THE CONTEMPORARY NATIVE AMERICAN: A GROUP INTERPRETATION
SCRIPT BASED UPON VINE DELORIA, JR., GOD IS RED,
N. SCOTT MOMADAY, THE WAY TO RAINY MOUNTAIN,
AND HYEMEYOSTS STORM, SEVEN ARROWS

THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the
North Texas State University in Partial
Fulfillment of the Requirements

For the Degree of

MASTER OF SCIENCE

By

Jo Gayle Hudson, B. A.
Denton, Texas
May, 1978

The purpose of this project was to prepare a group interpretation script which is derived from the books cited in the title. An effort was made to prepare a unified script reflecting contemporary American Indian concepts of mysticism, philosophy, ecology, psychology, and education by selecting appropriate portions from the three books. The thesis includes a production concept, production procedures, the rationale for selection of excerpts, and the finished script. It is designed to employ seven readers and is divided into six parts. Those elements may be altered to fit various physical arrangements and program lengths.
TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Contemporary American Indian Movement</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purpose</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Procedure</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. THE AUTHORS AND AN ANALYSIS OF THE BOOKS</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vine Deloria, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. Scott Momaday</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyemeyosts Storm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Analysis</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. PRODUCTION CONCEPT</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Production Procedures</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Reflection of the Native American: A Script for Group Interpretation&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In recent years the Native American has become more aggressive in the pursuit of his human rights. As a result, there has been a renewed interest in the plight of the Native American. This general interest has produced an abundance of literature about Native Americans and by Native American writers. Many of these writings deserve the attention of students of literature. Much of the literature lends itself to oral interpretation presentations. This thesis is concerned with the recent American Indian Movement, the literature by contemporary Native Americans, and an examination of that literature for oral interpretation.

The Contemporary American Indian Movement

The 1960's ushered in a turbulent new decade for the United States. The country was at war in Vietnam and was also plagued with internal problems. Minority groups throughout the country began to realize that the members of a particular special interest group must be united and that public utterances by that group must be made in order to bring about changes in society that they felt needed to be made immediately. The Black Americans were the first minority group to join forces and make statements against the
injustices that they felt white society had dealt them. The Black Americans called attention to their cause by organizing protests, both peaceful and violent, sit-ins, marches, and rallies. All of these events brought about changes in government, education, and business which improved the civil rights of minorities.

In the wake of the Black movement another minority, the American Indian, began to organize and use some of the Black civil rights tactics in order to bring attention to their plight as a national minority. In 1970, *Time* magazine described the new Native American.

After more than a century of patience and passivity the nation's most neglected and isolated minority is astir, seeking the means and the muscle for protest and redress. Sometimes highly educated, sometimes speaking with an articulateness forged of desperation, always angry, the new American Indian is fed up with his long-divided people. He is raising his voice and he intends to be heard.1

In the years since the Europeans first came to America the Native American has been forced off his land, told he was savage and heathenistic, directed to change his religion, compelled to relocate on reservations, and forced to adopt a foreign culture in order to survive. In 1970 the Native American population was 792,000 as opposed to the 1,150,000 that existed at the time of Columbus.2 An article appearing


in a March 1973 issue of *Time* magazine suggests that conditions were such that life on the reservations was next to intolerable. The lives of those American Indians living on reservations were dictated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a branch of the United States Department of the Interior. Homes were often without the basic necessities of plumbing and wooden floors. Unemployment, the student drop-out rate, and the teenage suicides were higher than the national average. Finally, the life expectancy of a Native American was 63.5 years, seven years short of the average American. A 1970 issue of *Time* points out the possibility of a vanishing Native American culture. "Although the American Indian has been the subject of insatiable curiosity and unrelieved romanticism by whites almost 500 years of losing battles have made him nearly invisible." 

In 1969 many Indians, becoming aware of the danger of losing their culture, began to adopt some of the confrontation tactics that had marked the emergence of other minorities. The occupation of Alcatraz Island, in the San Francisco Bay, by American Indians was the first major event in a series of confrontations with the United States government during the next few years.

---

3"Behind the Second Battle of Wounded Knee," p. 18.
The inhabiting of Alcatraz was the result of the need for a community center for the San Francisco Indian population. Following a convention of Indian groups in October of 1969 the San Francisco Indian Center was destroyed by fire. This center had served as the focal point for Indian community life during the last two decades. The fire left the Indians of the area without a cultural center or meeting place. Nearly a week after the center was burned a small group of Indians, consisting primarily of college students from Berkeley and San Francisco State College, landed on Alcatraz Island and spent a few hours evading watchmen, only to be caught and taken ashore the next morning. Ten days later the same Indian group had reorganized and approximately 200 American Indians landed on the island securing it for almost eighteen months. The ultimate goal of the Alcatraz invasion was to gain title to the land and establish an Indian center, on the island, for all Native Americans regardless of their tribal affiliation. In an article for Christian Century, Vine Deloria, Jr. explains the significance of the Alcatraz occupation.

The capture of Alcatraz provided a symbolic center for the Indian protest but the message of Alcatraz failed bitterly. Basically, Alcatraz raised the question of land, first in the political and property sense of ownership and second in the larger sense of the relationship of land to communities, and ultimately to religious understanding. The result of Alcatraz was...
hardly comforting to Indians. They never received title to the island. White society simply evaded the whole problem by harking back to the days of Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph.

Although the Alcatraz incident failed in its avowed purpose, it did succeed in focusing national attention on the plight of the American Indians. During the years that followed Alcatraz several incidents occurred involving Native Americans and their civil rights. Another event that focused national attention on the Native Americans and their struggle was the passage of a bill restoring 44,000 acres surrounding Blue Lake in New Mexico to the people of the Taos Pueblo. The lake areas had been made into a national park in 1906. At that time the land belonged to the people of the Taos Pueblo, who considered the lake "sacred" and, therefore, vital to their religious practices. In December 1970 President Nixon signed a bill into law restoring the land to the Taos Pueblo people. It was a victory for the American Indian but it had taken sixty-four years to accomplish that victory.

As the plight of the Native American became more apparent, an organization called the American Indian Movement was formed to further the Indian cause. Members of the organization were generally activists and participated in

---


8 Deloria, God Is Red, pp. 8-10.
events such as the dorm occupation at Augustana College in Sioux Falls and the seizure of the United States Air Force property in Minneapolis. Labeled as "radicals" by many conservative Indians, the American Indian Movement became active and national attention began to focus on the Native American.

In 1972 a series of unrelated murders of Indians occurred. In Gordon, Nebraska, five whites captured Raymond Yellow Thunder, a fifty-one-year-old Sioux, beat him, stripped him of his clothes below the waist, and pushed him into an American Legion Hall where a dance was being held. He later died from the beating. In Arizona and California Indians were killed under suspicious circumstances, and in California Richard Oakes, leader of the Alcatraz movement, was killed by a guard at the YMCA camp. Vine Deloria, Jr. describes the results of these murders.

During the fall of 1972 there were continual complaints by American Indians about a number of shootings in Indian country in which Indians had been murdered without reason. Local officials did their best to cover up incidents, and when Indians appealed to the federal government for redress, they met with studied delays and deaf ears. So in early October, a caravan known as the Trail of Broken Treaties had been formed.

The Trail of Broken Treaties originated in the state of Washington and the city of Los Angeles and moved across the

---

9Deloria, God Is Red, p. 21.
10Deloria, God Is Red, pp. 35-37.
11Deloria, God Is Red, p. 3.
country toward Washington, D. C., stopping at reservations along the way to pick up support. When they reached Washington, the protestors found themselves without food or lodging. A conference was arranged at the Bureau of Indian Affairs in an effort to remedy the problem. During that conference, tensions mounted, and the result was the occupation of the Bureau of Indian Affairs by members of the Trail of Broken Treaties protestors on November 3, 1972. The occupation lasted for a week and the result was the destruction of the building, many documents, and several Indian paintings and artifacts. The most important outcome of the incident referred to as the Trail of Broken Treaties was the twenty-point program drawn up by its participants. The statement listed the Indian grievances and suggestions for remedying them. This document was possibly the most detailed statement ever presented to the United States government by an Indian group.  

In February 1973 one of the last militant confrontations between American Indians and police occurred. A group of approximately 300 Sioux Indians, who were also members of the American Indian Movement, seized Wounded Knee, South Dakota. This action was precipitated by the killing of an Indian by a white man in the nearby town of Custer, South Dakota. In the process of their occupation of Wounded Knee,  

the protesting Indians took as hostages eleven residents and barricaded themselves in a hilltop church. The group of Indians held Wounded Knee for seventy days against police and Federal Bureau of Investigation agents while negotiations were attempted. The demands of the protesting Indians included a full-scale investigation of the government treatment of American Indians, led by Senator Edward Kennedy, and the investigation of the 371 treaties with American Indians that had been broken by the government, led by Senator J. William Fulbright, and finally, the removal of Sioux elected leaders who were considered government puppets.13

The Indians chose Wounded Knee because of its historic significance. It was there in 1890 that some 200 to 300 men, women, and children were massacred by the United States cavalry. A May 1973 issue of U. S. News and World Report outlines the results of the occupation of Wounded Knee.

The second tragic battle between Indians and white men fought on this historic spot ended after seventy days with these overall results:

Indians will get new hearings on their grievances before the Government in Washington.

Legislation will be pressed in Congress for basic changes in the relationship between federal authorities and Indian citizens.

The goals of both sides will be striving for: more self-determination for Indians, expanded economic opportunities, protection of the natural resources they claim title to, better education.14


These agreements represent a success for the Native American, but more important was the ensuing agreement between members of the American Indian Movement and conservative Indians on the issues that were being raised. In his book, The Indian Affair, Vine Deloria, Jr. points out another important success as a result of the Wounded Knee occupation.

With the protest at Wounded Knee, resistance came full circle. The religious dimension of Indian life, previously divisive and destructive in the national organizations, became the most important aspect of the occupation at Wounded Knee. Ceremonies were held almost daily and the negotiations with the government were carried on with dignity and with ceremonial preparations.15

Accompanying the militant protests of the Native American was a new determination to "work within the system," through lawsuits and legislation. The Native American insisted that they were not trying to break off from the United States but to establish a symbolic Indian "nation" which would rally their people.16

As the militant protests and the court cases brought the American Indian to the attention of the public, the United States saw an increased interest among Indians and non-Indians alike in literature, the arts and other aspects


of Indian culture. Lloyd E. Oxendine accounts for this new interest in the Indian culture.

Suddenly he has emerged in all media, demanding attention and action but never that pity which is the liberal side of contempt. For the first time, a generation of articulate and well-educated Indian artists have a positive Indian identity to which they may relate.17

Up until the 1960's only a few books had been written about Indians by Indians; however, many books had been written about Indians by non-Indians. Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* and Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, although sympathetic to the Native American, depicted an inaccurate picture of the American Indian.18 Outside of a few paperbacks of limited distribution, few Indians had written books. In the early decades of this century Charles Eastman, a Sioux physician, produced a series of books which became known to the general public. Eastman along with Ella Deloria, Ruth Bronson Muskrat, and a few other writers produced the only books on American Indians by American Indians which had ever been written.19


The 1960's saw a breakthrough in literature for the Native American. Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell published *Miracle Hill*, a recounting of his experiences as a young Navaho trying to understand the white man's culture. Shortly afterwards, in 1968, Stan Steiner published *The New Indians*. This book chronicled the rising Indian Movement, particularly as it had been experienced by post-college Indians of the National Indian Youth Council and the National Congress of American Indians.\(^{20}\) Vine Deloria, Jr. describes what occurred following the publication of these books.

Almost immediately, publishers began beating the bushes for Indian authors, and Indians thought that the time had actually come for a presentation of their concerns to the public. Alas, the desire for income weighed heavier than the thirst for literature and despite N. Scott Momaday's *House Made of Dawn*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1969, the trend swept from books by American Indians to books on American Indians.\(^{21}\)

The 1970's have brought about many changes involving the Indian and the United States is beginning to see the emergence of Indian leaders, not only in business and politics but also in literature. Faderman and Bradshaw point out the increasing number of American Indians being published today.

We have come to a time, in the 1970’s, when Native American writers are speaking for themselves without anthropologists or historians to translate. We now


have three major Native American writers of statue—N. Scott Momaday, Hyemeyosts Storm and Vine Deloria, Jr., several books making major statements, and a number of younger writers appearing in the wake of these events.  

In Vine Deloria, Jr.'s book, God Is Red, N. Scott Momaday's The Way to Rainy Mountain, and Hyemeyosts Storm's Seven Arrows, the new theme of the Native American religion is considered. Faderman and Bradshaw explain the relationship of these three books as follows:

Deloria's newest book, God Is Red, is also a book of essays, but in it he turns to a new subject, Native American religion and the future of this country. In this new theme, Deloria joins Momaday in The Way to Rainy Mountain and Hyemeyosts Storm in Seven Arrows. Although each author approaches the subject differently, all three deal with mysticism, philosophy, ecology, and psychology. . . . In Storm's Seven Arrows, Deloria's God Is Red, and Momaday's The Way to Rainy Mountain, we have a kind of trilogy of Native American philosophy, all three containing new literary and conceptual approaches.

Purpose

The purpose of this thesis has been to analyze (1) Vine Deloria Jr.'s God Is Red, (2) N. Scott Momaday's The Way to Rainy Mountain, and (3) Hyemeyosts Storm's Seven Arrows, described by Lillian Faderman and Barbara Bradshaw in Speaking for Ourselves: American Ethnic Writing, as representing a trilogy of Native American philosophical thought, and to cut, adapt, and arrange portions of those books into a

---

22 Faderman and Bradshaw, p. 6.
23 Faderman and Bradshaw, p. 7.
full-length script for Group Interpretation which will express that philosophy in a rhetorical, aesthetic, and entertaining manner.

Procedure

In the preparation of any script for oral interpretation, it is necessary to follow certain preliminary steps of research and analysis prior to the actual adaptation of the chosen material into script form. It has been essential that these considerations be given adequate attention in the preparation of this script since it includes factual historical data as well as the philosophical ideas of three separate authors.

This thesis begins with some description of the historical background of the Native American which led to the creation of the current interest in Native American literature. No effort has been made to trace the entire history of the North American Indian. There is simply a review of the historical facts of the past few years which significantly mark the beginning of the current Indian movement. It begins with the development among Native Americans of an organized movement for the purpose of gaining national attention. It includes some discussion of the interest in publication of literary works by Native American authors.

Following the brief historical discussion there is a section, Chapter II, containing the biographical and
philosophical information about each of the three authors whose works are used in the script. This chapter includes not only information about their families and personal background, but also notes their accomplishments and their personal philosophies. Research into this area has produced abundant information on Vine Deloria, Jr. and N. Scott Momaday. There is much less information available about Hyemeyosts Storm.

Chapter II of the thesis also focuses on the three novels. The works have been examined and compared, and some attention has been given to matters of style, content, and structure. Also included is a discussion of the rationale for selecting certain portions for the script, and of other matters which governed the process of adaptation and arrangement of the script.

Chapter III includes the script and a discussion of various possibilities for staging a production of the script. Attention is given to such considerations as the use of visual and aural media, the use of music, and the possible use of certain other theatrical devices.
When analyzing literary selections for interpretation, it is helpful if the reader has some biographical knowledge of the authors whose works are being used in the script. Aggert and Bowen state,

... in all cases the oral interpreter should assume that biographical information on his author may assist him. Any literary work, whether a tiny poem in the first person such as "God's World" by Edna St. Vincent Millay or a long novel such as Black Boy, Oliver Twist, or To Kill a Mockingbird utilizes personal experiences of the author. It may involve actual or vicarious experience. In all cases, it has its roots in experiences of the author. If the reader neglects to know about him, he potentially limits his responses.\(^1\)

This chapter gives specific attention to the biographical information available which might have influenced the writings of Deloria, Momaday, and Storm. Since it is also advantageous for the readers to be familiar with the style, content, and structure of the materials being used in the script, this chapter also considers those matters in order to further enhance the interpretation of the script. The conclusion of this chapter deals briefly with some of the

advantages, peculiarities, and problems in adapting these particular works for group interpretation.

Vine Deloria, Jr.

In 1974, a review in *Choice* hailed Vine Deloria, Jr. saying, "More than any other author, Indian or white, dealing with the topic of current Indian affairs, Vine Deloria has challenged and stimulated the general public and the academic community. The impact of *Custer Died for Your Sins, We Talk, You Listen,* and *God Is Red* attests to that."  

Vine Deloria, Jr. is a big man standing six feet tall and weighing 225 pounds, with brown hair and eyes. Douglas N. Mount of *Publishers Weekly* describes his first meeting with Deloria and says he was "... wearing spectacles, a white shirt and tie, a plain business suit, very long hair, and heavy, decorated western boots."  

Robert Mayer of *Newsday* described him as "... a round-faced gentleman with a wry sense of humor." However, this pleasant picture should not overshadow Deloria's strength of character and the determination found in his writing. He is a well-educated person with vital statements for our society. These characteristics

---

2 Rev. of *Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties: An Indian Declaration of Independence*, *Choice*, December 1974, p. 1508.


4 Robert Mayer, "Vine Deloria, Jr.,” *Newsday*, 17 September 1969, p. 3.
are seen in his self description for Current Biography. He says his purpose for writing Custer Died for Your Sins was ". . . to raise some issues for younger Indians which they have not been raising for themselves. . . ."\(^5\)

Deloria was born into the Yankton Sioux tribe on March 26, 1933 in Martin, South Dakota, the son of Vine and Barbara Deloria. Vine Deloria, Sr. was a clergyman, and this fact proved to be an influence on the son's later education and writing. "Once a candidate for the Lutheran ministry, he now views Christianity, the theological handmaiden of the plundering invaders from Europe, as a failure. . . ."\(^6\) During the years 1954 through 1956 Deloria served in the United States Marine Corps and in June 1958 he married Barbara Jeanne Nystrom. The Delorias have three children and now reside in Golden, Colorado.

Probably the education of Vine Deloria, Jr. has proven to be one of the strongest influences on his writing. In 1958 he received his Bachelor of Science degree from Iowa State University and from there went on to receive a Master of Theology from the Lutheran School of Theology in Rock


\(^6\)"Deloria, Vine (Victor), Jr.," Current Biography, p. 102.

"The core of *God Is Red* is a comparison of Christian and Indian beliefs about the nature of religion, creation, the meanings of history, the characters of religious experience, death, human personality and community, and the role of religion in the contemporary world."^8^

In 1964 Deloria became the executive director of the National Congress of American Indians and because of his involvement with this organization his interests turned to law, which proved to be another strong influence on his writing. He returned to law school at the University of Colorado where he received his degree in 1970. Deloria then became a member of the American Bar Association, the American Judicature Society, and Amnesty International. He also served as the chairman of the Institute for the Development of Indian Law. This strong legal influence recurs throughout many of his works, including *Custer Died for Your Sins*, published in 1969, *We Talk, You Listen*, published in 1970, and *Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties* and *The Indian*.

---


Affair, both published in 1974. A review of The Indian Affair by Dee Brown alludes to this legal influence as well as some of Deloria's other influences.

The Indian Affair, although in some parts a condensation of the longer Broken Treaties, is also an excellent historical account of legal devices used by the United States to deprive Indians of their land and rights with emphasis on the twentieth century. Of special interest are the chapters on churches, and social and Indian education today—activities with which Deloria has been closely involved.

Vine Deloria is one of the most respected contemporary Indian writers. He has won several awards and is involved in many aspects of the development of better treatment for the American Indian. His awards include the Anisfield-Wolf Award in 1970 for Custer Died for Your Sins, followed by the honorary degree of Doctorate of Hebrew Literature in 1971 given by Augustana College. One year later he received the Indian Achievement Award from the Indian Council Fire.

Although Vine Deloria's books have not come close to selling as many copies as Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee by Dee Brown, his first work, Custer Died for Your Sins, did establish Deloria as a perceptive analyst of the Indian

---

9"Deloria, Vine (Victor), Jr.," Contemporary Authors, p. 146.


11"Deloria, Vine (Victor), Jr.," Contemporary Authors, p. 146.
problem. God Is Red follows a long line of perceptive books by Deloria and is perhaps one of the most interesting he has written. God Is Red is a series of carefully considered essays concerning the question of religion among the Native Americans. In the book Deloria argues that the serious problems in America today are directly traceable to the Christian religion. The book is written without deep bitterness and with humor and sympathy for the white American’s inability to understand the situation that he has created. The opening chapters provide an explanation of the activities of Indians in recent years and four related documents appear as appendices to the test. A variety of philosophical and literary sources are cited, but Deloria’s own handling of the argument between Christianity and the Indian religion is a reality of today’s world. Leo E. Oliva describes God Is Red as follows: "More serious than Custer Died for Your Sins and better written than We Talk, You Listen, this powerful theological indictment of Christianity deserves widespread attention."
Reviewing the life of Vine Deloria, Jr., a reader would be remiss in not recognizing the religious and educational influences throughout his life and the profound affect these influences have had on his writing. *God Is Red* is an example that points to Deloria's obvious training for theology and his accumulation of various degrees. Perhaps his philosophy of life for the American Indian can be found in *Current Biography* which states,

Deloria believes that the surge of interest in Indian culture among non-Indians in the United States springs from an instinct for survival and a sense that Indian tribalism, imbued as it is with community spirit and religious respect for the land, may provide the most viable model for a solution to the problems of individual alienation and destruction of the environment.  

N. Scott Momaday

In a review of N. Scott Momaday's first novel, *House Made of Dawn*, Marshall Sprague comments that the novel is

*... as subtly wrought as a piece of Navajo silverware, is the work of a young Kiowa Indian who teaches English and writes poetry at the University of California in Santa Barbara. That creates a difficulty for a reviewer right away. American Indians do not write novels and poetry as a rule, or teach English in top ranking universities either. But we cannot be patronizing. N. Scott Momaday's book is superb in its own right.*

Since that time, N. Scott Momaday has won a Pulitzer Prize for *House Made of Dawn* in 1969, and has published *The

16"Deloria, Vine (Victor), Jr.," Current Biography, p. 102.

Journey of Tai-me, which was republished as The Way to Rainy Mountain. Momaday has written many articles on the American Indian and has published his poetry in a collection entitled Angle of Geese and Other Poems.\textsuperscript{18}

Navarre Scott Momaday was born a Kiowa, the only son of Alfred Morris and Natachee Scott Momaday on February 27, 1934 in Lawton, Oklahoma. Momaday attended schools on Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo reservations in the Southwest and spent his last year of high school at the Augusta Military Academy in Fort Defiance, Virginia. During that time he became proficient in public speaking and participated in the activities of the fencing team. His life in Oklahoma was spent surrounded by his family and friends and is reflected in his writing. As a child he often visited his paternal grandparents. Momaday's grandmother often recited the ritual of the Kiowa sun dance to him and the grandparents' home was a meeting place for aged Kiowas. The entire book, The Way to Rainy Mountain, is devoted to these memories. On September 5, 1959 he married Gayle Mangold and they had three daughters before their marriage ended in divorce in 1973.\textsuperscript{19}

He is a tall man with black hair and brown eyes. He rises early in the day on a regular basis taking long walks before


\textsuperscript{19}"Momaday, N(avarre) Scott," Contemporary Authors, p. 520.
beginning writing. He states in *Current Biography*, "Writing can be real drudgery. I sometimes think it is a very lonely sort of work. But when you get into it, it can be exhilarating, tremendously fulfilling and stimulating."20

Momaday's interest in literature and poetry is reflected in his writing. He is committed to preserving the oral traditions of the Native American language. While speaking to students at Lawrence University in April 1971, Momaday said, "Language is original and powerful in itself. By using words, man can describe the world. We have failed in our time to articulate the beauty of the world, for we have failed to perceive that the world is beautiful."21 He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of New Mexico in 1958 and continued his education at Stanford University where he received his Master of Arts in 1960 and his Doctor of Philosophy in 1963. His career led him to the University of California at Santa Barbara where he served as an associate professor of literature.22 In 1973 he returned to Stanford where he is currently a professor of English.

---


22"Momaday, N(avarre) Scott," *Contemporary Authors*, p. 520.
N. Scott Momaday's writing has been called honest, unique, dignified, and simple. His second book, The Way to Rainy Mountain, illuminates the Indian as a person rather than a statistic in history.23 The book was received fairly well because it did not deal with contemporary problems but rather made a poetic presentation of past Kiowa history.24

The book abandons traditional European form and is unique in its concept. John R. Milton explains its form.

Each set of facing pages contains three paragraphs, in three different types. The first paragraph is the telling of the legend, timeless; the second is the telling of history, largely from the nineteenth century; the third paragraph is the author's comments from having heard the legends, read the history and travelled the same route taken by his forefathers centuries before.25

Near the end of the book one section combines the three parts so that the three viewpoints become the same. The book stresses a time that is gone forever, a landscape that is incomparable, and a human spirit which endures. It is a work that evokes the spirit of his people, the Kiowas, and does so in prose that is often close to poetry.26 The book is beautifully designed and is a strong illustration of the


24 Vine Deloria, Jr., rev. of Seven Arrows, by Hyemeyosts Storm, Natural History (1972), p. 96.


importance Momaday places on the oral tradition in tribal history.  

The culmination of the beliefs and philosophy of N. Scott Momaday could be said to be his concern for the environment. This theme is recurring throughout the majority of his works. In describing his feelings regarding the environment he suggests that a person should "... give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it (or) ... we shall not live at all."  

Hyemeyosts Storm

In a review of Hyemeyosts Storm's Seven Arrows, Charles Lawson praises the book saying,

There are few books that have a genuine hypnotic effect on the reader. Fewer still are those occasions in our reading when we come across a work with magical properties so enchanting that we immediately sense that we will be haunted by it the rest of our lives. Seven Arrows by Hyemeyosts Storm, is such a book. ... It is the most extraordinary book I have ever read, I think that it is going to force us to reconsider some of our basic conceptions of American literature. I know that it is going to make us stand up and look at the American Indian artist in a way that we have never regarded him before.  

---


Very little biographical information is available on Hyemeyosts Storm. He is a Northern Cheyenne from Lame Deer, Montana, and his background is reflected in his book which centers around the Plains Indians. Hyemeyosts Storm was commissioned by Harper and Row to write a book that would be the first in a series of books written by American Indians. He also co-authors the second book of the series, *Teachings of the Plains People*, with Harry MacCormack. The profits of these books are set aside and used to support special projects for the Native Americans.  

Douglas Latimer, the vice-president and publisher of Harper's Higher Education, who originated the project explains, "*Seven Arrows* is an interesting story about the Plains Indians. On a higher level, it is an allegory designed to teach the meaning of the Sun Dance religion/philosophy in much the same way as the Plains people were taught about it."  

*Seven Arrows* begins a new and important development in Indian literature. One does not need to know about Indians in order to understand the book. It traces the Cheyennes over a period of years and incorporates their friends, the Sioux, and their neighbors, the Crow. To classify *Seven Arrows* as a novel would be misleading, for it does not contain

---


a rigid structure, common to Western European tradition.\textsuperscript{32} Charles Lawson outlines the structure of the book as follows:

We must, to a certain extent, suspend our traditional concepts of the novel when we read \textit{Seven Arrows}, for at least two of the traditional conventions of the novel's form--character and time--are rejected here. Only place--the great American Plains, near the Rocky Mountains--remains as a conventional unifying force. It is particularly the absence of one central character however, that most strongly marks Storm's novel as something apart from the norm. \textit{Seven Arrows} has no central character, and because of this we may say that Storm's work is not a novel about an individual or two or three characters, but a novel about a people--the American Indian. \textemdash \textemdash \textsuperscript{33}

The story is conveyed through a series of questions and storytelling answers of the leading characters of the Brotherhood of the Shield. Thus at the beginning of the book, members of the camp bring their questions to the elders and receive the medicine stories concerning the meaning and origin of things.\textsuperscript{34} Leo E. Oliva summarizes the significance of the book when he says, "Altogether, this volume is a work of art which conveys the importance of visions and symbolisms in the Cheyenne Way."\textsuperscript{35}

\textsuperscript{32}Deloria, \textit{Natural History}, p. 98.


\textsuperscript{34}Deloria, \textit{Natural History}, pp. 98-99.

\textsuperscript{35}Leo E. Oliva, rev. of \textit{Seven Arrows}, by Hyemeyosts Storm, \textit{Library Journal}, 97 (1972), 2436.
Analysis

It must be pointed out that all three of these books were written by men who are not only knowledgeable in their tribal traditions but are also well-educated and possess an intimate knowledge of the Indian and his relationship to contemporary American society. Although each book is unique, all three books reflect the contemporary Native American beliefs and ideas about religion, ecology, mysticism, education, psychology, and philosophy; they lend themselves to the adaptation of an aesthetically pleasing and emotionally rewarding script. Coger and White explain this possibility in their text, Readers Theatre Handbook.

... some of the most exciting Readers Theatre performances result from compiled scripts consisting of materials of various genres taken from many sources but given contextual cohesion. Many factors can unify the compiled script. It may explore a theme or idea, illuminate the dimensions of an author's work, provide insights into a period of history, class of people, or geographical section, or tell a story, ... 36

After careful reading and analysis, Deloria's God Is Red, Momaday's The Way to Rainy Mountain, and Storm's Seven Arrows could be said to contain almost all of the criteria set forth by Coger and White. Although these books lend themselves to an exciting script, the diversified styles create problems in adapting them for a group interpretation script.

Being a collection of essays is the primary barrier when one adapts Deloria's *God Is Red* for group interpretation. The work does not contain character development or the structural format of a novel typically used for group reading. Therefore, the sections taken from *God Is Red* will primarily be short portions designed to exemplify or introduce particular portions of the script. The book tends to be highly analytical in form, strewn with elevated language, and highly philosophical in design which provides a secondary barrier for use in group reading.

*The Way to Rainy Mountain* by Momaday does not create the same problem of adaptation which is presented by a collection of essays. Because *The Way to Rainy Mountain* is a collection of reflections of stories and personal remembrances of the author, the three viewpoints of each story provides natural division of sections for use in the script. However, because the book does not follow any of the traditions of a European novel, it sometimes becomes difficult to determine the central or most important sections of the book. For these reasons only certain stories will be used to exemplify particular sections of the script.

The massiveness of *Seven Arrows* is the primary challenge in adapting it for group reading. Although *Seven Arrows*, like the other two books, does not follow the traditions of the European novel and is Indian in nature, it still contains rising and falling action, climaxes, and
delineation of characters. The major problem exists in trying to maintain some of the order of the book to facilitate the audience's understanding without retaining the bulk of the material. Particular stories or incidents throughout *Seven Arrows* will be used to further develop the separate divisions of the script.

Although there are several obstacles to overcome in developing these three works into an exciting and enlightening script on the Native American, these problems can be solved in order to meet that goal. Joanna McClay speaks of this possibility in her text, *Readers Theatre: Toward a Grammar of Practice*.

Although it is true that most literary texts will not read like neat ninety-minute packages, length should not deter the director from considering any work of literature. The presentation of relatively long or short works can be achieved in a special kind of program, the composite program, which can be one of the most interesting kinds of Readers Theatre productions. Such a program also has the virtue of providing additional critical insight into the literature, through the nature of the entire program and the relation of the individual selections or parts to the whole program.

Equally important is the consideration that such a program makes available to audiences literature (such as novels) that would otherwise not be seen in the theatre. . . . One of the added values of this kind of program is the extra dimension of understanding and appreciation that is possible through the very combination of several works.  

After careful consideration of the authors and the influences in their lives, the books and their different

---

forms and styles, and the problems each presents in adaptation for group interpretation, it is believed that an aesthetically pleasing, emotionally involving, and intellectually stimulating script can be developed.
CHAPTER III

PRODUCTION CONCEPT

Following a study of the background of the literature used for a particular group interpretation an investigation of the authors and the circumstances influencing the creation of their work, and before compiling a script it is essential that certain guidelines be established which will guide the director and readers during rehearsal and performance of the script. It is the responsibility of the director to determine the basic theme of the script, the means by which it is performed, the structure and the response desired by the audience. In their text, *Group Performance of Literature*, Long, Hudson, and Jeffrey emphasize the importance of this idea as they describe the developing of a production concept.

A production concept establishes a causal relationship between what you take a piece of literature to mean and how it is actualized. A production concept embodies what you have found (your interpretation through analysis) and what you intend to do (adaptation, rehearsal, staging); it is the articulation of your intent. Without a production concept, a performance is left to whim or chance; with one, you, as the director, have an approach from which to work—even though that approach may change.\(^1\)


\(^2\)Long, Hudson, and Jeffrey, p. 19.
Keeping this in mind, it is necessary that this type of production concept be applied to the following script.

It will be important for any director of this script to have thoroughly read all of the books included in order to have a complete comprehension of the script and the direction in which the production should proceed. The thrust of the script comes from Faderman and Bradshaw in their book Speaking for Ourselves in which they describe the books *God Is Red*, *The Way to Rainy Mountain*, and *Seven Arrows* as a "trilogy of the Native American philosophy."³ Faderman and Bradshaw point out that each of these three books deals with mysticism, philosophy, ecology, and psychology differently. This script makes an attempt to enlighten the audience in regard to these areas but no effort has been made to delineate each section. All of these areas intertwine and play off each other, making it impossible to separate them. Thus the following script could be said to have the general theme of the Native American and his philosophy.

In considering the means by which this script is to be performed, it is necessary to point out that because this script centers around three books, each of which separately demands a substantial amount of analysis for understanding, the performers of this script be of a higher educational

bracket in order to be better equipped to study the script and communicate it more effectively. A certain amount of study should be directed to the American Indian Movement and the authors of the books. This is covered in Chapters I and II of this thesis. Study in these areas will further facilitate understanding and communication. It then follows that when a director considers where and when to perform this script that he should also consider the type of audience who would be best able to understand and appreciate it. It is the recommendation of this author that this particular script be directed to audiences of a higher educational background.

This script is divided into six parts and is designed for an evening's performance. The director may, however, shorten the time of the performance by deleting one or more parts of the script. It is the intention of this author that the script be performed in its entirety in order to present a progression of the Native American thought and beliefs. Any director choosing to delete a section due to time or physical restrictions should be careful not to disturb the sequence of events. Doing so might prove to hinder the audience's basic comprehension of the script.

Finally, it is the suggestion of this author that strict attention be given to the use of silence in this script and that changes of scene and the progression of the script be handled by movement of the readers to different
areas of the stage. There should be no attempt to portray the readers as Native Americans with the warpaint and headdress that reflect the white Americans' conception of the Native American as this might prove to be not only false to these people but also serve to distract from the literature being performed. Coger and White further emphasize this by stating,

A Readers Theatre presentation . . . demands stricter attention to the aural elements of the literature. The interpreter must express the emotions, the attitudes, and the actions of the characters by economically using his face, his voice, and his body as vocal and physical clues to meaning. Nothing he does should distract the audience's attention from the characters, the scene, and the action within the literature.\(^4\)

It is the hope of this author that the audience will derive from a performance of this script a broader understanding of the Native American and his philosophy as well as an emotional involvement with his struggle to comprehend the occurrences of this century and the last.

**Production Procedures**

Following a thorough analysis of the script the director should then turn his attentions to the physical aspects of the script that will hopefully serve to enhance the literature and bring it to life for the audience. The actual staging of the script should be determined by the script

itself, the interaction of the characters and their psychological constitution. This author suggests that each director, following a thorough study of the script and the physical area he is required to work within, develop the movement, focus, and staging he feels will work to enlighten the meaning of the script. Along with movement and staging, several other visual and aural means should be considered for this script; they include setting, lighting, costuming, properties, and multimedia devices. Joanna Maclay speaks to the use of the devices when she says,

Designing and selecting costumes, properties, and settings for a Readers Theatre production present rather special problems, because the designer's task is to design in the interest of featuring the text and supporting the director's interpretation of the text. A very beautiful, highly imaginative setting will have no particular value in a Readers Theatre production if it has little or no relation to the text being performed. The same holds true for the absence of any specific set pieces. Neither is valuable in itself for Readers Theatre, except as it may serve to support or feature a particular text.

Again we see that the emphasis should be on the text and not the physical accoutrements described in the script.

It is the suggestion of this author that no physical set be used for a production of this script. A physical setting in this definition would be walls and doors or even teepees. Because of the multi-scenes involved, this script

---

5Coger and White, p. 75.

would be best produced on a bare stage with the exception of some platforms and perhaps some chairs or stools for height and dimension variety. By leaving the stage bare, the director would also be alluding to the simplicity of the Native American as described in the script itself.

The lighting of a particular production of this script would also fall under the same suggestions as that of the set. In this author's opinion the most provocative lighting that could be used would be a general lighting of the stage area and also of the audience. In looking again at the script the director will be able to see that a large portion of this script involves direct statements by the readers to the audience. By maintaining a general lighting pattern of both the readers and the audience the interaction between the two will be enhanced and thus provide for a more meaningful presentation. Coger and White support this theory by stating,

The presentational form of Readers Theatre, demanding as it does interaction with and the cooperation of the audience, suggest a further employment of light in the audience area. Often the house lights are left on, or are at least only slightly dimmed. The presentational, direct, storytelling nature of Readers Theatre calls for "feedback," for an overt response, from the audience. This interaction of readers and audience is one of the unique features of this type of theatre. Illumination of all participants, both actor-readers and audience members, . . . more readily elicits complete involvement.\footnote{Coger and White, p. 91.}
Costuming is another area which the director will want to consider in production of this script. It has already been suggested that no attempt be made to create a "white-man's view" of the American Indian by encumbering the readers with buckskin shoes and fancy headdresses. This script is an attempt to create a picture of the Native American nation rather than one tribe and since the buckskin shoes and eagle headdresses are only common to a few tribes it would be a misrepresentation of the Indian people as well as a misinterpretation of the script. Finally, costumes of this nature would only serve to distract the audience from the text where the focus rightfully belongs. Again Coger and White comment,

The reader's apparel must, of course, be given careful consideration, for it can be very useful in reinforcing characterizations. Although in Readers Theatre the audience takes a "double view," sees the reader tangibly before it while at the same time superimposing on him the character described in the literature, the reader's clothing should not distract from what is seen in the mind.8

This author suggests that the readers be clothed in everyday street clothes and perhaps that the colors they wear be those used in the script under the description of the making of the shield and the medicine wheel. The colors include green, black, blue, red, yellow, and white to further enhance the interpretation.

8Coger and White, p. 97.
Properties should also be the consideration of the director. Because of the bulk of the material involved in the script itself, it is this author's suggestion that folders containing scripts be carried by the readers with the option that they might be put down during some of the story sequences of the script at the director's discretion. Other than the use of the scripts, the author of this thesis sees no other reason for any use of physical properties as they would only serve to distract the audience from the text and take away from the symbolic atmosphere of the script.

The final area that should be considered would be the use of multimedia devices. Coger and White caution the director who undertakes the use of these mechanisms. "When used, the director must exercise great care and judgment in selecting the appropriate effects and then proceed to integrate them skillfully and subtly into the presentation as a whole." It is the recommendation of this author that no multimedia devices be utilized during the course of this script. The conveying of the simplicity of the American Indian is essential to the theme of this production and it is believed that these devices would only prove detrimental to this end. However, should a director choose to use such devices, some guidelines can be set in helping him make certain decisions. The books, Seven Arrows and The Way to

9Coger and White, p. 100.
Rainy Mountain are filled with pictures and drawings that might serve to enhance the mood of the production if they were projected onto a screen or hung in view of the audience. The use of these pictures and drawings would be preferable because they come directly from the source books of the script. Musical accompaniment might be used prior to and at the conclusion of the performance or even throughout as transitions or background music. However, the director should make an honest effort to find authentic music of the Native American. To use anything other than that would prove to be falsifying the picture of the Native American to the viewing audience. It is suggested that it might be even more effective to have the readers produce their own music rather than use tapes and records. This would again emphasize the simplicity on the Native American personality.

In summarizing the physical aspects of script production and the use of these in regard to the following script, it is the hope of this author that an attempt will be made by the director and performers alike to utilize techniques that will enhance rather than distract from the literature. Joanna Maclay supports this idea when she states,

Suggested costumes, props, and settings, then, have the virtues of allowing the audience to use its imagination to fill out the details and allowing the visual elements of the production to provide imaginative extensions of the experience beyond the mere literal level. Because many texts rely on the reader's imagination to perform such services, the Readers Theatre director and designer may rely fairly heavily on suggested costumes, props and settings. However, . . .
they must exercise a good deal of artistic control, so that the suggestions will direct the audience's response toward the experience of the text. It simply is not true that the audience will disregard the visual effects on the stage if the effects have little relevance to the text being performed. The audience will recognize discrepancies that may exist, and this will no doubt interfere with their enjoyment of the full experience of the text. 10

After an extensive study and analysis of the script as well as the formulating of a production concept and consideration of the physical aspects required for the performance, the director is ready then to proceed with rehearsals for performance.

10Maclay, pp. 48, 49.
REFLECTION OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN: A SCRIPT FOR GROUP INTERPRETATION

The Readers

Reader 1--Male: Narrator, Jumping Mouse, Young Man, Missionary, Grandson

Reader 2--Male: Narrator, Hawk, Wolf, Green Fire Mouse

Reader 3--Male: Lame Bear, Raccoon, Narrator, Night Bear

Reader 4--Male: Medicine Chief, Yellow Robe, Narrator, Chief Joseph, Big Elk

Reader 5--Female: Narrator, Great Buffalo

Reader 6--Female: Narrator, Dancing Water, Frog

Reader 7--Female: Day Woman, Narrator, White Rabbit

Introduction

Reader 1 (Narrator): You are about to begin an adventure of the People. ... The story of these people has at its center and all around it the story of the Medicine Wheel. The Medicine Wheel is the very Way of Life of the People. It is an Understanding of the Universe. It is the Way given to the Peace Chiefs. The Medicine Wheel is everything of the People. It is our Sun Dance. ... Come sit with me, and let us smoke the Pipe of peace in Understanding. Let us Tough. Let us, each to the...
other, be a Gift as is the Buffalo. Let me see through your Eyes. Let us Teach each other here in this Great Lodge of the People, this Sun Dance, of each of the Ways on this Great Medicine Wheel, our Earth.  

Part 1

Reader 6 (Narrator): The wise men of our people say: "Be silent and listen to the living things around you. Then you will become a total being, one with nature." Listen. Listen and remember the people's quest for truth and knowledge. Listen and remember their inquisitiveness, their love of nature, and their fearlessness in the face of danger. Listen. . . .

Reader 2 (Narrator): You know, the Kiowas are a summer people. Once upon a time a group of young men sat down in a circle and spoke of mighty things. This is what they said: "When the fall of the year comes around, where does the summer go? Where does it live?" They decided to follow the sun southward to its home, and so they set out on horseback. They rode for days and weeks and months, farther to the south than any Kiowa had

---

ever gone before, and they saw many strange and wonderful things. At last they came to the place where they saw the strangest thing of all. Night was coming on, and they were very tired of riding; they made camp in a great thicket. All but one of them went right to sleep. He was a good hunter, and he could see well in the moonlight. He caught sight of something; men were all about in the trees, moving silently from limb to limb. They darted across the face of the full moon, and he saw that they were small and had tails. He could not believe his eyes, but the next morning he told the others of what he had seen. They only laughed at him and told him not to eat such a large supper again. But later, as they were breaking camp, a certain feeling came over them all at once: they felt that they were being watched. And when they looked up, the small men with tails began to race about in the limbs overhead. That is when the Kiowas turned around and came away; they had had quite enough of that place. They had found the sun's home after all, they reasoned, and they were hungry for the good buffalo meat of their homeland.12

Reader 1 (Narrator): Listen and remember when all of the people were at peace with each other and together formed the brotherhood. The stories they shared were the medicine that made the people strong, long before the fair-skinned man came. Listen.

... 

Reader 5 (Narrator): Day Woman entered Flying Cloud's lodge and hugged Dancing Water. The girl peeked at the newborn baby before sitting down next to Dancing Water.

Reader 6 (Dancing Water): You must know quickly, Grey Owl, Four Bears, and many more are all dead.

Reader 5 (Narrator): Day Woman was crying hard herself now, but still she could not help but see the brightly colored material that Dancing Water dried her eyes with.

Early the next morning the men returned. Day Woman was awakened by the barking of the camp dogs. She slipped on her dress and stepped from the lodge just as Lame Bear dismounted.

Reader 7 (Day Woman): I will put your horse in hobbles for you.

Reader 3 (Lame Bear): No, picket him in front of the lodge and leave the weapons tied. We will have to move soon. The people who murdered your brothers and
uncles were not whitemen, Day Woman. . . . The Brotherhood is dead. . . .

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): The Way is not dead!

Reader 5 (Narrator): The Medicine Chief said as he entered the lodge. He was a big man, over six feet tall, a man of about forty winters. (A young boy named) Hawk followed the man into the lodge.

Reader 3 (Lame Bear): Look around you! Look what the power has given to the whiteman! They are People of war! They despise peace.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Is the love of the universe reflected only in material gifts? Lame Bear, I do not claim to understand these men, but if their Way is one of war and death, then they cannot be a full people. And remember, my brother, their fights are ours too. And one day we will find peace and live together. And we will grow.

Reader 3 (Lame Bear): Grow! Will Grey Owl grow? . . . The whitemen are determined to destroy all People whose Ways do not reflect their own. Go away, Man of the Shield. I am weary. I want to sleep.

Reader 5 (Narrator): Deep sorrow etched the eyes of the Peace Chief as he rose to leave. Day Woman and Hawk followed him from the lodge.

Reader 7 (Day Woman): Is it true?
Reader 2 (Hawk): Great Father, if they have these wonderful gifts, then why do they kill?

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): That, my son, is one of the riddles of men. Would you listen to a Story concerning men?

Reader 7 (Day Woman): A Story? Great Shield, please let me run for my sister, Prairie Rose, so that she too may hear it.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Bring as many of my children who will listen as you can!

Reader 5 (Narrator): Soon half a dozen children were clustered around the Story-Teller. He lit his Pipe and began:

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Once there was a Mouse. He was a Busy Mouse, Searching Everywhere, Busy with Mice things. But once in a while he would Hear an odd Sound. He would Lift his Head, and he would Wonder. It was faint, very faint, but it was there! One day, he Decided to investigate the Sound just a little. Leaving the Other Busy Mice, he Scurried a little Way away and Listened again. There It was! He was Listening hard when suddenly, Someone said:

Reader 3 (Raccoon): Hello little Brother, It is I, Brother Raccoon. What are you Doing Here all by yourself?
Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): I Hear a Roaring in my Ears and I am Investigating it.

Reader 3 (Raccoon): A Roaring in your Ears? What you Hear, little Brother, is the River. Walk with me and I will Show you the River.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Little Mouse was terribly Afraid, but he was Determined to Find Out once and for All about the Roaring. Little Mouse Walked with Raccoon. His little Heart was Pounding in his Breast. Finally, they Came to the River! It was Huge and Breathtaking. It Roared, Sang, Cried, and Thundered on its Course. Little Mouse Saw Great and Little Pieces of the World Carried Along on its Surface.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): It is Powerful!

Reader 3 (Raccoon): It is a Great thing, but here, let me Introduce you to a Friend.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): In a Smoother Place was a Lily Pad. Sitting upon it was a Frog.

Reader 6 (Frog): Hello, little Brother. Welcome to the River.

Reader 3 (Raccoon): I must Leave you Now, but do not Fear, little Brother, for Frog will care for you Now.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Who are you? Are you not Afraid being that Far out into the Great River?

Reader 6 (Frog): No, I am not Afraid. I have been Given the Gift from Birth to Live both Above and Within
the River. I, my Brother, am the Keeper of the Water.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Amazing!

Reader 6 (Frog): Would you like to have some Medicine Power?

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Medicine Power? Me? Yes, if it is possible.

Reader 6 (Frog): Then Crouch as Low as you Can, and then Jump as High as you are Able! You will have your Medicine!

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Little Mouse did as he was Instructed. And when he did, his Eyes Saw the Sacred Mountains. Little Mouse Could hardly Believe his Eyes. But there They were! But then he Fell back to Earth, and he Landed in the River! Little Mouse became Frightened and scrambled back to the Bank.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): You have Tricked me!

Reader 6 (Frog): Wait. You are not Harmed. Do not let your Fear and Anger Blind you. What did you See?

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): I, I Saw the Sacred Mountains!

Reader 6 (Frog): And you have a New Name! It is Jumping Mouse.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Thank you. I want to Return to my People and Tell them of this thing that has Happened to me.
Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Jumping Mouse Returned to the World of the Mice. But he Found Disappointment. No One would Listen to him. And because he was Wet, and had no Way of explaining it because there had been no Rain, many of the other Mice were Afraid of him.

Jumping Mouse Lived again among his People, but he could not Forget his Vision of the Sacred Mountains. The Memory Burned in the Mind and Heart of Jumping Mouse, and One Day he . . .

. . . went to the Edge of the Place of Mice and Looked out onto the Prairie. He Looked up for Eagles. The Sky was Full of many Spots, each One an Eagle. . . . He Gathered All of his Courage and Ran just as Fast as he Could onto the Prairie. He could Feel the Shadows of the Spots upon his Back as he Ran. Finally he Ran into a Stand of Chokecherries. Jumping Mouse could hardly Believe his Eyes. There was Water, and Seeds to Eat, and many, many Other Busy Things to do. He was Investigating his New Domain when he Heard very Heavy Breathing. He Quickly Investigated the Sound and Discovered its Source. It was a Great Buffalo.

Reader 5 (Buffalo): Hello, my Brother. Thank you for Visiting me.
Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Hello, Great Being. Why are you Lying there?

Reader 5 (Buffalo): I am Sick and I am Dying. And my Medicine has Told me that only the Eye of a Mouse can Heal me. But little Brother, there is no such Thing as a Mouse.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): I am a Mouse. And you, my Brother, are a Great Being. I cannot Let you Die. I have Two Eyes, so you may have One of them.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): The minute he had Said it, Jumping Mouse's eye flew out of his Head and the Buffalo was Made Whole. The Buffalo Jumped to his Feet, Shaking Jumping Mouse's Whole World.

Reader 5 (Buffalo): Thank you, my little Brother. I know of your Quest for the Sacred Mountains, and you need not Fear the Spots. The Eagles cannot See you while you Run under me.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Little Mouse Ran under the Buffalo, Secure and Hidden from the Spots, but with only One Eye it was Frightening.

Reader 5 (Buffalo): This is Where I must Leave you little Brother.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Jumping Mouse Immediately Began to Investigate his New Surroundings. There were even more things here than in the Other Place. In his Investigation of these things, Suddenly he Ran
upon a Gray Wolf who was Sitting there doing abso-
lutely Nothing.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Hello, Brother Wolf.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): The Wolf's Ears Came Alert and
his Eyes Shone.

Reader 2 (Wolf): Wolf! Wolf! Yes, that is what I am, I am
a Wolf!

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): But then his mind Dimmed again
and it was not long before he Sat Quietly again,
completely without Memory as to who he was. Each
time Jumping Mouse Reminded him who he was, he
became Excited with the News, but soon would
Forget again.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Brother Wolf.


Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Please, Brother Wolf. Please
Listen to me. I know what will Heal you. It is
One of my Eyes. And I Want to Give it to you.
You are a Greater Being than I. I am only a Mouse.
Please Take it.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): When Jumping Mouse Stopped
Speaking his Eye Flew out of his Head and the Wolf
was made Whole. Tears Fell Down the Cheeks of the
Wolf, but his little Brother could not See them,
for Now he was Blind.
Reader 2 (Wolf): You are a Great Brother, for Now I have my Memory. But Now you are Blind. I am the Guide into the Sacred Mountains. I will Take you there. There is a Great Medicine Lake there. The most Beautiful Lake in the World. All the World is Reflected there. The People and All the Beings of the Prairies and Skies.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Please Take me there.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): The Wolf Guided him through the Pines to the Medicine Lake. Jumping Mouse Drank the Water from the Lake. The Wolf Described the Beauty to him.

Reader 2 (Wolf): I must Leave you here, for I must Return so that I may Guide Others, but I will Remain with you as long as you Like.

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Thank you, my Brother, but although I am Frightened to be Alone, I know you must Go.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Jumping Mouse Sat there Trembling in Fear. It was no use Running, for he was Blind, but he Knew an Eagle would Find him Here. He Felt a Shadow on his Back and Heard the Sound that Eagles Make. He Braced himself for the Shock. And the Eagle Hit! Jumping Mouse went to Sleep. Then he Woke up. The surprise of being Alive was Great, but Now he could See! Everything was Blurry, but the Colors were Beautiful.
Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): I can See! I can See!

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): A Blurry Shape Came toward
Jumping Mouse. Jumping Mouse Squinted hard but the
Shape Remained a Blur.

Reader 6 (Frog): Hello, Brother. Do you Want some Medicine?

Reader 1 (Jumping Mouse): Some Medicine for me? Yes! Yes!

Reader 6 (Frog): Then Crouch down as Low as you Can, and
Jump as High as you Can.

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Jumping Mouse did as he was
Instructed. He Crouched as Low as he Could and
Jumped! The Wind Caught him and Carried him
Higher.

Reader 6 (Frog): Do not be Afraid, Hang on to the Wind and
Trust!

Reader 4 (Medicine Chief): Jumping Mouse did. He Closed
his Eyes and Hung on to the Wind and it Carried
him Higher and Higher. Jumping Mouse opened his
Eyes and they were Clear, and the Higher he Went
the Clearer they Became. Jumping Mouse Saw his
Old Friend upon a Lily Pad on the Beautiful Medi-
cine Lake. It was the Frog.

Reader 6 (Frog): You have a New Name. You are Eagle!\(^{13}\)

Reader 5 (Narrator): The lives of the people were filled
with stories such as this. These stories were

\(^{13}\text{Storm, pp. 66-85.}\)
designed to teach the people about life, to teach them a reverence for nature that no longer exists today. To the people . . . Other living things (were) not regarded as insensitive species. Rather they (were) "peoples" in the same manner as the various tribes of men (were) peoples. The reason why the Hopi use(d) live reptiles in their ceremony goes back to one of their folk heros who lived with the snake people for a while and learned from them the secret of making rain for the crops. It was a ceremony freely given by the snake people to the Hopi. In the same manner, the Plains Indians considered the buffalo as a distinct people, the Northwest Coast Indians regarded the salmon as a people. Equality is thus not simply a human attribute but a recognition of the creatureness of all creation. . . . 14

Part II

Reader 3 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember the days when the land was the peoples and they cared for it and it gave back to them. Listen and remember when the trees talked and the people were one with nature. Listen. . . .

Reader 7 (Narrator): I remember coming out upon the northern Great Plains in the late spring. There were meadows of blue and yellow wildflowers on the slopes, and I could see the still, sunlit plain below, reaching away out of sight. At first there is no discrimination in the eye, nothing but the land itself, whole and impenetrable. But then smallest things begin to stand out of the depth—herds and rivers and groves—and each of these has perfect being in terms of distance and of silence and of age. Yes, I thought, now I see the earth as it really is; never again will I see things as I saw them yesterday or the day before.15

Reader 5 (Narrator): Listen and remember when the people tried to be one with nature by living with it and learning from it on a vision quest, a search for self-identity. Listen. . . .

Reader 6 (Narrator): It was late fall and the evenings had already begun to turn cold . . . when one day a young man in the village (Bull Looks Around) asked Hawk to accompany him on his Vision Quest and to build his Shield. Hawk was beside himself with joy.

15Momaday, p. 19.
Reader 2 (Hawk): Bull Looks Around has asked me to build his Shield. Will you help me in the making of it (, Yellow Robe)?

Reader 4 (Yellow Robe): You have learned well, my son. Begin with him tomorrow. And if you have any questions, then come to me.

Reader 6 (Narrator): Bull Looks Around led his horse to the lodge of (Hawk) the next day. It was still dark when he reached the lodge. Hawk was already standing there waiting for him. The older man climbed silently on his horse. Bull Looks Around got on his own horse and followed him at a walk. The sun was beginning to lighten the sky when the men stopped. Bull Looks Around slid from his pony and waited for instructions.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Come with me. I will leave you now, but I will stay where we left the horses.

Reader 6 (Narrator): The man laid down a large soft buffalo robe on the ground. Then he took another one he had carried rolled up and laid it upon the first robe. Bull Looks Around knew the custom and removed all of his clothes. The man took them and began his walk down the hill.

Bull Looks Around ran to the edge of the hill and looked down. The camp was waking up and he could see the individual people quite clearly, but
at that distance he could not quite tell exactly who they were. He then explored his surroundings carefully. There was not much to see. The hills rolled away from where he sat in every direction except one, where there was the prairie. He saw an eagle glide in a lazy circle above him, and he lay on his back on the robe a long time watching it. The eagle then disappeared and there was only the sky left to see.

(Several days later) Hawk was washing his face in a small stream when he looked up and saw Bull Looks Around coming back from the mountain. This was his final day, and Hawk knew he would have much to tell him.

Hawk called the three other men who had accompanied them to the mountain. All four met the boy. Bull Looks Around grabbed each man's arm hard, one by one. Hawk noticed that the boy was changed. There was a shining deep within his eyes.

Early the next day, Yellow Robe and Hawk began construction of a Shield for Bull Looks Around. The boy was called to the Lone Dwelling Lodge of the Shield-Maker. He entered and took his place at the North side of the Lodge. Hawk and Yellow Robe sat to the back of the Lodge.
White Wolf was sitting to the South, and Little Star Woman sat to the East. She filled the Pipe from the small fire that was in the middle of the Lodge, smoked it, and passed it on. Each man smoked and passed it on to the next until it came back to Little Star Woman, who held it.

Reader 4 (Yellow Robe): This is the Way to sit with your brothers. Smoke with Peace in your Heart.

Reader 6 (Narrator): Little Star Woman then took the Pipe outside and then brought in the Shield. She handed it to White Wolf. White Wolf tied a strip of buckskin diagonally across the Shield. He sang a song and painted the strip green.

Reader 4 (Yellow Robe): White Wolf, is representative of the South. This Shield-Maker has shown you that you must always try to find your Medicine and your understanding of the Power, and of your brothers, through Innocence and Trust.

Reader 6 (Narrator): White Wolf then handed the Shield to Hawk. Hawk painted the bottom of the Shield blue, and tied a red bird’s tail in the middle of the band.

Reader 4 (Yellow Robe): The Medicine Bird of Fire has been tied to your seeker band. You must seek the Spirit through Innocence. Blue has been painted upon your
Shield. It was your Gift from the People. It is the sign of their prayers.

**Reader 6 (Narrator):** Hawk then handed the Shield to Yellow Robe. He carefully painted the image of a black bear on the upper half of the Shield. He then painted four stars around the bear. He then handed the Shield to Star Woman, and she took the Shield outside and placed it upon a three-legged tripod, and all the men filed out, the boy taking the lead. Once outside, Yellow Robe held his arms up in blessing.

**Reader 4 (Yellow Robe):** My People! This boy has made his Vision Quest. He has been given a new name. It is Night Bear. Come, children, come and touch the Shield of Night Bear and receive its Gifts.

**Reader 6 (Narrator):** Night Bear had his Shield.16

**Reader 1 (Narrator):** One of the primary aspects of traditional tribal religions has been the secret isolation of the individual for religious purposes. This type of practice is nearly impossible today. The places currently available to people for vision quests are hardly isolated. Jet planes pass overhead. Some traditional holy places are the scene of stripmining, others are adjacent to

---

16Storm, pp. 116-133.
superhighways, others are parts of ranches, farms, shopping centers, and national parks and forests.\(^\text{17}\)

Reader 7 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember what the chiefs of the people had to say. Listen. . . .

Reader 2 (Narrator): Did you know that trees talk? Well they do. They talk to each other, and they'll talk to you if you listen. Trouble is, white people don't listen. They never learned to listen to the Indians, so I don't suppose they'll listen to other voices in nature. But I have learned a lot from trees; sometimes about the weather, sometimes about animals, sometimes about the Great Spirit.\(^\text{18}\)

Reader 5 (Narrator): The Indian is confronted with a bountiful earth in which all things experienced have a role to fill. . . . Recognition that the human being holds an important place in such a creation is tempered by the thought that he is dependent on everything in creation for his existence. . . .

The awareness of the meaning of life comes from observing how the various living things appear to mesh to provide a whole tapestry.

\(^\text{17}\)Deloria, p. 259.

\(^\text{18}\)Deloria, p. 104.
Each form of life has its own purpose, and there is no form of life that does not have a unique quality to its existence.\textsuperscript{19}

Part III

Reader 3 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember the spirit of the people, their search for oneness with nature, their quest for the total human being. Listen and remember the four directions and the gifts of the Medicine Wheel, Wisdom, Introspection, Innocence, and Farsightedness. Listen. . . .

Reader 6 (Narrator): The Medicine Wheel Way begins with the Touching of our Brothers and Sisters. Next it speaks to us of the Touching of the world around us, the animals, trees, grasses and all other living things. Finally it Teaches us to Sing the Song of the World, and in this Way to become Whole People.\textsuperscript{20}

To Touch and Feel is to Experience. Many people live out their entire lives without ever really Touching or being Touched by anything. They do not live and become one with life. The Sun Dancer believes that each person is a unique Living Medicine Wheel, powerful beyond imagination.

\textsuperscript{19}Deloria, p. 102.

\textsuperscript{20}Storm, p. 1.
that has been limited and placed upon this earth to Touch, Experience and Learn. . . . According to the Teachers, there is only one thing that all people possess equally. This is their loneliness. . . . The only way that we can overcome our loneliness is through Touching. It is only in this way that we can learn to be Total Beings. . . .

Reader 7 (Narrator): The next evening Hawk and Night Bear went into the Lodge that had been put up for them in the middle of the camp. Only a handful of young men were there. Hawk was disappointed, but his heart was also pleased that any were there at all. . . . Hawk was taking a drink from a buffalo skin bag when a tall young man approached him.

Reader 1 (Young Man): I find it hard to follow what you have been saying, good father. What is the meaning of (the Stories)?

Reader 2 (Hawk): (These stories are) not something anyone understands fully the first time they hear (them), my son. I find more in these Teachings every time I hear (them). Each time you hear (them), the understanding (they) bring you depends upon where you are standing upon the great Medicine Wheel. Every man will see (these Stories) from within his

\[^{21}\text{Storm, p. 7.}\]
own perceiving. He may perceive (them) closely, broadly, introspectively, or with wisdom. It is foolish for anyone to think that they can comprehend it all the first time they hear (the Stories). The Spirit will grow in men, and so will the meaning of the Stories.

Reader 1 (Young Man): There are parts of your (Stories) that I do not seem to feel in a clear way.

Reader 2 (Hawk): These feelings will become clearer for you later. Experience has much to do with it, but it is more than just experience. It is a Gift of special wisdom.

Reader 1 (Young Man): But what must one do to gain this wisdom?

Reader 2 (Hawk): I am sure you have heard the Story of Jumping Mouse. It is like this. There are many things that perplex men, things whose riddles men cannot solve. The Medicine has given us these Stories so that we can unfold the mysteries of these things that perplex us. Let me show you a picture of one of the Forty-Four Shields of the Peace Chiefs. And then we will talk more.

Reader 7 (Narrator): Hawk began to draw the face of the Shield in the dirt.

Reader 2 (Hawk): You see, I have drawn a Circle. The Circle of the Shield is the great Medicine Wheel.
You have heard of the Four Medicine Arrows that were brought to us by Sweet Medicine? Every story is meant to be unfolded from each of the Four Great Ways. From the directions of Wisdom, Innocence, Sees Far, and Looks-Within. These are the North Arrow, South Arrow, East Arrow, and the West Arrow. The Medicine points the Way for man to learn about himself, his brothers, the world, and the Universe. This Teaching is of Man.

Come with me. Now look at the Camp.

Reader 7 (Narrator): But Hawk had thrust his face almost within an inch of the boy's and every time the boy moved his head to see around him, Hawk moved his own head to block him. This sudden and unexplained action unnerved the boy, who stopped trying to see the camp and looked down at his feet.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Now lie down in that grass on your stomach. Now look again at the camp. Now get up and follow me.

Reader 7 (Narrator): And he led the young man back to the center of the camp.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Look at the camp now.

Reader 7 (Narrator): But as the boy began to turn around Hawk slapped him hard. The young man's face turned livid with rage.

Reader 1 (Young Man): You are making a fool of me.
Reader 7 (Narrator): Hawk swiftly drew his knife and held it to the boy's throat.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Turn around and look at the camp again. I was making no fool of you, little brother, I love you deeply. I needed you angry, and I needed you afraid to make you understand. Here you can have the knife.

Reader 1 (Young Man): I do not understand. What were you doing?

Reader 2 (Hawk): How did you feel when I kept you from seeing around my face?

Reader 1 (Young Man): Foolish!

Reader 2 (Hawk): But you could see little more than my face and you were surprised. You were perceiving a common camp within one of the many emotions of men, but you could not see the camp because of my face and your feelings.

And what did you see when I made you lie in the grass?

Reader 1 (Young Man): I could still see little of the camp, because of the tall grass and because your feet were in my way.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Again you were perceiving with another type of feeling and perspective. The perspective of a Mouse. And when you were slapped?
Reader 1 (Young Man): I could not see the camp again because of my anger and my fear.

Reader 2 (Hawk): These are the problems that face men all the time, in everything they do. These are the difficulties they must overcome in trying to see both themselves and others.

Reader 1 (Young Man): And the Stories that are told to us by you and the other Teachers are meant to show us these things?

Reader 2 (Hawk): Exactly. 22

Reader 4 (Narrator): East of my grandmother's house the sun rises out of the plain. Once in his life a man ought to concentrate his mind upon the remembered earth, I believe. He ought to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell upon it. He ought to imagine that he touches it with his hands at every season and listens to the sounds that are made upon it. He ought to imagine the creatures there and all the faintest motions of the wind. He ought to recollect the glare of noon and all the colors of the dawn and dusk. 23

22 Storm, pp. 179-183.

23 Momaday, p. 113.
Part IV

Reader 5 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember the religion of the people before the white man came. Listen and remember the tribal religion, the shields and the sun dance. Listen and remember the religion that made the people strong. Listen.

... 

Reader 3 (Narrator): We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth as "wild." Only to the white men was nature a "wilderness" and only to him was the land "infested" with "wild" animals and "savage" people. To us it was tame. Earth was bountiful and we were surrounded with the blessings of the Great Mystery. Not until the hairy man from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families that we loved was it "wild" for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing from his approach, then it was that for us the "Wild West" began.\(^\text{24}\)

Reader 6 (Narrator): Listen to the voices of the people as they remember the Sun Dance of peace and restoration. Listen. ... 

\(^{24}\)Deloria, p. 105.
Reader 1 (Narrator): My grandmother had a reverence for the sun, a holy regard that now is all but gone out of mankind. There was a wariness in her, and an ancient awe. She was a Christian in her later years, but she had come a long way about, and she never forgot her birthright. . . . She was about seven when the last Kiowa Sun Dance was held in 1887 on the Washita River above Rainy Mountain Creek. The buffalo were gone. In order to consummate the ancient sacrifice—to impale the head of a buffalo bull upon the medicine tree—a delegation of old men journeyed into Texas, there to beg and barter for an animal. . . . She was ten when the Kiowas came together for the last time as a living Sun Dance culture. They could find no buffalo; they had to hang an old hide from the sacred tree. Before the dance could begin, a company of soldiers rode out from Fort Sill under orders to disperse the tribe. Forbidden without cause the essential act of their faith, having seen the wild herds slaughtered and left to rot upon the ground, the Kiowas backed away forever from the medicine tree. That was July 20, 1890, at the great bend of the Washita. My grandmother was there. Without
bitterness, and for as long as she lived, she bore a vision of deicide.25

Reader 7 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember the warnings of the chiefs. Listen. . . .

Reader 5 (Narrator): Chief Joseph once met with a United States commission that wanted him to cede the Wallowa valley in Oregon, which the Nez Perce had banned missionaries from their lands. Joseph answered:

Reader 4 (Chief Joseph): They will teach us to quarrel about God, as Catholics and Protestants do on the Nez Perce Reservation . . . and other places. We do not want to do that. We may quarrel with men sometimes about things on earth, but we never quarrel about the Great Spirit. We do not want to learn that.26

Reader 7 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember that the whiteman did come with his "new way" and the people did quarrel about the Great Spirit. Listen. . . .

Reader 6 (Narrator): Later, Hawk was working on some of his riding equipment and was talking quietly with Night Bear when the talking man walked up behind

25Momaday, pp. 9-11.
26Deloria, p. 205.
him. Then Night Bear suddenly looked up, staring behind Hawk with a strange and frightened look on his face. Hawk turned his head slowly to see what it was that Night Bear saw. Night Bear rose to his feet and greeted the man, and the man seated himself. Hawk watched the man and saw that he was frightened to death. Hawk marveled that he could sit there as calmly as he did, his fear was so apparent.

Reader 1 (Missionary): Speak the People's tongue?

Reader 6 (Narrator): The man asked in Cheyenne. Then just as quickly he added in Crow.

Reader 1 (Missionary): Speak the People's tongue?

Reader 3 (Night Bear): He speaks both tongues!

Reader 6 (Narrator): The fright never left his eyes.

Reader 3 (Night Bear): That is good, where did you learn the tongue?

Reader 1 (Missionary): Me learn tongue plenty fast by pony fort. I bring you plenty talk about Medicine Way. The People heap plenty bad their Way.

Reader 2 (Hawk): What do you mean when you say the People are bad, and that their Way is bad?

Reader 1 (Missionary): The Big Medicine that hugs the People is bad. The People do not know Geessis.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Geeshish?

Reader 3 (Night Bear): What is this Geessis?
Reader 1 (Missionary): Geessis is heap plenty good power. Kills people who bad are.

Reader 2 (Hawk): It is true then, their Power is one of death.

Reader 1 (Missionary): Geessis give people heap plenty riches. If people believe Geessis plenty fast he riches gives. Geessis is new Way.

Reader 3 (Night Bear): Strange, isn't it. It makes my braids loosen themselves just to think of it. I do not see how these people can find their rest at night with a Power like that.

Reader 1 (Missionary): Plenty sleep now with Geessis. Geessis together sleep with relations dead.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Remarkable! Have you noticed the fear in his eyes? This Geessis must be a cunning and terrible Way.

Tell me, brother, does this Geessis get angry with you much of the time? Do you fear him?

Reader 1 (Missionary): Yes! Yes! Gifts are given who people fear great their Father. Geessis died for anger, fear and the Father. Yes, I fear him.

Reader 3 (Night Bear): These People are insane! I can see now why it is so hard to understand them. You seem to have better luck with the man than I do. Ask him where the whiteman gets all these
wonderful things like the talking leaves and the iron horse we have heard of.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Tell me, where do the whitemen, you brothers, get their wonderful gifts, the iron horses and their talking leaves? Where do all these wonderful things come from?

Reader 1 (Missionary): From the Medicine Father. If people Geessis path follow they rewarded right Gifts. Medicine Father talking leaves Gift People giving. You too follow path Geessis and many plenty prizes giving.

Reader 6 (Narrator): Later that evening many of the young men who had been with the first group (of young men studying the Medicine Wheel Way) did not return for the meeting with Hawk and Night Bear. The warriors who had traded with the whitemen earlier in the day were staggering drunk with the stinging water. Hawk looked around at the tiny group of young men. Disappointment rose in his stomach, choking him into anger.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Is this all who will listen? . . .

Reader 3 (Night Bear): There are no more. . . . The others accuse you of having women's meetings.

Reader 2 (Hawk): I will be back shortly. . . . I will talk with these young men and be right back.
Reader 6 (Narrator): The anger inside Hawk grew with each step as he drew nearer where the men were drinking.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Who was it of you who said that we have meetings of women? . . .

Reader 6 (Narrator): A man of about forty or more years staggered to his feet and walked up to Hawk.

Reader 4 (Drunk Man): I say that you have meetings of women. . . . And one day, Medicine Man . . . There will be no more . . . innocence, no mirroring. These things have never been the Way of the white man. . . .

Reader 2 (Hawk): How can you speak this way? . . .

Reader 6 (Narrator): Hawk realized that it was useless to stand and argue with these men when they were in this state of mind, so he turned to walk back to the Lodge. Someone grabbed his arm. Hawk stopped and turned to see who it was. It was a boy called Raven's Wing. . . . The boy was now so drunk that he clung to Hawk for support. His face was a scant two inches away when he spoke.

Reader 1 (Drunk Boy): I tell you this, Crow lover. We will win.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Win what? A Geessis Gift?

Reader 6 (Narrator): He pulled the hands from his shirt and let the boy stagger away looking for another support. He heard the other men giggle and hoot
as he walked away. Someone threw a rock that bounced a few feet past him to his left. Hawk never turned around. Hawk returned to the Lodge and sat down.

Reader 3 (Night Bear): It is heartbreaking, is it not?

Reader 2 (Hawk): I know, but it seems so hopeless. It is something I cannot fight. I do not know where to begin.

Reader 6 (Narrator): Hawk raised his head and looked at the young faces of those who sat around him.

Reader 2 (Hawk): Those brothers over there will Sun Dance with you. If for no other reason, it will be because of their desire to find protection for their lives.27

Reader 7 (Narrator): Listen and remember that as the people fought the whiteman and then began to fight among themselves more and more of the People died and were killed. Listen and remember the voice of Big Elk as he counseled his fellow chiefs. Listen...

Reader 4 (Narrator): Do not grieve. Misfortunes will happen to the wisest and best of men. Death will come and always out of season. It is the command of the Great Spirit, and all nations and people

27Storm, pp. 191-194.
must obey. What is past and cannot be prevented should not be grieved for. . . . Misfortunes do not flourish particularly in our path. They grow everywhere.

Reader 5 (Narrator): Thus while death is truly a saddening event for people of tribal religious traditions, it is an event with which every person and nation is faced, not an arbitrary, capricious exercise of divine wrath. . . . The community regroups and continues to exist, and while individuals are lonely, they are not alone. 28

Part V

Reader 6 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember when the people walked with the Great Spirit and listened for his footsteps. Listen and remember where creation was begun. Listen. . . .

Reader 1 (Narrator): A single knoll rises out of the plain in Oklahoma, north and west of the Wichita Range. For my people, the Kiowas, it is an old landmark, and they gave it the name Rainy Mountain. The hardest weather in the world is there. Winter brings blizzards, hot tornadic winds arise in the spring, and in summer the prairie is an anvil's edge. The grass turns brittle and brown, and it

---

28Deloria, pp. 186, 187.
cracks beneath your feet. There are green belts along the rivers and creeks, linear groves of hickory and pecan, willow and witch hazel. At a distance in July or August the steaming foliage seems almost to writhe in fire. Great green and yellow grasshoppers are everywhere in the tall grass, popping up like corn to sting the flesh, and tortoises crawl about on the red earth, going nowhere in the plenty of time. Loneliness is an aspect of the land. All things in the plain are isolate; there is no confusion of objects in the eye, but one hill or one tree or one man. To look upon that landscape in the early morning, with the sun at your back, is to lose the sense of proportion. Your imagination comes to life, and this, you think, is where Creation was begun.  

Reader 4 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember that the people found harmony with nature and their stories and reflections were their means of union with the divine. Listen. . . .  

Reader 7 (Narrator): There are meadowlarks and quail in the open land. One day late in the afternoon I walked about among the headstones at Rainy Mountain Cemetery. The shadows were very long; there was a

---

29Momaday, p. 5.
deep blush on the sky, and the dark red earth seemed to glow with the setting sun. For a few moments, at that particular time of day, there is deep silence. Nothing moves, and it does not occur to you to make any sound. Something is going on there in the shadows. Everything has slowed to a stop in order that the sun might take leave of the land. And then there is the sudden, piercing call of the bobwhite. The whole world is startled by it.  

Reader 2 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember that the people themselves had a desire to be close in spirit with nature and life itself. Listen. . . .

Reader 3 (Narrator): When my father was a boy, an old man used to come to (his) house and pay his respects. He was a lean old man in braids and was impressive in his age and bearing. His name was Cheney, and he was an arrowmaker. Every morning, my father tells me, Cheney would paint his wrinkled face, go out, and pray aloud to the rising sun. In my mind I can see that man as if he were there now. I like to watch him as he makes his prayer. I know where he stands and where his voice goes on the rolling grasses and where the sun comes up on the land.

Momaday, p. 61.
There, at dawn, you can feel the silence. It is cold and clear and deep like water. It takes hold of you and will not let you go.31

Part VI

Reader 6 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember the days when the people learned from nature, and from the wise men of the tribe. Listen and remember when learning was passed on by the stories of the Medicine Wheel. Listen. . . .

Reader 3 (Narrator): (My father) saw (many) things that were truly remarkable. . . . The tracks of (a) water beast (was one and once), when he walked near the pecan grove, he saw three small alligators on a log. No one had ever seen them before and no one ever saw them again. Finally, there was this: something had always bothered (my father), a small aggravation that was never quite out of mind, like a name on the tip of the tongue. He had always wondered how it is that the mound of earth which a mole makes around the opening of its burrow is so fine. It is nearly as fine a powder, and it seems almost to have been sifted. One day (my father) was sitting quietly when a mole came out of the earth. Its cheeks were puffed out as if it had

31Momaday, p. 64.
been a squirrel packing nuts. It looked all around for a moment, then blew the fine dark earth out of its mouth. And this it did again and again, until there was a ring of black, powdery earth on the ground. That was a strange and meaningful thing to see. It meant that (my father) had got possession of a powerful medicine.\textsuperscript{32}

Reader 5 (Narrator): For several decades the tribal religions held their own in competition with the efforts of the Christian missionaries. But a whole new generation had grown up, educated in mission and government schools and living according to the bureaucrats' dictates; these young Indians rigorously rejected old religious activities as a continuation of paganism. . . . The Indian people had always been somewhat in awe of the white man's technology. It had seemed to imply that his god was more powerful than their tribal religions and medicine.\textsuperscript{33}


Reader 7 (White Rabbit): Where are you taking the children?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): Buffalo hunting.

\textsuperscript{32}Momaday, p. 99.

\textsuperscript{33}Deloria, p. 252.
Reader 7 (White Rabbit): Buffalo? Have you got something up your sleeve?

Reader 4 (Narrator): Green Fire Mouse only smiled his answer as the two children suddenly burst in through the door.

Reader 1 (Grandson): You commin or aintcha?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): You won't get very far without me. I've got the keys.

Reader 4 (Narrator): The old man walked as steadily as he could out to where a young man was waiting for him by an old truck. The two children clung and almost swung from the old man's hands as they pulled him toward the waiting pickup.

Reader 1 (Grandson): Can I drive Grandpaw?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): Sure!

Reader 1 (Grandson): We're gonna fish again at Owl Creek, right?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): Nope, we're going to the Little Horn this time. Up to the mountains.

Reader 1 (Grandson): You kids sit down! And don't jump around!

Reader 4 (Narrator): Rocky put the truck in gear and pointed it toward the mountains. As he drove along his mind became deep in thought.
Reader 1 (Grandson): Hey, Grandpaw, what do you think about this school business anyway? You know they fill your head with one hell of a lotta junk.

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): You don't like school?

Reader 1 (Grandson): No, it isn't that, I really like the sports and stuff. Actually, I guess what really bugs me is their religion, if you know what I mean. I mean it's really a mess, man. Original sin and everything.

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): They haven't understood about the (Medicine Wheel) yet.

Reader 1 (Grandson): The (Medicine Wheel)! Wow, Grandpaw, you gotta be kidding. Nobody talks about the (Medicine Wheel) any more. And what's that got to do with all of that other stuff?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): Green and red apples, you know that's the symbol of original sin, don't you?

Reader 1 (Grandson): Apples? Yeah, I guess it is, but . . .

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): And, what's happened to Christianity is that it has become an old woman, a wicked witch. You see, the child of this old woman's marriage was poisoned by the apple, and has been asleep. She is a beautiful young maiden waiting for the spirit of peace that is in each of us to kiss her. Then she will awaken. And the paradox, my son, is this. This symbol of the
young maiden is multiple. The young maiden is every woman. And she is the symbol of the way.
...

Reader 1 (Grandson): Wow!! Grandpaw, you gotta be kidding with all that old time talk!

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): No, I'm not, it's a teaching. And there are seven arrows in the story too. They are called dwarfs. They give away the gems of wisdom of the north to all those who understand. And their hair is white, these seven dwarfs.

Reader 1 (Grandson): Tell me the story, Grandpaw. What's the name of the story?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): The name of the story is Snow White. You see once upon a time ...

Reader 4 (Narrator): Finally they arrived at the river. The kids scrambled from the pickup and soon everyone was fishing.

Reader 1 (Grandson): What was the symbol of the mirror in the story, Grandpaw?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): It is the people. It is the circle, and it is the shield, but it is more than that. It is also the law.

Reader 1 (Grandson): Are there more teachings, Grandpaw?

Reader 2 (Green Fire Mouse): Sure, there is the entire world and everything in it that can teach you much, much more. There are the songs, the bibles,
the cities, and the dreams. Everything upon the earth and in the heavens is a mirror for the people. It is a total gift. Jump up! And you will see the Medicine Wheel.34

Reader 7 (Narrator): Education itself is a barrier to a permanent revival of tribal religions . . . as more Indians fight their way through the education system in search of job skills, the tendency of their education will be to concentrate on the tangible and technical aspects of contemporary society and away from the sense of wonder and mystery, which has traditionally characterized religious experiences.35

Conclusion

Reader 3 (Narrator): Within the traditions, beliefs, and customs of the . . . people are the guidelines for mankind's future. It is this spirit of the continent, of all continents, that shines through the Indian anthologies and glimmers in the Indian communities in grotesque and tortured forms.

Reader 5 (Narrator): Who will find peace with the lands? The future of mankind lies waiting for those who will come to understand their lives and take up

34 Storm, pp. 370, 371.

35 Deloria, p. 260.
their responsibilities to all living things. Who will listen to the trees, the animals and birds, the voices of the places of the land? 

Reader 6 (Narrator): Listen. Listen and remember these words of the people. Listen. . . .

Reader 4 (Narrator): I wonder if the ground has anything to say? I wonder if the ground is listening to what is said? I wonder if the ground would come alive and what is on it? Though I hear what the ground says. The ground says, it is the Great Spirit that placed me here. The Great Spirit tells me to take care of the Indians, to feed them aright. The Great Spirit appointed the roots to feed the Indians well. The ground, water and grass say, the Great Spirit has given us our names. We have these names and hold these names. The ground says, the Great Spirit placed me here to produce all that grows on me, trees and fruit. The same way the ground says, it was from me man was made. The Great Spirit, in placing men on earth, desired them to take good care of the ground and to do each other no harm. 

36Deloria, pp. 300, 301.

37Deloria, p. 204.
A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


86

Articles


"Humanities." Rev. of Seven Arrows by Hyemeyosts Storm. Choice, September 1969, p. 798.


Kennedy, Edward M. "Let the Indians Run Indian Policy." Look, 2 June 1970, p. 36.


Rev. of Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties; an Indian Declaration of Independence. Choice, December 1974, p. 1508.


