

Yukhika-latuhse (She Tells Us Stories): Wisconsin's Indigenous People's Voice in Arts and Culture

Volume 10, Spring 2014

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Yukhika-latuhse (She Tells Us Stories) is published by the Oneida Nation Arts Program P.O. Box 365 Oneida, WI 54155 Phone (920) 490-3830 , Fax (920) 490-3839

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Funding for this bi-annual Native journal is made possible by grants from the Wisconsin Arts Board and Gaming Compact monies, National Endowment for the Arts, and the Oneida Tribe of Indians of Wisconsin.

Visit the website for more information: www.oneidanationarts.org

Call for Writers, submissions due August 15, 2014.

Editor's Essay
The Evolution of Language
Ryan Winn, Editor

The evolution of a living language is its greatest attribute. As each new generation talks, laughs, weeps, and shares stories, the language they use to do so morphs and shifts to accommodate the gravity of the message they're compelled to share. American Indians have always relied on this complexity of language to convey the depth of their stories and as they're storytelling tradition evolves from the campfire, to the printed page, and now to the computer screen, the constant throughout is the potency of using one's voice to motivate others.

As Yukhika-latuhse prepared to launch the online version of our journal, we asked American Indian writers from throughout Wisconsin to discuss the role words and language play in modern society. In this debut electronic issue we're pleased to share their thoughts on both what specific words mean to them and what language embodies for all Native nations. I discussed these ideas in writer's workshops held at the Oneida Nation Art's Program last fall and with the Ho-Chunk community in Wittenberg this winter, and in the forthcoming webpages you'll find that some of the works we've published were inspired by those conversations.

We have some fantastic opinion pieces in this journal, ranging from Rebecca Bork's (Mohican/Oneida) essay about how words allow their users to "derive pleasure from one's pain", to Elizabeth Rice's (Potawatomi/Ojibwa) thoughts on the complexity of "cultural preservation", to Quinton Schuyler's (Oneida) views on how Native languages have shifted since Columbus arrived, to Betty (Putnam) Schiel's (Mohican) encouragement to make dreams become reality. We are also thrilled to publish a powerful report from Thomas S. Tourtillott (Ho-Chunk) about the important efforts to encourage "tribal youth to learn the Hocak language, as it is a threatened language on the verge of extinction."

We are pleased to share new poems that capture the truth of the moments they dramatize. These effective verses span from Lloyd Frieson's (Menominee) sonnet discussing what strengthens his resolve to succeed, to Bonney Hartley's (Mohican) ode to her family's joy in working together, to L.P. Madden's (Mohican) discussion of how the Creator formed his people and

their determination to overcome obstacles, to Chase Quinney's (Menominee/Stockbridge Munsee) moving sonnet about the tenacity and potential of infant life.

We also have two fantastic short stories by Judith Hartley (Mohican) and Elyssa Hawk (Oneida) that collectively remind us that wisdom can be found in

youth as well as in elders. Hartley's piece tells a story about how the absence of words does not mean a deficiency of knowledge, while Hawk's piece depicts the necessity of not allowing someone else's conjecture limit one's ambitions. These are effective pieces that allow us to share in the vindication of their subject matter.

We round out this issue with two media reviews. J.P. Leary (Cherokee)'s piece discusses Michael Linn's film *Imprint* and the reaction the Oneida Film Society had to it. The film is engaging in its own right, and Leary's piece documents an elder's observations which captures how media helps us better frame our relationship to the world. My piece is a review of Eddie Campbell's (Oneida) humorous autobiography, *44 Horrible Dates*. The book will make you laugh and cringe, sometimes at the same time, and Campbell added to the fun by graciously allowing me to interview him about the book, his career in Hollywood, and his thoughts about writing.

We're delighted to deliver this issue to you. We hope you'll savor the pieces, celebrate their messages, and share them with your friends throughout cyberspace. Language is always evolving, but, regardless of the medium we use to deliver our thoughts, nothing bonds us together like the interconnections between words and the stories they encapsulate.

In addition to serving as the Acting Editor of *Yukhika-latuhse*, Ryan Winn is the Humanities Department Chair at College of Menominee Nation in Keshena and Green Bay, WI, where he teaches English, Theater, and Communication courses. He also writes a monthly opinion column on American Indian educational issues for *Tribal College Journal* (<http://www.tribalcollegejournal.org/>).

Schadenfreude: What Is In A Name?

By Rebecca Bork

Pulsating, glistening, quivering, throbbing, jiggling, shimmering, engorged - jello. Words. They can be ambiguous or precise. They can have many meanings, or the can have been used so often they've lost all meaning. HATE! I hate jello!

Words can simplify ideas. They can encapsulate them into tiny, little pills of understanding easily swallowed . . . or not so. Take the expression Schadenfreude, for instance: pronounced, "Shaddenfroida!" It's a German word that embodies the concept of deriving pleasure from one's pain. How clever of our European brothers to conceive of this term in order to avoid the cumbersome effort of the many words it would ordinarily take to explain such a thing. It's like a single word essay on the benefits of S&M. Not all words are so easily defined, however. In order to find the quintessential inner meaning of a word, one must look to the culture from whence it came. Moreover, what is in a name? And, what does a name mean? And what, exactly, is meant by the name "Old Glory?"

The sun never sets on Old Glory. It represents all of us from Mt. Suribachi to Mt. Everest, all the way to the moon! Old Glory brings freedom of choice to oppressed peoples all around the world. Lives are being changed and chains are being broken - this is evident in the many sightings of free-range elders wandering off the grounds of elderly homes. Words, like Schadenfreude and Old Glory, are deeply rooted in our history and culture, as is the name Dirty Dutchman.



I grew up thinking all my White brothers were Dirty Dutchmen. My great grandmother, an Oneida medicine woman, first met them on the shores of "York" and, apparently, they weren't very nice; hence, whenever something bad would happen, Granny Gardner would say, "A Dirty Dutchman must've done it!" But, not only are all White folk not dirty, they're not all Dutch, just as we're not all Cherokee. Names are often used without a true understanding of their etymology.

Ultimately, however, one thing is understood. Name equals person. When you attack the name of someone, you attack the person behind it. And when you misuse that name, you misuse that person. Names have been used to minimize and marginalize. They can demoralize and dehumanize. And when the national colors

of Old Glory unfurl, they give rise to equality everywhere. Through the blood of our brothers, we can enjoy freedom from oppression and injustice, while dining on the fine cuisine of beer, brats, frybread, and football. Let the games begin!

- Washington Redskins vs. the Detroit Niggers
- Boston Mics vs. the Chicago Wops
- San Diego Spics vs. the San Francisco Chinks
- Milwaukee Krauts vs. the New York Hymies
- Brother vs. Brother
- Oppression vs. Equality . . .

What is in a name? Schadenfreude? Pleasure in another’s pain? A wise, young halfbreed from the tribe of Mic-Wop once said, “Believe that hope for the future is within the coming generations.” Can it be in this one?

Redskin (slang) From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia
Redskin” is a racial descriptor . . . [1] the term is defined in current dictionaries of American English as “usually offensive”, [2] “disparaging”, [3] [4] “insulting”, [5] “taboo” [6] and is avoided in public usage with the exception of its continued use as a name for sports teams . . . [7] Slang identifiers for ethnic groups based upon physical characteristics, including skin color, are almost universally slurs, or derogatory, emphasizing the difference between the speaker and the target. [8]

POWER

by Lloyd Frieson

*Gathered from the winds, the clouds and the sky,
My four nation clans who stand right and speak.
The winged ones that kiss the heavens high,
No word in the language we have for weak.*

*The water that flows we protect and care,
The four legged family strong and free.
Grandfathers gives us teachings that we share,
Menominee ways is what makes me, me.*

*Mother Earth has given us what we need,
To behave as one people and obey.
Stay to the culture, not living in greed,
This spirit is within you all the day.*

*All my relations, the bees, the flowers,
Seven directions, THIS IS MY POWER*

Shut Mouth

By Judith Hartley

They called her Shut Mouth because it seemed like she never spoke. She did, of course, especially as she grew older. But she had been tagged with the moniker while still a babe held on Nahanii's knee. The old women of the tribe, who had time on their hands as they sat about mending and jawing, would stare at the bright-eyed cherub, sucking on two fingers, silently observing the world around her.

"You made a mistake with that one, Nahanii!" the women cackled. "You named her Wise Owl. You should have called her Shut Mouth because she is silent, that one is!" and they laughed and laughed.

As Shut Mouth grew older, the name stuck. By the time she went to school, she was known as Shut Mouth to everyone in the community, even though she did talk. She was bright in school, perhaps because she listened and thought about things before speaking, and she got along with the other kids who seemed to accept her quiet ways.

For her part, Shut Mouth didn't really mind her nickname. She would shrug when people called her it. But Nahanii always bristled and chided anyone within earshot, saying, "Her name is Wise Owl!"

When homework and chores were done, Shut Mouth loved to stay inside and listen to the elders talk. Their conversation often was about tribal ancestors. She would curl up by the fire and listen as they told stories about people from long ago and the hardships of travel from far away in New York to the reservation in Wisconsin, which was the only home Shut Mouth had ever known. She was filled with a longing to know her ancestors and to walk with them. "Some day," she thought to herself, "I am going to travel back to our tribal home and walk in the land of my ancestors."

One day as she was listening to the elders talk, she heard them discussing a trip. It was to take place in the summer. The tribal chairman, Tall Elk, had stopped by and was telling them that he wanted everyone in the community to go on the trip. The tribe had purchased some of their ancestral land back from the state of New York and it was planned that the entire tribe would camp on that land. The trip would last two weeks. Shut Mouth could hardly

contain her excitement. What would the land look like? Would it be sad to see the land where her ancestors had once lived and then been forced to leave?

The campsite area was large and edged by the muh-he-con-tuck, or Hudson River as it is called today. Tall Elk had asked each family clan to camp together just the way the tribe had historically lived. The tents were very large and held family groups of about 40 people. He explained that this arrangement would be similar to the longhouses that had housed family groups when the tribe lived there. Though fires used to burn inside the longhouses, for safety, the fires were built outside the tents on this trip. It was planned that the fires would be lit in the early morning and be kept going all day long so meals could be cooked as needed. This, too, was in keeping with ancestral ways.

On the first night of the trip, while everyone was asleep, Shut Mouth sat straight up, wide awake. She saw a myriad of tiny spots of light coming toward her. Stunned, she could only stare. Within a few seconds, the lights were gone and Shut Mouth could see that the tent was filled with tribal ancestors who were sitting on the floor and standing in the doorway of the tent. The visitors were silent and she sensed that they were sad. Shut Mouth was silent, too, the only sounds being the soft snoring of some of her family who were oblivious to the arrival of the visitors. Shut Mouth sat in respectful silence at the honor she had been granted—to be in the presence of her ancient elders. She felt that they were reaching out to her and welcoming her. After a few minutes that seemed much longer than it actually was, the visitors faded away. Shut Mouth continued to sit still and reflect on what the visit meant.

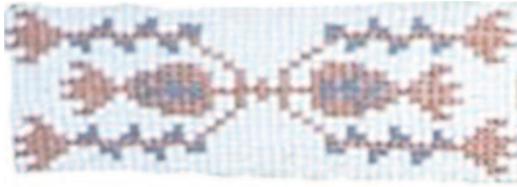


The next morning she told no one of her vision. She wanted to honor her ancestors, however, so she built a large fire in the center of the camp. Her father asked her why she was building the fire and she explained. Her father smiled and winked at her. He would talk to Tall Elk and request that after the morning prayers to pothomowaus, or He who created the world with thought, the tribe would bow their heads in silence before the fire as a tribute to their ancestors.

Every day was busy as groups of tribal members traveled throughout ancestral lands. From pempotawuthut, Albany, the place of the council fire, the tribal members traveled north to Vermont, nearly to Lake Champlain and east into Massachusetts. Others traveled south to the Ellis Island hunting and fishing grounds. It was so busy that no one had remembered to assign a fire-keeper. However, each morning, the fires burned bright in the camps. Everyone marveled at this, asking, “Who is keeping the fires burning while we sleep?”

At sunrise, on the last day of the trip, when everyone was gathered for morning prayer they noticed the fires had burned out. What can this mean, they asked Tall Elk? He, in turn, asked the wise elders, but no one seemed to know what it meant. Finally, Shut Mouth stepped forward and said: “The spirits of our ancestors walk among us. Our visit has filled their hearts with joy. They now know that muhheekunneaw, the people of the waters that are never still, have not been vanquished. It is our ancestors who have kept our fires burning each night. The fires burned out last night because our ancestors are saying good-bye to us for now, but their wish for us is that we come back again and again to visit until we, once again, live here.”

Silence fell on the community as they contemplated Shut Mouth’s words. Finally, Tall Elk spoke. He said, “Wise Owl is wise because, like the owl, she listens and watches. She has heard the voices of our ancestors speak. This is an honor that is rarely granted, and if at all, only to the elders. Wise Owl has opened our eyes in the land of our ancestors.” He shook open a blanket and placed it around her shoulders. “From now on, no one is ever to call her anything but Wise Owl.” And no one ever did.



Cultural Preservation

By Elizabeth Rice

What does cultural preservation mean to you? It can mean different things to different people. To some, it might mean displaying cultural artifacts in museums. To others, it could mean observing and teaching culture to other people. To me, and I'm sure I'm not alone, it means knowing, living, and passing your cultural ways on to the next generation.

Cultural preservation is necessary for future generations to gain an understanding of previous time periods. Having artifacts displayed in museums teaches people things about different cultures. The items being displayed show some of the things people used for everyday living generations ago. It gives societies insight into lives of their ancestors. This is an important form of cultural preservation, as it allows people to learn about cultures different from their own.

Being American Indians, we have had our culture stripped from us in an attempt to civilize our people and teach us to be productive members of American society. A result of becoming "civilized" was the loss of our languages and cultural practices. Some families were lucky enough to keep their ways going and pass them on to the next generation. I feel very fortunate to come from a family that did so. That is why I say that to me, cultural preservation means knowing, living, and passing it on to the next generation.

In today's society, some people feel that there is no room to practice the "old ways". It is up to us to find a way to live amongst society and maintain our cultural practices. It can be as easy or as hard as one makes it for themselves. To preserve culture, people have to want to keep it alive and not just see it displayed in a museum.

Urban Family: A Love Poem

By Bonney Hartley

*The turtle barrette was so high on her head
As her old time stories tumbled out inciting our laughter.*

*His tattooed hand on the mop handle told tales too—
New life, same Dakota drum.*

*Hands young and old snapped twigs of cedar
Boil some for your cough
Others tried the sewing machines
Take your time, she'll stay late for you*

*In this unexpected place, a concrete refuge,
The ancient love of the People was rekindled so boldly*

*We were free to be our own great masters,
Filling our brushes with possibility instead of pain.
Painting ourselves wrapped in blankets*

*Side by Side
Relishing that twinkling eye of Relatives*

In the family portrait of our dreams.

Beauty and Power of Native Languages: Ho-Chunk Language Preservation

By Thomas S. Tourtillott

The fire inside the teepee was burning low; the lengths of split wood that had been arranged neatly in the center of the fireplace throughout the night were now almost reduced to coal.

During the evening's ceremony, the fire chief had shaped the pile of coals into different designs; fine Native American art at its best; a form of art never seen by the general public. The darkness of the night had made the shapes of the glowing embers more pronounced; had made them come to life.

Now here in the early morning hours, while everyone enjoyed a fellowship breakfast, the animated coals had come to a parade rest. It was at this time that an elderly Ho-Chunk woman began speaking on behalf of her granddaughter, whose birthday it was being celebrated throughout the night.

The first half of her speech was in Ho-Chunk (the "Sacred Language" or the "Big Voice") because some of the Natives present understood her well. The second half of her speech was in English because most of the Natives present hadn't the foggiest idea what she was talking about. For grandmother, talking in her Native language came natural, like feathers on an eagle. It was the English that she had problems with.

That morning she spoke of the beauty of imagery that her Native words invoked. She spoke of the power in the words that caused her to experience life the way the Great Spirit had originally intended for life to be experienced. Her eyes focused on some distant point that only she could see as she reflected on how her Native words seemed to contain some sort of cohesive bond that buoyed her mind, body, soul and emotions to the earth of her childhood and everything in it. She said that it is the language that walks hand in hand with the culture; that it is the language that makes us who we are.

"Indian languages like all languages are vital expressions of the people who speak them. They carry within them the culture, spirit, history and philosophy of a people."

Author Unknown

Back in the days when things were new, she intimated, people had a certain way of thinking as a community, a certain way that they had felt towards one another, towards themselves, and towards the Great Spirit.

The culture they had enjoyed, they lived through the spoken word. The language gave them a deep sense of identity; a feeling like being a member of a greater society, a feeling that transcends time. Through the sacred language the old ones felt a sense of unity, of being interconnected, of being a nation.

But it is not that way anymore, grandmother said. Today our young people can't talk our language and for this reason they feel disconnected to their roots. They feel they are on the outside looking in and for this reason their spirits are wounded. Grandmother's speech made all present want to learn more, made all present want to experience life through the language.

Ho-Chunk is a language that is alive, she assured, like a living being, like a dancer in the arena. English is flat, more like so many tracks in the melting snow. To encourage her granddaughter to learn more about the sacred language and thus the culture, she gave this insight, "I speak Indian...you could even say I think Indian."

The Ho-Chunk Nation Language Division (www.hocak.info) is actively pursuing the encouragement of tribal youth to learn the Hocak language, as it is a threatened language on the verge of extinction. Currently there are around two hundred fluent speakers left; those fluent speakers being of advanced age.

A number of assumptions are held regarding threatened languages. It is believed that when a language is dying off, the afflicted society suffers in a multitude of ways. It is believed that in a society where there is a variety of languages being spoken, that society flourishes and is strengthened. It is believed that local cultures must be supportive of other peoples' culture and their right to decide for themselves how they are going to cultivate themselves in the shared environment. It is believed that an ethnic group of people who have lost their language are different from their ancestors of the same language and culture base. It is believed that there are three dynamics that bond the relationship between language and culture. These are:

- ▶ a language mirrors its culture in the best way befitting a people,
- ▶ a language symbolizes its culture,
- ▶ a language shapes its culture.

According to their website, "The Ho-Chunk Nation Language Division believes that language planning must promote options, hope and meaning for its people."



No Fences

By Elyssa Hawk

“I’m running away,” she said with a tinge of poisonous adventure as she skirted her way past the odd angle of the couch where her family sat.

Before anyone could say anything, mouths hanging open like goldfish gulping in water, she threw open her bag dramatically and pulled out the plane tickets. Feeling the crisp firm glossy tickets beneath her fingertips as she held them up with a sense of pride. A combination of pride and those very tickets were pumping curiosity through her veins. She gushed inwardly while picturing reading under a tree hundreds of years old next to tropical flowers with names she could not pronounce, learning how to cook dishes that would make her tongue tingle with new flavor explosions, or sea kayaking through a mangrove as monkeys howled to each other.



“Where? Why? What exactly do you think you are doing?” one of her bewildered family members sputtered out ungracefully.

Taking in a deep breath of air thrilled me as the raw anticipation of adventure thrummed through my limbs. She was about to cross the threshold of possibility. Possibility that the wide world offered to everyone, except few took advantage of it. “Does it matter where I am going? It should only matter that I am going,” she managed to hold her eyes level to her mothers.

She would wake up each day with a sense of wonder, a sense of needing more. Her eyes craved vivid color of open air markets, her hands craved the feel of silk fabrics, and her feet craved to be so tired from climbing hundreds of steps up to some temple at the top of a mountain just to see the history combined with breathtaking views.

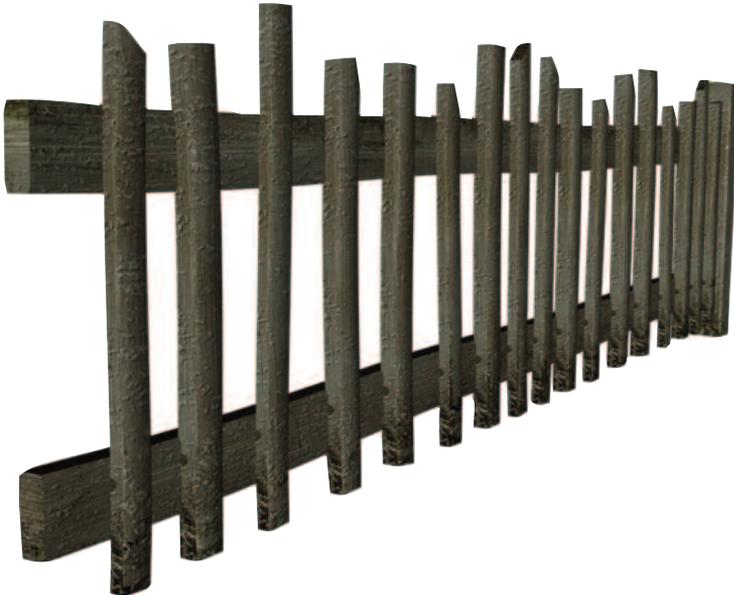
Feeling the need to listen to the compass inside of her to move her feet, to go far from where she stands. A craving that scares her, losing her comforts of home to venture toward something unknown. She senses the fear bubbling up stifling her confidence. “Mother, it’s time for me to do what I know I should do. I need to see what is out there.”

“School did not teach you what is on the other side?” mother asked as she waved her hand as if over there was past the fence. “Surely, you must know the grass is never greener on the other side dear. Unless you are going to Fiji.”

She knew that the frown was distinct upon her face. Her family just did not understand. How could she tell them that it is not a place but the experience that makes a destination distinct? Until then it is just a name on the map for us to discover. Slowly she gets up and tosses her bag over her shoulder. “No, I will not be anywhere the American dream has deemed acceptable paradise. I will be in Gana building schools so they can learn that the grass is indeed not brighter on the other side.” waving her hand in the same gesture her mother had used to indicate a family on the couch in front of the TV.

Walking out the door she could feel the bubble popping around her head as she took her first steps towards a symbolic fence that will no longer hold her back.

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Red Clay

By L.P. Madden

*From the earth the creator scooped us.
With strong red clay shaped us.
Strong will ingrained in us.
Choice to honor endowed us.
Children bestowed us.
Knowledge granted us.
To share amongst us.*

*One day came them.
We welcomed them.
We honored them.
We underestimated them.
We succumbed to them.
We retreated from them.
We endured them.*

*Our ways have come full circle.
Our children filled with pride.
Our honor for our Elders and Veterans, still abides.
Our numbers, though much smaller, won't be put aside.
Our dignity stands unfaltering, families at our side.
Our future isn't certain, but it's us who will decide.
Our meeting with Creator, on that day, we tightly will be
clutching our red clay.*

Beautiful Language

by Quinton Schuyler

Native American languages have always had such a great sound, and the meanings of the words had goodness in them. It is hard to just pick one word and explain the meaning of it, so I will just give some examples of how all the Native American peoples' languages were all so peaceful and respectful. Before the Europeans came to America it was told by the elders that the Native languages did not have swear words or words that meant disrespect. After the Europeans arrived and said that our language was devil talk, they forced all the tribes to speak English and beat anyone who spoke their Native language. This continued until the languages were almost lost. But today the languages are slowly coming back to all the Native Tribes, but now it's like they're a second language instead of it being our first.

A long time ago before the Europeans arrived the entire Native Americans spoke their language. People didn't have to think about what or how things were said to them because there were no bad words in any of the language. The people could ask each other for help and there was never any question to what they asked for or even if there was something else behind them asking. There wasn't an ulterior motive to language, like there often is today.

Today all of our people speak in a manner that is offensive in one way or another and our children are speaking to our elders in ways that no child should speak. Back when all the people spoke their own language it was so much more peaceful. The children were children and always spoke to others with a kindness and respect. When the elders spoke people listened to them and did what was asked.

The Europeans said that all the things the Native Americans did were bad and that it all was related to the devil this and devil that. But who are the ones to blame for teaching all the people all the bad words and all the different ways to disrespect people and our mother earth? You can go and talk to any elder from any tribe who still speaks the language and ask them how to speak badly about someone or even how to swear, and you will get the same response from all of them. They will all tell you there are no words in the language to do such a thing.

So why is it that the Europeans said that the Native American language was so bad and evil when in fact our people didn't learn to curse until we were forced to stop speaking our language? Every tribe has their own lan-

guage and definitions of what their words mean. If you are ever privilege to hear it or learn one, I strongly recommend you do so. I also would like you to think about how it was a long time ago, when the children never talked back or even walked around with their friends. Image the kids always speaking with respect and kindness, something that we need to teach our children again.



It Can Happen- Have Faith!

By Betty (Putnam) Schiel

We were landing! The pilot said, “Fasten your seatbelts, we’re starting our descent.” We could see a huge incline with many windows alive of factory light; the factories must work all night.

I wanted to scream with delight, excitement, and disbelief with my insides bursting with joyful tears. My childhood dreams were becoming real. Have you ever had such a wonderful experience?

My dream goes back to depression days of the 1930s, living in central Wisconsin. We frequently dug holes—planting gardens or postholes—and the saying, “Stop digging or you’ll hit China” frequently heard and repeating that fact. As a 6 or 7 year old I believed China was half way around the world.

My dad was a World War I veteran and had been across the ocean to Europe, and my mother was a schoolteacher in Arizona, so I knew travel was possible. Bbut for me, no, I never thought of a trip to that foreign country.

As the years passed my interest and dream grew. I frequently read adventure books—“adventure on the high seas.” Men would be “shanghaied” or kidnapped to work on ships bound for the Orient. There would always be a Chinese man with his precious top notch working in the kitchen which was always crowded, hot, and steamy. Any personal kindness was not there, his only pleasure would be a trip to the ship’s rail to dump garbage. He’d inhale deeply and maybe some fresh rain would drop on his face, an appreciated gesture.



The great author Pearl S. Buck’s deep vivid stories of the countryside, the families and the Forbidden City would jump from the pages as I read the books about China. World War II made the world smaller and movies offered visual reality of the Orient. I loved it.

In my twenties an older and wiser coworker gave me valuable advice: Don’t keep your dreams at a distance; include them in your daily life. In-

clude them in the normal sphere of activity each day and your dreams will be named. They will become real, she advised, and I listened.

I started saving money to some day go to China

Then in the 1970s President Nixon's visit to China opened the country to western visitors. I starting saying, "When I go to China." It was a part of me. One day in 1984 a flyer came across my secretary's desk. She brought it to me, and said, "Call your husband right now—you're going on a trip." He agreed immediately upon hearing of the trip. I called my mom and said, "Guess where I'm going?" She said, "China." I said, "Who told you?" She said, "Why else would you sound so excited? That is all you talk about."

A medical group from the University of Pennsylvania had organized this educational trip to China. We saw the Forbidden City—walked on the grounds with all that history, saw bicycle lots instead of car lots. All the bikes were black, people wore white tops and black calf or ankle-length pants. A few women with bound feet hobbled about. I could go on and on but it happened. I saw the old traditional China before all the modern changes.

It was a dream come true—I wish the same for you.



The Chance

Chase Quinney

*I found myself staring into the night.
Wondering, asking, what it might be like,
To be a baby, my future so bright.
But be born ill, I must fight from a tyke.
Not knowing what's next, I must fight just fight.
My family bedside praying alike.
Hoping I get stronger, night after night.
I sleep like an angel no words to speak.
Knowing I'll show them my strength and my fight.
By growing and showing, it's never bleak.
The worst is over, it's coming to sight.
I could not breathe, so the doc made a tweak.
My breathing gets better, night after night.
I've made it, I'm strong, excited for life.*

Imprint (2007) Film Review:

By J P Leary

Movies can powerful shared experiences, and often the audience shapes the experience as much as the film itself. This is particularly true when we can have the all-too-rare experience with a majority Native audience. Thomas Builds-The-Fire's comment that "the only thing sadder than Indians on TV is Indians watching Indians on TV," is becoming less and less true as more Native people become involved with filmmaking on both sides of the camera. The Oneida Film Society exists where these ideas all come together – creating shared experience of Native films with Native audiences.



Imprint, the Oneida Film Society's October selection, is a great example. This 2007 supernatural thriller is set in present-day South Dakota, on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. It stars Tonantzin Carmelo

(Tongva/Kumeyaay) as Shayla Stonefeather, and features Lakota actors Michael Spears and Tokala Clifford along with a cast of local Lakota talent in supporting roles. Chris Eyre (Cheyenne/Arapahoe) served as producer, contributing his talents to a film that was otherwise largely made by non-Native filmmakers.

As the film opens, Shayla Stonefeather, a Lakota woman working as an assistant district attorney in Denver, successfully prosecutes a young Lakota boy for murder. After the young man dies in police custody, Shayla returns home to Pine Ridge where her mother is tending her ailing father. The man's illness is mysterious, perhaps linked to his son's disappearance years earlier, and he is clearly haunted by eerie visions he can only express through drawing. At home, Shayla seems to be haunted by visions of her own, some of angry relatives who feel she has lost her way, and others of a supernatural nature. As the story unfolds, Shayla has to make peace with her past by learning the secret of her haunting visions and those of her father.

Clearly, the filmmakers viewed it as a supernatural thriller, and the music and sound effects certainly create the appropriate mood. In the follow-up discussion, I asked our audience members whether they thought it was scary. One of the Elders had an unforgettable response, "No, because our people see spirits all the time, it's our way, and we know them as our relatives. Our relatives are not scary." She immediately identified that the original screenplay was not about Native people at all, and they some of the concepts remained unchanged. That is the beautiful part about watching Native films with a Native audience, and it is an experience the Oneida Film Society offers on a monthly basis.

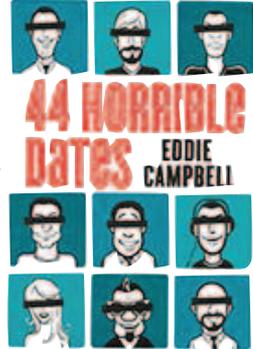
44 Horrible Dates

By Eddie Campbell Sourcebooks (2012)

Reviewed by Ryan Winn

Typically laughing at someone else's repeated misfortunes is the definition of adding insult to injury, yet that's exactly what Eddie Campbell (Oneida) hopes you'll do as you read the accounts contained in his collection, *44 Horrible Dates*.

Campbell is a film and television art director turned author and comedian, and it's difficult not to simultaneously chuckle and cringe as he describes nearly twenty years of bad dates in and around Los Angeles, California. Campbell happens to be gay, but the book is "not about [his] sexuality." Instead Campbell elicits camaraderie with his readers based upon the belief that "horrible dates are universal" and that humor is "all the therapy you might ever need."



Campbell knows how to setup his punch lines and never wastes time with unnecessary information, and so his book concurrently curates the essential details and makes his readers allies in his bemusement. Some of the dates are bad because of his suitors' halitosis, flatulence, road rage, or constant cellphone checking. Other dates show up high, drink too much, or have photo-shopped the pictures in their dating profile. Yet the truly memorable ones involve fantasy acting, extraterrestrial communication, or peculiar bedroom requests.

44 Horrible Dates doesn't conclude with a "long-awaited, unrealistic ending", rather it simultaneously reminds us that "dating is really...strange" and asks "by being single are we missing the boat, or are we better off?" This is not to say that the author isn't looking for Mr. Right, or that he's the one who ends every would-be relationship. Campbell depicts himself as an optimist who's always ready to take a chance on finding love, yet he abides by his advice to his readers to "Never settle for someone who is a mess and is not right for you." Along the way to his happily-ever-after Campbell's gives us a book that encourages lovers and love-seekers to "laugh, and have a wicked sense of humor."

Following is this author's conversation with Campbell:

Who was your grandmother? The late Oneida tribal member, Amelia Baird.

What is your educational background?

I have an Associate of Art Degree from Santa Monica City College. I then went on to earn a double bachelor's degree from the University of Southern California in Communication and from the School of Cinema Television.

Which films and television productions have you worked on?

The films, *Savages*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, and *Peaceful Warrior*; TV shows, *Dawson's Creek*, *The Closer*, *The Division*, *Ghost Whisperer*.

What stand-up comedians influenced your act?

Charlie Hill (Oneida/Mohawk) was an inspiration! I also like Chelsea Handler, Jimmy Fallon, and Sarah Colonna.

Is there a person (or persons) who were most instrumental to your success?

One of the most instrumental forces in my success was Oneida Higher Education, and I mean this from the bottom of my heart. Without the aid I received I would never have been able to attend the college of my dreams. It was at USC Film School where I made the connection to get hired on *Dawson's Creek*, a TV show filmed in Wilmington, North Carolina.

When did you decide to write *44 Horrible Dates*?

I decided to write the book in 2009 after my friends demanded I write the book. I am actually very private by nature and had no intention of sharing such personal stories that are not only embarrassing but often R-Rated.

What is your writing process?

Just write, write, write. I don't worry about errors, grammar or mistakes – that will get refined after many re-writes.

Has the book opened up any new opportunities for you?

The book led to my stand up career at the famous Hollywood Improv. You can do a youtube search of my name and see a recent video if you get really bored one night. Its only eight minutes so you won't need that time back if you don't laugh, but I think you will. (Editor's note, here's the link: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KhP1HvrjS7U>)

You seem to have embraced social media. What role does it play in your career?

Social media is PIVOTAL for anyone who has a public product.

What do you believe the future of Indian entertainers will look like?

Indian entertainers have no boundaries. If you believe in your dreams, and

the do the daily, hard work, you will achieve them. Your dreams don't come knocking on your door. You have to go out and attack your dreams!
o you have any advice for aspiring Native artists or writers?
Everyone on the planet needs to go college. Everyone on the planet needs to be educated. Without an education you have to pray for luck.

What are you working on now?

I am working on several new books and I have become a public painter at Wallspace Gallery in Los Angeles. www.wallspacela.org

What's one thing about someone famous you worked with that you probably shouldn't share?

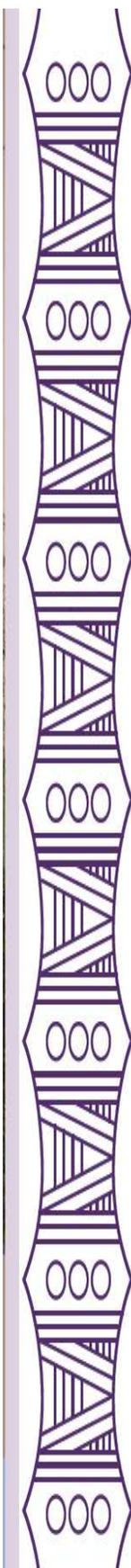
The ones who seem nice aren't, and the ones that seem like idiots are not.

What question should I have asked you?

Was it hard getting a book published? Yes it was. You have to do extensive research on publishers, their material, the market for your type of book, your competition, etc.

What question are you glad I didn't ask?

I think the worst interview question is where do you see yourself in five years? In five years I hope to be alive.



Yukhika-latuhse?

Yukhika-latuhse (she tells stories): Wisconsin's Indigenous People's Voice in Arts and Culture

Call for writers for our Fall 2014 Digital Issue

Issue Theme: Indian Humor: A Tribute to Charlie Hill

Yukhika-latuhse (she tells stories) is looking for original works from Wisconsin's American Indian writers that explore the theme of "Indian Humor." We're seeking stories, poems, essays, memories, photo journalism, and cartoons that focus on Indigenous laughter in all facets of life. We want pieces that heal, inspire, divide, and bring us together.

Charlie Hill (Oneida/Mohawk) did this with his groundbreaking standup comedy every time he took the stage. This issue is dedicated to his humor and his life, and so we'd like to share a few quotes from the late, great legend that captured his gift.

On Indian mascots: *"I'd like to see the Kansas City Caucasians. White guy out there wearing a leisure suit. After each homerun they'd dance around a mobile home."*

On Religion: *"I'm not a Christian. I used to be, but I grew up and became a born again savage. A scalp is a terrible thing to waste."*

On Flying: *"So I'm sitting on the airline in the middle seat, and there's redneck sitting on either side of me. And I'm thinking, you might have stolen my land, you might of written off my culture, but you're not getting these damn arm rests."*

On Racism: *"I had a heckler last time I did a show. I'm on stage and he goes, 'I don't wanna hear that crap, Injun. I'm an American. Why don't you go back where you came from?' So I camped in his backyard."*

Genres needed: opinion essays (500-800 words), memoirs (500-800 words), current Arts and Culture reviews (300 words), humorous contributions, photojournalism, and cartoons. ***Note: Ties to the issue's theme are strongly encouraged but not necessary for all submissions.***

Creative Writing Competition: fiction (500-1000 words) and poetry (up to 50 lines)
Awards are: \$30 for the top three submissions in either category.

DEADLINE: August 15th, 2014

Submit to: Ryan Winn, Acting Editor, rwinn@menominee.edu