INFORMATION TO USERS

This material was produced from a microfilm copy of the original document. While the most advanced technological means to photograph and reproduce this document have been used, the quality is heavily dependent upon the quality of the original submitted.

The following explanation of techniques is provided to help you understand markings or patterns which may appear on this reproduction.

1. The sign or "target" for pages apparently lacking from the document photographed is "Missing Page(s)". If it was possible to obtain the missing page(s) or section, they are spliced into the film along with adjacent pages. This may have necessitated cutting thru an image and duplicating adjacent pages to insure you complete continuity.

2. When an image on the film is obliterated with a large round black mark, it is an indication that the photographer suspected that the copy may have moved during exposure and thus cause a blurred image. You will find a good image of the page in the adjacent frame.

3. When a map, drawing or chart, etc., was part of the material being photographed the photographer followed a definite method in "sectioning" the material. It is customary to begin photoing at the upper left hand corner of a large sheet and to continue photoing from left to right in equal sections with a small overlap. If necessary, sectioning is continued again — beginning below the first row and continuing on until complete.

4. The majority of users indicate that the textual content is of greatest value, however, a somewhat higher quality reproduction could be made from "photographs" if essential to the understanding of the dissertation. Silver prints of "photographs" may be ordered at additional charge by writing the Order Department, giving the catalog number, title, author and specific pages you wish reproduced.

5. PLEASE NOTE: Some pages may have indistinct print. Filmed as received.

Xerox University Microfilms
300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

76-9319

MOORE, Consuela Marie (Sybil Kein), 1935-
THE TRI-COLORED CAGED MUSE: A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF AFRO-AMERICAN, MEXICAN-AMERICAN, AND NATIVE-AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The University of Michigan, A.D., 1975
Literature, American

Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106

© Consuela Marie Moore (Sybil Kein) 1975
All Rights Reserved

THIS DISSERTATION HAS BEEN MICROFILMED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED.

THE TRI-COLORED CAGED MUSE: A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF AFRO-AMERICAN, MEXICAN-AMERICAN, AND NATIVE-AMERICAN LITERATURE

by
Consuela Marie Moore
(Sybil Kein)

A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Arts
(English Language & Literature)
in The University of Michigan
1975

Doctoral Committee:

Professor Marvin Felheim, Chairman
Assistant Professor Gwendolyn C. Baker
Associate Professor Fredrica K. Bartz
Professor Robert E. Hayden
Lecturer Timothy G. Davies

DEDICATION

for my parents,

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Moore

and

for my children,

Elizabeth, David, and Susan

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author wishes to express sincere appreciation and gratitude to all members of her committee, with special thanks to: Professor Marvin Felheim, Professor Robert Hayden, and Professor Fredrica K. Bartz.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION iii

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS iv

NOTE vi

CHAPTER ONE: THE CHRONOLOGICAL EVOLUTION: AFRO-AMERICAN, MEXICAN-AMERICAN, AND NATIVE-AMERICAN LITERATURES 1

CHAPTER TWO: SELECTED MULTIETHNIC THEMES AND GENRES: A MOSAIC IN BLACK, BROWN, AND RED 44

CHAPTER THREE: THE DOUBLE DILEMMA OF THE ETHNIC WRITER IN AMERICA: SOME CONCLUSIONS . 98

APPENDIX A: SOME CONTEMPORARY AFRO-AMERICAN AUTHORS . 122

APPENDIX B: SOME CONTEMPORARY CHICANO AUTHORS 127

APPENDIX C: SOME CONTEMPORARY NATIVE-AMERICAN AUTHORS 130

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY 133

NOTE

1. Although the term "WASP" is not a satisfactory one, it is in current use and we have accepted the definition of WASP given in The American Heritage Dictionary as the basis for the term's use in this paper. The definition is as follows:

> WASP, n. A person of Caucasoid, northern European, largely Protestant stock whose members are held by some to constitute the most privileged and influential group in U.S. society; broadly, a white U.S. citizen of nonspecific ethnic or religious identity . . . .

2. This thesis is the result of work done in conjunction with Joan Marie Martin whose dissertation entitled American Literature: Towards a Redefinition should be read as a companion work to my own.

CHAPTER I

THE CHRONOLOGICAL EVOLUTION: AFRO-AMERICAN, MEXICAN-AMERICAN, AND NATIVE-AMERICAN LITERATURES

The purpose of this paper is to explore the contributions of major Afro-American, Mexican-American, and Native-American writers as distinctive entities, and in light of their common literary ties. It is this author's contention that members of all three ethnic groups share a basic in-common heritage, and have, as a result, suffered at the hands of "The American Dream." They have been left out of mainstream American literature, and have encountered the dilemmas of forced acculturation, segregation, and discrimination. In many cases, language has been a limiting factor in publication and audience appeal. Despite these and other factors which will be explored further in this paper, these three major ethnic groups have produced first-rate writers and an immense body of refreshingly new and vital literature.

This paper will look at these works from a chronological perspective in relation to the development of WASP American literature.

It will then compare and contrast the ways in which the literary artists of each ethnic group handle various themes and genres.

Finally, it will examine the ethnic writer himself against a backdrop of the obstacles he must encounter first as a writer, second as an ethnic writer, and finally as an ethnic writer attempting to create in a generally hostile American environment.

This first chapter will examine the historical roots of each of the major ethnic bodies of literature to show that this literature did exist, even though it has been excluded from mainstream American literature. We will begin with a survey of the chronological history of Afro-American literature in the United States.

It is not until this decade, the seventies, that the true history of Afro-American literature has been printed with any attempt at complete accuracy. Most scholars of American literature in the past have tended to date the beginnings of Afro-American literature only with the "spirituals" of the early slaves. However, as Roger Whitlow in his preface to Black American Literature: A Critical History points out:

> During the last five years many learned people—some of them specialists in American literature—have been astonished to learn that black American literature has existed for two and a quarter centuries; that much of it is excellent literature produced by gifted writers . . .[1]

Just as the myths about Afro-Americans are gradually being destroyed by the various studies being done in the areas of social studies, education and anthropology, the myths about the literature of Afro-Americans are finally being investigated by some literary scholars. These findings offer proof of not only the existence of early Afro-American literature, but also of the validity of these early works in relationship to the mainstream literature of America.

> Black people came to the New World with the earliest settlers, and they have been part of this nation's development ever since. They have produced literature in the traditional oral modes of their African forefathers as well as in the various written genres of European-Americans.
>
> From their initial experiences in North America, Negro slaves produced the plaintive poetry of spirituals, the bold lyrics of seculars, and countless tales, all in oral tradition. This heritage—albeit in altered form—continues to be an important aspect of Afro-American culture: spirituals have their modern counterparts in gospel songs; seculars live on in the blues and its vast progeny; tales continue to proliferate.
>
> The written tradition in black literature began with Lucy Terry's 1746 poem "Bar's Fight," but its first elegant, and unquestionably talented representative was Phillis Wheatley, who was kidnapped from her native Senegal at the age of seven, but whose gifts were so powerful that she was to become one of America's finest poets before her death at thirty-one. American poetry at that time was,

> of course, generally less than outstanding, so that even Wheatley's finest work . . . was certainly no better than many spirituals . . . or their non-religious counterparts, seculars . . . Indeed, there is a verve, a life in the oral literature of slaves that is sadly absent from the written literature of their seventeenth and eighteenth century white neighbors. More important is the fact that slave songs and tales—particularly spirituals and seculars—represented new art forms; nowhere, not in Africa or Europe, had this precise combination of language and music developed. . . .[2]

Very close to the development of Afro-American poetry, historically, was the development of the prose writings by Afro-American writers. Despite the laws which made the possession of books by slaves or the educating of a slave illegal, many of them who managed to escape the penalty for being caught with a book, usually death, did acquire the knowledge and skills necessary to produce prose as early as 1760.

> The earliest published prose writing by an Afro-American, as far as we know, also dates back more than two centuries. In 1760, the same year that witnessed the publication in Hartford of Jupiter Hammon's first broadside in verse, another slave with the same surname, Briton Hammon, published a narrative in Boston. It was an autobiographical pamphlet entitled <u>A Narrative of the Uncommon Sufferings and Surprising Deliverance of Briton Hammon, a Negro Man</u>. Of historical rather than literary interest, this pamphlet foreshadowed a fact of Afro-American literary history: Autobiographical narratives were to become the first genre of prose writing of literary importance.

From the 1780's to the end of the Civil War there was a steady flow of a literature destined in advance to be stillborn, a literature "in spite of," created defiance of the laws making literacy for slaves a crime. It consisted of autobiographies and narratives written, and sometimes told, by slaves who had excaped slavery. One of the earliest important works of this type is "The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olondah Equiano, or Gustavas Vassa, the African." Vernon Loggins, in his book The Negro Author in America, affirmed: 'At the time it was published, in 1789, few books had been produced in America which afford such vivid, concrete, and picturesque narrative.'

Nineteenth-century peaks of this literary form are the narratives of Frederick Douglass, William Wells Brown, and Samuel Ringgold Ward, leading Negroes in the antislavery movement . . .

Another current prose writing developed simultaneously with the slave narratives—protest against slavery and anti-slavery expository writing. The first noteworthy work in this field, an essay of unmistakable intellectual and stylistic importance, was An Essay on Slavery signed by 'Othello,' a Free Negro. This essay appeared in 1788 in two installments in the November and December issues of American Museum, one of the four major magazines founded in the United States after the American Revolution. From 1791 to 1796 Benjamin Banneker, the Negro of many talents who was appointed by Thomas Jefferson to the commission which laid out the plans for the city of Washington, published his widely circulated annual Almanacks. On August 19, 1791, Banneker sent a letter to Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State, condemning the degradation and barbarism of slavery and arguing for recognition of the human worth and equality of 'the African race.' This letter was

> published in Philadelphia in 1792 and, until the Civil War, was reprinted countless times as a classic of Negro-American protest against slavery. Some believe that Benjamin Banneker was the author of the anonymous Othello essay.
>
> From the first decade of the nineteenth century, the protest writings of Lemuel Haynes and Peter Williams are remembered. In 1829, David Walker's famous abolitionist pamphlet Walker's Appeal was published in Boston and became, in the words of Vernon Loggins, 'the most widely circulated work that came from the pen of an American Negro before 1840.'
>
> In 1827, Freedom's Journal, the first Negro newspaper in the United States, began publication in New York City, four years before the birth of Garrison's famous Abolitionist organ The Liberator. The opening editorial in the first issue of the first Negro newspaper (March 16, 1827) declared: 'We wish to plead our own cause. Too long have others spoken for us. Too long has the publick been deceived by misrepresentations, in things which concern us dearly . . .'
>
> A group of articulate writers, speakers, and fighters against slavery contributed to Freedom's Journal, including Samuel Ringgold Ward and William Wells Brown, who attracted public notice with their narratives. Poems by early Negro poets and versifiers were published in Freedom's Journal and in The Liberator.[3]

This ample supply of prose beginnings has been consciously omitted from mainstream American literature, but the existence of early prose is obvious from the information cited above. Although this initial prose was mainly political in tone, it was so of necessity. After the legal ending of slavery, Afro-American writers could focus on other themes:

> We can detect a pattern in the development of Afro-American expression very similar to the general line of development of American writing. The real achievements in imaginative writing follow an initial period of expository, autobiographical, religious, and political writing. Significantly, the first fiction and first play by a Negro came from an active Abolitionist who contributed to Freedom's Journal. William Wells Brown, an author of many important antislavery articles and books, also wrote the first novel by a Negro in the United States. The book, Clotel, was first published in London in 1853. A revised version was printed in the United States in 1864. William Wells Brown also wrote the first play by an American Negro, The Escape; or A Leap for Freedom, published in 1858. Both his novel and play are of slight literary merit, but it is interesting that the Negro antislavery writings spill over into the first works of fiction and drama. . . .[4]

The literary merit of the early writings by Afro-Americans has often been labeled as inferior or sub-standard to that of the early WASP writers. Historically, however, the early works of the WASP writers are highly overrated. For example, "In 1714, the first extant American play, Androboros (or 'Maneater'), written by Robert Hunter, Governor of New York, was published. A rather crude satire, it ridiculed Hunter's political opponents."[5] During the late nineteenth century, the time when William Wells Brown's play was first published and slighted by most critics, the mainstream American playwrights were concentrating their literary efforts on what can most accurately be called

"popular" drama:

> Between 1850 and 1870, burlesque was one of the most popular dramatic types. Parodying well-known plays, performers, or topical events, and featuring songs and dances, it appealed to the taste for broad comedy. Probably the most successful writers of burlesques was John Brougham (1810-1880), an Irishman . . . A popular comic actor, Brougham . . . adapted many popular novels for the stage, and wrote numerous original works. Of all his plays, the most famous was Po-ca-hon-tas, or The Gentle Savage (1855), a parody of the 'noble savage' tradition, popular since the 1820's. Many others also wrote and performed in burlesque. George L. Fox (1825-77), one of the most talented comic actors of the 19th century, was famous for his travesties of Macbeth, Richard III, and Hamlet. He also revived pantomime with his Humpty Dumpty (1868), in which he played Clown more than 1200 times. Mrs. John Wood (1831-1915) was probably the best burlesque actress of the day, winning special acclaim in The Sleeping Beauty and The Fair One with the Golden Locks. . . .6

Setting aside the questionable "values" of literary criticism, the documented facts of early Afro-American literature's existence, despite the adverse historical atmosphere, does prove that this literature developed at the same time as did that of WASPS. Also, the earliest written WASP literature was framed in the same genres as that of the Afro-Americans, namely, broadsides, folk tales, religious and political narratives and verses. The parallel is evident, if one takes a look at such early WASP writers as William Bradford (1590-1657), Jonathan Edwards (1703-

1758), Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), Thomas Paine (1737-1809), Washington Irving (1783-1859), and James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851).

The turn of the century was a period when Afro-American writers began to experiment more freely with defined genres and to demonstrate a new technical excellence in their literary efforts:

> The modern period of literature by Negro authors, marked by the mastery of literary craftsmanship, achievements in form, and the critical definition of specific literary and cultural problems of Negro Americans within American Culture, opens with the 1890's. Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles Waddell Chestnutt, and W. E. B. DuBois loom large in these literary beginnings.[7]

Generally, however, these early twentieth century Afro-American writers were limited by the publishers who printed only those literary works which reflected the popular stereotyped image of the Negro at that time. Hence, Paul Laurence Dunbar's dialect poems were published, but not his love lyrics, for example, which were reflective of the "acceptable" forms of the poet's art.

It was not until the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's that Afro-American writers abandoned much of this forced stereotyping in their literature for a more honest and individual mode:

> When Harlem came to be known throughout the country as a Black haven, independent writing that ignored stereotypes began to emerge, and in the 1920's

> a Black artists's movement called the Harlem Renaissance was born. This movement marked the beginning of the conscious development of a Black aesthetic.
>
> Traditional Black forms—the sermon and spiritual of the church and the secular music of Jazz—were the beginnings of a distinctively Black art. However, with few exceptions, such as the experiments of Langston Hughes, the conscious creation of new literary forms had to wait until the 1960's and 1970's. The 1960's brought an upsurge of ethnic awareness and the assertion of the right to a variety of life-styles, the right to differ in language and culture. Ethnic pluralism meant to Black Americans a belief in the "rightness" of a pride in Black language, Black music, and the ability to produce Black Art. . . .[8]

Since the 1920's the rise of Afro-American writers whose works are positive contributions to our American literature has been phenomenal. The literary genius of a few of them has been given some recognition: Gwendolyn Brooks, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin, LeRoi Jones, Richard Wright are well known figures in literary circles. But the bulk of the talented Afro-American writers still goes largely unnoticed by the reading public and is, with few exceptions, not included in mainstream American literary texts:

> As a result of the various walls standing between many black writers and the reading audience, large numbers of literate and cultured Americans, including a high proportion of English majors and students of literature in the colleges, are not aware that many meaningful literary works

have been created by black Americans and are an organic part of the American literary heritage. Unfortunately, we still have to contend, in our study of American literature, with the long and harsh tradition of the rejection of the Negro in our society and the historically built-in tendencies in American culture to ignore or play down the importance of the black Americans as creators of cultural values and aesthetic forms in the United States.

This is not unexplored territory. Many important studies, anthologies, and specialized collections of writings have been published over the years—predominantly but not exclusively by Negro scholars, critics, writers, and poets. But symptomatic of the long resistance to the proper recognition of the literary works created by black Americans is the fact that, even today, you will search in vain in definitive up-to-date American literary histories, for some elementary facts about Negro American writers and writing. You will search in vain in almost all of the standard American literary reference works of today for the 'Negro Renaissance' or 'Harlem Renaissance,' interchangeable terms widely used by students of the Negro in American literature to denote the extensive literary creativity of the New Negro movement that arose in the 1920's. This was the literary explosion that brought into American literature the early works of such writers as Langston Hughes, Alain Locke, Jean Toomer, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, Sterling Brown, Arna Bontemps, and others. . . Our literary histories, with very rare exceptions, simply do not recognize the existence of any flowering of Negro expression, or any specific literary movement of black Americans, worthy of special notice.

This is clear evidence of how much remains to be done to become aware of the full diversity and scope of American literature, to open our ears and eyes to the voices and imaginative creations of black humanity in our midst. . . .[9]

Finally, in 1975, many young Afro-American writers, armed with the knowledge that mainstream American literature will reject their work, have taken, for the most part, a separatist stance—that is—they vocalize an unwillingness to allow WASP publishers to print their works. This is mainly a method of survival evidenced by the emergence of many small Black-owned publishing houses, such as Broadside Press in Detroit, Michigan.

The historical evolution of Afro-American writing has been shown to co-exist with that of the literature of WASP Americans. Now, in the late twentieth century, the rich, still growing body of Afro-American writing is still stamped inferior, and set apart from "the" American literature of the United States. The history of Mexican-American or Chicano writing in America involves similar problems as that of the Afro-American, with the added disadvantage of the language barrier.

The literature of the Chicano has a rich and varied history. Chicano cultural heritage includes that of Aztec and Mayan civilizations, the classical traditions of the Old World Spanish renaissance, and the rich contributions of the Indians, to name a few. In order to trace the chronological beginnings of Chicano literature in America, it will be necessary to investigate some of the problems

involved in such a study. First of all, the term "Chicano" as defined by most leaders of La Raza and other Chicano political movements, does not have the implied pejorative meaning it had when the term was introduced in the first half of this century in America. The preference for this name is loudly voiced by young Mexican-Americans as a symbol of pride for their racial heritage. A comparison can be made to the adoption of the term "Black" by the people of Afro-American descent. Chicano literature then, would indicate a recent development, a renaissance of Mexican-American literature that is socially and politically allied with the term "Chicano." The reasons for the preference of the term "Chicano" is explained by Luis Valdez:

> Our insistence on calling ourselves Chicanos stems from a realization that we are not just one more minority group in the United States. We reject the semantic games of sociologists and whitewashed Mexicans who frantically identify us as Mexican-Americans, Spanish-Americans, Latin-Americans, Spanish-speaking, Spanish-surname, Americans of Mexican descent, etc. We further reject efforts to make us disappear into the white melting pot, only to be hauled out again when it is convenient or profitable for gabacho (gringo) politicians. Some of us are as dark as zapote, but we are casually labeled Caucasian.
>
> We are, to begin with, Mestizos—a powerful blend of Indigenous America with European-Arabian Spain, usually recognizable for the natural bronze

> tone it lends to human skin. Having no specific race of our own, we used poetry and labeled ourselves centuries ago as La Raza, the Race, albeit a race of half-breeds, misfits, and mongrels. Centuries of interbreeding further obfuscated our lineage, and La Raza gave itself other labels—la plebe, el vulgo, la palomía. Such is the natural poetry of our people. One thing, however, was never obscured: that the Raza was basically Indio, for that was borne out by our acts rather than mere words, beginning with the act of birth.
>
> During the three hundred years of Nueva España, only 300,000 gachupines settled in the New World. And most of these were men. There were so few white people at first, that ten years after the Conquest in 1531, there were more black men in Mexico than white. Negroes were brought in as slaves, but they soon intermarried and "disappeared." Intermarriage resulted in an incredible mestizaje, a true melting pot. Whites with Indios produced mestizos. Indio with blacks produced zambo. Blacks with whites produced mulattoes. Pardos, cambujos, tercernones, salta atrases, and other types were born out of mestizos with zambos and mulattoes with Indios, and vice versa. Miscegenation went joyously wild, creating the many shapes, sizes, and hues of La Raza, But the predominant strain of the mestizaje remained Indio. By the turn of the nineteenth century, most of the people in Mexico were mestizos with a great deal of Indian blood. . . .[10]

The term "Chicano" then, becomes a valid one for the solidifying of so varied a race. One can surely appreciate the motivation for self-awareness and group identity fostered by the use of the name "Chicano." Unfortunately, however, this term is too limited historically to accurately

reflect the roots of its people's literature; therefore, for the purpose of this investigation, the terms Chicano and Mexican-American will be used interchangeably.

Mexican-American literature can be traced roughly along the lines of Mexican-American history. A clear understanding of the time span of this history is important to the understanding of the scope and relevance of the literature of the Mexican-American. Matt S. Meier and Feliciano Rivera in their book The Chicanos divided the history of Mexican-Americans into five broad time periods:

> [1] The first period covers the development of Indian civilizations in Mexico, their defeat by Spanish conquistadores, the beginnings of mestizaje, the blending of Indian and Spanish cultures, colonization of the present-day Southwest of the United States from central Mexico, and finally, the movement of independence from Spain at the beginning of the nineteenth century.
>
> [2] The 'grito de Dolores' marks the beginning of the Mexican period in 1810, and political events bring into focus the gulf that existed between the Mexican heartland and the northern frontier. By this time cultures differing in degree from each other but basically related to the mother culture had developed, and continuing isolation led to mounting political differences and unrest. This period culminated in war with the United States, ending with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the loss of Mexico of half her original territory to her expansionist Anglo neighbor to the north.
>
> [3] From 1848 to the end of the nineteenth century, the third time period

> is characterized by: the effects of Anglo-American migration to the Southwest; investment of capital in mines, railroads, cattle, and agriculture; and the relegation of la raza to a minority position of second-class citizenship in what had been its own land.
>
> [4] A rising rate of migration from Mexico introduces the fourth period. As the volcano of revolution in Mexico spewed out its political and social refugees, this migratory movement impelled Mexican Americans to move out of their homeland not only into their traditional places of settlement in the Southwest but also into the agricultural and industrial centers of the Midwest and North. This period also witnessed development of Mexican American organizational efforts and a reversed migratory trend of forced repatriation during the depressed thirties.
>
> [5] World War II begins the contemporary period, marked by continuing migration to the United States; a revival of self-awareness and recognition of the cultural values of the Mexican heritage, especially among Chicano youths; some improvement in the social conditions of la raza; and forceful movements for a greater share in the American way of life through an insistence on education, full civil rights, and equality of economic opportunity.[11]

The oral and written traditions of the Mexican-American people co-existed simultaneously. The beginnings of the written literature of Mexican-Americans was heavily influenced by the literary trends of Europe and, particularly, the Spanish renaissance. The beginnings of the oral traditions can be traced back to the Mayan and Aztec

cultures whose leaders were, in fact, elected "speakers"—hence the influence of the Indian tradition. During the early period of Mexican-American history, the very first writings of the pre-Columbian Mayan and Aztec peoples were recorded by the conquering Spaniards. These accounts are proof of the existence of the literary and cultural traditions of the high civilization of Mexican-American roots:

> In the Calmecacs, the academies of the Aztecs, the wise men, the Tlamatinime (The Men with Words), were both poets and philosophers. They believed man was born 'faceless': 'He is born without an identity; he is born anonymous' (Leon-Portilla). It was the duty of the Tlamatinime 'to humanize the will of the people' and 'to them he gives a face (an identity),' unlike the 'false wise man' who was 'a destroyer of faces.' The Tlamatinime taught by poetry, asking the cosmic question 'Is There Any Truth in Man?' ('Where Are the Roots of Men?' Pre-Columbian Literatures of Mexico, Leon-Portilla; 'Does Man Possess Any Truth?', 'One Day We Must Go,' and 'Who Am I?', Aztec Thought and Culture, Leon-Portilla).[12]

The following poems are examples of the poetic teachings of the Aztecs. They are included here to show that the Indian heritage of the Chicano did exist in written literary form and was universal in concept. These were translated from the Aztec language into Spanish, and then from the Spanish language into English:

Where Are the Roots of Men?

Where are the roots of men?
Are they real?
No one can know completely
What is Your richness, what are Your flowers,
oh Inventor of Yourself!
We leave things unfinished.
For this I weep,
I lament.
Here with flowers I interweave my friends.
Let us rejoice!
Our common house is the earth.
In the place of mystery, beyond,
is it also like this?
Truly, it is not the same.
On earth: flowers and songs.
Let us live here!

Does Man Possess Any Truth?

Does man possess any truth?
If not, our song is no longer true.
Is anything stable and lasting?
What reaches its aim?

One Day We Must Go

One day we must go,
one night we will descend into the
region of mystery.
Here, we only come to know ourselves;
only in passing are we here on earth.
In peace and pleasure let us spend our lives;
come, let us enjoy ourselves.
Let not the angry do so; the earth is vast indeed!
Would that one live forever;
Would that one were not to die!

Who Am I?

Who am I?
As a bird I fly about,
I sing of flowers;
I compose songs,
butterflies of song.
Let them burst forth from my soul!
Let my heart be delighted with them![13]

This Aztec literature was both written and oral as was much of the early literature of any Old World civilization. Victor Von Hagen in his book, The Aztec: Man and Tribe gives an explanation of this fact:

> The Aztecs had literature. The term perhaps is incorrect, just as saying that their functional crafts were 'art' is not wholly right; while both expressions are true, they are, in fact, misleading. As is obvious, the Aztecs had no literature as we understand it, even though the word can be defined as 'the total of preserved writings belonging to a given language or people.' Yet, since one must always put a truth or a conclusion at the end of a chain of reasoning, like the knot at the end of a thread—since otherwise the thread would not hold—so therefore Aztec literature.
>
> Aztec literature was mostly history. Annals of ancient times, year counts, books of the day and the hours—even diaries. There were observations of planetary events, eclipses, movement of stars, observations of celestial phenomena which had affected or might affect their present. There was much out of the past; for their mythopoetic faculty was well developed. They were poets and most delighted when writing and singing of the past—for only the past is really poetic. One of their chief concerns was this; their 'histories,' . . .
>
> Aztec literature really consisted of that which was unwritten, that which was transmitted orally, and glyph writing served to provoke the memory of the 'rememberers,' helped them to recall the passing of events. These twice-told sagas, hymns, elegies, chants only became 'literature' when they were set down by a bilingual scribe (Spanish Nahuatl) after the conquest.

> Many of the great sagas which form our world literature were orally transmitted before they were set down. For how long were the wanderings of Ulysses chanted before some nimble-fingered scrivener put it down? All the stories of the Cicones, the Lotophagi, the Cyclops, and the Laestrygones were repeated in Chant before being made 'immortal' by letters.[14]

After the defeat of the Indian civilizations by the Spanish conquistadores, the literature produced by the blending of the races reflected that merge. The ancient religions of the Indians merged with that of Catholic Spain. The goddess Tonantzin became the Virgin of Guadalupe. The fascination of the Indian land, myths, and customs blended with the "new birth" of Spanish traditions and culture in Mexico. As with most conquerors, their religion dominated the new land. Mexico gradually accepted the conversion to Catholicism, but some of the old Indian religious beliefs still lingered. "The Virgin of Guadalupe, ancient goddess of fertility, on whom so many ideas and psychic forces were focused, became the meeting place of the two worlds and the center of Mexican religious life. Her image embodied the reconciliation of the two conflicting worlds, and at the same time expressed the originality of the nation that was coming to birth. Through the Virgin of Guadalupe, Mexico claims to be heir to two traditions."[15] It is no surprise, then, that the first important Mexican poet to emerge from this period was a Catholic-Mexican nun:

> Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz—or by her real name, Juana de Asbaje—is the noblest figure in the colonial poetry of Spanish America and one of the richest and most profound in our literature. She was beset by critics, biographers, and apologists, but nothing which has been said about her since the seventeenth century is more apt and penetrating than what she herself tells us in her 'Respuesta a Sor Filotea de la Cruz.' In this letter is to be found the tale of her intellectual vocation; a defense, sometimes ironical, of her thirst for knowledge; the story of her struggle and triumph; and a criticism of her poetry and also of her critics. These pages reveal Sor Juana as an intellectual, that is to say, a creature for whom life is an exercise of the mind . . .
>
> The poetical works of Sor Juana are numerous, varied, and unequal . . . her sonnets, liras, and endechas are the works of a great poet of earthly love. . . .[16]

A further elaboration of Sor Juana's work is found in An Anthology of Spanish Poetry, edited by Angel Flores:

> Her opera omnia consists of plays, theological, philosophical, and scientific treatises, and poetry. Her lyrics register, in simple language, her daily experiences and her philosophy (the rights of women, the vagaries and perversities of males); her baroque language mirrors the much admired Spanish master Góngora, revealing the dreams, shadows, and death that dominated her state of mind.[17]

Sor Juana was not the only writer to develop from this historical period. Many of these early writers were journalists who kept their impressions of their new world, their conflicting religious beliefs and customs and some

historical data in diary form. Other writers pursued the genres of Europe and Spain especially, to produce plays, poetry, and short prose (see Octavio Paz's Anthology of Mexican Poetry for examples).

Along with the emergence of noted writers and writings in Mexico, there also developed a strong tradition of folklore. This folklore grew from the same roots as the written literature, that is, the Spanish-Indian merge. "The central fact of Mexican folklore is the Spanish-Indian synthesis."[18] The dominant first form of the folklore of Mexico was the corrido or folk ballad:

> In Mexico a public does exist, in the preponderant mestizo class, that sings ballads and recounts miraculous tales about heroes. Two phases of Mexican history particularly lend themselves to patriot cults—the struggle for independence from Spain, 1810-21, and the battles of the revolution against the Diaz dictatorship and its immediate legacy, 1910-20. The more colorful and swashbuckling personalities appear in the later periods (with the notable exception of Santa Anna), and by this time a new genre of Mexican literature had emerged—the corrido, recording the shifts and turns of popular sentiment towards the figures at the stage center of history.
>
> Corridos are brightly tinted sheets with rough illustrations, sold to the singer's audience, and correspond to the seventeenth century English broadside ballads that presented sensational and startling news in a metrical and musical setting. Although it is a folk ballad, the corrido is often printed in this ephemeral form, and becomes a document reflecting the general attitudes of

> the pueblo. Some talented artists, like José Guadalupe Posada, illustrated corridos with satirical drawings that subsequently influenced Diego Rivera and other nationalist mural painters. Corridos deal with crimes and accidents and revolutions, but in towns like Tepoztlán, . . . sensations are rare and the deeds of revolutionary heroes form the staple themes and become, in effect, the local history books. Wherever they are sung—and they are sung all over Mexico—the ballads deal candidly with the strengths and frailties of the famous and infamous. . . . [19]

The bulk of Mexican folklore that was their oral literature, now translated from the Spanish, contains much the same type of stories as found in the folklore of the Afro-American and other ethnic-American groups. Some of these, the Mexican proverbs, for example, have counterparts in African, Carribean, European and other cultures. The proverbs or dichos are close to the short poem in structure and serve to preserve some of the oral tradition, usually in the form of advice. Again, the same is true of most major cultures of the world. The stories found in Mexican folklore also are reflective of the themes found in other cultures. Animal tales, narratives about the creation of the world, superstitions, and folk characters are here, as well as stories with a moral or lesson. Folklore often forms the foundation for the literature of any culture. The European writers did not neglect the use of it in their literature, nor did the early WASP American authors, who often borrowed the folklore of the Afro-American.

Joel Chandler Harris, for example, used the animal tales of Afro-American people in his Brer Rabbit series.

The nineteenth century was the beginning of Mexican-American prose literature in the United States. The first novel by a Mexican author living in the United States, was written in the Spanish language but published in Mexico. This was due to the fact that Anglo publishers chose generally not to publish works written outside of the English tongue.

> The absence of much original or distinctive fiction in the Spanish-speaking countries of America was not attributable to a lack of attempts to create fiction or to an ignorance of the main literary currents which had determined fictional trends in Europe and the United States. For Spanish-American writers, too, had been fully aware of the successive movements of Romanticism, Realism, and Modernism. But the nineteenth century was for Spanish-American fiction a period of absorption and experimentation; it remained for the twentieth to become one of worthy self-expression.
>
> Landmarks as evidence of progress were by no means lacking. As early as 1816—three years before Washington Irving opened new vistas to English readers with his Sketch Books—the first piece of fiction written in the Spanish language in America which fully deserves the term novel, El Periquillo Sarniento (The Scaly Parakeet), was published in Mexico City. Its author was José Fernández de Lizardi, who had earlier become known for his cutting political articles. It was only because governmental authorities forced him to abandon that field that he took cover in fiction and produced three novels:

> the one just mentioned and Don Catrin de la Fachenda—both largely picaresque in flavor—and La Quixotita y su Prima (Little Miss Quixote and Her Cousin), a fictionalized educational treatise. The theme common to these novels was the need of a new type of education in Mexico; the ideas Lizardi drew from Rousseau and his followers in France and Spain, for by this time French thought, early a vitalizing force in Spain, was exerting its influence also in her colonies, particularly in the political and educational fields. Only one of these novels has lived, and that largely because Lizardi succeeded in the closing years of the colonial period. Here we see the few very rich and the many miserable poor; the Spaniards untrained to a profession but disdaining manual labor; the corrupt government officials; the ignorant and the avaricious clergy; the charlatan doctors; the endless array of beggars skilled in trickery. In contact with all the dregs of society was the pícaro Periquillo, Spanish in type but Mexican in flavor. With this work a new link was forged in the chain of picaresque literature, both the background and the character were essentially American. Here, too, was realism but not yet art, for Lizardi was more the moralist than the novelist. . . .[20]

The Chicanos have a long history of oral and written literary traditions before the twentieth century, but almost all of it has been written in the Spanish language. The oral and written literary traditions which have simultaneously co-existed from their beginnings, have heavily influenced the writings of twentieth century Mexican-American writers. Contemporary Chicano authors not only blend their varied cultures in their work, but

they also employ the bilingual heritage—Spanish and English—acquired through the acculturation process. Acculturation may also account for the fact that a few Mexican-American writers wrote most of their major works in English:

> A few Hispanic Americans writing in English have been published in the United States throughout this century, and some have entered the mainstream of American writers. George Santayana, who came to America from Spain . . . is perhaps the best example. Santayana, who is especially known for his novel The Last Puritan, wrote all of his major works, including philosophical discourse and poetry, in English . . . Maria Christina Mena, who was born in Mexico in 1893 and migrated to the United States as a young girl, is another example. She published her first story in Century Magazine at the age of twenty. In 1928 she was included in the O'Brien annual collection of best American short stories, and critics stated that she had written the most comprehensive series of stories of Mexican life ever published in English.
>
> But much of the material that was produced by Hispanic Americans during the early decades of the twentieth century was anonymous, and most of it was written in Spanish. The large American publishing houses had little interest in publishing works in the language of a minority group, and thus few of those writers have come down to us in literary history. Some of their works have been preserved through small, independent presses. . . .[21]

As with the literature of Afro-Americans, it was not until the 1960's that America witnessed a surfacing of Chicano writers and their works. The new Chicano writers,

like the Afro-Americans, are focusing their literary talents, for the most part, on group identity, political and social recognition through revolutionary tactics, and organizational efforts for La Raza.

Jose Villarreal's novel, Pocho, was the first contemporary Chicano novel to depict the problems of acculturation of the Mexican-American during the 30's and 40's in the United States. Other novels and autobiographies followed along with short stories and poetry. Much of this contemporary Chicano writing is being published by Chicano publishing houses, such as Quinto Sol in Berkeley, which published the award winning Chicano novel by Rudolfo A. Anaya in 1972 entitled Bless Me, Ultima.

A few new Chicano writers such as Oscar Zeta Acosta have been recently published by major American publishing companies. Some new Chicano writers have co-authored a number of anthologies on the history and culture of La Raza with established mainstream authors. An example of this is the book Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature edited by Luis Valdez, a Chicano writer, and Stan Steiner, a mainstream historian.

Since the 1960's, the number of writers has increased and the present body of available Chicano literature is exceptional in quality and a most positive contribution to the body of "American" literature.

Native-American literature has its roots in the highest form of literary genres: poetry. The Native-American has been called by Walt Whitman, "the first American poet," and rightly so. The religious songs and chants comprise the earliest form of literature by Native-Americans. Although most of these song-poems were collected by British and American anthropologists, the content and quality are unquestionably Indian. The Native-American's life-style and customs were integrally woven with his concept of the gods, his respect for all things on earth, and his tribal religion. It can be said that the essence of the Indian soul or spirit and the essence of his religion is one and the same. When he speaks of himself in song, then, he is also vocalizing the total experience of his "Indianness." Much of the poetry of early Native-Americans was of a highly personal nature, so much so, that most of these poets refused to allow their personal songs to be heard by anyone. The poem was actually the private prayer, to be shared only with the spiritual elements that provoked it. Thus, early collectors of the poetry captured much of the more public songs and few if any of the private poems. There are many reasons for the unwillingness of early Native-Americans to share their poetic wealth with the early WASP settlers in America. One outstanding reason was the reaction by the settlers to the "strangeness" of the Indian customs and language. Most

early WASP Americans, after accepting the initial "friendship" of the Indians, methodically set out to rob them of their land in the name of "manifest destiny," and then kill off as many of their numbers as possible under the presumption that they were "savages," "devils," and a menace to WASP "civilization." This shock of being almost annihilated as a people, uprooted from their homeland, and treated as some lower form of animal, forced them literally into a stance of silence: silence, that is, in the sense that communication with WASP Americans was almost totally eliminated. A vivid explanation of this is found in Stan Steiner's book, The New Indians:

> The precolonial Indians had welcomed the European with an openhearted curiosity and innocent friendliness. He had offered his guest, as he thought of the visitor, the hospitality that was an extension of his tribal ethic. Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, had said to Captain John Smith: 'Come not thus with your gunnes and swords, to invade as foes . . . What will it availe you to take that perforce you may quietly have with love, or to destroy them that provide your food?. . . Lie well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh, and [I will be merrie with you . . .'
>
> Christopher Columbus had discovered the same hospitality. He was so awed he thought he had come to the garden of a new Eden, where, he marveled, the Indians were 'so entirely our friends it is a wonder to see. Anything they have, if it be asked for they never say no, but rather invite the person to accept it, and show so much lovingness as though they would give their hearts.' So too, Amerigo Vespucci

> observed, with equal enthusiasm: 'They are so giving that it is an exception when they deny you anything . . . They showed themselves very desirous of copulating with us Christians.' And Vespucci thought this 'the full extreme of hospitality.'
>
> On the Great plains of the West, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, it began all over again. Lewis and Clark, in their Journals, wrote: 'Those people are Durtey, Kind, pore & extravagant, pursessing national pride, not beggarly . . .' and they gave themselves 'civilities.' 'The Sioux,' Clark wrote in wonder, had 'a curious custom . . . to give hansom squars [sic] to those whome they wish to Show acknowlegement.'
>
> 'The Indian was too kind. He helped his enemies. And they killed him,' Alan Cottier, a Sioux from the Rosebud Reservation, was to say ruefully, generations later . . . 'But," he sighed, 'kindness to strangers is the Indian way.'[22]

The above quote gives testimony to the initial meeting of the two cultures. The "friendly Indian" image noted by these early European explorers seems to be in direct contradiction to the "savage redskin" stereotype that followed in the next few decades. Not only was the first impression of the Indian a positive one, but the poetic power of their speech also impressed the early settlers:

> It was not tribal kindness alone with which the Indian welcomed his guest. It was a verbal eloquence that overwhelmed and awed the European; for it seemed incredible to these men educated in the oldest universities of Europe, that the unlettered and illiterate 'savages' spoke with a rhetorical skill that

they could compare only with the classic orators of antiquity and with biblical texts.

William Penn, an Oxford scholar in his youth, who had made his business 'to understand the Indian language,' wrote in amazement of this eloquence: 'I know not a language spoken in Europe that hath more words of sweetness and greatness, in accent, or emphasis, than theirs. Their language is lofty, yet narrow; but like Hebrew, in significance, full . . .' . . .

So eloquent was the oratory of the Indian that Thomas Jefferson remarked that he wished that the men of Congress could orate half as well . . .

Following the idyllic days when the earliest explorers rhapsodized upon the garden of Eden, and the Indians greeted them with bouquets of words, there intervened three centuries of bestial wars. Known more comfortably as the Indian Wars, never as The White Man's Wars, they are too well known to be retold. Not known as well, not remembered, not retold by most of the histories of our country, certainly not by the history textbooks, was the savage bestiality with which the white man, not alone the Indians, fought. Inherent in the bestiality of these wars were hatreds and fears that have to be understood if the subsequent silence of the Indian is to be understood.

One hundred years, almost to the day, after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the New York Times reported on July 7, 1876, that there were those in the War Department, mostly 'high officers,' who advocated 'the policy of extermination of the Indians and think the speedier, the better, its accomplishment.' The Indian Wars were 'wars of annihilation' to these officers, wrote the Times.[23]

The description of the horrors of the so-called "Indian Wars" is perhaps only equalled in American history to the treatment of the early Black slaves by their White "owners." A few examples will suffice:

> Lieutenant James D. Connor, of the New Mexico Volunteers, has described what happened to the Cheyenne at the Battle of Sand Creek. His testimony before the U.S. Senate said: 'In going over the battlefield the next day I did not see a body of [an Indian] man, woman, or child but was scalped, and in many instances the bodies were mutilated in the most horrible manner—men, women, and children's privates cut out, etc. One man [said] he had cut out a woman's private parts and had them for exhibition on a stick . . . 'I heard of numerous instances in which men had cut out the private parts of females and stretched them over the saddlebows, and wore them in their hats, while riding in the ranks . . .'
>
> Of the same battle, a Lieutenant Cramer told the U.S. Senate: 'The women and children huddled together, and most of our fire was concentrated on them . . . no wounded fell into our hands and all the dead were scalped.' . . .
>
> These men were obeying attitudes, if not orders. General George Custer expounded the commonly held belief that the Indian was 'savage in every sense of the word,' and had 'a cruel and ferocious nature that far exceeds that of any wild beast of the desert.' The 'beautiful romance [of] the noble red man' who was a 'simple-minded son of nature' was 'equally erroneous with that which regards the Indian as a creature possessing human form.' And there 'wild beasts' need not be judged by rules or laws of warfare applicable to any other race of men,' Custer wrote.

> Brigadier General James H. Carleton, commander of the U.S. Army's Department of New Mexico, proclaimed it his policy to 'exterminate the Indians.' His orders to his troops read: August 3, 1863: Kill every male Navajo and Apache you can find.'
>
> As I wrote of this history a letter came in the mail one day—one of many—that bore witness to the recentness of these horrors:
>
> 'Who can blame the Indian who wants nothing to do with the paleface's culture? He has vivid memories of limitless wrong. The scars are still vivid. Can the Apache, whose people never practiced scalping, forget the bounties on Apache scalps collected by the White Men: or, the Sioux forget the unspeakable desecration of the bodies of their murdered wives and daughters, whose 'scalps' [sexual organs and public [sic] hairs], as with euphemistic ribaldry they were called, were, in many an Army Post and frontier saloon, tossed from hand to hand amid obscene laughter?'
>
> And there was an old Navajo at Fort Defiance who told of how the 'Long Knives of Kit Carson,' so named by the Indians because of their bayonets, would cut off the breasts of Navajo girls. These heroes of the West would then toss the several breasts back and forth like baseballs . . .[24]

The "silence" of the Indians? It is a wonder that they were not struck dumb by the "civilized" atrocities of a literate, cultured European-American society.

After the "Indian Wars," the Indian poets who survived what Stan Steiner calls "The Great White Father Myth," had little or no intention of revealing their truths or songs or prayers or anything that they could keep as their

own, to the Whites. When it was necessary to communicate at all, the Indian generally avoided speaking the truth. This was dangerous. When the Indian did speak truth, did not the Whites kill him with lies? It was a dangerous thing—truth; something to be held inside, something to be held sacred, and only for the ears of other tribesmen:

> The elder Indian, no matter what he thought, or wished to do, did not communicate it, or do it, when face to face with his conqueror. He would be self-effacing before the Great White Father. It was dangerous to speak the truth. It was safer to act the mute, the tongue-tied and sullen Indian . . .
>
> It was an ingrained way of talking to whites. Or rather, of non-talking. Calvin O'John, a young Plains Indian, wrote of the deceptive silence:
>
> 'You smiled, I smiled.
> So we're both happy.
> But deep down inside
> There is hatred between us.
> Let us not show our inside
> Feeling to one another.
> Just keep on smiling
> Until we smile away our hate.'
>
> The false face, the stoic smile,
> The self-perpetuation of a stereotype. . .[25]

This type of forced communication, the position of the conquered to the conqueror is also reflected in the following poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Afro-American poet, 1872-1906:

> We wear the mask that grins and lies,
> It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes,—
> This debt we pay to human guile;
> With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
> And mouth with myriad subtleties.

> Why should the world be overwise,
> In counting all our tears and sighs?
> Nay, let them only see us, while
> We wear the mask.
>
> We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
> To thee from tortured souls arise.
> We sing, but oh, the clay is vile
> Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
> But let the world dream otherwise,
> We wear the mask.[26]

Because of this non-communication, and the fact that the Indian population of America was almost totally wiped out, most of the first American-Indian poems are lost to us. Despite this, however, some notable collections of early Native-American writings which have been published over the span of the last fifty or so years do contain vast amounts of Indian poetry and prose. Jerome Rothenberg's Shaking the Pumpkin is an excellent example, although its main concern is Indian Poetry.

For the Native-Americans, the "word" is sacred, the "word" is power. Before the Indian was "christianized" his literature was derived from his sense of religious expression and was connected with every act of his day to day existence. His poetry then, was a kind of magic, a source of life:

> The singing of songs and the telling of tales, with the American Indian, is but seldom a means of mere spontaneous self-expression. More often than not, the singer aims with the chanted word to exert a strong influence and to bring about a change, either in himself or in nature or in his fellow beings. By narrating the story of origin,

> he endeavors to influence the universe and to strengthen the failing power of the super-natural beings. He relates the myth of creation, ceremonially, in order to save the world from death and destruction and to keep alive the primeval spirit of the sacred beginning. Above all, it seems that the word, both in song and in tale, was meant to maintain and to prolong the individual life in some way or other—that is to cure, to heal, to ward off evil, and to frustrate death. Healing songs, and songs intended to support the powers of germination and of growth in all their manifestations, fairly outnumber all other songs of the American Indian.
>
> The word, indeed, is power. It is life, substance, reality. The word lived before earth, sun, or moon came into existence. Whenever, the Indian ponders over the mystery of origin, he shows a tendency to ascribe to the word a creative power all its own. The word is conceived of as an independent entity, superior even to the gods. Only when the word came up mysteriously in the darkness of the night were the gods of the Maya enabled to bring forth the earth and life thereon. And the genesis of the Uitoto opens, characteristically enough, in this way: 'In the beginning, the word gave origin to the Father.' The word is thought to precede the creator, for the primitive mind cannot imagine a creation out of nothingness. In the beginning was the thought, the dream, the word.
>
> The concept of the word as Creative Potency lives on, even in the simplest song of hunting or of harvest, of battle, love, or death, as sung by the contemporary Indian. . . .[27]

Such was the makeup of pre-Christian American Indian literature. It was basically oral, but translated and collected by early American WASP anthropologists and others.

These early poems and prose writings, including some eloquent speeches, are available in many anthologies such as Margot Astrov's Winged Serpent, quoted above.

With the process of acculturation came the influence of Christianity on the literature of the Native-American. The famous "Ghost Dance" song-poems of the late nineteenth century (1889) reflect the influence of Christianity on the literature. Black Elk, the holy man of the Sioux, recalls the advent of the Ghost dance. He speaks of the "son of the Great Spirit who was long ago killed by the Wasichus" (Whites). This was the Christian Son of God, Jesus Christ:

> Then it was spring (1890), and I heard that these men had all come back from the west and that they said it was all true. I did not go to this meeting either, but I heard the gossip that was everywhere now, and people said it was really the son of the Great Spirit who was out there; that when he came to the Wasichus a long time ago, they had killed him; but he was coming to the Indians this time, and there would not be any Wasichus in the new world that would come like a cloud in a whirlwind and crush out the old earth that was dying.[28]

Although the literature of the Native-American was ignored by the general reading public until the turn of the century, the literature did exist. It was not until the publication in 1902 of Charles A. Eastman's book, Indian Boyhood, that the Native-Americans had a spokesman for their literature. Eastman was a Sioux whose Indian name was Ohiyesa:

Charles A. Eastman . . . added a new dimension to the question [stereotyped Indians in mainstream American literature] when he appeared in print in the first decade of the twentieth century. Himself a Sioux driven by troopers into Canada as a result of Sitting Bull's victory at the Little Big Horn, Eastman had become a Christian, graduated from Dartmouth, and received an M.D. degree from Boston University. A story of his youth, Indian Boyhood (1902 and reissued 1968), was followed by The Soul of the Indian (1911 and reissued 1970), an introduction to Indian religion, and by From the Deep Woods to Civilization (1916), an autobiography. Eastman's account of massacres which occurred at the time when the Ghost Dance religion flourished reveals that the hope of the Ghost Dance was peace with the white man. Eastman points out that there were massacres—but of Indians by troopers—when Indian agents outlawed the performance of dances and members of the religion refused to comply. In summary of the incident Eastman wrote:

'I have tried to make it clear that there was no 'Indian outbreak' in 1890-91, and that such trouble as we had may justly be charged to the dishonest politicians, who through unfit appointees first robbed the Indians, then bullied them, and finally in a panic called for troops to suppress them.'

That Eastman felt it necessary for an Indian to speak for himself is evident in The Soul of the Indian. In the foreward he explains:

'I have attempted to paint the religious life of the typical American-Indian as it was before he knew the white man. I have long wished to do this, because I cannot find

> that it has ever been seriously, adequately, and sincerely done.' The religion of the Indians is the last thing about him that the man of another race will ever understand. First, the Indian does not speak of these deep matters so long as he believes in them, and when he has ceased to believe he speaks inaccurately and slightingly. Second, even if he can be induced to speak, the racial and religious prejudice of the other stands in the way of his sympathetic comprehension. Third, practically all existing studies on this subject have been made during the transition period, when the original beliefs and philosophy of the native American were already undergoing rapid disintegration.' . . .
>
> Another Dakota Sioux writer, who lived at about the same time as Eastman, was Gertrude Bonnin (Zitkala-Sa). Her Old Indian Legends (1901), a children's book, was written with the intention of promoting understanding between 'white' and 'red' youngsters.[29]

After this initial appearance in print, a few other Native-Americans collaborated with White editors and authors and scholars to publish works reflecting aspects of Indian culture:

> Francis La Flésche, an Omaha, worked with Alice Fletcher on The Omaha Tribe (1911) and later, on his own, published The Osage Tribe: The Rite of the Vigil (1925) and The War Ceremony and Peace Ceremony of the Osage Indians (1939). Ella Peloria, a Teton who had worked with Frank Boas, published Dakota Texts in 1932 . . . . The Autobiography of a Fox Woman, edited by Truman Michelson, was published in 1919, and was followed by, among others, Crashing Thunder: The Autobiography of an American Indian (1926)

> edited by Paul Radin; Black Elk Speaks: The Life of an Oglala Sioux (1932 and 1961), as told to John Neihardt; Autobiography of a Papago Woman (1936), edited by Ruth Underhill; Son of Old Man Hat: A Navajo Autobiography (1938), recorded by Walter Dyk; Smoke From Their Fires (1940) by the Kwakiutl C. J. Nowell, and edited by Chellan S. Ford; and Don C. Talayesva's Sun Chief: Autobiography of a Hopi (1942), edited by Leo W. Simmons.
>
> One of the few earlier autobiographies completely written and edited by a Native American was The Land of the Spotted Eagle (1933) by Chief Standing Bear of the Lakota. . . .[30]

As with the literatures of the Afro-American, and the Chicano, the literature of the Native American did not completely surface as a distinct entity until the 1960's. The social upheaval of this decade gave impetus to the new writers whose roots had been long entangled in a dominately British literary heritage. Race pride became the theme of this decade. Cries of "Black Power!", "Viva La Raza!", and "Red Power!", set the United States on its cultural and social edge. The age of so-called "revolution" broke many long-standing traditions of WASP design. Ethnics had increased in numbers and they demanded a voice, a place, a history, a literature that was totally theirs and theirs alone.

As a result, in the seventies, the new Afro-American, Chicano and Native-American writers have written and published a vast amount of "American" literature that is both

vital to their socio-political problems and vividly fresh—a literature that is very much alive and growing.

The most eloquent Native-American writers to emerge with the new recognition of American literature are N. Scott Momaday (The Way to Rainy Mountain and House Made of Dawn Pulitzer Prize, 1969), Vine Deloria, Jr. (Custer Died for Your Sins, We Talk, You Listen, God Is Red, and others), Hyemeyohsts Storm (Seven Arrows), and most recent of all, James Welch, author of (Winter In the Blood) and several poems published in literary journals, magazines, and anthologies. A list of other Black, Chicano, and Native-American authors, many of them never found in anthologies, may be found in Appendices A, B, and C.

The Afro-American, Chicano, and Native-American writers have by nature of their common heritage of segregation, prejudice, acculturation and conflicts with the "American Dream," a common bond in their literature. These "ties" will be examined in the next chapter of this paper.

NOTES

[1]Roger Whitlow, Black American Literature: A Critical History, (New Jersey: Littlefield, Adams and Co., 1974) p. xiii.

[2]Gerald W. Haslan, ed., The Forgotten Pages of American Literature (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1970) pp. 239-241.

[3]Abraham Chapman, ed., Black Voices: An Anthology of Afro-American Literature (New York: The New American Library, 1968) pp. 22-24.

[4]Ibid., p. 24.

[5]Oscar G. Brockett, History of the Theatre (Boston: Allyn and Bacon, Inc., 1968) p. 476.

[6]Ibid., p. 498.

[7]Abraham Chapman, Black Voices, p. 24.

[8]Lillian Faderman and Barbara Bradshaw, eds., Speaking For Ourselves: American Ethnic Writing (Glenview: Scott, Foresman and Company, 1975) p. 72.

[9]Abraham Chapman, Black Voices, pp. 26-27.

[10]Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, eds., Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature (New York: Vintage Books, 1972) pp. xiv-xv.

[11]Matt S. Meier and Feliciano Rivera, The Chicanos: A History of Mexican Americans (New York: Hill and Wang, 1972) pp. xiv-xv.

[12]Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, Aztlan, p. 17.

[13]Ibid., pp. 17-19.

[14]Victor W. Von Hagan, The Aztec: Man and Tribe (New York: New American Library, 1961) pp. 195-196.

[15]Octavio Paz, ed. An Anthology of Mexican Poetry, translated by Samuel Beckett (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1973) pp. 27-28.

[16]Ibid., pp. 28-29.

[17]Angel Flores, ed. An Anthology of Spanish Poetry (Garden City: Anchor Books, 1961) pp. 145-146.

[18]Americo Paredes, ed., Folktales of Mexico (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970) p. xiii.

[19]Ibid., p. xxxviii.

[20]Jefferson Rea Spell, ed., Contemporary Spanish-American Fiction (New York: Biblo and Tannen, 1968) pp. 4-5.

[21]Lillian Faderman and Barbara Bradshaw, eds., Speaking For Ourselves, pp. 308-309.

[22]Stan Steiner, The New Indians (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1968) pp. 76-77.

[23]Ibid., pp. 77-78.

[24]Ibid., pp. 79-80.

[25]Ibid., pp. 74-75.

[26]Abraham Chapman, Black Voices, p. 355.

[27]Margot Astrov, ed. The Winged Serpent: An Anthology of American Indian Prose and Poetry (Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1973) pp. 29-30.

[28]John G. Neihardt, ed. Black Elk Speaks (New York: Pocket Books, 1972) p. 199.

[29]Lillian Faderman and Barbara Bradshaw, eds., Speaking For Ourselves, pp. 3-4.

[30]Ibid., pp. 4-5.

CHAPTER II

SELECTED MULTIETHNIC THEMES AND GENRES: A MOSAIC IN BLACK, BROWN, AND RED

Traditionally, as students of literature, we learn of a country's history and people from its folklore, myths, proverbs, novels and short stories, plays and poetry. By studying the culture and history of Afro-Americans, Mexican-Americans, and Native-Americans through their own literary traditions, as opposed to viewing them through the eyes of "outsiders" looking in, one gets a surprisingly different picture from that offered by classical WASP stereotypes. Culturally speaking, these three ethnic groups are closely interrelated, both through characteristics inherent in individual racial heritages, and through traits and beliefs developed as a result of intermarriage and the mingling of customs. All three groups have been denied admittance to the mainstream of American culture. As a result, very little is known about each ethnic group other than what is related in anthropology texts, government surveys, and census findings. The only personal portrait generally offered of the Black, Chicano, or Indian is that which we get from television, movies, WASP literature, or most

devastating of all, the invisible portrait offered by the absence of these three groups from our history and literature texts.

Despite these negativisms, however, each group has, within the last two decades, emerged with a body of literature fascinating in its content, and vast in its scope. Authors from all three groups have made extensive use of the peculiar character traits that are theirs by heritage. The symbolism employed by writers from each ethnic group is strong and vibrant with life. Colors, smells, tastes, and tactile images all seem to leap from the pages. Characters are vital living beings. They, through their actions, speech, and the situations they find themselves in, reveal more about the race to which they belong than any other source could offer.

To illustrate this point, we will look first at representative prose from each ethnic group, and compare and contrast the themes, imagery, characters, and settings employed in a selected work by each author. We will next discuss the ethnic-American "people's theatre," and finally examine selected poems by one representative poet from each of the three groups.

The three works under consideration will be, consecutively, Maya Angelou's I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Rudolfo Anaya's Bless Me, Ultima, and Black Elk Speaks, the autobiographical narrative of a Holy Man of the Oglala

Sioux. These three works were chosen on the basis of their strength as literature. In all three, the characters are brilliantly captured, the imagery is strong and earthy, and the message powerful and relevant.

I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings is the beginning of Maya Angelou's life story. Her prose style is like her life: simple, direct, funny and sad—but mostly warm and human. She opens the work with a description of her "new" lavender taffeta Easter dress which was going to magically transform a little colored girl into something out of a land of dreams:

> 'What you looking at me for . . .?' The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episocpal Church was wiggling and giggling over my well-known forgetfulness.
>
> The dress I wore was lavender taffeta, and each time I breathed it rustled, and now that I was sucking in air to breathe out shame it sounded like crepe paper on the back of hearses.
>
> As I'd watched Momma put ruffles on the hem and cute little tucks around the waist, I knew that once I put it on I'd look like a movie star. (It was silk and that made up for the awful color.) I was going to look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everybody's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic, and when people saw me wearing it they were going to run up to me and say, 'Marguerite . . . forgive us, please, we didn't know who you were,' and I would answer generously, 'No, you couldn't have known. Of course I forgive you.'

> Just thinking about it made me go around with angel's dust sprinkled over my face for days. But Easter's early morning sun had shown the dress to be a plain ugly cut-down from a white woman's once-was-purple throw-away. It was old-lady-long too, but it didn't hide my skinny legs, which had been greased with Blue Seal Vaseline and powdered with the Arkansas red clay. The age-faded color made my skin look like mud, and everyone in church was looking at my skinny legs.
>
> Wouldn't they be surprised when one day I woke out of my black ugly dream, and my real hair, which was long and blond, would take the place of the kinky mass that Momma wouldn't let me straighten? My light-blue eyes were going to hypnotize them, after all the things they said about 'my daddy must of been a Chinaman' (I thought they meant made out of China, like a cup) because my eyes were so small and squinty. Then they would understand why I had never picked up a Southern accent, or spoke the common slang, and why I had to be forced to eat pigs' tails and snouts. Because I was really white and because a cruel fairy stepmother who was under-standably jealous of my beauty, had turned me into a too-big Negro girl, with nappy black hair, broad feet and a space between her teeth that would hold a number-two pencil.[31]

This is our introduction to Marguerite (later "Maya") Angelou. This passage from the opening pages of the work zeroes in with deadly accuracy on the plight of our heroine and practically every other little Black girl who grows up in America, and discovers her "Creator" has played an awful joke on her. The humor in this passage is evident, but so is the biting pain of being Black in a White world

which lurks so subtly beneath the comic description. This dichotomy of emotions carries through throughout the book.

In relating various adventures of her "growing-up-period," Ms. Angelou reveals a tremendous amount of information about Black life. One thing that is made very obvious from the work is the strong sense of familial ties characteristic of Black people. Members of Black families, for the most part, treat one another almost as posessions to be held in trust. This is perhaps a result of the constant fear of separation families endured during the slavery era, or it might be due to the fact that Black people, as a whole, have never really been allowed to "own" much more than family members, along with the "right to suffer."

In any case, in Caged Bird, we learn that Maya and her brother Bailey, one year older than she, were shipped to Stamps, Arkansas at ages three and four from Long Beach, California to live with their father's mother. Sent on a train alone with wrist tags for identification, the children were accepted by the grandmother, and the town. The work reads so easily, that one gets the impression he is enjoying a visual experience. We watch the children grow from one adventure to another as they adapt themselves to the several situations they encounter. Some are not very pleasant. In one episode Maya relates how her pitifully

crippled Uncle Willie had to be stuffed into a vegetable bin to avoid a lynch mob looking for "a colored man." Her depiction of the incident is striking and powerful:

> The used-to-be sheriff sat rakishly astraddle his horse. His nonchalance was meant to convey his authority and power over even dumb animals. How much more capable he would be with Negroes. It went without saying.
>
> His twang jogged in the brittle air. From the side of the Store, Bailey and I heard him say to Momma, 'Annie, tell Willie he better lay low tonight. A crazy nigger messed with a white lady today. Some of the boys'll be coming over here later.' Even after the slow drag of years, I remember the sense of fear which filled my mouth with hot, dry air, and made my body light.
>
> The 'boys'? Those cement faces and eyes of hate that burned the clothes off you if they happened to see you lounging on the main street downtown on Saturday. Boys? It seemed that youth had never happened to them. Boys? No, rather men who were covered with graves' dust and age without beauty or learning. The ugliness and rottenness of old abominations.
>
> If on Judgment Day I were summoned by St. Peter to give testimony to the used-to-be sheriff's act of kindness, I would be unable to say anything in his behalf. His confidence that my uncle and every other Black man who heard of the Klan's coming ride would scurry under their houses to hide in chicken droppings was too humiliating to hear. Without waiting for Momma's thanks, he rode out of the yard, sure that things were as they should be and that he was a gentle squire, saving those deserving serfs from the laws of the land which he condoned.

> Immediately . . . Momma blew out the coal-oil lamps. She had a quiet, hard talk with Uncle Willie and called Bailey and me into the Store.
>
> We were told to take the potatoes and onions out of their bins and knock out the dividing walls that kept them apart. Then, with a tedious and fearful slowness Uncle Willie gave me his rubber-tipped cane and bent down to get into the now-enlarged empty bin. It took forever before he lay down flat, and then we covered him with potatoes, and onions, layer upon layer, like a casserole. Grandmother knelt praying in the darkened Store.
>
> It was fortunate that the 'boys' didn't ride into our yard that evening and insist that Momma open the Store. They would have surely found Uncle Willie and just as surely lynched him. He moaned the whole night through as if he had, in fact, been guilty of some heinous crime. The heavy sounds pushed their way up out of the blanket of vegetables and I pictured his mouth pulling down on the right side and his saliva flowing into the eyes of new potatoes and waiting there like dew drops for the warmth of morning.[32]

This particular scene is brutal; yet it is more the rule than the exception in the South, where Black children grow up with a sixth sense of how to avoid encounters with "the boys," or worse, what to do or not to do, if "the boys" manage to get them. The balance of the book bounces from the cruel to the mundane, from an occasional glimpse of joy to the inevitable return of sorrow. Maya and Bailey together accumulate an astonishing amount of

academic knowledge, and this coupled with their "street-learning" proves crucial to their survival. During the course of the book, the children are reunited with their parents—father first, and mother next—and separated again after the mother's lover rapes Maya when she is eight years old. By this time, Bailey has developed a devastating crush on his beautiful mother and when the children are sent back to live with the grandmother in Arkansas, Bailey gradually grows away from Maya and everyone, until at the end of the book, he has a bitter argument with his mother and leaves her home in California for good. Maya, meanwhile, has an unbelievable jaunt with her father in Mexico and gets her first driving lesson when she has to drive her drunken father from a border town in Mexico back home to California. She gets in a wreck, gets stabbed by her father's jealous girlfriend, and runs away to live in an "unwanted children's" commune in a junk car lot. Her last misadventure is again funny and sad. The fact of her large hands and feet and her deep voice and small breasts (plus the fact that she very unscientifically classifies her growing clitoris as a penis) causes her to conclude at age fifteen that she must be a lesbian. Even after talking it over with her mother, she still is certain that the only way to prove she is "straight" is by having sexual intercourse with a man voluntarily. The way she manages this feat is hilarious:

> I planned a chart for seduction with surprise as my opening ploy. One evening as I walked up the hill suffering from youth's vague malaise . . . the [young man] I had chosen came walking directly into my trap.
>
> 'Hello Marguerite.' He nearly passed me. I put the plan into action. 'Hey.' I plunged, 'Would you like to have a sexual intercourse with me?' Things were going according to the chart. His mouth hung open like a garden gate. I had the advantage and so I pressed it.
>
> 'Take me somewhere.'
>
> His response lacked dignity, but in fairness to him I admit that I had left him little chance to be suave. . . .
>
> Three weeks later, having thought very little of the strange and strangely empty night, I found myself pregnant.[33]

Again, she manages to capture that infinite quality of life, the intermingling always of the opposites. Her description of her reaction to her baby is poignant and gently touched with humor:

> Just as gratefulness was confused in my mind with love, so posession became mixed up with motherhood. I had a baby. He was beautiful and mine. Totally mine. No one had bought him for me. No one had helped me endure the sickly gray months. I had had help in the child's conception, but no one could deny that I had had an immaculate pregnancy.[34]

Once the baby was home the fear of hurting the child accidentally marred the beauty of his presence. Marguerite's mother had to force her to hold the baby and

to let the three-week-old child play with her. After begging "in vain" the girl allowed the baby to be placed at her side and after vowing never to sleep again, she drifted off to dreamland only to be awakened later by her mother. This is the note on which she ends her book:

> I knew immediately that the awakening had to do with the baby. I tensed. 'I'm awake.'
>
> She turned the light on and said, 'Look at the baby.' My fears were so powerful I couldn't move to look at the center of the bed. She said again, 'Look at the baby.' I didn't hear sadness in her voice, and that helped me to break the bonds of terror. The baby was no longer in the center of the bed. I thought he had moved. But after closer investigation I found that I was lying on my stomach with my arm bent at a right angle. Under the tent of blanket, which was poled by my elbow and forearm, the baby slept touching my side.
>
> Mother whispered, 'See, you don't have to think about doing the right thing. If you're for the right thing, then you do it without thinking.'
>
> She turned out the light and I patted my son's body lightly and went back to sleep. 35

And thus this book ends. Her story is continued in her latest book, Gather Together In My Name.

Caged Bird superficially deals with a young girl's struggle to cope with the ugliness of being black. The notion that "black is beautiful" is a new concept, which

was ushered in with the race riots of the 1960's. This slogan originated as a device to give Blacks young and old, a reason to be proud of their physical selves. Before the "black is beautiful" era arrived, people of Afro-American descent were brainwashed by every means conceivable, into believing that "blackness" and "ugliness" were one and the same. Ms. Angelou captures this fact in her book with the accuracy of one who has grappled with this problem as a fact of life. No theme is more dominant in Caged Bird than that of the horrors one lives with daily trying to reconcile being black and unwanted in a "white man's world." The girl Maya opens the book with talk of her black ashen legs that had to be greased with vaseline and powdered with "the Arkansas red clay," and her nappy hair which her grandmother wouldn't allow her to straighten. Her brother Bailey's physical features are quite a contrast to Maya's own, as Bailey has dark skin, but beautiful curly black hair, and in general, features that set him apart from the stereotypes of the physically "ugly" Negro. The Afro hairstyle and pride in other Negroid characteristics were not a part of the young Maya's generation. Consequently, she had to live with "blackness" and all that it connoted. Today, even with the idea that "black is beautiful" many Blacks still feel "ugly" inside, while vocally professing the opposite attitude loudly. We are told that the color "black" represents evil and death in literary

symbolism. We often see only negative portraits of Blacks in the media. Blacks as junkies, pimps, prostitutes, living in ghettoes, buying big garishly decorated cars, killing and raping other Blacks, or stealing, or failing in school or in business, or getting drunk and beating their wives, or filling welfare roles in cities—these are images most often given to Blacks about themselves. Beneath the cry, "Black is beautiful," is the great big question mark every Black person feels when reality hits him straight in the face with the fact that the slogan is merely a blanket to cover the ugliness that White America perceives Black to be. Maya Angelou's book covers the surface struggle of one young Black girl, but the underlying theme of the book exposes the hard uphill climb of Blacks everywhere trying to face and cope with this dilemma.

Maya Angelou's own life, however, bears out the fact that if one is aware of one's worth as a human being, nothing in the realm of human achievement is out of any person's reach, no matter what his color may be. It is perhaps for this reason, that her book is not dotted with philosophical ponderings on "the nature of existence," or weighted down with worries about "man's isolation from god, universe, and self." It is a plain story, or rather, an honest rendering of a person's life. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings is at once artistic, earthy, powerful,

and painfully beautiful. These are qualities that seem to permeate all of the works of the newly emerging ethnic writers. The stagnating world that seems to be destroying the creative impulse of the WASP writer has touched the ethnic writer as well; yet, the latter is a bit too close to basic problems of existing and surviving on a purely physical level to allow himself the luxury of wallowing in matters of purely intellectual concern. Consequently, the literature of the ethnic writer is more fluid and rich in imagery and basic in thematic content than that of his WASP counterpart. In essence, it is closer to the roots of the people from which it springs. These facts will be borne out in the novel to be studied next, Rudolfo A. Anaya's Bless Me, Ultima.

To begin with, Anaya's novel was the winning entry in the Second Annual Premio Quinto Sol literary award for 1971.

> The Annual Premio Quinto Sol national Chicano literary award series provides a publishing outlet through which the Chicano artist can express himself through exclusively Chicano means. However, it is only the Chicano authors themselves, through their own creative efforts, who can provide the form, substance, and content that will determine the direction of Chicano literature. In this light, Bless Me, Ultima by Rudolfo A. Anaya is a novel that goes far beyond the Mexican-American novels of the past fifteen years which have been, basically,

> journalistic in style and sociological in nature. In contrast to these works of the recent past, Bless Me, Ultima represents the highest artistic achievement by a Mexican-American in the genre of the novel. As such, in terms of technical and artistic achievement, Mr. Anaya the novelist joins Tomás Rivera author of the collection of short stories '. . . y no se lo tragó la tierra' (. . . and the Earth Did Not Part). And, just as '. . . y no se lo tragó la tierra' established Tomás Rivera as a short story writer of international stature, so too will Bless Me, Ultima establish Rudolfo A. Anaya as a voice in the mainstream of world literature.[36]

This praise of Anaya's Bless Me, Ultima is by no means exaggerated. Just as Lorca captured the spirit and the flesh of Spain in the exquisite poetic prose of his plays, Anaya has laid bare the soul of the Mexican. His characters are simple peasant folk, living in a small village where men, women, and children seem to be molded from the moist clay of the earth. They are vibrant human entities housed in brown bodies, colored and moved by the flaming sun. They are removed from the cellophane sophistication of WASP civilization, but they are not an uncultured people. Quite the opposite is true. Each of the characters in the novel is strong, proud, and bursting with life. They all meet life head on, knowing that birth and death are the only realities each man must inevitably confront with the dignity traditional to the Mexican people. The very young and the very old are merged in

Antonio and Ultima. It is through them that Anaya personifies the inevitable opposites that finalize themselves in birth and death.

The story is narrated by the young boy Antonio, who seems to be more an extension of Ultima the curandera, than he is a separate body functioning on his own. Many of Ultima's characteristics are repeated in the boy, and Ultima makes it clear that there is an inexorable link between Antonio and herself. This fact, together with the ever-present dichotomy that is the Mexican people, is revealed in this passage relating Antonio's dream of his own birth:

> I could not make out the face of the mother who rested from the pains of birth, but I could see the old woman in black who tended the just-arrived, steaming baby. She nimbly tied a knot on the cord that had connected the baby to its mother's blood, then quickly she bent and with her teeth she bit off the loose end. She wrapped the squirming baby and laid it at the mother's side, then she returned to cleaning the bed. All linen was swept aside to be washed, but she carefully wrapped the useless cord and the afterbirth and laid the package at the feet of the Virgin on the small altar. I sensed that these things were yet to be delivered to someone.
>
> Now the people who had waited patiently in the dark were allowed to come in and speak to the mother and deliver their gifts to the baby. I recognized my mother's brothers, my uncle from El Puerto de los Lunas.

They entered ceremoniously. A patient hope stirred in their dark, brooding eyes.

This one will be a Luna, the old man said, he will be a farmer and keep our customs and traditions. Perhaps God will bless our family and make the baby a priest.

And to show their hope they rubbed the dark earth of the river valley on the baby's forehead, and they surrounded the bed with the fruits of their harvest so the small room smelled of fresh green chile and corn, ripe apples and peaches, pumpkins and green beans.

Then the silence was shattered with the thunder of hoofbeats; vaqueros surrounded the small house with shouts and gunshots, and when they entered the room they were laughing and singing and drinking.

Gabriel, they shouted, you have a fine son! He will make a fine vaquero! And they smashed the fruits and vegetables that surrounded the bed and replaced them with a saddle, horse blankets, bottles of whiskey, a new rope, bridles, chapas, and an old guitar. And they rubbed the stain of earth from the baby's forehead because man was not to be tied to the earth but free upon it.

These were the people of my father, the vaqueros of the llano. They were an exuberant, restless people, wandering across the ocean of the plain.

We must return to our valley, the old man who led the farmers spoke. We must take with us the blood that comes after the birth. We will bury it in our fields to renew their fertility and to assure that the baby will follow our ways. He nodded for the old woman to deliver the package at the altar.

> No! the llaneros protested, it will stay here! We will burn it and let the winds of the llano scatter the ashes.
>
> It is blasphemy to scatter a man's blood on unholy ground, the farmers chanted. The new son must fulfill his mother's dream. He must come to El Puerto and rule over the Lunas of the valley. The blood of the Lunas is strong in him.
>
> He is a Márez, the vaqueros shouted. His forefathers were conquistadores, men as restless as the seas they sailed and as free as the land they conquered. He is his father's blood!
>
> Curses and threats filled the air, pistols were drawn, and the opposing sides made ready for battle. But the clash was stopped by the old woman who delivered the baby.
>
> Cease! she cried, and the men were quiet. I pulled this baby into the light of life, so I will bury the afterbirth and the cord that once linked him to eternity. Only I will know his destiny.[37]

Beyond the obvious beauty of the language and the technical control of the craft, Anaya like Maya Angelou has captured the spirit of his people in this novel. The never-ending presence of opposites is striking in both works. They present interesting parallels. In Anaya's book, Ultima and Antonio represent the aged and the young. In Caged Bird, a parallel situation exists between "Momma" and Maya. Both works are told from the viewpoint of young children, and in both cases, the children are exceptionally bright and display a keen sense of awareness which borders

almost on mysticism. Maya had "feelings" about things; Antonio had "dreams." The greater part of Maya's young life was spent in a small country town. Antonio's story takes place in rural Guadalupe. Both of the children were raised in an environment heavily charged with religion. Neither one of them, however, seemed to have been as scarred by it as were their parents. Momma's religious fervor in Caged Bird borders on the fanatical. Antonio's mother is determined that her youngest son will become a priest and thereby bring great honor to his family. Fate forces the boy to play the part of a priest on at least four occasions in the novel. When Lupito, the man made mad by "war sickness" was shot, his dying words were to Antonio the "boy-priest," as illustrated by the following passage:

> Many shots found their mark. I saw Lupito lifted off his feet and hurled backward by the bullets. But he got up and ran limping and crying towards the bank where I lay.
>
> 'Bless me—' I thought he cried, and the second volley of shots from the bridge sounded, but this time they sounded like a great whirling of wings, like pigeons swirling to roost on the church top. He fell forward then clawed and crawled out of the holy water of the river onto the bank in front of me. I wanted to reach out and help him, but I was frozen by my fear. He looked up at me and his face was bathed in water and flowing hot blood, but it was also dark and peaceful as it slumped into

> the sand of the riverbank. He made a strange gurgling sound in his throat, then he was still. Up on the bridge a great shout went up. The men were already running to the end of the bridge to come down and claim the man whose dead hands dug into the soft, wet sand in front of me. . . .
>
> I had started praying to myself from the moment I heard the first shot and I never stopped praying until I reached home. Over and over through my mind ran the words of the Act of Contrition. I had not yet been to catechism nor had I made my first holy communion, but my mother had taught me the Act of Contrition. It was to be said after one made his confession to the priest, and as the last prayer before death.
>
> Did God listen? Would he hear? Had he seen my father on the bridge? And where was Lupito's soul winging to, or was it washing down the river to the fertile valley of my uncles' farms?
>
> A priest could have saved Lupito. Oh why did my mother dream for me to be a priest! How would I ever wash away the stain of blood from the sweet waters of my river![38]

At age "almost seven," Antonio had not only witnessed a murder, but had been made to confront the horrible fact that a dying man's soul may have been lost because he was too young to "save him." The business of being forced to play the role of priest came again at the request of his two brothers teasing him for being his "mother's son," then from Narciso after Tenorio shot him:

> 'Hijo — ' he murmured. I slipped my hand under his head and whispered, 'are you dead?'

> He smiled faintly. . . . He made the sign of the cross, leaving dabs of blood where he touched his forehead, his chest, and the sides.
>
> 'Muchacho,' his hoarse voice whispered, 'I need confession—I am dying — '
>
> 'I am not a priest,' I said. I felt his body jerk and stiffen. He was dying.
>
> '. . . pray for me,' he said weakly and closed his eyes, 'you are pure of heart — '
>
> I knew what I had to pray. I had to pray an Act of Contrition for his departing soul. . . . I wanted to cry out into the storm that it was not fair that Narciso die for doing good, that it was not fair for a mere boy to be at the dying of a man.
>
> 'Confess me — ' . . . . I prayed. . . .
>
> Then I made the sign of the cross over him. . . .
>
> 'Thank you, father, I will sin no more—' [39]

Perhaps the most powerful and tragic scene in the novel is the one where Tony's young friends force him to be their "priest" so they can practice going to confession before their First Communion. Once they had rigged Tony up in a ragged "priest's costume" by force, they all confessed their sins to him. Then they forced the blonde haired Mexican boy Florence to "confess" his sins. It is through the boy Florence that Anaya poses the question of

who, in fact, has sinned—man or God. Tony questions Florence in terror:

> 'What are your sins?' I asked.
>
> 'I don't have any,' Florence said softly.
>
> 'You do, you bastard!' Ernie shouted and pulled Florence's head back.
>
> 'You have sins,' Abel agreed.
>
> 'Everybody has sins!' Agnes shouted. She helped Ernie twist Florence's head back. Florence tried to struggle but he was pinned by Horse and Bones and Abel. I tried to pull their hands away from him to relieve the pain I saw in his face, but the trappings of the priest's costume entangled me and so I could do very little.
>
> 'Tell me one sin,' I pleaded with Florence. His face was very close to mine now, and when he shook his head to tell me again that he didn't have sins I saw a frightening truth in his eyes. He was telling the truth! He did not believe that he had ever sinned against God!. . . .
>
> 'I have not sinned!' he shouted, looking me square in the eyes, challenging me, the priest. His voice was like Ultima's when she had challenged Tenorio, or Narciso's when he had tried to save Lupito.
>
> 'It is God who has sinned against me!' his voice thundered, and we fell back in horror at the blasphemy he uttered.
>
> 'Florence,' I heard June whimper, 'don't say that —' Florence grinned. 'Why? Because it is the truth?' he questioned. 'Because you refuse to see the truth, or to accept me because

I do not believe in your lies!
I say God has sinned against me
because he took my father and mother
from me when I most needed them,
and he made my sisters whores—
He has punished all of us without
just cause, Tony,' his look pierced
me. . . . they wanted me to punish
Florence.

'Make his penance hard,' Rita
leered.

'Make him kneel and we'll all
beat him,' Ernie suggested.

'Yeah, beat him!' Bones said wildly.

'Stone him!'

'Beat him!'

'Kill him!'

They circled around me and advanced
on Florence, their eyes flashing
with the thought of the punishment
they would impose on the non-believer.
It was then that the fear left me,
and I knew what I had to do. . . .

'No!' I shouted, 'there will be
no punishment, there will be no
penance! His sins are forgiven!'
I turned and made the sign of the
cross. 'Go in peace, my son,' I
said to Florence.

'No!' they shouted, 'don't let
him go free!'

'Make him do penance! That's the
law!'

'Punish him for not believing in
God!'

'I am the priest!' I shouted back,
'and I have absolved him of his sins!'[40]

As a result of his defiance, Tony's "friends" beat him until he screamed for help from God. God, however, didn't answer, and Tony bit his lips so he wouldn't cry, and took his beating. Several times during the course of the novel, Tony was destined to ask God's help and/or forgiveness, but in every case, God failed him. When Tony's Uncle Lucas was hexed by three witches (brujas), the priest was called after the doctors failed. Yet, the priest could do nothing but leave Lucas to die. Finally, in desperation the curandera Ultima was called. With Antonio as the host victim, Ultima cured Lucas. Ultima's cures worked always, where God seemingly refused His help. Throughout the novel, Tony hassles with the entire question of the Catholic Church, religion, sin, his fate in life—to be a Márez or a Luna—and with Ultima. At the very end of the novel when Ultima dies after Tenorio kills her owl (her soul), and Tenorio is himself killed by Tony's uncle, Tony gets a final lesson on life before Ultima expires. She instructs the boy on the burial procedure for the owl—the personification of her soul. He promises to do as he is told and makes a final request of his dying friend:

'Bless me, Ultima—'

> Her hand touched my forehead and her last words were, 'I bless you in the name of all that is good and strong and beautiful, Antonio. Always have the strength to live. Love life, and if despair enters your heart, look for me in the evenings when the wind

> is gentle and the owl sings in the hills, I shall be with you —'[41]

This last passage seems to be Anaya's offering to mankind: "Always have the strength to live." This novel though filled with violence, sadness, witchcraft, superstition and death, ends on a note of quiet hope. Every one of the characters in Bless Me, Ultima experiences the full ferocity of all that "being alive" and "learning to cope" have come to mean.

When Florence the child-atheist is drowned, his playmates simply accept it as "something that happened." They talk of the murders in the town, the terrors of the black arts, the healing by the curandera, the magic of the Golden Carp—all, more or less, with the same tone of "that's the way things are," as Maya Angelou does in I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings. Maya and Bailey accept their strange, constantly changing fates with something akin to a polite submission. Yet, ironically, having lived with desertion, poverty, racism, the ever-present fear of humiliation or even death at the hands of bigoted Whites, rape, murder, and pregnancy to name a few things, the children seem to simply grow stronger after confronting each obstacle. The same thing happens with Antonio in Anaya's book. This seems to be a dominant characteristic of literature written by Black, Chicano, and Native-American writers. Having lived all of their lives as

second-class citizens or no citizens at all in some cases, ethnics seem to have a built-in mechanism for dealing with anything life has to throw at them. Ms. Angelou's book is autobiographical; Mr. Anaya's is fictional. Yet, both present poignant and extraordinarily honest portraits of certain aspects of their people's lives. It would be foolish to suggest that all Blacks and Mexicans experience the same problems that the characters in these two works do; it would be more foolish to deny that any of the situations, feelings, and so forth presented in the works, are not familiar to the particular racial group represented. One final point must be made before getting into Black Elk Speaks. A glance at any serious novel or play written by the "greats" of contemporary WASP literature will show at once a strong tendency toward, if not a total resignation to, fatalism. The dominant theme in almost every piece of contemporary WASP writing is "isolated man in a meaningless existence." It would be a sad fact indeed, if the only thing man had to look forward to in life was to be released from it through death. Yet, this is what most WASP writers seem to be saying. It is ironic that the poeple who seemingly have everything going in their favor in life, look forward only to the day when it will all end, while those with so little—materially, politically, and socially—seem to reach for life with a passionate embrace.

Black Elk Speaks, like Caged Bird, is autobiographical. It is the life story of not only Black Elk, but of the Sioux nation and, like the first two books, it reveals much about the true nature of the people about which it is written. Many characteristics found in the above two books are also present in Black Elk Speaks. To begin with, the language of the work reaches a peak that borders on poetry, and though it is told by a man in the "winter" of his years, we have much of it translated through his eyes as a young boy. Therefore, we again have the opposites existing—old and young—only this time the dichotomy exists within one man—Black Elk. He thus begins his tale:

> My friend, I am going to tell you the story of my life, as you wish; and if it were only the story of my life I think I would not tell it; for what is one man that he should make much of his winters, even when they bend him like a heavy snow? So many other men have lived and shall live that story, to be grass upon the hills.
>
> It is the story of all life that is holy and is good to tell, and of us two-leggeds sharing in it with the four-leggeds and the wings of the air and all green things; for these are children of one mother and their father is one Spirit.
>
> This then, is not the tale of a great hunter or of a great warrior, or of a great traveler, although I have made much meat in my time and fought for my people both as boy and man, and have gone far and seen strange lands and men. So also have many others done, and better than I. These things I shall remember by the

> way, and often they may seem to be the very tale itself, as when I was living them in happiness and sorrow. But now that I can see it all as from a lonely hilltop, I know it was the story of a mighty vision given to a man too weak to use it; of a holy tree that should have flourished in a people's heart with flowers and singing birds, and now is withered; and of a people's dream that died in bloody snow.[42]

This is the book's opening. It is deceptive, for beneath the poetic beauty of Black Elk's prose lies the bitter awareness that his is a beaten nation. All of the horror of the Indians' encounter with the White man which was mentioned in our first chapter is recounted in detail in Black Elk's narrative. But before the coming of the Whites, Black Elk the boy was much like Antonio in Ultima: perceptive, intelligent, well-schooled in the ways of his people, happy and playful, and very typically "young boyish." The narrative about his early days is similar to Maya Angelou's in Caged Bird: simple, direct and to the point. As Maya Angelou captured something of "being Black" in her novel, so does Black Elk reveal that something of "being Indian" in his book:

> I am a Lakota of the Ogalala band. . . .
>
> I was born in the Moon of the Popping Trees (December) on the Little Powder River in the Winter When the Four Crows Were Killed (1863), and I was three years old when my father's right leg was broken in the Battle of the Hundred Slain. From that wound he lingered until the day he

> died, which was about the time when Big Foot's band was butchered on Wounded Knee (1890). He is buried here in these hills.
>
> I can remember that Winter of the Hundred Slain as a man may remember some bad dream he dreamed when he was little, but I can not tell just how much I heard when I was bigger and how much I understood when I was little. It is like some fearful thing in a fog, for it was a time when everything seemed troubled and afraid.
>
> I had never seen a Wasichu [white man] then, and did not know what one looked like; but every one was saying that the Wasichus were coming and that they were going to take our country and rub us all out and that we should all have to die fighting.[43]

And so the story of Black Elk begins. A part of the saga is told alternately by other Indians who lived during the same wretched times—Fire Thunder and Standing Bear, with the bulk of the narration being Black Elk's. In Chapter III we are told of the "Great Vision" Black Elk received at age nine. He explains the entire vision in detail, and how after it was ended, twelve days had passed and he had been very ill. His parents called a medicine man to bring the boy back to health and later the medicine man told Black Elk's father that he had seen his son "sitting in a sacred position" and he knew that the boy had been invested with a sacred power. Black Elk's vision troubled him constantly, because as he explains, at age nine he was too young to understand it. Much of the rest of the book

affords us insights into Indian tribal life and rituals. There are many humorous moments—some at the expense of our hero. One such was the war game:

> There was a war game that we little boys played after a big hunt. We went out a little way from the village and built some grass tepees, playing we were enemies and this was our village. We had an adviser, and when it got dark he would order us to go and steal some dried meat from the big people. He would hold a stick up to us and we had to bite off a piece of it. If we bit a big piece we had to get a big piece of meat, and if we bit a little piece, we did not have to get so much. Then we started for the big people's village, crawling on our bellies, and when we got back without getting caught, we would have a big feast and a dance and make kill talks, telling of our brave deeds like warriors. Once, I remember, I had no brave deed to tell. I crawled up to a leaning tree beside a tepee and there was meat hanging on the limbs. I wanted a tongue I saw up there in the moonlight, so I climbed up. But just as I was about to reach it, the man in the tepee yelled "ye-a-a!" He was saying this to his dog, who was stealing some meat too, but I thought the man had seen me, and I was so scared I fell out of the tree and ran away crying.[44]

Young boys also ate raw liver after a bison hunt. They became men at age thirteen and were expected to behave as such. Black Elk had a chance to prove his manhood in their first battle with the Wasichus. He fought in battles with his uncle, the great Chief Crazy Horse. Black Elk

tells how Crazy Horse too had a "vision" as a young boy and was protected in battle by a sacred stone he carried like one he saw in his vision. Crazy Horse was a fierce warrior and according to Black Elk, "the greatest chief of all."

As was stated earlier, Maya had "feelings" about things that usually came true; Antonio had "dreams" that projected both past and future events; and in Black Elk Speaks, we are told that Black Elk had "queer feelings" about events that invariably happened. His power began growing as he got older. He helped his people in battle by warning them of impending danger, and kept many of them from starving by being able to find food during blinding blizzards through his visionary powers. He also functioned well as a fighter:

> I met a soldier on horseback, and I let him have it. The arrow went through from side to side under his ribs and it stuck out on both sides. He screamed and took hold of his saddle horn and hung on, wobbling with his head hanging down. I kept along beside him, and I took my heavy bow and struck him across the back of the neck. He fell from his saddle, and I got off and beat him to death with my bow. I kept on beating him awhile after he was dead, and every time I hit I said 'Hownh!" I was mad, because I was thinking of the women and little children running down there, all scared and out of breath. These Wasichus wanted it, and they came to get it, and we gave it to them. . . .

> The women swarmed up the hill and began stripping the soldiers. They were yelling and laughing and singing now. I saw something funny. Two fat old women were stripping a soldier, who was wounded and playing dead. When they had him naked, they began to cut something off that he had and he jumped up and began fighting with the two fat women. He was swinging one of them around, while the other was trying to stab him with her knife. After awhile, another woman rushed up and shoved her knife into him and he died really dead. It was funny to see the naked Wasichu fighting with the fat women.[45]

Here again we see the principle of opposites at work. In the midst of the horrors of war he experienced as a young child, he was able to see some of the humorous aspects of the situation. He describes the terrible massacres that took place on both sides, White and Indian. Most importantly, he does not attempt to romanticize the actions of his people at the expense of the Whites. He does make it very clear, however, that Whites started the wars out of greed for gold and land, and a lust for power. The Indians' defense of themselves came out of a sense of survival. There are many incidents in the book which point out how Whites regarded Indians as creatures a notch below animals. The description of the murder of Crazy Horse seems typical of White dealings with Indians:

> They told Crazy Horse they would not harm him if he would go to the Soldier's Town and have a talk with the Wasichu chief there. But they lied. They did not take him to the chief for a talk. They took him to the little prison with

> iron bars on the windows, for they had planned to get rid of him. And when he saw what they were doing, he turned around and took a knife out of his robe and started out against all those soldiers. Then Little Big Man, who had been his friend and was the one who told us boys that we were brave before my first fight when we attacked the wagons on War Bonnet Creek, took hold of Crazy Horse from behind and tried to get the knife away. And while they were struggling, a soldier ran a bayonet into Crazy Horse from one side at the back and he fell down and began to die. . . .
>
> That night I heard mourning somewhere, and then there was more and more mourning, until it was all over the camp.
>
> Crazy Horse was dead. He was brave and good and wise. He never wanted anything but to save his people, and he fought the Wasichus only when they came to kill us in our own country. He was only thirty years old. They could not kill him in battle. They had to lie to him and kill him that way.
>
> I cried all night, and so did my father.[46]

This isolated incident has repeated itself many times over in actions between Whites and members of ethnic minority groups. Perhaps of all three groups dealt with in this paper, the Indians have suffered most at the hands of their White "brothers." Even the atrocities committed against the Black slaves seem less severe when compared to the deliberate attempt at all-out annihilation against American Indians. The rest of Black Elk Speaks covers the battles

and eventual surrender by the Indians and their placement on the reservations. Black Elk explains the Indian's concept of religion in this book as well. It makes an interesting contrast to the views of religion given in Caged Bird and Ultima:

> You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles, and everything tries to be round. In the old days when we were a strong and happy people, all our power came to us from the sacred hoop of the nation, and so as long as the hoop was unbroken, the people flourished. The flowering tree was the living center of the hoop, and the circle of the four quarters nourished it. The east gave peace and light, the south gave warmth, the west gave rain, and the north with its cold and mighty wind gave strength and endurance. This knowledge came to us from the outer world with our religion. Everything the Power of the World does is in a circle. The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same, and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves. Our tepees were round like the nests of birds, and these were always set in a circle, the nation's hoop, a nest of many nests, where the Great Spirit meant for us to hatch our children.

> But the Wasichus have put us in these square boxes. Our power is gone and we are dying, for the power is not in us any more. You can look at our boys and see how it is with us. When we were living by the power of the circle in the way we should, boys were men at twelve or thirteen years of age. But now it takes them very much longer to mature.
>
> Well, it is as it is. We are prisoners of war while we are waiting here. But there is another world.[47]

As Black Elk makes clear, religion for his people was not something externally imposed upon them, but the actual fact of their existence. There were no churches then, no priests and churchmembers. Each man was in constant communion with the Great Spirit because it flowed through and was a part of all things in the world. This is why the Indians initially greeted the White man with open arms, because all creatures animate and inanimate were part of the universal brotherhood of life. Once the Wasichus came, however, and the circle was broken, the Power was destroyed and the Indians began dying as a people. Black Elk's conclusion to his narrative is a sad one. He tells of his frantic attempt to make his vision work to save his people, and of his ultimate failure. In a Chapter entitled "The Butchering At Wounded Knee," he describes the pitiful state of his slaughtered, once proud people:

> . . . after the soldiers marched away from their dirty work, a heavy snow began to fall. The wind came up in

> the night. There was a big blizzard, and it grew very cold. The snow drifted deep in the crooked gulch, and it was one long grave of butchered women and children and babies, who had never done any harm and were only trying to run away.[48]

Broken and defeated by sheer numbers, the Indians who survived and couldn't escape to Canada agreed to settling on the reservations. Black Elk's last chapter aptly titled "The End of the Dream" ends thusly:

> And so it was all over.
>
> I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.

The last chapter of the book ends with a tone of total defeat. In the Postscript, however, Neihardt the translater tells how, at Black Elk's request some time after the narration had been given, the ancient holy man was taken back to Harney Peak, dressed as he was dressed in his vision. He wanted to speak with the "Grandfathers." He told the men with him that if he had any power left there should be thunder and rain from the sky after he prayed. He began to pray as the others watched. The day was sunny and cloudless:

> With tears running down his cheeks, the old man raised his voice to a thin high wail, and chanted: 'In sorrow I am sending a feeble voice, O Six Powers of the World. Hear me in my sorrow, for I may never call again. O make my people live!'
>
> For some minutes the old man stood silent, with face uplifted, weeping in the drizzling rain.
>
> In a little while the sky was clear again.[49]

So again we see the "will to live" exhibited so forcefully in ethnic literature. The final note on which this book ends is a hopeful one—a desperate plea to the Great Spirit that the Indian people be allowed to live! In spite of all the misery life gave to Black Elk and his people, his last prayer was for the gift of life. It is this theme which seems to dominate the literature of the ethnic writer. Life which offers so very little to the "unwanted" American is that much more precious to him. Blacks, Chicanos, and American Indians use this theme throughout their literatures, and it manifests itself in all genres. The imagery these authors use is filled with symbols of living things—birds, trees, grass, flowers, fish and animals! The heavens and the earth are made animate. Everything seems to bloom beneath the ethnic writer's pen. This is the contribution he has to make to American literature. This is the message he must impart to his Anglo-Saxon brother. "Learn to love life; it is in the end, the most precious posession you have."

To conclude this chapter, we will take a brief look at the theater of the Black, Chicano, and Native-American writer, and at his poetry. Ethnic theater is a theater of the people. Like the novelist, the ethnic playwright generally selects materials from his immediate surroundings to use in his plays, and writes his plays primarily for the enlightenment and education of his own ethnic group. As yet, there are no playwrights of Chicano or Native-American heritage who are nationally or internationally recognized as such. There are, however, quite a few major Black-American playwrights whose fame goes undisputed. Names such as Le Roi Jones (Amiri Baraka), Ossie Davis, Adrienne Kennedy, Douglas Turner Ward, Lonnie Elder, Lorraine Hansberry, Charles Gordone, who won a Pulitzer Prize for No Place To Be Somebody, and Ed Bullins, Obie Award Winner, are quite familiar to theatre-goers and students of dramatic literature. The bulk of the ethnic playwrights, however, write for a limited audience of their own racial group and their themes, actors, props, stage, dialect, dialogue, and settings all come from the immediate audience for which the play is performed. This is so, for a few reasons. The major reasons are the following:

1. Middle-class Whites comprise the dominant "paying" audience for the theater. Producers want plays that will compliment the tastes of the audience, and White audiences don't

want a deluge of ethnic plays on or off Broadway.

2. Playwrighting is the most demanding of all the arts, because it requires not only the script, but actors, directors, costumes, props, tech-crews, a place to perform and an audience. Most especially, it requires lots of money if it is to be considered "successful" by American standards.
3. Because they have been traditionally left out of the mainstream American theater world, ethnic writers have, in many cases, taken the stance, "We don't want in with your WASP theater," and refuse to let their plays be even associated with WASP theater.
4. Finally, ethnic playwrights see the theater as one of the most effective tools available for propagandizing and educating their people. Thus the ethnic theater has for the most part, evolved as a theater of "the people."

Darwin T. Turner in an essay on the history of Black theater in America has this to say on the subject:

> Although the current interest in Afro-American literature has stimulated the publishing and anthologizing of many of the better-known plays which have been produced professionally during

recent years, relatively little effort has been made to preserve plays produced in black colleges and communities. Consequently, the work in these little theatres remains relatively unknown. It is important, however, that attention be given to such plays, for they often reflect Afro-American culture and thought more accurately than do the plays produced professionally in downtown New York. As I have pointed out in the essay, Afro-American writers frequently have chosen or have been required to adapt their plays to the interests and tastes of white producers or predominantly white audiences of the downtown theatres. Depending on the times, they have been required to use stereotyped characters, to emphasize sensational aspects of interracial relationships, to insert comic or musical interludes, to modify the language, or to soften their criticism of America's treatment of Afro-Americans. In the predominantly black colleges and communities, however, the dramatists have had greater freedom to write as they saw fit, restricted only by their individual concepts of what constitutes good drama or what will appeal to a predominantly black audience.

There is no published history of the Afro-American college theatre, an important training ground for playwrights and performers. . . .

Black community theatres and theatrical groups have also been important to Afro-American drama, especially during the frequent periods when black writers and performers, denied opportunity in commercial downtown theatres in New York; kept their talents alive by working in community theatre. This too is a world which scholarly research has not illuminated. No published study explores in detail

> the important activities of the Lafayette and the Lincoln Companies at the time of World War I, the several theatrical groups—including the Harlem Suitcase Theatre—organized by Langston Hughes, the Rose McClendon workshop, the Krigwa Players, Karamu House, the American Negro Theatre, or the several other groups which have been significant in the past. For that matter, too little attention at present is given to documenting and recording the current activities of Douglas Turner Ward's Negro Ensemble Theatre, Le Roi Jones' Spirit House, and Jihad Players, the New Lafayette Theatre in New York, or the various groups developing on the West Coast. The problems of research in the community theatre correspond with those in the college theatre.
>
> Yet, someday the detailed history of the black little theatre movements and activities must be written. An adequate picture of the black man in the theatre cannot be drawn without attention to that world in which he has developed freely without regard for the censoring tastes of white producers and audiences.[50]

Turner has captured quite adequately the dilemma of the typical Black playwright and Black theatre in general. For further verification of Turner's statement that the Black college and community theatres are the spawning grounds for up and coming Black talent in the area of drama, one need only be aware of the fact that quite a few actors and actresses from The Dashiki Theatre and The Free Southern Theatre, both based in New Orleans, Louisiana, have made television and move debuts recently in "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman," Quadroon and Mandingo.

Thus, there is value in "the people's theatre", not only for the playwright and his immediate audience, but for the actors, make-up artists, costumers and the varied technical crews involved. There is then the added educational value for entertainers as well as the entertained.

The Chicano theatre is also a "people's theatre." The most famous of these is El Teatro Campesino, founded and organized by Luis Valdez. Valdez has this to say of El Teatro:

> El Teatro Campesino is somewhere between Brecht and Cantinflas. It is a farmworkers' theater, a bilingual propaganda theater, but it borrows from Mexican folk humor to such an extent that its 'propaganda' is salted with a wariness for human caprice. Linked by a cultural umbilical cord to the National Farm Workers Association, the Teatro lives in Delano as a part of a social movement. We perform for the grape strikers at weekly meetings, seek to clarify strike aims, and go on tour throughout the state publicizing and raising funds for the Huelga.
>
> Our most important aim is to reach the farmworkers. All the actors are farmworkers, and our single topic is the Huelga. We must create our own materials, but this is hardly a limitation. Neither is our concentration on the strike. The hardest thing at first was fixing limits, some kind of dramatic form within which to work. Working together, we developed what we call 'actos'—10 to 15 minute skits, sometimes with and without songs. We insist on calling them actos rather than skits, not only because we talk in Spanish most of the time, but because 'skit' seems too light a word for the work we are trying to do.

Starting from scratch with a real-life incident, character, or idea, everybody in the Teatro contributes to the development of an *acto*. Each is intended to make at least one specific point about the strike, but improvisations during each performance sharpen, alter, or embellish the original idea. We use no scenery, no scripts, and no curtain. We use costumes and props only casually—an old pair of pants, a wine bottle, a pair of dark glasses, a mask, but mostly we like to show we are still strikers underneath, armbands and all. This effect is very important to our aims. To simplify things, we hang signs around our necks, sometimes in black and white, sometimes in lively colors, indicating the characters portrayed.

Practicing our own brand of *commedia dell' arte*, we improvise within the framework of traditional characters associated with the strike. Instead of Arlecchinos, Pantalones, and Brighellas, we have *Esquiroles* (scabs), *Contratistas* (contractors), *Patroncitos* (growers), and *Huelguistas* (strikers). We have experimented with these four types in dozens of combinations. Being free to act as they will, to infuse a character type with real thought and feeling, the farmworkers of the Teatro have expressed the human complexity of the grape strike. This is where Brecht comes in. As propaganda, the Teatro is loyal to an *a priori* social end: the winning of the strike. We not only presume Our Cause is just; we know it.

Every member of the Teatro, however *knows* it differently. We vary in age from 18 to 44, with drastically different degrees of education, but we are all drawn into the Teatro by a common enthusiasm to express what we individually know and feel. The freedom to do so

lifts our propaganda into Brecht-like theater: Our Just Cause is many-faceted, like human nature.

The Teatro appeals to its actors for the same reason it appeals to its audience. It explores the meaning of a social movement without asking its participants to read or write. It is a learning experience with no formal prerequisites. This is all-important because most farmworkers have never had a chance to go to school and are alienated by classrooms, black-boards, and the formal teacher-student approach.

By contrast, our Cantinflas—inspired burlesque is familiar to the farmworkers. It is in the family; it is raza; it is part of the Mexican people. They know that the Teatro discusses the Huelga, but the actors are fellow farmworkers and strikers, not teachers. If the Teatro has a point to make, it is just a step ahead of the audience, and the audience takes the step easily.

In a Mexican way, we have discovered what Brecht is all about. If you want unbourgeois theater, find unbourgeois actors to do it. Your head could burst open at the simplicity of the act, not the thought, but that's the way it is in Delano. Real theater lies in the excited laughter (or silence) of recognition in the audience, not in all the paraphernalia on the stage. Minus actors, the entire Teatro can be packed into one trunk, and when the Teatro goes on tour, the spirit of Delano goes with it. . . .

It has never been easy to measure the actual effect of the Teatro as serious social propaganda, but we do receive indirect reports occasionally. After one Bakersfield performance we were told that two scabs vowed never

> to come to Delano as strike breakers again, and they cited the Teatro's satire as the reason for their change of heart. More encouraging than anything is that farmworkers on the march kept asking, 'Is there going to be a Teatro tonight?' . . .
>
> The Teatro by its mere existence condemns the real loss of human talent, the deadening of the human spirit; the brutalization of mind and body caused by the callous, feudal exploitation that is farm labor today. More than that, it affords us the opportunity to laugh as free men. The Teatro Campesino lives and grows in that laughter.[51]

This, in essence, defines the soul of El Teatro Campesino. It is everything to the Mexican-American that Black community theatre is to Afro-Americans, and in a sense, more, for the Teatro is the embodiment of the Chicano "Cause". Its sole purpose for existing is to win the Cause for the Chicano people and deliver them from both a physical and social bondage. There are other Chicano theatres besides El Teatro Campesino, but none is as famous as the theatre from Delano. Yet each makes its own contribution to the art of the Chicano people. To conclude, Valdez says of the Chicano theater in general that the

> Chicano theater . . . is first a reaffirmation of LIFE. That is what all theater is supposed to do, of course, but the limp, superficial, gringo seco productions in the 'professional' American theater (and the college and university drama departments

> that serve it) are so antiseptic, they are antibiotic (anti-life). The characters and life situations emerging from our little teatros are too real, too full of sudor, sangre, and body smells to be boxed in. Audience participation is no cute production trick with us; it is a pre-established, pre-assumed privilege.[52]

What Valdez is claiming here for the Chicano theatre is its relevance to the people for whom it exists. He advocates, as do the leaders of Black "people's theatre," that if the people don't come to the theatre, theatre should go to them. His stance is basically separatist, as is that of Black community theatre leaders. This is typical behavior for a people in the midst of an identity struggle, trying to carve their niche in the American society, which still, on the whole, rejects them and denies their value as a people in a myriad of ways. The unfortunate fact of this whole situation is that each of the three ethnic groups discussed has fallen victim to the same social ills, and must spend precious time and energy trying to survive, to salvage their sense of self, and to create all at the time time.

Contemporary Native-American theatre is not as developed as that of the Afro-American, but it is similar in structure and concept to El Teatro Campesino, in that its basic function is to reach and to teach its own people, as well as the fact that it is heavily grounded in a

religious base. One very excellent Native-American theatre group is known as The White Roots of Peace. Though the group has members representing many Indian tribes, the bulk of the members are Mohawk, and their base is New York City. They do not wish to be identified in any way with the traditional American theatre scene and they've designated a special term for themselves to insure that no such linking will evolve.

White Roots of Peace is basically a fund-raising group which performs to promote the political, social, cultural and historical heritage of their people to their people in their own way. They use traditional ritual songs, dances, and some mime to impart their message to the audience. As with the Chicanos, there are other Native-American theatrical groups performing, but White Roots of Peace is perhaps one of the most travelled and most well-known. As far as the Native-American playwright is concerned, his art is still in its infancy, but in its potential, there is genius.

> While there have been no important American Indian dramatists to date, the seriousness of the Indian approach to life, the almost mystic aura of portent they sense, along with the singularity of the experiences in their own country, makes them appear to be especially well qualified to produce drama loaded with the intensity of classic tragedy. And many of the devices recently discovered by modern, avant-garde theatre have never gone

> out of style in Amerindian rituals: the use of masks or symbolically painted bodies, fragmented time, oblique dialogue, and so on. At this time, however, one can but speculate regarding what will ultimately be produced by Indian playwrights.53

In retrospect, all three ethnic groups have their basic dramatic roots in their people. Even though it is certain that like some Black playwrights, many Chicano and Native-American playwrights will eventually emerge as masters in the area of American dramatic literature, at this point, the focus of all three is essentially on communicating on a gut-level with their people. It is certain that the future of ethnic drama is also the future of the American theatre. As Luis Valdez said, Anglo drama is "antiseptic and antibiotic (anti-life)." Black, Chicano, and Native-American dramatists do not have to ask if "the theatre's really dead?" Theirs is vibrant, growing, and offering the same message as their novels and poems: Love life and embrace it for all that it has to offer.

We will look only briefly at the poetry of the three ethnic groups discussed, since essentially the same things that were said about the novel and the theatre can be said with equal accuracy about the poetry. We have selected for our purposes one representative poem by each of the following masters of the genre: Robert Hayden, Rafael Jesús González, and James Welch.

Robert Hayden is a poet's poet. This is attested to by the fact that he has won numerous awards for his poetry including two Hopwood Awards from The University of Michigan, a Rosenwald Fellowship, a Ford Foundation grant and the Grand Prize for Poetry at the First World Festival of Negro Arts, held in Dakar, Senegal in 1965. He is currently Professor of English at The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. The following poem "In the Mourning Time" gives eloquent testimony to Robert Hayden's genius as a poet:

"In the Mourning Time"

As the gook woman howls
for her boy in the smouldering,
as the expendable Clean-Cut Boys
From Decent American Homes
are slashing off enemy ears for keepsakes;

as the victories are tallied up
with flag-draped coffins, plastic bodybags,
what can my sorrow anger pity say
but this, this:

We must not be frightened nor cajoled
into accepting evil as deliverance from evil.
We must go on struggling to be human,
though monsters of abstraction
police and threaten us.

Reclaim now, now renew the vision of
a human world where godliness
is possible and man
is neither gook nigger honkey wop nor kike

but man
permitted to be man.[54]

The same cry of the ethnic novelist and dramatist is here repeated in Robert Hayden's poem. Are we not all human? Must we forever be enslaved by the shackles of labels, prejudice and fear? Will this persecution we suffer because of our natural human differences ever cease? "In the Mourning Time" could be an epitaph to Maya Angelou's book, or Anaya's or to Black Elk's poignant narrative. It could also be the rallying cry for the Black, Chicano, or Native-American playwrights urging the gift of life for their people. Hayden's poem is tightly written. His imagery is bold and pregnant with meaning, and his insistent theme springs alive from the page. He seeks for life not just for men of his own ethnic heritage, but for all men everywhere. His poems are universal in the fullest sense of the word. He never denies his ethnic background. Instead, he uses it to remind himself always that every man is human like himself. He wears the laurel crown with a poet's grace.

Rafael Jesús González is a brilliant young Chicano poet. His poem "To an Old Woman" more than adequately justifies his wearing the title "poet."

"To an Old Woman"

Come, mother —
  Your rebozo trails a black web
  And your hem catches on your heels.
You lean the burden of your years
On shaky cane, and palsied hand pushes
  Sweat-grimed pennies on the counter.

Can you still see, old woman,
The darting color-trailed needle of your trade?
  The flowers you embroider
  With three-for-a-dime threads
Cannot fade as quickly as the leaves of time.
  What things do you remember?
Your mouth seems to be forever tasting
The residue of nectar-hearted years.
Where are the sons you bore?
  Do they speak only English now
  And pass for Spaniards?
Did California lure them
To forget the name of madre?
  One day I know you will not come
  And ask for me to pick
  The colors you can no longer see.
I know I'll wait in vain
  For your toothless benediction.
I'll look into the dusty street
Made cool by pigeons' wings
Until a dirty child will nudge me and say:
  'Señor, how much ees thees?'55

The special gift of Indio-Hispanic people to the world seems to be their exquisitely crafted "word-paintings." This poem "To an Old Woman" defies critiquing. There is nothing one can add to the poem by way of analysis or interpretation without disturbing its painfully quiet beauty. It is a song, a poem, a painting. It is, simply stated, a work of art.

Rafael Jesús Gonzáles is a Mexican-American by nationality. He currently teaches English at Laney College in Oakland, California. He was born in 1935, and composed this particular poem while still a student. He seems destined to become one of the most distinguished poets of his race, which is perhaps the highest praise one could bestow on him.

The poet we have chosen as being representative of the best in Native-American poetry is James Welch. Mr. Welch is perhaps most famous for his recently published novel Winter In The Blood, but he is equally gifted as a poet. Born in 1940, James Welch was brought up on a Blackfoot reservation in Montana. It has been said of him that "he treats Indian subjects with technical skill and sensitivity . . . while at the same time confronting those human problems faced by all men."[56] Like Rafael González the Chicano poet and Robert Hayden the Afro-American poet, James Welch uses the technical skills and image control coupled with that peculiar "sense of dramatic tension" which assures him his place among the masters of the poetic genre. The following poem exemplifies this fact:

"Snow Country Weavers"

A time to tell you things are well.
Birds flew south a year ago.
One returned, a blue-winged teal
wild with news of his mother's love.

Mention me to friends. Say
wolves are dying at my door,
the winter drives them from their meat.
Say this: say in my mind,

I saw your spiders weaving threads
to bandage up the day. And more,
those webs were filled with words
that tumbled meaning into wind.[57]

This poem begins its poetic magic in its title "Snow Country Weavers." Welch has the unique gift of taking the most

ordinary occurrences of everyday life and coloring them with an artist's touch. His images are like Robert Hayden's; though completely different in tone, both poems seem to burst into color and motion on the page. These three men were chosen because in this writer's opinion they reflect most aptly what a poet does: he says with beauty that which cannot be said.

In summary, all of the ethnic writers and the works discussed in this chapter have a very special contribution to make to America, and to the world. They all seem nourished by the blood and guts of the ethnic roots that are theirs by birthright. None has lost contact with the essence of their ethnicity and all seem motivated by the willingness to love life. This is the message they offer to their respective ethnic groups and to the rest of mankind. In their words is hope. It is perhaps the only hope of salvation left for a starving American literary tradition. If America is to salvage her literary heritage, she would do well to open her arms to the enormous treasure in her midst—the ethnic American writer.

The analysis presented in this chapter is as complete as possible because of limited scholarship available on the material discussed. This chapter, however, should be useful to the instructor of literature as a resource for teaching strategies.

NOTES

[31]Maya Angelou, I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings (New York: Bantam Books, 1971) pp. 1-2.

[32]Ibid., pp. 14-15.

[33]Ibid., pp. 239-241.

[34]Ibid., p. 245.

[35]Ibid., p. 246.

[36]Rudolfo A. Anaya, Bless Me, Ultima (Berkeley: Quinto Sol Publications, Inc., 1972) p. viii.

[37]Ibid., p. 4-6.

[38]Ibid., pp. 20-21.

[39]Ibid., pp. 162-163.

[40]Ibid., pp. 203-205.

[41]Ibid., p. 247.

[42]Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux, trans. John G. Neihardt (New York: Pocket Books, 1972) pp. 1-2.

[43]Ibid., pp. 6-7.

[44]Ibid., p. 49.

[45]Ibid., pp. 103-104.

[46]Ibid., pp. 120-121.

[47]Ibid., pp. 164-166.

[48]Ibid., pp. 223.

[49]Ibid., pp. 233-234.

[50]Darwin T. Turner, ed., Black American Literature: Essays, Poetry, Fiction, Drama. (Columbus: Charles E. Merrill Publishing Company, 1970), pp. 449-451.

[51]Edward Ludwig and James Santibañez, eds. The Chicanos: Mexican American Voices, pp. 115-119.

[52]Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, eds. Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature, pp. 354-355.

[53]Gerald W. Haslam, Forgotten Pages of American Literature, pp. 26-27.

[54]Dudley Randall, ed., The Black Poets (New York: Bantam Books, 1972), p. 138.

[55]Américo Paredes and Raymund Paredes, eds., Mexican American Authors (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1972), pp. 93-94.

[56]Gerald W. Haslam, ed., The Forgotten Pages of American Literature, p. 47.

[57]Ibid., p. 47.

CHAPTER III

THE DOUBLE DILEMMA OF THE ETHNIC WRITER IN AMERICA: SOME CONCLUSIONS

The position of the ethnic writer in America in the 1970's is at best a precarious one. The brilliant tri-colored muse is indeed caged. The Afro-American, Chicano, and Native-American writers are faced with a double dilemma: on the one hand, they must contend with their creative powers, which often conflict with their personal and ethnic group values and concepts and, at the same time, they are forced to deal with maintaining an existence as creative artists whose worth is questionable, if given any notice at all, and whose culture represents something substandard to mainstream WASP society.

The complex, commercial capitalistic atmosphere that is America is hardly conducive to the flourishing of any of the arts. The writer, ethnic or not, is faced with the "cult of big business," and publishing houses <u>are</u> big business, as well as with the "mass market," whose whims change almost monthly. Success literally means money. Writers are usually not considered successful unless their

works "sell." Writers know this to be a fact; so do publishers, scholars, critics, and educators. The ethnic writer, then, can be considered fortunate in a sad way: he became "popular" on the "mass market" after the riots of the sixties. It was a well-worn saying among ethnic writers then, particularly Afro-American writers (their ethnic group "started" the riots), that if one wanted to be published, one had to belong to the "new militants," and the louder and longer a writer could scream "kill whitey!" or string out a list of profanities, the better. This was something "new," something that could "sell." Al Young, the Afro-American poet in his poem, "A Dance for Militant Dilettantes," explains:

> No one's going to read
> or take you seriously,
> a hip friend advises,
> until you start coming down on them
> like the black poet you truly are
> & ink in lots of black in your poems
> soul is not enough
> you need real color
> shining out of real skin
> nappy snaggly afro hair
> baby grow up & dig on <u>that</u>!
>
> You got to learn to put in about
> stone black fists
> coming up against white jaws
> & red blood splashing
> down those fabled wine & urine-
> stained hallways
> black bombs blasting our real white estate
> the sky itself black with what's to come:
> final holocaust
> the settling up

Don't nobody want no nice nigger no more
these honkies man that put out
these books & things
they want an angry splib
a furious nigrah
they don't want no bourgeois woogie
they want them a militant nigger
in a fiji haircut
fresh out of some secret boot camp
with a bad book in one hand
& a molotov cocktail in the other
subject to turn up at one of their conferences
or soirees
& shake the shit out of them[58]

The bitterness reflected in this poem has a double meaning. First, it implies that the audience for the writer is not his "people" or ethnic group, but an elite WASP audience. Second, it implies that this elite audience, in fact, dictates what he is to write and how he is to write it—hence, the "caged muse."

Al Young was not the only ethnic writer to become aware of his position in the literary world of America. Others, armed with this awareness, sought a refuge in the identity with Africa by changing their names, Le Roi Jones to Imiri Baraka, for example, and by taking a separatist stance in the development of what they called "the New Black Aesthetic" or "New Black Arts Movement." Chicano writers such as Luis Valdez, founder of El Teatro Campesino, followed suit with the formation of a Chicano Aesthetic reflecting theIndio-Spanish roots. The Native-American writer, the latest of the major ethnics to emerge, demonstrated the same separatist stance. Vine Deloria, Jr.,

insists that the Native-American aesthetic not only is politically necessary for his people, but that the Indian's tradition of tribalism is the only thing that can save the dying American society.

But what are these writers really doing? Are they not being set aside by the elite managers of the publishing business to be used when their particular ethnic group becomes popular? Can a Black aesthetic, a Chicano aesthetic, and a Native-American aesthetic co-exist and flourish along with the monied "established" WASP aesthetic? What are these ethnic writers doing but creating a quasi-culture that will not be recognized as "American" for a long time to come unless the concept of "American culture" is correctly defined. An answer to these questions may be found if the ethnic audience for these writers can be established.

One of the goals of each of the ethnic writers is to write for their "people." Works for "Black Brothers and Sisters," "La Raza," and "The people," however, only vaguely touch the potential mass ethnic audience for which they are intended. With the possible exception of college and university students, and a few fortunate high school students, the bulk of these ethnic works fall largely into the hands of the middle-class WASP reading public, and the elite publishers. There are many reasons for this. First,

the potential ethnic mass audience is made up of peoples who are living on the periphery of the "American Dream" and who are too involved in the daily struggle of economic existence to participate fully in a defined cultural development. Second, the so-called middle class ethnic population is small in number and has not shown an interest in contributing time or money to the various ethnic "aesthetic" movements. Education is the key here. If more of the potential mass ethnic audience becomes aware of the richness, variety, and value of their particular ethnic writers, they may find that Maya Angelou, Rudolfo Anaya, and N. Scott Momaday deserve as much of their esteem as that which they give to the "top ten pop records of the week."

None of the creative arts can exist for long without an audience—one that accepts it as communicating needed values, and one to whom the art reflects valid experiences. The audience is crucial for the ethnic writer's survival. It cannot be said that the ethnic writers of the seventies do not attempt to communicate with this potential mass ethnic audience. Just the opposite is true. Note for example the following poem by Imamu Amiri Baraka (Le Roi Jones):

"Black Art"

Poems are bullshit unless they are
teeth or trees or lemons piled
on a step. Or black ladies dying
of men leaving nickel hearts

beating them down. Fuck poems
and they are useful, wd they shoot
come at you, love what you are,
breathe like wrestlers, or shudder
strangely after pissing. We want live
words of the hip world live flesh &
coursing blood. Hearts Brains
Souls splintering fire. We want poems
like fists beating niggers out of Jocks
or dagger poems in the slimy bellies
of the owner-jews. Black poems to
smear on girdlemamma mulatto bitches
whose brains are red jelly stuck
between 'lizabeth Taylor's toes. Stinking
Whores! We want "poems that kill."
Assassin poems, Poems that shoot
guns. Poems that wrestle cops into alleys
and take their weapons leaving them dead
with tongues pulled out and sent to Ireland.
Knockoff
poems for dope selling wops or slick halfwhite
politicians Airplane poems, rrrrrrrrrrrrr
rrrrrrrrr . . . tuhtuhtuhtuhtuhtuhtuhtuh
. . . rrrrrrrrrr . . . Setting fire and death to
whities ass. Look at the Liberal
Spokesman for the jews clutch his throat
& puke himself into eternity . . . rrrrr
There's a negroleader pinned to
a bar stool in Sardi's eyeballs meeting
in hot flame Another negroleader
on the steps of the white house one
kneeling between the sheriff's thighs
negotiating coolly for his people.
Agggh . . . stumble across the room . . .
Put it on him, poem. Strip him naked
to the world! Another bad poem cracking
steel knuckles in a jewlady's mouth
Poems scream poison gas on beasts in green berets
Clean out the world for virtue and love,
Let there be no love poems written,
until love can exist freely and
cleanly. Let Black People understand
that they are the lovers and the sons
of warriors and warriors and sons
of warriors Are poems & poems &
all the loveliness here in the world

We want a black poem. And a
Black World.
Let the world be a Black Poem

And Let All Black People Speak This Poem
Silently
or LOUD[59]

In the above poem, Baraka is speaking to his Black people using the imagery, and experiences that are directly related to a mass Black audience. "And Let All Black People Speak This Poem," means exactly what it says: all Black people. This poem is a typical example of the cry for new identity, self-respect, and unity that can be found in most of the writers involved in the Black Arts Movement.

The new Chicano writers are vocalizing their art to the people of La Raza in the same manner. The following are examples. Note the use of imagery and experiences here that are peculiar to the "Chicanisimo," or the Chicano self and group awareness:

"Segundo Canto"

— Roberto Vargas

Ay Raza Vieja
Raza nueva y orgullosa
Sun bronzed and arrogant
Con el Espiritu de Che y Sandino
Con el ardor de Malcolm X y Zapata
Now Marching Against Exploitation
Now Marching Against Shit and Frustration
Now Marching Against the Bastard Grape
Grapes of wrath/Grapes of Paradox
and bittersweet madness . . . grapes of big white houses
Grapes that mold or destroy the innocent lives of our children
Children that starve while Pigs feed off their backs
children of brown eyes in Delano
Delano the epitome of America/Delano of cesar el santo

who fasts
in their consciences/Delano of the 10 o'clock
Mexican
Curfew
Delano the mississippi of California
Delano of the 3 thousand year Huelga/Huelga that
Rings in Hungers own belly/Huelga Que
Inspira Revolucion y
descubre
el vendido
Hoy Si mis hermanos

This is the year of the last stolen banana
And the Rape of Coffee Beans must cease/
This is the year of
the bullet and frenzied Pig that Runs
with Grape Stuffed mouths/And
they know Shit, yes they know

EN ESTE DIA DOMINGO
Y EN TODOS LOS SOLES
QUE SIGUEN _____.[60]

Vargas' "Second Song" deplores the conditions under which La Raza has had to exist. He calls his people "Raza nueva y orgullosa": a new and proud race. The protest is evident. That he is speaking to his people, La Raza, is also evident. Omar Salinas, a brilliant compesino poet also evokes "the people's sense" in the following poem about his own self-awareness:

"Aztec Angel"

I
I am an Aztec angel
criminal
of a scholarly
society
I do favors
for whimiscal
magicians
where I pawn

my heart
for truth
and find
my way
through obscure
streets
of soft spoken
hara-kiris

II

I am an Aztec angel
forlorn passenger
on a train
of chicken farmers
and happy children

III

I am the Aztec angel
fraternal partner
of an orthodox
society
where pachuco children
hurl stones
through poetry rooms
and end up in a cop car
their bones itching
and their hearts
busted from malnutrition

IV

I am the Aztec angel
who frequents bars
spends evenings
with literary circles
and socializes
with spiks
niggers and wops
and collapses on his way
to funerals

V

Drunk
lonely
bespectacled
the sky
opens my veins
like rain
clouds go berserk

around me
my Mexican ancestors
chew my fingernails

I am an Aztec angel
offspring
of a woman
who was beautiful[61]

Again, with this lyric, the writer is speaking to La Raza, and of them.

The Native-American writer speaks with a softer voice, but his themes are aimed at his people also. The Native-American writer's main concern seems to be that of educating his people to restore to them a sense of their history, and culture. N. Scott Momaday's novels penetrate the essence of the Indian soul, his roots, and gives testimony to the historical legacy that is his. The following poem speaks directly to an Indian audience:

"Untitled"

— Alonzo Lopez

Go, my child,
to the lands of your people.
Awaken them.
They have slept too long.
Many years have passed.
Traditions have been carried away
by the wind.
Old tales have fled into the night.
The way of the Ancient Ones is dying.
Wash away the evil and harm
that have befallen them.
Lead them in traditional song.
Lead them in ceremonial dance.
Send them forth to the far edges
of the earth
To find all that has been lost.
Let those among us

who have left us to die
Know that we only slept,
And now,
We live again.[62]

The audience, then, is definitely the mass ethnic audience for the ethnic writer, and as previously stated, that audience is only a potential one for reasons already cited. It must be mentioned, however, that WASP writers do not reach their entire mass audience either. One exception may be the "popular" writer, such as Harold Robbins whose books are extremely widely read. But the point to be made here, is that WASP writers do not have to depend on a mass audience for survival as published writers. After all, are not the elite publishers WASPS? Are not the editors, critics, scholars, educators, institutions and theaters WASPS or WASP oriented? Where, then, does this leave the ethnic writer? He can only claim a certain amount of support from his ethnic community; the rest he must get from the mainstream audience which is mainly WASP middle-class. Another dilemma arises here. What happens to the creative powers of the ethnic writer when he is faced with having to write for an audience that is made up of a) some of his ethnic members, b) WASP publishers, c) WASP critics (and standards), d) WASP oriented educators and institutions, and e) himself? The ethnic writers vary in their answers to this question:

Interviewer: Has the fact that you are black influenced your poetry? Is it perhaps that critics and publishers will not permit black writers just to function as writers?

[1] [Michael] Harper: America—I mean the people who are in influential positions and who know something about literature and letters—always ask silly, redundant questions. They're always running around asking people who've been kicked in the teeth how it feels. And this country has a way of asking people who've been oppressed how it feels to be oppressed. They have a way of asking backward, asinine questions. What we've got to do as poets and artists is to ask the correct ones, ask them uncompromisingly, and not be worried about the ramifications. Art is always the product of artistic vision, and that demands cosmology or world-view, or its lack—some totality larger than man, in which he can focus his being in conjunction with an environment he is but a part of. My recent books of poems, Song: I Want A Witness and Debridement direct themselves to the concept of fragmentation resultant from a reductive vision of complexity in a historical context. Dominion has functioned as aesthetics through the modicum of a specialized, reductive language without the reactive imagery connected to a true picture of history, national and personal. The first act of liberation is always to destroy one's own cage.[63]

[2] Interviewer: Is innovative writing by black writers particularly ignored by critics?

[Ishmael] Reed: Black culture was systematically destroyed by people who came here much later than we did, people who wanted to use us for all kinds of political

ends. So they assert that Richard Wright was the beginning of the Afro-American novel because they like the last two chapters of Native Son, you know, Max's speech. They liked that so they use it, but they have little interest in our culture. In fact, our worst enemies are radical liberals because they have so much influence on how we look in the media and in American culture. They have a vested interest in making us look bad. They are only interested in the social realist, the 'experience' of black people. And this treatment limits us and enslaves us. And this is the problem that will concern us from here to the beginning of the next century: that the full diversity and richness and depth of our culture see the light. When I came out with my books I was ignored by the eastern cultural establishment. I was completely ignored on Pallbearers because the book didn't fit their mold of what a black writer ought to be doing. When a black writer experiments he gets mugged for it. Then white imitators can come out and claim his innovation . . . In this country they blame racism on the hard hat or some guy working at a lathe or drilling a hole in the street all day. A lot of people think that because somebody's involved in the arts they're somewhat better as a slavemaster than, say, the construction worker. And they always say, 'What are you complaining about? What is this? Sour grapes?' The same demands that blacks made in the social area should be made in the cultural areas. One of the problems in this country is that our approach to the solution for our problems has been truncated. The slavemaster not only sets the limits on how you are going to change him but what the target is as well. I think that we have to realize that just because a

guy's in New York criticizing books doesn't make him any better than some George Wallace.[64]

[3] Interviewer: Do you have a particular audience in mind when you write? For whom do you write?

[Julian] Mayfield: For black people, in the same sense that whites write primarily for whites, Russians for Russians, Spaniards for Spaniards, although I never met or heard of a writer who wanted to confine his work to his own group. A special problem for black American writers has been that until recently they have had to have the quality of their work approved by white publishers, and all too often they have had this circumstance in their mind as they worked. Writing may be—in some cases—an art, but publishing is a business which has as its main objective the making of a buck. All writers know this, whether or not they admit it.[65]

[4] Interviewer: Are you sometimes struck by the mystery of your art?

[Robert] Hayden: I've always felt that poetry and the poetic process are pretty mysterious. What is it that makes one a poet? What are you doing when you write a poem? What is poetry? The feeling of mystery is no doubt intensified because you can't deliberately set out to be a poet. You can't become one by taking courses in creative writing. You are born with the gift, with a feeling for language and a certain manner of responding to life. You respond in a particular way to yourself, to the basic questions that concern all human beings—the nature of the universe, love, death, God, and so forth. And that way of responding, of coming to

grips with life, determines the kind of poetry you write. Once you discover you're a poet—and you have to find out for yourself—you can study the art, learn the craft, and try to become a worthy servitor. But you can't will to be a poet. This is an age of overanalysis as well as overkill, and we've analyzed poetry and the poetic process to a point where analysis has become tiresome, not to say dangerous for the poet. And for all our investigations, mysteries remain. And I hope they always will.[66]

[5] Interviewer: In your essay, 'A Black Criterion,' you call for black writers to break away from Westernized literary strictures. Do you think of All-Night Visitors as being an example of a non-Western novel?

[Clarence] Major: I've changed since writing that essay in 1967. I now find repulsive the idea of calling for black writers to do anything other than what they each choose to do. A lot of blacks grew up in the United States and became writers. They are different because of the racial climate and because of this country's history, but they still are part of this common American experience. They may speak black English and use Afro-American slang, and eat black-eyed peas and corn bread, yet they are not African. And certainly they are not Chinese. So what do we have? We are Americans. We work in English; it may be black English, but at its roots it's English. This does not mean that there are not several very unique black writers . . . But as far as some kind of all-

encompassing black aesthetic is concerned, I don't think black writers can be thrown together like that into some kind of formula. Black writers today should write whatever they want to write and in any way they choose to write it. No style or subject should be alien to them. We have to get away from this rigid notion that there are certain topics and methods reserved for black writers. I'm against all that. I'm against coercion from black and from whites.[67]

[6] Interviewer: In your poem 'A Dance for Militant Dilettantes' you satirize the image of the black writer, created, in part by publishers. Have you felt pressure from publishers to write books which conform to that image? Did you, for instance, have any difficulty finding a publisher for Snakes because it wasn't militant enough?

[A1] Young: Things are changing and I am very happy to see the changes come. Perhaps the 'black rage,' the super-militant, the blacker-than black era was a necessary phase. Snakes went to a number of publishers before it was accepted. I don't know whether it was turned down because it wasn't militant enough but many editors were all too eager to tell me that I wasn't 'telling it like it is.' One editor said, 'A little too sweet for a ghetto novel.' I was infuriated with this narrow vision of most editors but I wasn't crushed by it because I see it as just another form of our native racism. We're used to talking about the socio-political economic aspects of racism but cultural racism crystallizes so much else.[68]

The views expressed by the Afro-American writers cited above are similar to those held by Chicano writers.

Luis Valdez, Chicano playwright, does not focus his creative works on any aspect of mainstream culture. He is very definite about the nature of his work and its intent:

> El Teatro Campesino is a bilingual theater company created in 1965 to teach and organize Chicano farm workers . . . Theater does not live in props and scenery—it reveals itself in the excitement and the laughter of the audience . . . Humor is our major asset and our best weapon; not only satire, but comedy, which is a much healthier child of the theater than tragedy or realism . . . In Del Rey we give 'History Happenings': successive chapters of Mexican and American history in actos and puppet shows, with music, free to the community; also music lessons and art classes . . . We are now independent and self-supporting (no foundation grants). We will consider our job done when every one of our people has regained his sense of personal dignity and pride in his history, his culture, and his race.[69]

Oscar Zeta Acosta, a talented new Chicano prose writer closes his Autobiography of A Brown Buffalo with a note about his ambitions as a writer and questions whether or not his whole life as a lawyer was spent only to prove his worth to a publisher:

> I walk in the night rain until the dawn of the new day. I have devised the plan, straightened out the philosophy and set up the organization. When I have the one million Brown Buffalos on my side I will present the demands for a new nation . . . and then I'll split and write the book. I have no desire to be a politician. I don't want to lead

> anyone. I have no practical ego. Once in every century there comes a man who is chosen to speak for his peoples. Moses, Mao and Martin are examples. Who's to say that I am not such a man? Perhaps that is why the gods have sent me into Riverbank, Panama, San Francisco, Alpine and Juarez. Perhaps that is why I've been taught so many trades. Who will deny that I am unique? For months, for years, no, all my life I sought to find out who I am. Why do you think I became a Baptist? Why did I try to force myself into the Riverbank Swimming Pool? And did I become a lawyer just to prove to the publishers I could do something worthwhile?[70]

Another Chicano prose writer, Durango Mendoza is concerned with his position as an "observer." He does not want to be known as a "race" writer:

> . . . I was not accepted as being either Chicano or Indian, [some anthologies list him as an Indian writer—his father was Mexican American and his mother was a Creek Indian] and of course certainly not as white. My situation was as an observer, not a joiner . . . As you may gather from my stories, they are not slanted about my being a Chicano, but about human beings who happen to be brown, and being brown in a white culture, or Chicano in an Indian culture, gives a certain flavor to being a man that is unique.
>
> Propaganda and race- or culture-selling is not my bag. But being brown and springing from brown roots is my reality—a reality that has shaped my life and given me a great concern for all people, a concern that I might not otherwise have known as strongly.[71]

This young Chicano writer's attitude—his concern with his art—is similar to that of Afro-American poet Robert Hayden. Hayden is a craftsman: a poet's poet. His art is just that—art—and should be judged on that basis only. This personal sense of the writer as artist points out still another conflict. Will society free him from labels, let him alone to create as he must?

The Native-American writer, a newcomer to the literary scene in a sense, has not yet vocalized his personal feelings about being a writer in America. However, one can glean from recent works, that, as the other ethnic writers previously discussed, he, too, is busy presenting pieces of his ethnic heritage to his people. The most vocal of these writers is Vine Deloria, Jr., but his works are mainly political in nature, exploring the legal and economic problems of the American-Indians. Though only a few Native-American writers have published and made their presence felt in the literary world, their numbers are growing.

Thus far, the statements from the ethnic writers have run the gamut from being strictly political, to craft-oriented, to finally, very personal outbursts. The conflicts expressed by all of them, however, strongly suggest a need for a revamping of American cultural values.

Almost every ethnic writer quoted here has expressed or hinted at the cultural conflict that results from racism,

separatism and rejection.

> For American society, the most crucial requirement at this point is a complete democratization of the national cultural ethos. This requires a thorough, democratic overhauling of the social functions of the entire American cultural apparatus. First of all: For whom, and in whose interest, does the cultural apparatus exist in America? Does it exist for the social needs, the social edification, the spiritual uplift, the cultural development, solvency and morale of all the diverse minority groups in America? Or does it exist solely, and disproportionately, for the social supremacy, the group narcissism, and the idealization of the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant minority? Up to now, the latter has been true . . .[72]

The 1970's should be a time for those who can foster cultural and literary change to do so. The contributions of the American ethnic writer are the most vital on the contemporary American scene. American culture as it now exists is dying.

> The cultural mainstream of the nation is an empty street, full of bright lights that try to glamorize the cultural wreckage and flotsam of our times. Over this deranged, tormented cultural wasteland reigns a social stratum—a white cultural elite of America, the soured cream of our creative and aesthetic intelligentsia, that dominates nevertheless to the roar of prestigious acclaim. This elite has become intellectually bloated, dull, unoriginal, critically tongue-tied, smug (or downright scared), time-serving and societally dishonest. It came into existence during the

> 1920's and by constantly renewing its ranks, has established and maintained its position as the supreme arbiter of American cultural styles. It has dominated the cultural arts, in all of their native trends, in every conceivable field. Even during its years of highest achievements, this elite was always, by outside standards, very second-rate and it has been steadily declining in creative virtuosity over the decades. And during all these years of gradual descent from its own Parnassus, it worshipped at the altar of the white Anglo-Saxon ideal. Thereby, it collaborated spiritually in spreading the pall of debased and unprocreative white middle-class cultural values that shroud America today. . . .73

One positive step towards redefining our American culture so that it encompasses all the values, traditions, and customs of its peoples, is to redefine the American literature that is a reflection of that culture. Perhaps also, this re-definition of American literature will help solve the double dilemma of the ethnic writer. If something is not done soon, the ethnic writer along with other ethnic artists may continue to be "caged" by the tremendous obstacles that grow from social and cultural racism. The American literature as it is conceived and studied in our colleges and universities should more aptly be called "British Writing in America." The varied, fresh material now being produced by ethnic writers, as well as works from the rich literary heritage of each group, can no longer be neglected or slighted or treated as sub-standard

or isolated. American culture and American literature cannot afford to lose what may well be the last hope of its cultural growth process. Abelardo Delgado, a Chicano poet wrote:

"stupid america":

stupid america, see that chicano
with a big knife
on his steady hand
he doesn't want to knife you
he wants to sit on a bench
and carve christ figures
but you won't let him.
stupid america, hear that chicano
shouting curses on the street
he is a poet
without paper and pencil
and since he cannot write
he will explode.
stupid america, remember that chicanito
flunking math and english
he is the picasso
of your western states
but he will die
with one thousand masterpieces
hanging only from his mind.[74]

A culturally pluralistic society such as America which has, to this bicentennial year, been consistently and stubbornly racist in every aspect of its culture, must explore the possibilities of a multiethnic literature to replace the "British" writing in America. After two hundred years of exploitation, struggle, and so-called "progress," American culture should sever the final cord with the British, and through its multiethnic literature <u>begin</u> a culture that can be realistically, and honestly American.

NOTES

[58]Abraham Chapman, ed., New Black Voices: An Anthology of Contemporary Afro-American Literature (New York: New American Library, 1972), pp. 367-368.

[59]Stephen Henderson, ed., Understanding The New Black Poetry (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1973), pp. 213-214.

[60]Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, eds., Aztlan, pp. 331-332.

[61]Ibid., pp. 324-326.

[62]Lillian Faderman and Barbara Bradshaw, eds., Speaking for Ourselves, p. 53.

[63]John O'Brien, ed., Interviews With Black Writers (New York: Liveright, 1973), p. 107.

[64]Ibid., pp. 173-175.

[65]Ibid., p. 145.

[66]Ibid., pp. 111-112.

[67]Ibid., p. 127.

[68]Ibid., p. 265.

[69]Luis Valdez and Stan Steiner, eds., Aztlan, pp. 360-361.

[70]Oscar Zeta Acosta, The Autobiography of A Brown Buffalo (New York: Popular Library, 1972), pp. 253-254.

[71]Edward Ludwig and James Santibanez, eds., The Chicanos, pp. 275-276.

[72]Harold Cruse, The Crisis of The Negro Intellectual (New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1970) p. 457.

[73]Ibid., p. 456.

[74]Armando B. Rendon, Chicano Manifesto (New York: Collier Books, 1973), p. 301.

APPENDIX A

SOME CONTEMPORARY AFRO-AMERICAN AUTHORS

Angelou, Maya

Baldwin, James

Baraka, Imamu Amiri

Barrux, Gerald W.

Black, Isaac J.

Branch, William

Brooks, Gwendolyn

Brown, Cecil

Bryant, F. J., Jr.

Bullins, Ed

Burgie, Irving

Chrisman, Robert

Cleaver, Eldridge

Colter, Cyrus

Conyus

Cortez, Jayne

Crouch, Stanley

Crozier, Rhoyia Hope

Cruz, Victor Hernandez

Davis, Ossie

Dodson, Owen

Drake, Sandra

Elder, Lonne

Ellison, Ralph

Emanuel, James A.

Fair, Ronald A.

Flagg, Ann

Forbes, Calvin

Gaines, Ernest J.

Gay, Hank

Gayle, Addison, Jr.

Giovanni, Nikki

Gordone, Charles

Greene, Carl H.

Greenlee, Sam

Guy, Rosa

Hall, Kirk

Harper, Michael S.

Harris, William J.

Hairston, William

Hayden, Robert

Henderson, David

Hill, Abram

Himes, Chester

Hoagland, Everett

Jeffers, Lance

Joans, Ted

John, Errol

Jones, Gayl

Jordan, June

Jordan, Norman

Karenga, Ron

Kaufman, Bob

Kein, Sybil

Kelley, William Melvin

Kennedy, Adrienne

King, Woodie, Jr.

Knight, Etheridge

LaGrone, Oliver

Lee, Don L.

Lorde, Audre

Lyle, Curtis K.

Mackey, William Wellington

Madgett, Naomi Long

Malcolm, Barbara

Major, Clarence

Martinez, Joe

McPherson, James A.

Mayfield, Julian

Miller, Adam David

Mitchell, Loftin

Neal, Larry

Ologboni, Tejomola

Patterson, Raymond R.

Peterson, Louis

Pharr, Robert D.

Pritchard, N. H.

Randall, Dudley

Redmond, Eugene

Reed, Ishmael

Roberson, Ed

Rogers, Carolyn

Sanchez, Sonia

Scott, Calvin

Shange, Ntozake

Stephany

Stewart, John

Taylor, Jeanne A.

Thelwell, Mike

Thomas, Joyce Carol

Thomas, Larenzo

Torregian, Sotère

Troupe, Quincy

Turner, Darwin T.

Walker, Alice

Walker, Evan K.

Walker, Margaret

Walker, Victor S.

Ward, Douglas T.

Weatherly, Tom

Welburn, Ron

Woods, Barbara

Wright, Jay

X. Marvin

Young, Al

APPENDIX B

SOME CONTEMPORARY CHICANO AUTHORS

Acosta, Oscar Zeta

Adamé, Leonard

Alurista

Alvarez, Jorge

Anaya, Rudolfo A.

Cardenas, René

Castañeda, Irene

DeBellagente, Marcia

Delgado, Abelardo

D'esposito, Anthony

Elizondo, Sergio

Espinsa, Rudy

Estupinian

Flores, Manuel

Galarza, Ernesto

Gallegos, Alberto

Garcia, Juan

Garcia, Luis

Gomez, F. Ricardo

Gomez, Manuel

González, Jovita

Gonzáles, Rafael Jesus

Gonzáles, Rudolfo

Guerra, Fermina

Guevara, Juan G.

Gutierrez, José

Hernandez, David

Herrera, John

y Herrera, Alfredo Otero

James, Donna

Jaurequi, M.

Junge, M.

Lopez, Diana

Lopez, Garbiel

Maldonado, Jesus

Marin, Reymundo

Martinez, Manual J.

Martinez, Ramon

Montoya, Jose

Muro, Amado Jesus

Niggli, Josephina

Olivas, Richard

Ortiz, Orlando

Padilla, Ernie

Peredes, Americo

Rendon, Armando B.

Rivera, Feliciano

Rivera, Tomás

Rodriguez, Josef

Romano-V, Octavio I.

Rulfo, Juan

de Saaverdra, Guadalupe

Sálas, Floyd

Sálas, Ruben Dario

Salinas, Luis Omar

Sánchez, Ricardo

Santibanez, James

Sierra, Pedro Ugalde

Stanchi, Hugo

Suarez, Mario

Talamantez, Luis

Tigre

Trejo, Arnulfo D.

Vaca, Nick C.

Valdez, Luis

Vargas, Robert

Vasquez, Richard

APPENDIX C

SOME CONTEMPORARY NATIVE-AMERICAN AUTHORS

Alta

Bacon, Robert

Beach, Marion (Tumbleweed)

Bell, Juanita

Bennett, Kay

Berrigan, Ted

Big Eagle, Duane

Bird, Dolly

Blockcolski, Lew (Short Feathers)

Brigham, Besmilr

Bruchac, Joseph

Cardiff, Gladys

Colfax, Greg

Concha, Carl

Conley, Robert J.

Cornplanter, Jessie

Deloria, Vine, Jr.

Edmo, Ed

Govan, Donald

Johnson, Sandra (Makah)

Kenny, Maurice

Khanshendel, Chiron

La Farge, Peter

Leivas, June

Lopez, Alonzo

Mathews, John Joseph

Mendoza, Durango

Miller, Siyouin

Mitchell, Emerson Blackhorse

Momaday, N. Scott

Niatum, Duane

Oliver, Betty

Ortiz, Simon J.

Paulzine, Niki

Pawo Pawo, Haihai

Platero, Juanita

Ransom, W. M.

Red Cloud, Fred

Rose, Wendy

Russell, Norman H.

St. Clair, Darrel Daniel

Sanchez, Thomas

Sireech, Boots

Smith, Richard

Sohappy, Liz

Storm, Hyemeyohsts

Teeseteskie, Raymond

Tekahionwake

Tso, Eugene

Turtle's Son

Vigil, Vickie

Vizenor, Gerald Robert

Welch, James

Whitecloud, Tom

Young Bear, Ray

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Acosta, Oscar Zeta. The Autobiography of a Brown Buffalo. New York: Popular Library, 1972.

_____. The Revolt of the Cockroach People. New York: Bantam Books, 1974.

Adams, William, ed. Afro-American Authors. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1972.

Alford, Harold J. The Proud Peoples: The Heritage and Culture of Spanish-Speaking Peoples in the United States. New York: New American Library, 1972.

Allen, T. D., ed. Arrows Four: Prose and Poetry by Young American Indians. New York: Washington Square Press, 1974.

Anaya, Rudolfo. Bless Me Ultima. Berkeley: Quinto Sol Publications, Inc., 1973.

Angelou, Maya. I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings. New York: Bantam Books, 1971.

Asher, Cash, ed. The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox. Greenwich: Fawcett Publication, Inc., 1971.

Astrov, Margot, ed. The Winged Serpent. Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1973.

Baldwin, James. Blues for Mister Charlie. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1965.

_____. Giovanni's Room. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1956.

_____. Going to Meet the Man. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1966.

_____. Go Tell It On The Mountain. New York: New American Library, 1953.

_____. If Beale Street Could Talk. New York: New American Library, 1975.

Banks, James A. "Cultural Pluralism and the Schools." Educational Leadership, December, 1974, p. 165.

Banks, James A., ed. Teaching Ethnic Studies: Concepts and Strategies. Washington: National Council for the Social Studies, 1973.

Bardolph, Richard. The Negro Vanguard. New York: Vintage Books, 1959.

Barrett, S. M., ed. Geronimo: His Own Story. 6th ed. New York: Ballantine Books, 1974.

Baumbach, Jonathan. The Landscape of Nightmare: Studies in the Contemporary American Novel. New York: New York University Press, 1967.

Beckwith, Martha Warren. Black Roadways: A Study of Jamaican Folk Life. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1929.

Bergman, Peter M., and Bergman, Mort N., ed. The Chronological History of the Negro in America. New York: The New American Library, 1969.

Bigsby, C. W. E., ed. The Black American Writer. 2 vols. Baltimore: Penguin Books Inc., 1969.

Boatright, Mody C., and Day, Donald, ed. Backwoods to Border. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press, 1943.

Bonham, Frank. Viva Chicano. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1970.

Bradley, Sculley; Beatty, R. C.; Long, E. H.: and Perkins, G. The American Tradition in Literature. 4th ed., 2 vols. New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1974.

Brockett, Oscar G. History of the Theatre. Boston: Allyn and Bacon, Inc., 1969.

Brooks, Gwendolyn. Selected Poems. New York: Harper and Row, 1963.

Brown, Cecil. The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger. Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, 1971.

Brown, Dee. Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee: An Indian History of the American West. New York: Bantam Books, 1973.

_____. Showdown at Little Big Horn. New York: Berkley Publishing Corporation, 1964.

Brown, Ina Corinne. Understanding Other Cultures. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1963.

Bullins, Ed. The Theme Is Blackness: "The Corner" and Other Plays. New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1973.

Burland, C. A. The Gods of Mexico. 2nd ed. New York: Capricorn Books, 1968.

Burrows, David; Lapides, F. R.; Shawcross, J. T. Myths and Motifs in Literature. New York: The Free Press, 1973.

Butcher, Margaret Just. The Negro in American Culture. New York: The New American Library, 1957.

Cahn, Edgar S., ed. Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America. New York: New Community Press, Inc., 1971.

Chapman, Abraham, ed. Black Voices: An Anthology of Afro-American Literature. New York: New American Library, 1968.

_____. New Black Voices: An Anthology of Contemporary Afro-American Literature. New York: New American Library, 1972.

Charters, Samuel. The Poetry of the Blues. New York: Avon Books, 1963.

Chavez, Agustin Velazquez. Contemporary Mexican Artists. Freeport: Books For Libraries Press, 1969.

Clarke, John Henrik, ed. American Negro Short Stories. New York: Hill and Wang, 1966.

_____. Harlem: Voices From The Soul of Black America. New York: New American Library, 1970.

Cleaver, Eldridge. Soul On Ice. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1968.

Couch, William, Jr., ed. New Black Playwrights. New York: Avon Books, 1970.

Cronyn, George W., ed. American Indian Poetry: An Anthology of Songs and Chants. New York: Liveright, 1963.

Crow, W. B. A History of Magic, Witchcraft and Occultism. Hollywood: Wilshire Book Co., 1973.

Cruse, Harold. The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1970.

Cruz, Victor Hernández. Mainland. New York: Random House, 1973.

Deloria, Vine, Jr. "Integrity Before Education," Integrated Education, May-June, 1974, pp. 22-28.

_____. We Talk, You Listen: New Tribes, New Turf. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1974.

Dorson, Richard M., ed. American Negro Folktales. Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1967.

Eastman, Charles A. Indian Boyhood. Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1972.

Eliade, Mircea. Rites and Symbols of Initiation. New York: Harper and Row, 1958.

Ellison, Ralph. Invisible Man. New York: New American Library, 1952.

Ellison, Ralph. Shadow and Act. New York: New American Library, 1964.

Eners, Lawrence J. "Native American Oral Literatures in the College English Classroom: An Omaha Example." College English, 36, February, 1975, pp. 649-662.

Faderman, Lillian, and Bradshaw, Barbara, eds. Speaking For Ourselves: American Ethnic Writing. Glenview: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1975.

Figuerow, John, ed. Caribbean Voices: An Anthology of West Indian Poetry. Liverpool: C. Tinling and Co., 1971.

Flores, Angel, ed. An Anthology of Spanish Poetry. Garden City: Anchor Books, 1961.

Ford, Nick Aaron. Black Studies: Treat or Challenge. Port Washington: Kennibat Press, 1973.

Frazier, E. Franklin. Black Bourgeoisie: The Rise of a Middle Class in the United States. New York: Collier Books, 1962.

Freedman, Morris, and Banks, Carolyn, eds. American Mix: The Minority Experience in America. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1972.

Galarza, Ernesto. Barrio Boy. Notre Dame: University of Notre Dame Press, 1971.

Garza, Rudolph O.; Druszewski, Anthony Z.; and Arciniega, Tomas A. Chicanos and Native Americans: The Territorial Minorities. Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1973.

Gayle, Addison, ed. The Black Aesthetic. Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1971.

Gerchunoff, Alberto. The Jewish Gauchos of the Pampas. Translated by Prudencio de Pereda. New York: Abelard-Schuman, 1955.

Gibson, Donald B., ed. Five Black Writers: Essays on Wright, Ellison, Baldwin, Hughes, and Le Roi Jones. New York: New York University Press, 1970.

Giovanni, Nikki. Black Feeling, Black Talk, Black Judgment. New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1970.

Gomez, David F. Somos Chicanos: Strangers in Our Own Land. Boston: Beacon Press, 1973.

Gross, Gerald, ed. Publishers on Publishing. New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1961.

Hamilton, Charles V. The Black Preacher in America. New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1972.

Hansberry, Lorraine. A Raisin in the Sun. 17th ed. New York: New American Library, 1966.

Harper, Michael S. Dear John, Dear Coltrane. Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 1972.

_____. Debridement. Garden City: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1973.

Harper, Michael S. History is Your Own Heartbeat: Poems. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1972.

_____. Nightmare Begins Responsibility. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1975.

_____. Song: I Want A Witness. Pittsburg: University of Pittsburg Press, 1972.

Harris, James A. "Bilingual-Multicultural Education." Today's Education, 64 (January-February, 1975), 5

Haslam, Gerald W., ed. Forgotten Pages of American Literature. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1970.

Hayden, Robert. Words in the Mourning Time: Poems. New York: October House, 1970.

Henderson, Stephen, ed. Understanding The New Black Poetry: Black Speech and Black Music as Poetic References. New York: William Morrow and Co., Inc., 1973.

Huffaker, Clair. Nobody Loves a Drunken Indian, 5th ed. New York: Warner Paperback Library Edition, 1974.

Hughes, Langston, and Bontemps, Arna, eds. The Book of Negro Folklore. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1958.

Hughes, Langston, ed. New Negro Poets U.S.A. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1966.

Hurdy, John Major. American Indian Religions. Los Angeles: Sherbourne Press, Inc., 1970.

Jackson, Donald, ed. Black Hawk. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1964.

Jaffe, Harold, and Tytell, John, eds. The American Experience: A Radical Reader. New York: Harper and Row, 1970.

James, Charles L., ed. From The Roots: Short Stories By Black Americans. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1973.

Jones, Le Roi. Dutchman and The Slave. New York: William Morrow and Co., 1964.

_____. Tales. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1967.

_____. The Dead Lecturer; Poems. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1964.

Jordan, Vernon E. "Blacks, other ethnics have bond." The Flint Journal. 20, July 1975, sec. 1, p. A15.

Kane, Michael B. Minorities in Textbooks: A Study of Their Treatment in Social Studies Texts. Chicago: Quadrangle Books, 1970.

Katope, Christopher, and Zolbrod, Paul. The Rhetoric of Revolution. New York: The Macmillan, Co., 1970.

Kaufman, Bob. Solitudes Crowded With Loneliness. New York: New Directions Books, 1965.

Keating, Charlotte Matthews. Building Bridges of Understanding. Tucson: Palo Verde Publishing Co., Inc., 1967.

Killens, John Oliver. Black Man's Burden. New York: Pocket Books, 1969.

Klucphohn, Clyde. Navaho Witchcraft. 2nd ed. Boston: Beacon Press, 1967.

La Barre, Weston. The Peyote Cult. New York: Schocken Books, 1972.

Lester, Julius. To Be A Slave. New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1971.

Lorca, Federico Garcia. Three Tragedies of Federico Garcia Lorca. Tranlsated by James Graham-Lujan and Richard L. O'Connell. New York: New Directions Paperback, 1965.

Ludwig, Edward, and Santibanez, James, eds. The Chicanos: Mexican American Voices. Baltimore: Penguin Books, Inc., 1972.

Lurie, Nancy Oestreich, ed. Mountain Wolf Woman. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1973.

McLuhan, T. C., ed. Touch The Earth. New York: Promontory Press, 1971.

Mack, Maynard; Knox, B. M.; McGalliard, J. D.; Pasinetti, P. M.; Hugo, H. E.; Wellek, R.; and Douglas K. World Masterpieces. 3rd ed., 2 vols. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1973.

Major, Clarence. The Dark and Feeling: Black American Writers and Their Work. New York: The Third Press, 1974.

Major, Clarence, ed. The New Black Poetry. New York: International Publishers, 1970.

Marriott, Alice, and Rachlin, Carol K., eds. American Indian Mythology. New York: New American Library, 1968.

Matilla, Alfredo, and Silen, Ivan, eds. The Puerto Rican Poets. New York: Bantam Books, 1972.

Mayfield, Julian, ed. Ten Times Black: Stories From The Black Experience. New York: Bantam Pathfinder Editions, 1972.

Meier, Matt S., and Rivera, Feliciano. The Chicanos: A History of Mexican American. New York: Hill and Wang, 1972.

Miller, Ruth, ed. Black American Literature: 1760 - Present. Beverly Hills: Glencoe Press, 1971.

Momaday, N. Scott. House Made of Dawn. New York: New American Library, 1968.

_____. The Way To Rainy Mountain. New York: Ballantine Books, 1973.

Moore, Gerald, and Beier, Ulli, eds. Modern Poetry From Africa. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1970.

Mphahlele, Ezebiel, ed. African Writing Today. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1967.

Neihardt, John G., ed. Black Elk Speaks: Being The Life Story of a Holy Man of The Oglala Sioux. 4th ed. New York: Pocket Books, 1972.

Neihardt, John G. When The Tree Flowered. New York; Pocket Books, 1974.

Nicholas, A. X., ed. Woke Up This Mornin': Poetry of the Blues. New York: Bantam Books, 1973.

Novak, Michael. The Rise of The Unmeltable Ethnics: Politics and Culture in The Seventies. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1972.

Nye, Russel. The Unembarrased Muse: The Popular Arts in America. New York: Dial Press, 1970.

O'Brien, John, ed. Interviews With Black Writers. New York: Liveright, 1973.

Paredes, Americo, ed. Folktales of Mexico. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970.

Paredes, Americo, and Paredes, Raymund, eds. Mexican American Authors. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1972.

Patterson, Lindsay, ed. Black Theater: A 20th Century Collection of The Works of Its Best Playwrights. New York: New American Library, 1971.

Payne, Robert, ed. The White Pony: An Anthology of Chinese Poetry From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. New York: Mentor Books, 1960.

Paz, Octavio, ed. An Anthology of Mexican Poetry. Translated by Samuel Beckett. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1973.

Pei Mario. The Story of Language. New York: New American Library, 1949.

Perrine, Laurence, ed. Literature: Structure, Sound, and Sense. 2nd ed. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., 1974.

Perry, Jesse. "Viewpoint: Notes Toward a Multi-Cultural Curriculum." English Journal, 64 (April, 1975), 8-9.

Poggie, John J., Jr. Between Two Cultures: The Life of an American-Mexican. Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1973.

Radin, Paul, ed. African Folktales. New York: Princeton University Press, 1970.

Randall, Dudley, ed. The Black Poets. New York: Bantam Books, 1972.

Rendon, Armando B. Chicano Manifesto. New York: Collier Books, 1971.

Rinsky, Lee. "To Learn of One Another." Instructor, November, 1974, pp. 57-58.

Ritzenthaler, Robert E., and Ritzenthaler, Pat. The Woodland Indians of the Western Great Lakes. Garden City: The Natural History Press, 1970.

Robinson, Armstead; Foster, C. C.; and Ogilvie, D. H., eds. Black Studies in The University. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1969.

Robinson, William H., ed. Nommo: An Anthology of Modern Black African and Black American Literature. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1972.

Rodrigues, Raymond J. "A Few Directions in Chicano Literature." English Journal, 62 (May, 1973), 724-729

Rothenberg, Jerome, ed. Shaking The Pumpkin: Traditional Poetry of The Indian North Americas. New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1972.

_____. Technicians of the Sacred. New York: Anchor Books, 1969.

Rubin, Louis D., and Dillard, R. H. W., eds. The Experience of America: A Book of Readings. Toronto: Collier-Macmillan Canada, Ltd., 1969.

Rulfo, Juan. The Burning Plain and Other Stories. Translated by George D. Schade. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1967.

Rulfo, Juan. Pedro Paramo: A Novel of Mexico. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1959.

Salkey, Andrew, ed. Breaklight: The Poetry of the Caribbean. Garden City: Anchor Press, 1973.

Salinas, Ricardo. "La Tortilla." El Grito, IV (Winter, 1974), 67.

Sanchez, Thomas. Rabbit Boss. New York: Ballantine Books, 1974.

Simmen, Edward, ed. The Chicano: From Caricature to Self-Portrait. New York: Mentor Books, 1971.

Simmons, Gloria, and Hutchinson, Helen D., eds. Black Culture. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1972.

Smalley, Webster, ed. Five Plays by Langston Hughes. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1969.

Spell, Jefferson Rea. Contemporary Spanish-American Fiction. New York: Biblo and Tannen, 1968.

Spiller, Robert E. The Cycle of American Literature. New York: Mentor Books, 1961.

Starke, Catherine Juanita. Black Portraiture in American Fiction. New York: Basic Books, Inc., Publishers, 1971.

Steiner, Stan. La Raza: The Mexican Americans. New York: Harper and Row, 1970.

_____. The New Indians. New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1968.

Styron, William. The Confessions of Nat Turner. New York: New American Library, 1967.

Swanger, David. "Teaching Poetry: Notes Toward an Integrative Rationale." College English, 36 (September) 1974), 40-45.

Toomer, Jean. Cane. 3rd ed. New York: Harper and Row, Publishers, 1969.

Turner, Darwin T., ed. Black American Literature. Columbus: Charles E. Merrill Publishing Co., 1970.

Underhill, Ruth M. Red Man's Religion: Beliefs and Practices of the Indians North of Mexico. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1965.

Untermeyer, Louis, ed. The Britannica Library of Great American Writing. 4th ed., 2 vols. Chicago: Britannica Press, 1960.

Valdez, Luis, and Steiner, Stan, eds. Aztlan: An Anthology of Mexican American Literature. New York: Vintage Books, 1972.

Vasquez, Richard. Chicano. New York: Avon Books, 1970.

Von Hagen, Victor W. The AZTEC: Man and Tribe. New York: New American Library, 1961.

Walker, Margaret. Jubilee. 6th ed. New York: Bantam Books, 1967.

Washburn, David E. "Where To Find Ethnic Studies Materials." Social Education, 39 (January, 1975), 40-41.

Washington, Joseph R., Jr. Black Sects and Cults. New York: Anchor Books, 1973.

_____. Black and White Power Subreption. Boston: Beacon Press, 1969.

Waters, Frank. Book of The Hopi. New York: The Viking Press, 1972.

_____. The Man Who Killed The Deer. New York: Pocket Books, 1974.

_____. The Yogi of Cockroach Court. Chicago: Swallow Press, Inc., 1974.

Wherry, Joseph H. Indian Masks and Myths of the West. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1974.

Whitlow, Roger. Black American Literature: A Critical History. Totowa: Littlefield, Adams and Co., 1974.

Wills, Garry. The Second Civil War: Arming for Armageddon. New York: New American Library, 1968.

Wilmore, Gayraud S. Black Religion and Black Radicalism. Garden City: Anchor Books, 1973.

Witt, Shirley Hill, and Steiner, Stan, eds. The Way: An Anthology of American Indian Literature. New York: Vintage Books Edition, 1972.

Yutang, Lin, ed. Famous Chinese Short Stories. New York: Washington Square Press, Inc., 1961.