

[REDACTED]  
The Navajo Nation  
[REDACTED]  
Church Rock, New Mexico 87311  
[REDACTED]

November 16, 1997

Brian Lamb  
C-Span  
400 N. Capitol Street  
suite 601  
Washington, DC 20001

O-BK

Dear Brian Lamb,

As a Native American writer who watches "About Books" and "Booknotes" almost religiously I wanted to write to you and share some of my abnormal perspectives around your most interesting take on the business of publishing. I am sure I see things a bit differently than the way most white people in publishing perceive themselves and what it is they do.

I have to thank you for televising these shows. You cover the business of publishing better than anyone. Certainly you cover book publishing better than publishing covers itself.

What is amusing to me is how the characters you often trot out as the living icons of the book publishing business are in fact what's wrong with publishing and not what's right with it.

Many of the people you feature are the problem.

I note that you make a real concerted attempt to deal with the subject of racism in America and you go out of your way to focus on African-American writers who have something to say. This is commendable. I applaud what you do. I simply wish you would broaden your horizons.

I wish you were more critical of publishing.

I wish you asked more probing questions.

You are so nice to these people sometimes it's painful.

There are many Native American writers out there but we are never given the time of day. We are insignificant. It's as if we do not exist.

We do exist. But you would never know it watching C-Span and you would never know it from what gets published.

We are invisible.

Books about Indians by Indians are not considered marketable by the good (always white) folks in publishing that C-Span seems to focus on with such



glowing, eulogistic celebration. It doesn't matter what the New York Times says when it proclaims Indian writers are the new best thing.

And I am Marie of Rumania.

Watching your coverage of the business of book publishing I get the subliminal feeling that you are making an honest attempt here to see publishing for what it really is because so much of what it really is remains such a postmodern reflection of white America itself and what white America is about.

Unfortunately what you often trot out are white people (are there any other kind of people in book publishing?) who are so adept at putting public relations spin to any focus on book publishing that one comes away from the spin with all sorts of warm fuzzy feelings around what a relevant, dynamic, exciting, forward-looking business book publishing is.

The reality of what book publishing is about is mainly ignored.

You never ask any of the editorial types you interview about racism in publishing itself. It's okay to discuss racism within a broader cultural context but it's obviously not okay to bring the dirty little secret home.

Publishing's dirty little secret that never gets discussed, never gets explored, is the reality that publishing itself remains a business imbued with and interfused with and entangled with and impregnated by a dogmatic racism camouflaged as "marketing" that continues to shape the turbulent process of how we view ourselves.

Your interviews with the editorial icons in publishing never confront this ugliness.

You have never once featured a Native American writer and you have never once featured books about issues that face Native Americans. When I watch your shows about books and about publishing it's like watching a parade of corporate people from another planet. None of these people are from the planet I live on.

Let me be specific. You feature editorial types like Nan Talese all the time. Among writers of color Nan Talese is famous for being one of the most entrenched racists in the business of book publishing. Nan Talese has never published a writer of color. She has made it very clear she would never publish a writer of color or even consider a submission by a writer of color.

Yet C-Span trots this horrid monster out as if she were a goddess to the House of Books. She is never asked the hard questions. I would pin this woman to the wall with hard questions but C-Span treats her with an obsequiousness she does not deserve. It's gotten to the point where the questions asked of white New York editorial types have become so soft and mushy one can only shake one's head and wonder about all the white self-congratulatory carnivorousness publishing seems so satiated with.

Take Bob Miller at Hyperion. Bob Miller publishes cute, cartoon stereotypes



of Native Americans but Bob Miller is not open to publishing anything real about Indians by an Indian. None of this unpoliteness is ever explored on C-Span. It is assumed by most of the people you think are so wonderful that Indian writers are uneducated, untalented, and stupid.

Trust me. I deal with these people every day.

C-Span puts them in such a positive light. To me, they are the enemy. They will always be the enemy. They keep my people in their place. These are the people who make sure that the issues that face Native Americans never get discussed, never make it to the forum of the marketplace of ideas, never get put into the light. Your programming makes them look like such insightful defenders of the truth. I would call most of them evil. You have to balance what they publish with a perspective of what they don't publish and why.

You owe it to the people who watch this programming to be more than the recipient of spin. Your programs about books and about publishing have become so spinned I watch them in complete wonderment as to what galaxy these white people live on. Your shows about books and about publishing have very little to do with reality and everything to do with how the business of publishing desires to be perceived.

Robert Loomis as a kindly, literary gentleman. Please.

If there is anyone in publishing who should have been asked about the historical endemic perpetuation of racism in the business of producing books, it was this kindly, literary gentleman.

But no. What we are given is neurological paraplegia. You have been given such an opportunity to interview all these people. These are the cultural keepers of the status quo. They deserve more poking and proding than you are obviously willing to do. I would suggest you take a harder look at what they publish and why and what they refuse to publish and why. It is not enough to explore racism as a cultural phenomena in the context of exploring books when racism itself is such an intrinsic dynamic to what gets published and what cannot get published. Bring the issue home. Your editorial interviewees will squirm and they will deny that racism plays a role in anything they do. But look at their records. What they publish is always so white and so taken with the idea that America exists only in an urban vacuum that there is really no place for this racist scum to hide. I keep expecting C-Span to trot out someone like Tony Hillerman (who is white) who could discuss with you the state of Native America or Morgan Entrekin who could discuss with you why Native American writers just don't live up to his arrogant, indifferent literary standards. Heaven forbid you ever interview a real, living, breathing Native American.

There is a connection between two mindsets going on here. Your mindset that the world is this place that exists mainly in Washington, DC and Manhattan and publishing's mindset that the world is this place that exists mainly in Washington, DC and Manhattan have converged to form a married cohesiveness that speaks to the rest of us, those of us who are not members of this privileged group, as outsiders who will always be outsiders to the American mainstream. There is no hope for the ignorant likes of us. Your coverage of



American publishing has become so utterly uncritical it's difficult to determine where your sense of what is journalism leaves off and publishing's sardonic smirk begins.

Some of us do not live in Washington, DC. Some of us think Manhattan is parochial.

I have spent the past ten years creating a novel called [REDACTED] [REDACTED] It is a book about the effects of uranium mining on the Navajo people. The people you love to feature in your programming on books and publishing are the good white folks who go way out of their way to spit on me and my work. They do it every day. I am spit on by agents (parasites). I am spit on by editors. I am spit on by editorial assistants who are the people who really run things in publishing and are the people you should be interviewing and asking hard questions to. Now that would be interesting. How white graduates, wannabe editors right out of college decide what is worthy and what is unworthy.

I am not writing to you to focus attention on my work. There is no hope that my work will ever be published. The people you celebrate will not allow it. I am told that books about Indians by Indians are not marketable. I have been dismissed. Mainly I make my living selling movie scripts although I have published several novels with small publishers willing to take a risk. Racism in movies is an entirely different animal than it is in books. And my work is fiction so it's not something that would interest you. But let me direct you to a new book that would interest you (or at least it should interest you) called Memories Come To Us In the Rain and the Wind, Oral Histories and Photographs of Navajo Uranium Miners and Their Families published by Navajo Uranium Oral History and Photography Project, Director Doug Brugge, printed by Red Sun Press, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts (617 636-0326).

This is a book America should read. This is a book mainstream publishing would never consider. It might broaden your editorial horizons as to what white America (and Native America) is really all about versus the kiss ass perspective toward American publishing you seem to be developing. Any televised perspective on the universe of book publishing that wants to be taken seriously as real journalism needs to start looking more critically and with less infatuation toward a business that enjoys cutting everyone else down to size but when it comes home to roost publishing has big, big problems attending to its own intolerance. Many of the people you feature as heros are in fact racist monsters of extraordinary hatred.

Check it out.

I look forward to your work on books and publishing becoming more critical, relevant, and I look forward to the kind of questions that need to be asked to people who have remained hidden in the editorial fog for much too long.

Sincerely,

[REDACTED]



# Wolf Ranch Provides Sanctuary For



## Wolves Need Love Too

Jacquie Evans and Barbara Berge cuddle with the latest addition to the Candy Kitchen Wolf Ranch, a litter of wolf pups which was born recently. The facility provides refuge to unwanted wolves and wolf hybrids.

Canis lupus is alive and well and more than a few of them live at a wolf rescue ranch near Pine Hill, New Mexico. There are very few controversies in the West that raise eyebrows like the presence of the wolf. The Candy Kitchen Rescue Ranch in the Zuni Mountains is dedicated to the rescue and care of abandoned and abused wolves and wolf hybrids.

There is now a place for wolves who cannot be tolerated elsewhere to go without having to destroy the animal (which is what inevitably happens). It is a totally unique place with a totally unique mission. There are literally no other non-profit organizations in North America who do the work that is done here.

While CNN and every other news organization under the sun covers the wolf stories concerning the release of gray wolves in Wyoming and Montana, the wolf rescue ranch not far from Ramah quietly goes about its business providing sanctuary to the animals that arrive there.

They come from everywhere.

They come from as far away as Canada. Sometimes they come from zoos. They are frequently placed by other organizations dedicated to the welfare of animals such as the Humane Society. Often they arrive in what can only be described as sad shape. Sometimes they have been starved. Sometimes they have been tortured. Sometimes they have been hit by cars.

Always, there is a period of readjustment as the wolf or the newly-arrived wolf hybrid begins the slow process of adapting to a new (and this time safe) environment.

The animals live in large, clean pens some of which are as large as half an acre. Some are shy and do not approach easily. Some (the old timers mainly) are social and gregarious. The sanctuary that the wolves find here is real. They are well-fed and healthy-looking.

"Would you like to see my new babies?" Jacquie Evans, Executive Director of the Candy Kitchen Rescue Ranch asked. She was referring to seven

(See Wolf, Page Three)

(Continued from Page One)

plump, affectionate newly-born wolf puppies. Seven is a big litter. The average wolf usually gives birth to two pups at a time. Captive wolf puppies typically live fifteen years where wolves in the wild have approximate lifespans of seven years.

Evans' new puppies are spoiled, pampered, loved, and unafraid of human beings.

Dog food at the rescue ranch is sometimes donated by PetSmart and Walmart but more is always needed. This is a place where the needs of the animals are assiduously attended to.

"We weren't expecting to have puppies," Barbara Berge, General Manager of the rescue ranch explains. "A wolf that we did not anticipate going into heat went into heat," she laughs. "You can't always tell wolves what to do and when to do it. They have minds of their own. So now we have puppies and they are beautiful.

Normally we do a lot of spaying and neutering because we don't want to compound the problem. The puppies will have a home for life."

The animals at the rescue ranch are only rarely adopted out.

"I let them sleep with me," Jacquie Evans shyly admits. There is a rapport going on here that has to be seen to be believed. "It's very hard for wolves to re-bond with new people," Evans explains. "But we do what we can."

There is a relationship connection between the wolves who live here and the people who operate the rescue ranch that goes beyond conventional captive wildlife management practices. The wolves are not simply managed as much as they are cared for and connected to and recognized for the profoundly social creatures that they are.

The wolf hybrids at the rescue ranch range from about twenty-five percent wolf to ninety percent.



# Wolf

Aggression in the wolf is mostly posturing because these fundamentally social creatures

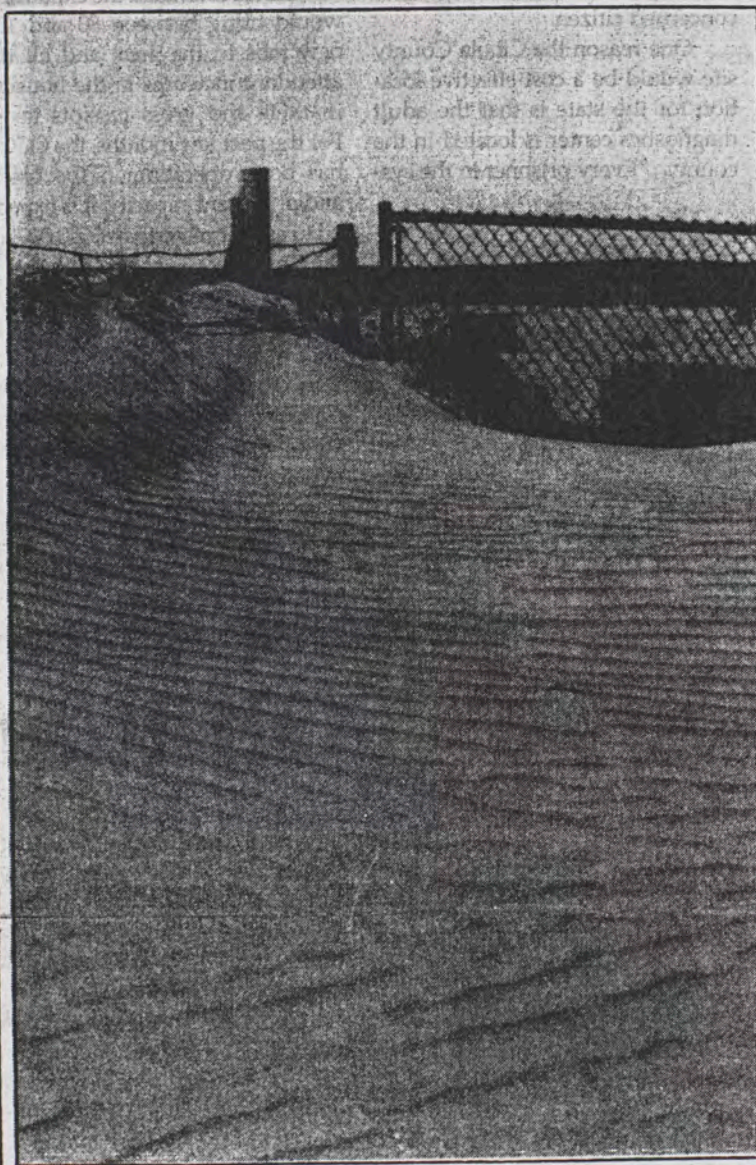
## All of the animals at the rescue

The ranch is on-line at Candy Kitchen Network, [REDACTED] Drive, Los Alamos, N. M., 87544

mals can be sponsored and volunteers are always needed.



# Native Grazers, Area Ranchers Hit By Drought



## Dust Bowl?

Parched plants, no longer able to hold down Cibola County's topsoil are leaving it to the mercy of the incessant winds.

Beacon photo by Todd Dillard

There is no safety net at the bottom of a bone dry drought. Benjamin Nez and his grandchildren live on the Navajo Reservation. As often as he can, Benjamin Nez drives his battered old pickup to Bluewater Lake State Park where he collects water in large, empty, plastic lard containers. Often, the entire family showers at the campgrounds.

"The drought is real," he says. "All my goats are dead. It looks like it's going to be a very hard year." When asked if he knows about government assistance programs or the Emergency Livestock Feed Program, Benjamin Nez shakes his head and walks away.

With the drought in New Mexico continuing to turn a long dry spell into a bonafide natural disaster, the issue for rural New Mexicans evolves from the economic future of ranching to more basic and more immediate questions involving the ability to deal with what could be a long term climactic cycle with no end in sight.

Ted Yazzie lives in a remote area not far from Red Rock on the Navajo reservation and Ted Yazzie is burying his dog, a blue heeler. "She was just trying to do her job," Yazzie explains. "I had to put my herd of goats and sheep in the ditches and along the side of the road because

(See Native, Page Three)



# Native

(Continued from Page One)

that's the only place I could find anything for them to eat and even then it isn't much. It's not good forage.

"Cars have no respect for the animals struggling out here. So my dog gets run over. She was just trying to keep the animals she herded out of the road and out of danger. She's as much a victim of the drought as any of these other animals who are going to die, and if it doesn't rain soon they are all going to die. It might already be too late."

Creeks and arroyos dried up a long time ago. McKinley County has asked state government in Santa Fe to give the area an emergency designation and Navajo tribal leaders have asked for assistance from the Army National Guard with the disposal of dead animals. Republican Senator Pete Domenici's office in Washington, D. C. announces that the Senate has passed a series of resolutions directing the United States Department of Agriculture to release grain to livestock producers through the Emergency Livestock Feed Program.

Domenici wants to see all the counties in New Mexico eligible for emergency assistance.

"It is my hope," Domenici said, "that we can get some action on these (resolutions) sooner rather than later. The hardship caused by the drought on our livestock producers is very real and we should take action, beyond praying for rain, where we can."

Many native grazers characterize the Senate resolutions as too little too late. There are no Acoma grazers alive who can remember a drought this bad lasting this long.

Dirt troughs have dried up. Native grazers from Zuni to Ramah are preparing for the worst.

Western New Mexico has received less than one sixth of one inch of rain since the beginning of the year.

Domenici defends the Senate action. "The USDA is holding 45 million bushels of reserve feed

grains to be used in the instance of an emergency caused by a natural disaster and I see no better time to release them than during what is being called 'the drought of the century.'"

Yet Department of Agriculture spokespeople in Albuquerque deny any responsibility connected to the Emergency Livestock Feed Program and refer inquiries to the New Mexico State Department of Agriculture.

"I'm stunned that they would do this," Lana Dixon at the New Mexico Department of Agriculture in Las Cruces said. "Emergency grain distribution is absolutely the domain of the feds. And they know it. As far as tribal distribution is concerned they probably have to go through the Bureau of

Indian Affairs but to say that our office holds this responsibility is truly outrageous."

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Drifting sand along NM 605 North buries a fence line.

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drought began and in her area of supervision herd sizes have been almost cut in half.

BLM supervisor for Cibola County, Steve Fisher, manages the conservation areas for the El Malpais wilderness.

"I have asked ranchers to voluntarily cut back cows. There is no reserve forage out there, I would characterize the cooperation I have received from ranchers as being excellent. Right now they are filling troughs with water that they haul in. We are trying to work with them and at this time our largest allotment in El Malpais has been completely shut down. There's not a cow out there. The cattle market is really bad. If this drought continues it is conceivable that in the fairly near future there will be no cattle grazing in Cibola County."

Fisher makes the case that Western New Mexico, without the cattle raising industry — without ranching — would be a place facing tragedy of almost epic proportion.

Cibola County rancher Harry Lee agrees that any assessment of the drought's impact is, indeed, grim. "We're cutting back," he claims. "If there's a cow with no calf, we're getting rid of it. We have no new cows." When asked if he was a member of the New Mexico Cattle Growers Associations, Lee affirmed their position that ranchers know their own land better than the government bureaucrats. "In the past we've managed the land much better than the government has," he said. There is one thing everyone hit by the drought but on different sides of the fence agrees upon and that is the immediate need for water.

As government meteorologists and weather forecasters hem and haw and hedge their scientific bets as they attempt to determine what is going on with the weather, the economic impact of the drought for Western New Mexico has yet to be calculated yet it is mainly agreed that if the drought continues (and no one sees an end

to it) the disaster numbers will be in the billions of dollars.

Differing values among land users, combined with the inertia built into unresponsive government systems and the sheer acreage involved, preclude not only overnight change but also affect the ability to address immediate issues imposed upon ranchers and Indians alike that face the drought.

Instead of managing resources — the traditional term for what agencies like the BLM do — teams of professionals now openly discuss caring for the landscape.

The implication is a connection that goes beyond numbers and statistics. BLM managers are beginning to believe that those who make the decisions that affect the land must have a presence on

the land to truly understand the issues.

Uniting people who have profound cultural differences and beliefs is no easy challenge. But the drought has put the test to the West.

The future of places such as Cibola County will depend on a determined and informed ability to respond.

Meanwhile, Ted Yazzie cries as he buries his dog. "She was a friend of the family," he says. "This drought is going to affect everyone and everything that lives here."

The drought of 1996 is poised to take on a distinctly human face. While government scrambles, one thing is certain. The drought of 1996 is the worst natural disaster to hit the Southwest in a hundred years.

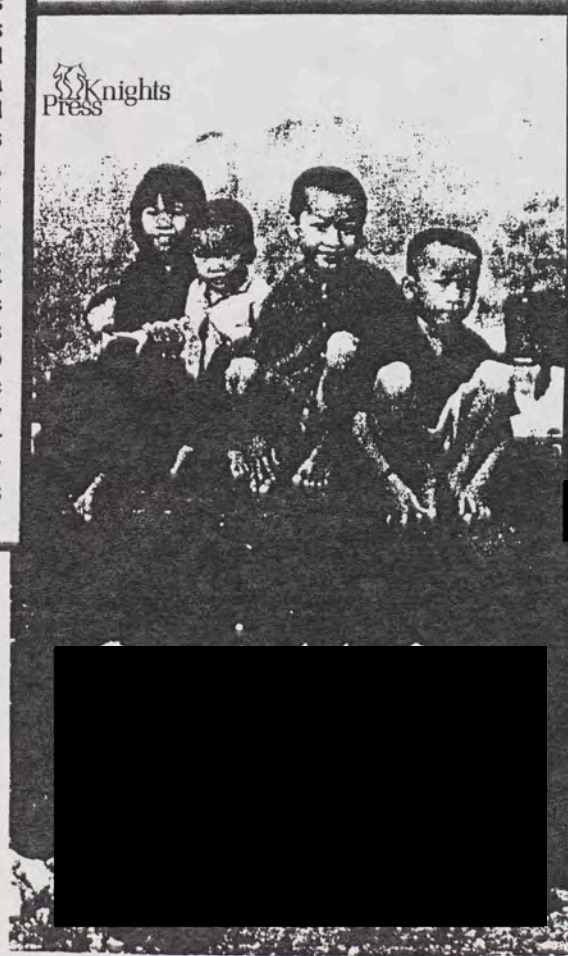


(above)

is a strong and tough book about the effects of combat service in Vietnam on its narrator and his lover Chris, who was his commanding officer and was crippled below the waist from wounds he received. Knights Press is a small press which publishes gay literature. But to regard this book simply as "gay literature" is to be blind to its worth, as well as to possibly deter general readers from encountering some of the most powerful writing conceivable to have come out of the experience of fighting in Vietnam. In places, this book is comparable to the movie *Platoon* in its ability to depict the sights and actions of warfare and impart the feelings and situation of the combatants. It relates in prose that is sometimes phantasmagoric and impressionistic, emotions rubbed raw and sensibilities turned askew by the fears and exigencies of combat, the sorrows of bearing the brunt of a war filled with anomalies and the anger this generates, and dealing with those sorrows. The throb of the book is sustained by lines from popular songs (e.g., *Hound Dog*, *House of the Rising Sun*, *Mrs. Robinson*) appearing recurrently and unexpectedly and printed in capitals.

Like *Platoon*, is both sad and harrowing. But the novel, undoubtedly based on true experience, is not set entirely in Vietnam, and it does include other matter. The narrator and Chris eventually return from Vietnam. Chris is put in a VA hospital in New York City; the narrator gets a job nearby and visits him regularly. When Chris is released, the two travel to the Midwest, where Chris' family lives. They travel a country which they find has little understanding or appreciation for their military service, and is occasionally hostile to them. They seek their place in it not only as veterans of the unpopular war but as homosexuals. The

Knights  
Press



foundations of the bonds formed by men in combat are explored to some extent. The narrator's and Chris' relationship is in some sense a symbol of the comradeship, inter-dependence and selflessness which sets into such a group of men.

Although the novel does have a storyline, this is freely interrupted by the narrator's flashbacks to his and his fellow soldiers' experiences in Vietnam and his memories of it. The narrator at times also departs from the incidents and settings of his story to engage in general commentary on his experiences and present circumstances and to give summaries of these. Such passages succeed in adding to the dimensions of the story as well as demonstrating just how the narrator's past pervades his thinking and his life overall. The book's five parts are introduced by parts of a poem encapsulating the narrator's memories and viewpoint.

"Like the whore that she always was Vietnam clings to my rock'n roll nightmares with her junkie visions, her sweat, and the burning smell of death. Her music. The blues the blues. I used to go to great lengths to avoid having to confront sleep altogether. Drugs and liquor helped. Until they didn't help anymore. Drugs and liquor finally began to simply make the visions more intensely focused. I can sometimes taste my dreams. You came back to the States and you did whatever you had to to forget..." the narrator says at the start of his story. As many Vietnam veterans have pointed out, the large majority of veterans returned to the States and took up civilian life without undergoing a traumatic and prolonged period of adjustment. The experiences and characters represented in are surely not universal. Nonetheless, the book deserves a place among the body of Vietnam literature which can help interested readers understand what the War was like for individuals who fought it and how it affected the lives of many.



# BOOKS

slaps you across the face and twists the knife in your mind? You're never the same again. For some, the answer was suicide, in battle, or at "home." For others, the answer was to go quietly, or howlingly insane. For [redacted] one of his answers was to write

recovering from the ineffable tragedy and trauma of the Vietnam

War.

To know of the profound effect the Vietnam War had, and has, on the hearts and souls of the people of the United States, one must know its effects

on the soldiers who went there, and those who "returned." Though presented as fiction, [redacted]

is the painful, soul-agonizing account of [redacted] poetic, transcendental experience and his recovery, such as it is. He wants the readers to understand what happened to him over there, but both he and the readers know not to get too close.

Speaking as a gay man in the war, [redacted] exposes the truth of how war, [redacted]

imation and guts everywhere force men to confront the truth that they need other men around them for love, nurturing and sex. All the barriers are blown away by the devastation of jungle rot, relentless, unseen enemies and death wherever you look. The reader's first impulse will be to turn away from [redacted] reality and his pain. But the sheer truth and reality of his experience demand that he be heard. The healing will begin.

Upon returning to the States and civilian life, [redacted] main narrator (nicknamed "Boss" or "King Shit") tried his newfound affinity for men in gay bars. But he found that the love and soul-bonding that occurred in Vietnam with his buddies was not to be encountered. They didn't, maybe couldn't, understand what he now needed. And then he found Chris, who was under his command and had been crippled by a bullet to the spine.

[redacted] will help put most problems in their proper perspective. Only when the Vietnam vets can share their pain, and when people will listen with compassion, can this mortal wound to our people be healed.

[redacted] work is poetic, harsh, concrete, alive, still fighting. Uncompromising in its intensity, the reader will not be able to tear away, fascinated by this unimaginable reality and horror that was the Vietnam War. This book must be read.

Reviewed by David Fields

What do you do when the situation you're in turns inside out? What do you do when reality crashes into you,





men live: New York now ... Vietnam  
The war that meant napalm, orphans, boom boom dope and the Blue Suede Shoes. And the men who were there—some gay and some not, but all learning how to trust one another, to help and to love one another ... because they must, in order to survive.

This is a powerful account of what happened in that far-off world.

This is an intimate account of what happened when those men came home.

as written articles, commentaries, stories and poetry for most of the leading gay magazines and newspapers across the country. He now lives in San Francisco, working with autistic children, as well as writing for the gay community.

The novels of 1987 included a few excellent works to balance the second-class works for gay readers which were becoming common. By far the most remarkable [redacted] the story of a gay Vietnam veteran.<sup>101</sup> Unlike Charles Nelson's *The Boy Who Picked the Bullets Up*, the agony and devastation of the war are unrelieved by either humor or eroticism. [redacted] ure of war is more frightening and sordid than any other, and many found the book too grim to tolerate. The protagonist is a disabled veteran living in New York City with his lover, who served in the same group in Vietnam. Their job, surveying enemy tunnels for explosive devices, was perhaps the most dangerous one possible; survival was unlikely. In circumstances always hovering on the brink of sudden horrible death, the men develop an extraordinarily binding love, but they also lose much of their humanity through the same horrifying process. Although the hero comes back disabled and in a wheelchair, his physical disability is less serious than the mental scars of the war. When the men venture into the New York gay subculture, it seems totally mindless and ludicrous. [redacted] is a powerfully disturbing work quite unlike anything else in gay literature. Along with Nelson's book it is clearly the outstanding achievement of the decade.

**Quote from the book:**  
**"The Gay Novel In America"**  
**by James Levine**



# memorandum

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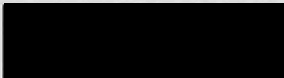
REPLY TO  
ATTN OF:

SUBJECT:

TUNNEL RAT

TO:

-- gay soldiers in Vietnam --

  
Church Rock, NM 87311

-- bonding in combat and how the war in Vietnam twisted men together --







IS A NOVEL DISGUISED AS AN INDIAN MYTH FEATURING THE TRIBAL LEGEND OF THE WAR DANCE. [REDACTED] IS A STORY THAT DETAILS THE DEVASTATING EFFECTS OF URANIUM MINING ON CONTEMPORARY NATIVE AMERICA AS A NOVEL AND AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF NATIVE AMERICAN LIFE. [REDACTED] EXPLORES HOW INDIANS REACT, ORGANIZE, STRUGGLE, AND SURVIVE THE CORPORATE VIOLENCE PERPETRATED AGAINST THEIR CULTURE BY WHITE AMERICA, AND HOW THE GHOST DANCE AND THE CEREMONIAL USE OF PEYOTE RETURNS AS A PSYCHIC, UNITING FORCE TO NAVAJOLAND AND THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST. [REDACTED] EXAMINES TRADITIONAL DINÉ LIFE AND HOW IT HAS ADAPTED TO THE MODERN INFLUENCES THAT SURROUND IT. [REDACTED]

IS THE LEGEND OF A GROUP OF ATHABASKAN INDIANS WHO SEE THEIR MYTHOLOGIES AS LIVING THINGS GUIDING THEM TO THEIR DESTINIES. BY ONE WHO LIVES AMONG THE PEOPLE: [REDACTED] CHURCH ROCK, NEW

MEXICO 87311.