaurique (Mexica/Yaqui/Basque/Xicana) will create another Day of the Dead installation for this year’s celebration on Saturday, Oct. 31. One of the most important holidays in Mexico, it is a time to honor the memory of deceased relatives and friends. A central aspect of the celebration is the altar, a place to welcome the returning souls. Jaurique’s rich and layered altars – some as high as 20 feet – combine the past and the present of her Mexica/Aztec ancestry. Indigenous elements include marigolds, incense and images of La Muerte – a death figure that recalls an Aztec deity.

With artist Marcus Zilliox, Jaurique created last year’s altar, *My Flowers Won’t End*. Inspired by Texcoco philosopher-king Nezahualcoyotl (1403–1473), who once compared people to flowers, the altar included glittery butterflies (traditionally believed to transport dead souls), a large La Muerte figure draped in red with a golden crown of skeletal figures and pictures of the artist’s own friends and family.

Jaurique has been making altars, a family tradition, since early childhood, starting with nichos (little sacred spaces) around the home. She has created installations at the NMAI in New York and District of Columbia, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and at the Day of the Dead celebrations in Los Angeles, Calif.

This year’s Day of the Dead celebration will also include dance performances, storytelling and hands-on workshops.
One of the recent additions to "Window on Collections: Animals" on the fourth floor of NMAI’s Mall Museum is a small, humble adze, a tool which combines a metal blade reminiscent of Home Depot with a bone handle in the form of an alert and lively sharp-toothed wolf. The Quileute woodcarver who made this adze fashioned it to fit his own hand, and probably used it all his life for constructing canoes, containers and ceremonial objects. We do not know the meaning of the wolf handle but surely it was important that the carver’s work was somehow imbued with the spirit of the wolf.

Thousands of years ago, according to an ancient story, the Creator Q’wati brought the Quileute people into being by transforming them from wolves. Today the Quileute live in the vast northern rain forest of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State, part of Olympic National Park. Woodcarving is an ancient art here, and tools similar to this one have been found in archaeological sites from coastal Washington north to British Columbia. Early tools used stone, slate or beaver teeth for cutting, but when metal became available through trade it was quickly adopted. The blade on this adze was probably made from a metal file that was reshaped into a chisel.

The Quileute people still continue ancient woodcarving traditions, making canoes, sculptures and ceremonial masks. And they still acknowledge the significance of the Wolf in dances and ceremonies where masked dancers dramatize the power and strength of the wolf.
“You are not half this and half that. You are all of this and all of that. That’s my philosophy about our identity as mixed peoples.”
— Daniel Rivera (Wakonax), Taino Nation ceremonial leader

“I’m African American, but I am also Cherokee. At no point in time do I choose.”
— Jason Eric Reed

Twenty-seven passionate essays explore the complex history and contemporary lives of people with a dual heritage that is a little-known part of American culture. Authors from across the Americas share first-person accounts of struggle, adaptation, and survival and examine such diverse subjects as contemporary art, the Cherokee Freedmen issue, and the evolution of jazz and blues. This richly illustrated book brings to light an epic history that speaks to present-day struggles for racial identity and understanding.

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Flood Song

We drill crumbs of ewe hair into the door hinge:

yellow dust blankets withers steaming in dog sweat;

red ants weave mud mandibles into nostrils
hushed by boot heels pounding flat
every inch of sand between our daughters and sons;

the horse’s hooves smash hospital gurneys
into spokes of blue static
blinking clear:

the son carved from the driver’s seat
his hand on the wheel
his hair reaching for spring water.

— Sherwin Bitsui

Sherwin Bitsui (Diné, b. 1975) is originally from White Cone, Ariz., on the Navajo Reservation. He holds an AFA from the Institute of American Indian Arts Creative Writing Program. A recipient of the 2006 Whiting Writers’ Award, Bitsui has published two poetry collections, Shapeshift (University of Arizona Press, 2003) and Flood Song (Copper Canyon Press, 2009). The excerpt above from Flood Song is reprinted with permission from the publisher. © 2009 Sherwin Bitsui.
CALENDAR LISTINGS

The traditional croplands area on the south side of the museum’s landscape features medicinal plants and food crops including the “Three Sisters” — corn, beans and squash — and are cultivated using traditional Native agricultural techniques. Staff will debut a new landscape tour of the grounds starting on the fall equinox, Sept. 22.

SPIRIT OF A NATIVE PLACE LANDSCAPE AND ARCHITECTURE TOURS
Tuesday, Sept. 22
Debut of multimedia tours of the museum’s landscape and architecture that show visitors how the Native peoples’ connection to the land is essential to understanding the Native way of life. These educational tours will be available on the museum’s website and downloadable to cell phones and iPods.

RIT BIG SHOT 2009
Saturday, Sept. 26
7:45 p.m., Museum grounds
The Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT) celebrates the 25th anniversary of its Big Shot event. Each year, RIT selects a building for a dramatic nighttime photo shoot and we need your help to illuminate the museum with handheld light sources. It’s BYOF (Bring Your Own Flashlight)!
20TH ANNIVERSARY GALA RECEPTION

Wednesday, October 7
7 P.M., Wash., D.C.
Celebrate with stars at the Smithsonian’s National Museum of the American Indian’s 20th Anniversary Gala Reception at the Mall Museum. This event will commemorate four landmark anniversaries—the 20th anniversary of the legislation that created the NMAI, the 15th anniversary of the George Gustav Heye Center in New York City, the 10th anniversary of the Cultural Resources Center in Maryland, and the 5th anniversary of the Mall Museum in Washington, D.C.

Guests will enjoy Native foods, visiting the galleries, listening to musical performances, and interacting with cultural demonstrators throughout the museum. The program honors Senators Ben Nighthorse Campbell (Northern Cheyenne) and Daniel Inouye, and presents the first NMAI “Prism Award.” CBS news correspondent Hattie Kauffman (Nez Perce) emcees the reception, with Buffy Sainte-Marie (Cree) and Wes Studi (Cherokee) among the special guests.

For more information or to order tickets, please contact Patricia Kramer at 202-633-6953 or email KramerP@si.edu.

DINNER AND A MOVIE

Friday, Oct. 9
7 p.m., Rasmuson Theater
La MISSION starring Benjamin Bratt (2009, 117 min.)
Set in the colorful San Francisco district that bears its name, La MISSION is a story of redemption imbued with the curative power of Aztec tradition. Moderated discussion with filmmakers and brothers Peter and Benjamin Bratt to follow the screening.

From 5 – 6:30 p.m. our Zagat-rated Mitsitam Cafe will offer a full menu. Admission for the screening is free, but reservations are required.

BRIAN JUNGEN: STRANGE COMFORT

Friday, Oct. 16
W. Richard West, Jr. Contemporary Art Gallery
This major survey of Brian Jungen (Dunneza First Nations/Swiss/Canadian) who is widely regarded as the foremost Native artist of his generation, transforms the familiar and banal into exquisite objects that reference themes of globalization, pop culture, museums and the commoditization of Indian imagery.

MEET THE ARTIST: BRIAN JUNGEN

Friday, Oct. 16
7 p.m., Ring Auditorium, Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden
Brian Jungen discusses his work, influences, future projects and current NMAI exhibition Strange Comfort with curator, art historian and critic Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev. This program is co-sponsored by the NMAI and the Hirshhorn Museum.

LOS DIAS DE LOS MUERTOS/DAYS OF THE DEAD

Saturday, Oct. 31 and Sunday, Nov. 1
Potomac Atrium
See an ofrenda (altar) display and celebrate Los Dias de los Muertos which is celebrated in communities throughout the U.S., Mexico and many other parts of Latin America. Additional programs will be at the National Museum of American History with collaboration of the Smithsonian Latino Center.
CHILDREN’S NATIVE AMERICAN OPERA
EL CONEJO Y EL COYOTE / THE RABBIT AND THE COYOTE
Thursday, Nov. 5 – Saturday, Nov. 7
Thursday/Friday at 10:15 a.m. and 12 noon
Saturday at 2 p.m., Rasmuson Theater
Sung in a fantastical imaginary language and narrated in English, the opera is a creative exploration of possibilities that is sure to please children of all ages. Presented in collaboration with the Smithsonian’s Discovery Theater for Children, the Smithsonian Latino Initiatives Pool, the Mexican Cultural Institute and Government of the State of Oaxaca, Mexico.

INDIVISIBLE: AFRICAN–NATIVE AMERICAN LIVES IN THE AMERICAS
Nov. 10, 2009 – May 30, 2010
Sealaska Gallery
This exhibition focuses on the interactions between African American and Native American people, especially on those of blended heritage. Presented in partnership with the Smithsonian’s National Museum of African American History and Culture and the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service.

INDIVISIBLE: AFRICAN–NATIVE AMERICAN LIVES IN THE AMERICAS SYMPOSIUM
Friday, Nov. 13
10:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m., Rasmuson Theater
This one-day symposium with several sessions aims to bring visibility to African-Native American lives and initiate a healing dialogue on African–Native American experiences for people of all backgrounds, to consider the basic human desire of being and belonging.

KEVIN LOCKE NATIVE DANCE ENSEMBLE
THE DRUM IS THE THUNDER, THE FLUTE IS THE WIND
Saturday, Nov. 14
2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., Rasmuson Theater
A dramatic performance of traditional and contemporary American Indian dances with Kevin Locke (Lakota) and his eight-member ensemble performance that includes drumming, vocals and flute music, partnered with dances. Presented as part of the Native Expressions series, co-produced by NMAI and the Smithsonian Associates. This program was made possible by the National Endowment for the Arts’ American Masterpieces: Dance Initiative, administered by the New England Foundation for the Arts. Tickets required; visit www.residentassociates.org or call (202) 633-3030.
FALL FAMILY WEEKEND: FROM DEER TO DANCE
Saturday, Nov. 14 and Sunday, Nov. 15
10:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m., various museum locations
This is a colorful celebration of culture, music, dance, art and education. Visitors will explore the Native process of turning the hides or skins of animals into the beautiful dresses or regalia worn during traditional ceremonies and powwows. Presented in partnership with the Smithsonian Center for Education and Museum Studies.

THANKSGIVING TAKE-HOME MENU
Orders due Sunday, Nov. 15; Pick up on Nov. 24 and 26
Mitsitam Cafe
The NMAI’s award-winning cafe offers take-home traditional foods including soups, sides, entrees, desserts and turkey with all the trimmings. Call the catering office at (202) 633-7041.

FOODWAYS OF THE AMERICAS
Friday, Nov. 27 – Sunday, Nov. 29
10:30 a.m. – 4:30 p.m., various museum locations
Presented in honor of Native American Heritage Day – Nov. 27. The rich contributions of foods of the Americas to the world range from chilies to chocolate. There will be food demonstrations and artisans as well as several hands-on activities for families and young visitors. Presented in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center and the NMAI’s Mitsitam Cafe.

FILM & VIDEO
Daily and Special Screenings

SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS
Sept. 5, 12, 19 and 26
11 a.m., Mitsitam Cafe
To celebrate Hispanic Heritage Month, join us for family-friendly cartoons from Latin America. Educational activities and family tours follow screenings. Cartoons in Spanish and Portuguese, with English subtitles.

SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS
Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31
11 a.m., Mitsitam Cafe
2009 has been named the International Year of Astronomy by the International Astronomical Union and UNESCO to help the citizens of the world rediscover their place in the universe. Join us for family-friendly cartoons focused on Native astronomy that will engage your sense of wonder and discovery. Educational activities and family tours follow screenings.

SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS
Nov. 7, 14, 21 and 28
11 a.m., Mitsitam Cafe
To celebrate National American Indian and Alaska Native Heritage Month, join us for family-friendly cartoons from North and South America. Educational activities and family tours follow screenings.

STORIES OF NATIVE WARRIORS
Wednesday, Nov. 11, Veterans Day
Rasmuson Theater
In honor of veterans, the NMAI put out a call for four-minute-long, non-fiction films focused on Native veterans to illustrate what participation in the military means to Native people. Come see the amazing entries.

NMAI VIRTUAL POTLUCK
Saturday, Nov. 28
A national fundraising event where you can help us reach our goal of $50,000 by hosting a potluck (in person or virtually) in honor of our four landmark anniversaries. Create your own fundraising page and invite friends and family to participate. Registration begins on Sept. 21 at www.go.si.edu/NMAIpotluck.
PUBLIC PROGRAMS

NATIVE SOUNDS DOWNTOWN CELEBRATES
FANDANGO AT THE NMAI!
Saturday, Sept. 12
2 p.m. – 5 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
A celebration of music, dance and song from the six multi-talented members of Radio Jarocho. A blend of Spanish, Afro-Caribbean and Mexican indigenous cultures, the songs are a rich traditional style that includes a lot of improvisational zapateado (footwork). Presented in collaboration with Celebrate Mexico Now!

FROM THE SHELVES OF THE RESOURCE CENTER: STORYBOOK READINGS AND WORKSHOP
Saturday, Sept. 12
1 p.m.
Resource Center/Education Classroom
Celebrate indigenous people from Latin America. Listen to The Thunder King, a story from Peru, written and illustrated by Amanda Loverseed, and La Musica de las Montanas by Marcela Recabarren and illustrated by Bernardita Ojeda, read in Spanish and translated into English. Afterwards, join us for a workshop where you can make your very own panpipe from straws.

NMAI WORKSHOP
ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS BEADWORK!
Thursday, Sept. 17
6 p.m. – 8 p.m.
Joy Tone-Pah-Hote (Kiowa/Mayan) will conduct this beading workshop geared specifically for beginners. Participants will create a beaded ornament. Registration is required, (212) 514-3716. Materials Fee: $25 (non-members), $20 (members).

NMAI WORKSHOP
PAINTING WORKSHOP
Thursday, Sept. 24
6 p.m. – 8 p.m.
Education Classroom
Aguilar Marrero (Taino/Cheerokee) will lead a tour of the Andrea Carlson and Annie Pootoogook exhibits while exploring the ways both artists represent their cultural stories and environments. Marrero will then lead a hands-on workshop where participants will create paintings that depict their own cultural stories and backgrounds.

NMAI EDUCATOR’S WORKSHOP
FIRST ENCOUNTERS: TAINOS GREET COLUMBUS
Thursday, Oct. 1
6 p.m. – 8 p.m.
Education Classroom
Jorge Estevez (Taino) will lead a workshop exploring first contact with Columbus and the impact on Natives. Estevez will provide historical and cultural perspectives on the indigenous peoples of the Caribbean region, past and present. Registration required: (212) 514-3716.

NMAI EDUCATOR’S WORKSHOP
RETHINK THANKSGIVING
Saturday, Oct. 3
10 a.m. – 4 p.m.
Education Classroom
Learn about the Wampanoag Harvest Celebration, now called “The First Thanksgiving.” Wampanoag educators and cultural historians will share their perspective of this event. Registration is required, (212) 514-3716. Materials Fee: $25 (non-members), $20 (members).
FROM THE SHELVES OF THE RESOURCE CENTER: STORYBOOK READINGS AND WORKSHOP
Saturday, Oct. 10
1 p.m.
Resource Center/Education Classroom
Celebrate El Dia de Los Muertos (Day of the Dead) by joining us to listen to La Nina de la Calavera (The Skull Girl) by Marcela Recabarren and illustrated by Raquel Echenique, and A Gift for Abuelita: Celebrating the Day of the Dead by Nancy Luenn and illustrated by Robert Chapman. Both stories read in Spanish and English. After the readings, make paper flowers to take home with you.

INDIANS /DUTCHMEN LECTURE SERIES
Thursday, Oct. 15
6 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
See box on page 59.

TRADITIONAL DANCE SOCIAL WITH THE THUNDERBIRD INDIAN DANCERS AND SINGERS
Saturday, Oct. 17
7 p.m. – 10 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
Join the Thunderbird Indian Dancers and Singers, directed by Louis Mofsie (Hopi/Winnebago), in an evening of traditional social dancing. Heyna Second Sons are the featured drum group. Bring your family and enjoy the festivities.

Members of Danza Mexico Cetiliztli Nauhcampa prepare to enter the Heye Center for the Day of the Dead festivities.

PHOTO: STEPHEN LANG
Members of Danza Mexico Cetiliztli Nauhcampa prepare to enter the Heye Center for the Day of the Dead festivities.
INDIANS/DUTCHMEN LECTURE SERIES
Thursday, Oct. 22
6 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
See box on page 59.

EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS/DAY OF THE DEAD
Saturday, Oct. 31
1 p.m. – 5 p.m.
Museum-wide
Honor the memory of ancestors, family and friends in this celebration with roots in the indigenous cultures of Mexico. Activities include dance performances by Danza Mexica Cetiliztli Nauhcampa, storytelling with Elvira and Hortensia Colorado (Chichimec/Otomi) and an art installation and sugar skulls by artists Tlisza Jaurique (Mexica/Yaqui/Basque/Xicana) and Marcus Zilliox. Also featured are hands-on workshops featuring paper flowers and plaster skull figures.

INDIANS/DUTCHMEN LECTURE SERIES
Thursday, Nov. 5
6 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
See box on page 59.

CURATOR’S TALK WITH EMIL HER MANY HORSES
Thursday, Nov. 12
6 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
Join curator Emil Her Many Horses (Oglala Lakota) and learn more about our newest exhibition, A Song for the Horse Nation.

INDIANS/DUTCHMEN LECTURE SERIES
Thursday, Nov. 19
6 p.m.
Diker Pavilion
See box on page 59.

NMAI WORKSHOP
QUILL WORKSHOP
Thursday, Nov. 19
6 p.m. – 8 p.m.
Learn how quills are used to create traditional artwork. Details to be announced.
Contact Jorge Estevez at (212) 514-3716 for more information.

Juanita Growing Thunder spent about one thousand hours making this mask, commissioned for the exhibition, A Song for the Horse Nation.
In connection with the Hudson Quadricentennial, the George Gustav Heye Center will present a lecture series on the Native encounter with Henry Hudson and the Dutch who followed him. Speakers will focus on the American Indian viewpoint, a perspective often ignored in the past, and will interact with representatives of the region’s tribes. They will also offer the fresh outlook of a younger generation of scholars, based both in New York and the Netherlands.

Thursday, Oct. 15 – “We Durst not Trust Them”: Hudson’s Indigenous Interactions
James Ring Adams, senior historian in the Research Unit, will give an overview of Hudson’s encounters with Henry Hudson and the Dutch who followed him. Speakers will focus on the American Indian viewpoint, a perspective often ignored in the past, and will interact with representatives of the region’s tribes. They will also offer the fresh outlook of a younger generation of scholars, based both in New York and the Netherlands.

Thursday, Oct. 22 – Mahicans and Dutch along the Hudson
Historian Shirley Dunn, author of four books on the Mahicans of the Hudson, will tell the story of the Nation which gave Hudson his friendliest welcome and allied itself with the Dutch traders who followed.

Thursday, Nov. 5 – What Did the Native Peoples Think of Hudson?
Evan Haefeli of Columbia University will re-examine the traditional interpretations of the Native reaction to Hudson and the Half Moon.

Thursday, Nov. 19 – Representations of North American Natives in the Dutch Golden Age
Michiel van Groesen of the University of Amsterdam will discuss the images, both visual and written, that influenced Dutch public opinion toward the indigenous peoples of their new domain.

Although this circa 1838 painting is widely known as The Landing of Henry Hudson at Verplanck, the artist Robert Walter Weir (1803-1889) changed the scene when he learned that Hudson had in fact not made landfall at that point of the river. He takes the viewpoint of a tribal chief of the lower river valley sending out canoes to trade with and reconnoitre the Half Moon.

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FILM & VIDEO

DAILY SCREENINGS AND ESPECIALLY FOR KIDS
Visit www.nativenetworks.si.edu for the GGHC’s complete fall schedule of special film programs and daily screenings. All screenings are free.

DAILY SCREENINGS
1 p.m. and 3 p.m., and on Thursdays at 5:30 p.m.
The Screening Room, West Corridor

THROUGH SUNDAY, OCT. 4
Vis a Vis: Native Tongues
(2003, 58 min.) United States. Steve Lawrence and Phil Lucas (Choctaw), in association with Nick Torrens in Australia. Produced in association with Native American Public Telecommunications. Indigenous performing artist James Luna (Luiseno) and Ningali Lawford (Walmajarri) compare perspectives on life and society, using dialogue via satellite between the U.S. and Australia, scenes of their performances and video diaries.

MONDAY, OCT. 5 – SUNDAY, NOV. 1
Soy Pedro, Somos Mixteco/I Am Pedro, We Are Mixteco
(2007, 20 min.) United States. Cedar Sherbert (Kumeyaay). A complex conversation about immigration is intertwined with the story of an indigenous man who emigrates from Mexico to work as a fruit picker and activist in California.

Migrar o Morir/Paying the Price:
Migrant Workers in the Toxic Fields of Sinaloa
(2008, 35 min.) Mexico. Alex Halkin. Produced by the Chiapas Media Project/Promedios for the Tlachinollan Human Rights Organization.

A devastating portrait of the lives of farm hands from Guerrero who migrate to Sinaloa to pick exotic vegetables for export – from their impoverished home community to the slave-like conditions of the migrant camp.

ESPECIALLY FOR KIDS

THROUGH NOV. 1
In the Screening Room. Daily at 10:30 and 11:30 a.m.

We’ll Still Be Dancing (1992, 3 min.) United States. Dan Jones (Ponca). Children of the Ponca tribe of Oklahoma prepare to dance at a tribal gathering. Shown with permission of Sesame Street.

By the Rapids (2005, 4 min.) Canada. Joseph (Dega) Lazare (Mohawk). Produced by Big Soul Productions. In this comic animation a Mohawk city boy is shown the ropes on the reservation of Kahnawake.

The Beginning They Told (2003, 11 min.) United States. Joseph Erb (Cherokee). Produced for the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. The animals living in the sky work together to create the earth from a tiny piece of mud. In Cherokee with English subtitles.

Tales of Wesakechak: How Wesakechak Got His Name (2002, 14 min.) Canada. Gregory Coyes (Metis/Cree) and George Johnson. Stories from the Seventh Fire series.

Raven Tales: The Sea Wolf (2006, 23 min.) Canada. Caleb Hystad. Producer, co-author: Simon James (Kwakwaka’wakw). When First Man finds he has no skill as a fisherman and that his skills as an artisan are not appreciated, he seeks help from a mythical sea monster.
Call to Artists

Application Deadline:
Monday, September 14, 2009

NMAI Art Market

December 5 and 6, 2009
Two Locations: Washington, D.C. and New York City

For details and application, visit www.AmericanIndian.si.edu
Saturday, December 5 and
Buy one-of-a-kind,
Two Locations:
Washington, D.C.
and
New York City
National Museum of the American Indian
NMAI art market
items including jewelry,
and contemporary
pottery and apparel
handmade, traditional
directly from the artists.
Sunday, December 6, 2009
www.AmericanIndian.si.edu
Tim Johnson (Mohawk)
Jose Barreiro (Taino)
James Ring Adams
Kathleen Ash-Milby (Navajo)
Katherine Fogden (Mohawk)
John Haworth (Cherokee)
Margaret A. Bertin
Clare Cuddy
Doug Herman
Ramiro Matos (Quechua)
Eileen Maxwell
Gabrielle Tayac (Piscataway)

Randall L. Willis, Chair (Oglala Lakota)
Manley Begay, Jr. (Navajo)
Howard Berlin
The Hon. Ben Nighthorse Campbell
(Northern Cheyenne)
Wayne Clough
Robert Leigh Conner
(Confederated Tribes of Umatilla)
Cheryl Crazy Bull (Sicangu Lakota)
Philip Deloria (Standing Rock Sioux)
Lucille A. Echohawk (Pawnee)
John Ernst
Catherine S. Fowler
George Gund III
Frederick E. Hoxie
Maurice A. John Sr.
(Seneca Nation of Indians)
Eric Jolly (Cherokee)
Richard Kurin
Byron I. Mallott (Tlingit)
Marshall McKay
(T’oYa Dehe Wintun Nation)

Brenda Toineeta Pipestem
Co-Chair, (Eastern Band of Cherokee), Virginia
Richard O. Ullman, Co-Chair, New Jersey
Elizabeth M. Alexander, Virginia
Uschi Butler, Virginia
William K. Butler III, Virginia
The Hon. Ben Nighthorse Campbell
(Northern Cheyenne), Colorado
Vincent R. Castro, Delaware
Lynn G. Cutler, Holland & Knight LLP
Wahlia Faulkner Davis
(Cherokee), New York
Joe Garcia
(Ohkay Owingeh), New Mexico
Keller George
(Oneida Indian Nation), New York
Lyle R. Gibbons, Connecticut
Larry A. Goldstone, New Mexico
Marilyn Grossman, Washington, DC
George Gund III, California
LaDonna Harris (Comanche), New Mexico
Francis J. Henry Jr, Booz Allen Hamilton
Julie O’Keefe
(Osage), The Grayhorse Group Inc.
Robert Redford, Utah
Alice N. Rogoff, Maryland
V. Heather Sibbison, Patton Boggs
Gregory Smith, Smith & Brown-Yazzie LLP
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Joan Sterne, Virginia
Marx Sterne, Virginia
Ernie Stevens
(Oneida Tribe of Wisconsin), Washington, DC
Jerry Straus, Hobbs, Straus, Dean and Walker LLP
Eugene V. Thaw, New Mexico
Stewart L. Udall, New Mexico
Randall L. Willis
(Oglala Lakota), Georgia
Teresa L.M. Willis
(Yokama/Cayuse/Nez Perce), Georgia
Lori Winfree
(Lumbee Tribe of North Carolina), Oracle
NMAI ON THE NATIONAL MALL IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

HOURS: 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m. daily, closed Dec. 25.

LOCATION: 4th St. and Independence Ave. SW, Washington, D.C. 20560 (Located on the National Mall between the Smithsonian’s National Air and Space Museum and the U.S. Capitol)

PHONE: (202) 633-1000
TTY: (202) 633-5285
www.AmericanIndian.si.edu

NEAREST METRO STATION: L’Enfant Plaza (Blue/Orange/Green/Yellow lines). Take the Maryland Avenue/Smithsonian Museums exit.

ADMISSION: Free to the public.

FREE HIGHLIGHTS TOURS: Free, daily highlights tours led by Native American cultural interpreters. Visit the Welcome Desk the day of your visit for tour times.

DINE & SHOP: Eat in the critically-acclaimed Mitsitam Native Foods Cafe; open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. The full menu is available from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., with a smaller menu from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. Shop for unique gifts in the Chesapeake and Roanoke Museum Stores; open daily from 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

GROUP ENTRY: Groups of 10 or more may schedule an entry time for admission through the reservations office via the education office: (202) 633-6644 or (888) 618-0572 or email NMAI-GroupReservations@si.edu. School groups can also arrange for an educational visit by calling the numbers above.

NMAI IN NEW YORK CITY

HOURS: The museum is open daily 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Thursdays until 8 p.m.; closed Dec. 25. Free admission.

SHOP: The museum offers two shops – the Gallery Shop and the Museum Shop. The Gallery Shop (on the main level) features a large collection of books on Native cultures as well as authentic pottery, handcrafted jewelry, and Native music recordings. The Museum Shop (on the lower level) has a variety of children’s books, posters, toys, souvenirs, and musical instruments. Open daily 10 a.m.–5 p.m.
Call (212) 514-3767 for more information.

LOCATION: National Museum of the American Indian in New York, One Bowling Green, New York, NY 10004

Call (212) 514-3700 for more information. For program updates, visit www.AmericanIndian.si.edu and click “events.” For Film and Video updates call (212) 514-3737 or visit www.nativenetworks.si.edu.

All programs are subject to change. For membership information, call (800) 242-NMAI.
Produced by NMAI. Leonda Levchuk (Navajo) and Ann Marie Sekeres, Calendar Editors.
Native peoples have always honored their relationships with the land, and the lush landscape surrounding the National Museum of the American Indian forms “the beginning of the story” for millions of museum visitors each year. Richly illustrated with 100 color and black-and-white drawings and photographs, this collection of essays by Native writers and landscape designers reveals the challenges and triumphs of creating a new—and newly natural—environment in the heart of Washington, DC. Including sidebars that detail the spiritual and cultural connections between plants and people, the book explores not only the museum’s landscape but also the diverse ways that Native people celebrate the natural world.

Hardcover $45.00
Softcover $24.95
7 x 9 inches • 120 pages • 100 color and black-and-white illustrations
Published by the National Museum of the American Indian in association with the University of North Carolina Press.

“The Land Has Memory is a triumph, capturing the beauty and complexity of the Native universe and the intimate relationship between Native Americans and . . . the natural world.”—Clifford E. Trafzer, Rupert Costo Chair in American Indian Affairs, University of California, Riverside.

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