



Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie (Diné/Seminole/Muskogee). *Portraits Against Amnesia, Grandma*.  
Digital Platinum Lambda print; 2002, 30 x 20 in. Collection of the Eiteljorg Museum.

# Esthetic Sovereignty, or, Going Places with Cultural Baggage

*Lucy R. Lippard*

Sovereignty is the border that shifts indigenous experience from a victimized stance to a strategic one. The recognition of this puts brains in our heads, and muscle on our bones. . . . As part of an ongoing strategy for survival, the work of indigenous artists needs to be understood through the clarifying lens of sovereignty and self-determination, not just in terms of assimilation, colonization, and identity politics. . . . Today sovereignty is taking shape in visual thought as indigenous artists negotiate cultural space.—Jolene Rickard (Tuscarora)<sup>1</sup>

As I thought about this year's Eiteljorg honorees — a wildly diverse and inventive lot—I tried to figure out what they had in common, as artists, and as Native people from six different nations and two nation states. As Native artists struggle to come to terms with the present understood through the past, history is among the recurring themes, including treaties, land rights, trade, “discovery”/invasion, and the use of archival photographs. Self-determination looms large. So do land and culture, the stories given birth through them, and the unique synthesis of time and space that variously characterizes Native cultures. Issues of modern life and art, like appropriation, post-colonial theories, crossing boundaries and cultures, and relationship to the mainstream or dominant culture—these too are pervasive. All of these subjects come together in the search for what I’ll call esthetic sovereignty.

As battles go on around North America concerning the First, or Native Nations', relationships to the larger nations surrounding them, as broken treaties and stolen sacred objects become today's legal battlefields, as Kennewick Man goes back to the laboratory, and the devastating U.S. trust fund scandals continue to unfold, the long-standing call for sovereignty echoes through every aspect of Native life. Is art so separate from life that it should not be considered in this light?

The infinitely various ways of negotiating cultural space are apparent in contemporary Native art, and in this exhibition. Nadia Myre, for example, literally examines the space “between the lines” in her obsessive work *The Indian Act*, in which she rendered in traditional beadwork the 56 pages of the Indian Act, a defining document in Canadian history. The texts are white glass trade beads; the pages and spaces between the words are red; the ground is black felt. It was executed by more than 250 people beading “in an act of rebellion, rewriting, and translation, thus obscuring the Law and rendering it finally illegible.”<sup>2</sup> There is also a feminist thread in this fabric:



Myre sees the treaty as a body, pointing out that “each page is pierced by a needle and like a scar bears the stitch, a reminder of its path across the page, and generations of conditioned and controlled Indian lives.” As a collaborative activity, it takes its place in women’s resurrections of “domestic arts” such as Judy Chicago’s *The Dinner Party*, which also validates a traditional “craft” through powerful political content and was also executed in a cooperative process.



Nadia Myre. *Indian Act* (detail).

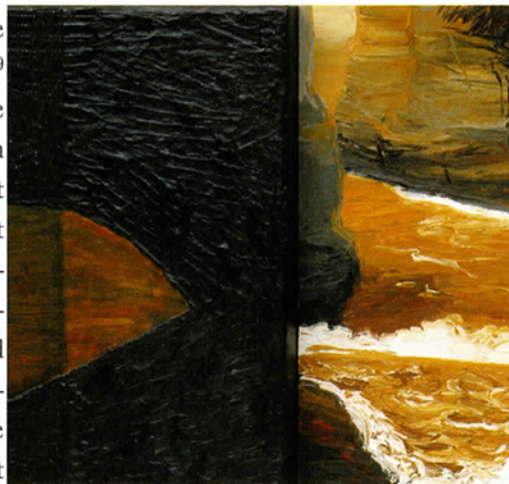
Myre has called treaties a “negotiation of space between people, as understood through material,” and beading a political “act of silent resistance.”<sup>3</sup> Her project is especially significant given the fact that the Indian Act was never translated into any Native language. Offering her own visual/tactile language, resembling Morse Code or Braille, Myre asks, if there were “a universal native tongue, what would that be? It might be more pictorial and visual.”<sup>4</sup> Her *Monument to Two Row* literally monumentalizes the traditional Iroquoian Two Row wampum by presenting it vertically, translating it from a culture that lived horizontally into the phallic upright we associate with patriotic monuments. A two-row wampum “belt” (white beads with two parallel lines of purple) represented a peaceful relationship between two

distinct peoples and a mutual commitment to peace, encouraging parallel paths — “never the twain shall meet” — rather than a synthesis, or the dreaded assimilation.

For mixed bloods, this is a complex situation. Myre, whose mother is Algonquin, was raised an Anglophone in her father’s French family in Quebec City. She tells her own “hybrid” story in *History in Two Parts*, a canoe that is half birchbark and half aluminum, inspired by a summer-camp canoe trip she took through ancestral Algonquin hunting grounds, where her two worlds became one, although she was not aware of it at the time.

The “living in two worlds” theme, for all its underlying truth, has become something of a cliché and is mightily seductive for contemporary Native artists confronting anew that conflict between what to preserve of the old and what to reject of the new. Raised away from her Indian father and out of the Cherokee culture, Kay WalkingStick often uses the diptych form, which can be read as a reflection of her identity. She spent a period “trying to discern just how Indian I really am,” and came to the conclusion that she was “a New York artist and a Cherokee woman.”<sup>5</sup> But like Robert Houle’s very different use of the double image, her diptychs are part of a more complex development. “Primarily, the diptych is an especially powerful metaphor to express the beauty and power of uniting the disparate and this makes it particularly attractive to those of us who are biracial,” says WalkingStick. “But it is also a useful construct to express the conflicts and bivalence of everyone’s life.”<sup>6</sup> “The two different portions are about two different kinds of memory,” she says in another interview. “The one is short-term, sort of snapshot memory, which is done very quickly, and the other represents a long-term memory of our earth.”<sup>7</sup>

The abstract side of WalkingStick's diptychs — often a fan form — was for many years painted in acrylic and wax, raised in relief, to “maintain that sense of it being an object, of it being concrete: it is real. The abstraction is a real thing.”<sup>8</sup> The landscape side was in oil, and both were worked by hand, or both hands, as was the earlier *Chief Joseph* series, “because I felt a lot of the energy of that tribal work came through the fact that the artists made these pieces with their hands rather than with tools.”<sup>9</sup> WalkingStick was also affected by Eva Hesse’s “expressive materiality.”<sup>10</sup> She sees painting as another body with which she interacts, having realized as late as 1995 that “the landscapes were stand-ins for my own body and that the spiritual readings of the work related to my own corporeal and incorporeal self.”<sup>11</sup> In her recent work, dancing couples and female nudes — ecstatically sexual and ritually commanding presences — are paired, or sometimes are one with the landscapes, which she says are “neither a depiction of a specific place nor an activity, but a suggestion of how a place and an activity would feel . . . a psychological state.”<sup>12</sup>



Kay WalkingStick. *On the Edge* (detail).

History and memory, time and space, merge unselfconsciously in Nora Naranjo-Morse's work. As a member of a Santa Clara Pueblo family renowned for its pottery, she still lives in the same community as her mother and her grandmother, with other siblings nearby, gathering clay from the same pit and singing the same songs. She works with clay and earth both directly (ceramic sculpture) and indirectly (as themes in video and installations). Her form of esthetic sovereignty is quietly established, deeply rooted, and also gendered. Naranjo-Morse's figurative ceramics, often humorous and satirical, are based in daily life. They simultaneously challenge and maintain Pueblo community culture, confounding expectations of a traditional Pueblo woman and of a modern Indian woman. “Her work unifies that which lies almost unconsciously in pieces on our collective landscape,” writes Nancy Mithlo.<sup>13</sup>



Nora Naranjo-Morse. *The Seven Masks* (Mask with silver mask) (detail).

Yet the dichotomy of cultural values is an ongoing preoccupation. In the late 1980s, Naranjo-Morse developed a narrative series around the modern Pueblo woman “Pearlene,” who came along at a time when her creator was “trying to figure out my place . . . where I belonged. And I was trying to say things that I was not ready to say, or was afraid to say.” Pearlene, “the Intellectual from Tuba City,” and “the All American Woman,” who shopped, went to Vegas, and taught her cousins to play poker, said those things for her. When Naranjo-Morse was asked to mass-produce Pearlene, she said no,



created a partner, a man “who would love her unconditionally,” and sent them off into the sunset. “I couldn’t just let her become ordinary or overdone.”<sup>14</sup>

Naranjo-Morse’s most recent “objects” are handsome letters, words and symbols of clay, mounted on white walls to form a text that is suggestive but not literal, uniting fragments to create a language born at once of ancient beliefs and of the repetition in women’s daily lives to suggest a greater whole. *Our Symbols*, for instance, “is meant to express my determination not to be frozen in time, or categorized solely by others’ standards, but to be allowed the freedom to speak with my own voice.”<sup>15</sup>

Sometimes, however, Naranjo-Morse feels she has to say something for which clay is not the appropriate medium. An outdoor installation called *Sugared Up: A Waffle Garden* protests the commodity foods bestowed by a patronizing government on reservation dwellers; those foods have contributed to the increase in diabetes among Indian people. It was inspired by her own dichotomous diet as a child, when cans of commodity meat were served with corn and chiles from the garden and fresh fish caught by her brothers in mountain streams. Typically, the past is part of the present: a waffle garden isn’t just about junk food, it’s a reference to prehistoric water-conserving farming on Pueblo land.

Naranjo-Morse’s book of poetry, *Mud Woman*, countered the fact that Pueblo pottery



Nora Naranjo-Morse. *Our Symbols* (detail).

has always been written about by non-Indians, always “once-removed from the experience.”<sup>16</sup> In the process of building her own house, “creating a very large vessel that I and my family would live in,” she realized that “art could be everything and is everything.”<sup>17</sup> The layered *Gia’s Song* (“gia” is Tewa for “mother”) dealt with the immense esthetic and cultural abyss between the ancient handmade, communally connected adobes of the pueblo and the isolated postwar, government-provided, prefab HUD houses. Sad and angry about the changes wrought in her own lifetime, Naranjo-Morse feels that the Tewa system was marginalized because it was so successfully holistic, encompassing economy and religion.

Corwin (“Corky”) Clairmont, who is Blackfeet from Montana, returned home almost 20 years ago. He looks at his place through the lens of the Hellgate Treaty of 1855, which coerced Salish, Kootenai and Pend’Oreille onto the Flathead Reservation. Like the Canadian Indian Act, this treaty was never translated into Native languages, so the signers had to take the writers’ word as to its content. Thus there is all the more reason for contemporary Native artists to formulate “new languages” not intended to be fully readable from the outside. “Withholding translation,” as Charlotte Townsend Gault has put it, is a common strategy. As Jimmie Durham has said about his use of the Cherokee language in his work: “What I want them [non-Cherokee-speaking viewers] to know is that *they can’t know that*”<sup>18</sup> [italics added].

Clairmont reproduced the entire Hellgate treaty in tiny print on a wallet-sized card stamped with the seal of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes, and hands it out

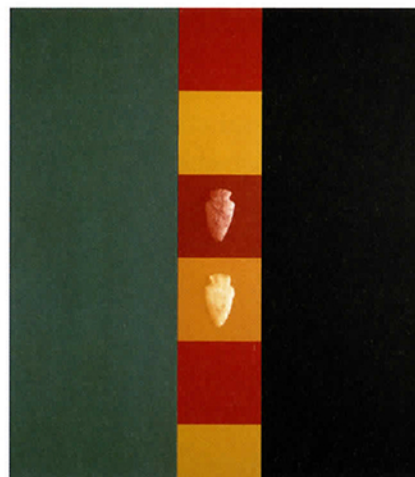
to anyone he meets to heighten awareness of treaty rights. ("Don't Leave Home Without It," he says. "The 1855 Hellgate Treaty Card is a key to your future.") Treaty references reappear directly and indirectly in much of his art, such as the *Grandfather Rock Series*, which contrasts natural and human histories with found rocks to counter Euro-American style monuments. In *Treaty Rocks*, performing a kind of meditation on sovereignty (and hope, or healing), he handwrote the treaty in a spiral. A recent, controversial piece concerns the Paha Sapa, the Black Hills, sacred to the Lakota and home of Mt. Rushmore, which Clairmont describes as "a great foot . . . a crushing weight on the backs of Indian people."<sup>19</sup> And he continues to expose "discovery" in a recent series called *10,000 Years of Indigenous Indian People, 200 Years Lewis and Clark*.

*Sovereignty over Subjectivity* was the title of Robert Houle's 1999 solo show at the Winnipeg Art Gallery. He describes his art as "activism in the demarginalization of the Native North American."<sup>20</sup> It is formalist art with a function, fiercely deployed in the interest of creating "a new history, a new visual language . . . which has the power to evoke the supernatural creatures found in the meditative formalism of Haida graphic art, to echo the incantations recorded with a secret code on a Potawatomi prescription stick, and to summon the animal spirits found in the fetish assemblages of shamanistic art . . . . In a way, the endowment of natural objects with an aesthetic quality is not unlike the transformation of 'found' objects when placed in a specific cultural context such as an art gallery. . . ."<sup>21</sup>

Houle is a Canadian Native (Saulteaux) who has applied what Gerald McMaster calls "syncretic strategies"<sup>22</sup> to the subject of treaties. He has developed a body of work that is truly exemplary as a "modernist" response to Native issues, and as a Native response to modernist issues. Five mixed-media paintings, diptychs, called *Premises for Self Rule*, each has a treaty or another legal document as subtitle. One panel is painted and the other bears the text of a treaty, with a smaller historical photograph superimposed. No one

combines power, politics, spirituality and formal elegance so effectively, or with such restraint, which strengthens rather than dilutes the anger that often motivates the creative act. "I'm always conscious that what I do," says Houle, "will be seen as an outcome of the colonized and conquered."<sup>23</sup> Peggy Gale has called him "a man testing history."<sup>24</sup>

The *Lost Tribes* series offers another facet of this history. In a striking range of painterly surfaces and bold emblematic panels combined with the names of the seven lost groups (Beothuk, Mohican, Natchez, Neutral, Timucua, Tobacco and Yamasee), augmented by the mapping and charting of Manitoba's 61 aboriginal communities, Houle gives these people and places a presence and testifies to the power of names that are not lost. As Laguna Pueblo writer Leslie Marmon Silko has written, "The tribal people here were all very aware that the whites put great store in names. But once the whites had a name for a thing, they seemed unable ever to recognize the thing itself."<sup>25</sup>



Robert Houle. *Kanehsatake X* (detail).



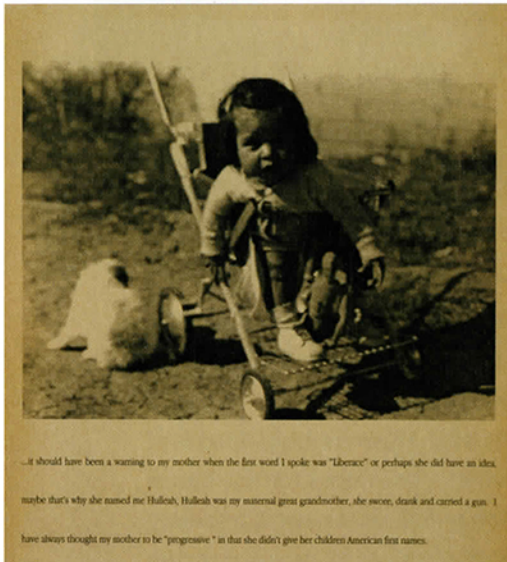
Houle's subject is tragedy and he treats it with the profound respect that it deserves. In Native history, tragedy usually involves separation from ancestral land, leading to a particularly strong art of place which is both political and spiritual. Houle has made work on the Oka crisis (*Kanehsatake X*) and on the death of Dudley George (*Ipperwash*). In *Sandy Bay* (1998-99), he chronicled the burning by arson of the residential boarding school in his birthplace. The structure where so much misery and abuse took place was destroyed, but the stories remain. The ghostly building reappears in the painting, and in two photographs, one of schoolchildren, his sisters among them. It functions, as Bonnie Devine has observed, like the winter counts, "as text in the absence of writing, as history in the absence of official account."<sup>26</sup> *Kanata* was Houle's rebuttal to the celebrations of Columbus's arrival. Having scanned a postcard of Benjamin West's classic "history painting" *The Death of General Wolfe*, he deconstructed it as a drawing, leaving only the Native "voyeur" in full color and physicality, confined between two color fields — blue and red, for France and England.

The year 1992 was of course a watershed for Indian art, a year in which esthetic sovereignty came into its own. Corky Clairmont and Blackfeet colleagues Susan and Kathryn Stewart founded the Submuloc Society to reverse not only the name of the invader of the Americas but to reverse the results of that invasion as well, through art. They collaborated with Jaune Quick-to-See Smith on a traveling exhibition called *The Submuloc Show; Columbus Wohs*, in which Indian artists could thumb their noses at the quincentennial's hagiographic excesses.

One of the most repeated clichés (or falsehoods) is that American Indian languages have no word for art, at least in the Western sense of the word. This has been used in various ways to separate and idealize Indian creative practice and

production. It has been used to relegate all Native art to the "crafts" category. It has been used to elevate Native art above Western categorization, and into the ozone. It is used positively by Native people, with a certain pride, to show that life and art are integrated in Native cultures, and negatively to verge on ill-advised nationalism. In modernist art contexts, esthetic sovereignty simply means individualism, self-expression — the bottom line of virtually all contemporary culture. Even traditional Indian artists are not free from this imperative, nor need they be. As Pueblo photo critic/curator Theresa Harlan has written, "... comparisons between contemporary Native and non-Native art frequently strips away the context of an indigenous world for that of a Eurocentric world which is still unwilling to comprehend or respect indigenous principles and intelligence. . . . Artmaking

as an expression of cultural autonomy and sovereignty must remain rooted within [these principles] . . . "27



Hulleah Tsinnahjinnie. *Photographic Memoirs of an Aboriginal Savant*, 1954 (#2 (detail).

Hulleah Tsinnahjinnie (Seminole/Muskogee/Diné) has consistently dealt with these issues in the context of “photographic sovereignty.” “When Is a Photograph Worth a Thousand Words?” asks Tsinnahjinnie. When “they were in English.”<sup>28</sup> “I will never be American enough, because you have to be a foreigner to be a true American.”<sup>29</sup> In 1993, she warned viewers accustomed to a colonized image of Indians, “No longer is the camera held by an outsider looking in, the camera is held with brown hands opening familiar worlds. We document ourselves with a humanizing eye, we create new visions with ease, and we can turn the camera and show how we see you.”<sup>30</sup> Pondering with a certain wistfulness how 19th-century photographs could “fill the void pages of my family album,” she would agree with anthropologist James Faris, who has concluded that photography in white hands has become a perverse asset in denying indigenous history.<sup>31</sup> Tsinnahjinnie was furious when she curated a student show and a reviewer congratulated the artists on having no “cultural baggage.” “It’s as if the art critics and historians didn’t want us to honor our elders,” she says. “When you take Art History 101, you learn about the European masters and are taught to honor them, yet when we look back on our own artists, we are told to criticize them.”<sup>32</sup>



Hulleah Tsinnahjinnie.  
*Portraits Against Amnesia Hoke-tee* (detail).

Tsinnahjinnie’s work consistently challenges the esthetic sovereignty of the mainstream, tackling a variety of subjects, from her *Metropolitan Indian* and *Mattie* series of the early 1980s, which placed Indian people in the urban fabric of San Francisco, to her *Nobody’s Pet Indian* (1993), an installation of portraits of Indian artists and activists (some officially enrolled, some not) where she confronted the Bureau of Indian Affairs’ (BIA) numbering procedures and the 1990 Indian Arts and Crafts Board Act’s divide-and-conquer strategy. On her own image, she photo-tattooed her BIA number across her forehead and asked herself what traditional role she would have played in history: “Would I have been a member of the Nighthawk, Snake society, or would I have been a half breed leading the whites top the full bloods?” In *Memoirs of an Aboriginal Savant*, she placed herself autobiographically in Native/Navajo recent history, and speaking from a macho position (in suit and tie), warned the viewer, and by proxy the bureaucrats: “Don’t Fuck With Me!”

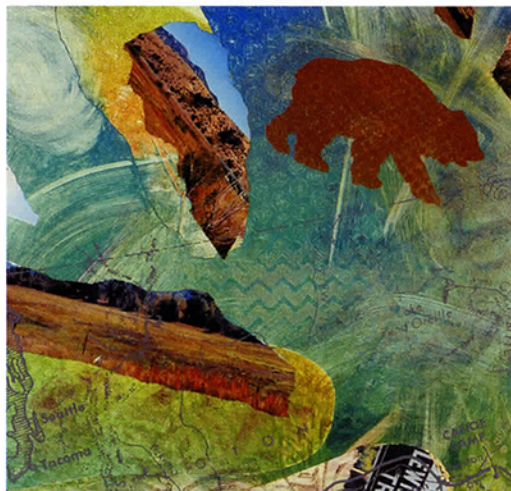
Profound attachment to place/land/territory beats like a heart beneath all of these artists’ works. Tsinnahjinnie describes an “Aboriginal World View,” contending that “When creating conceptual indigenous art, a space is realized. A space that is restructured occupied and owned by the aboriginal collective unconscious.”<sup>33</sup> Her “Damn” series of digital images employs both archival photographs (*Damn! There Goes the Neighborhood!*) and straightforward landscapes of the Navajo reservation captioned by defiant texts, such as *This is Not a Commercial*, *This is My Homeland*. Both she and Clairmont have re-appropriated Native imagery to reverse the message through collage and photomontage,



the ideal mediums for transforming a fragmented culture into startling new cultural combinations. Houle and Naranjo-Morse can place themselves specifically on the reservations where they were raised. WalkingStick and Myre's dissimilar approaches to place are more abstract and generalized. At first, WalkingStick's landscapes were conceived as specific places, but now it is important to her that they are not. The deserts, cliffs, and mountains representing primal ruggedness, while waterfalls, which began to appear after her husband's unexpected death in 1989, became metaphors for "the unstoppable onrush of our lives. . . . There's nothing we can do about time."<sup>34</sup>

Yet site and re-s(c)iting one's own life in history are only half the story. Motion, and freedom of motion, is the other half. Anishinabe writer Gerald Vizenor, who ferociously defends his own sovereign right to invent new language, has written, "Motion is a natural human right that is not bound by borders. Sovereignty as transmotion is *tacit*, inherent, and not the common provisions of treaties with other governments. . . . The sovereignty of motion means the ability and the vision to move in imagination. . . . The sovereignty of motion is mythic, material, and visionary."<sup>35</sup>

Clairmont's photo/conceptual works about place evoke Vizenor's tricky notion of *transmotion* as a Native talent. For the 14 years he lived in Los Angeles, Clairmont's work contrasted urban and rural lives. In 1978, he traveled on a grant to seven towns across



Corwin Clairmont.  
*10,000 Years Indigenous Indian People,  
200 Years Lewis and Clark (#10)* (detail).

the U.S., in each of which he published in the local newspaper enigmatic fragments of his statement *Support Subversive Art in Your Community*; they came together only when all the fragments had been published. In *Trade Goods*, objects from five specific L.A. locations were exchanged with five from other Western states (e.g., a map from the Mann's Chinese Theater to movie stars' homes exchanged with a three-pound bag of blood meal from Hancock, Wisconsin). Clairmont has dealt more literally with motion in a series of monoprints, *Turtle X's 93*, perhaps, a word play on Turtle Island and nature crossing culture. They concern the environmental impact of plans to expand Highway 93 through the Flathead Reservation, and on similar issues at the Yellowstone Pipe Line.

Esthetic sovereignty is inseparable from political sovereignty, which, as Harlan points out, is "based on nation-to-nation treaty agreements and should not be confused with civil rights entitlements."<sup>36</sup> Artists like these, struggling with new cultural definitions of art, have "stood in some imagined space, either at the edge of the mainstream or between it and an aboriginal community," writes Gerald McMaster. "[Each one] asserts a kind of sovereignty, which is exercised in their art and practice, placing them in strategic attitudinal situations. . . . Contemporary aboriginal artists can make choices and they are essential in the articulation of aboriginal people's consciousness of self-determination."<sup>37</sup>

If Native nations can decide their own laws and practice their own cultures, they can also produce their own esthetics, and have in fact done so for hundreds and thousands of years. For good reason, Native artists are wary of being “co-opted” by modernism’s voracious cultural cannibalism. They have already seen their own cultures appropriated, diluted, and decontextualized therein. On the other hand, esthetic sovereignty might also threaten to become esthetic ghettoization — a “micro-narrative” that is inevitably “small-scale,”<sup>38</sup> curtailing Native artists’ access to and impact on the larger art world.

So how blurred can boundaries get and still be boundaries? Without boundaries, would we all be floating back into an undefined “Universal,” which is where Indian art was presumed to reside before the notions of esthetic sovereignty arose? Taking the specificity out of culture leaves it flopping high and dry on the sands of commercial exploitation. One thing esthetic sovereignty does is counteract generalizations. It names names, bringing individual lives and historical events to the foreground. Contemporary art is almost by definition not permitted to put down roots. It is doomed to flow toward the dominant culture’s mainstream, which Canadian Native artist Carl Beam has suggested is “more like a mud puddle . . . only up to your knees.”<sup>39</sup> Yet for all its shortcomings, and despite the glaring absence of a context for real vision, the contemporary art world is the right place for Native artists to establish their esthetic sovereignty.

In the process, perhaps the term “sovereignty” itself may need to be subverted; it is, after all, a Western invention, far less fluid and flexible than traditional Native concepts in which continuity is valued over evolution. For now, sovereignty is about esthetic *survivance*, as Vizenor would say. No one kind of art can rule if esthetic freedom is maintained. Enter the trickster element in Native sovereignty, an element in which artists and their sly new visual languages are very much at home. ■

## NOTES

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<sup>1</sup>Jolene Rickard, “Sovereignty: A Line in the Sand,” *Aperture*, summer 1995:51.

<sup>2</sup>Myre, unpublished “Artist Statement,” not dated.

<sup>3</sup>Quoted by James Martin, “Her Art Project is already at the McCord,” *Concordia’s Thursday Report*, June 6, 2002:3.

<sup>4</sup>Quoted by Frank Shebageget in *Nadia Myre Riding Lines* (Hull: Centre d’art Indien, 2001), not paginated.

<sup>5</sup>WalkingStick, interview in Lawrence Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), 270.

<sup>6</sup>WalkingStick, statement for Eiteljorg application, 2002.

<sup>7</sup>WalkingStick in Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good*, 277.

<sup>8</sup>WalkingStick in Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good*, 279.

<sup>9</sup>WalkingStick in Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good*, 271.

<sup>10</sup>WalkingStick, interview by Anne Barclay Morgan, *Artpapers*, Nov.-Dec. XXX.

<sup>11</sup>WalkingStick, Eiteljorg statement, 2003.

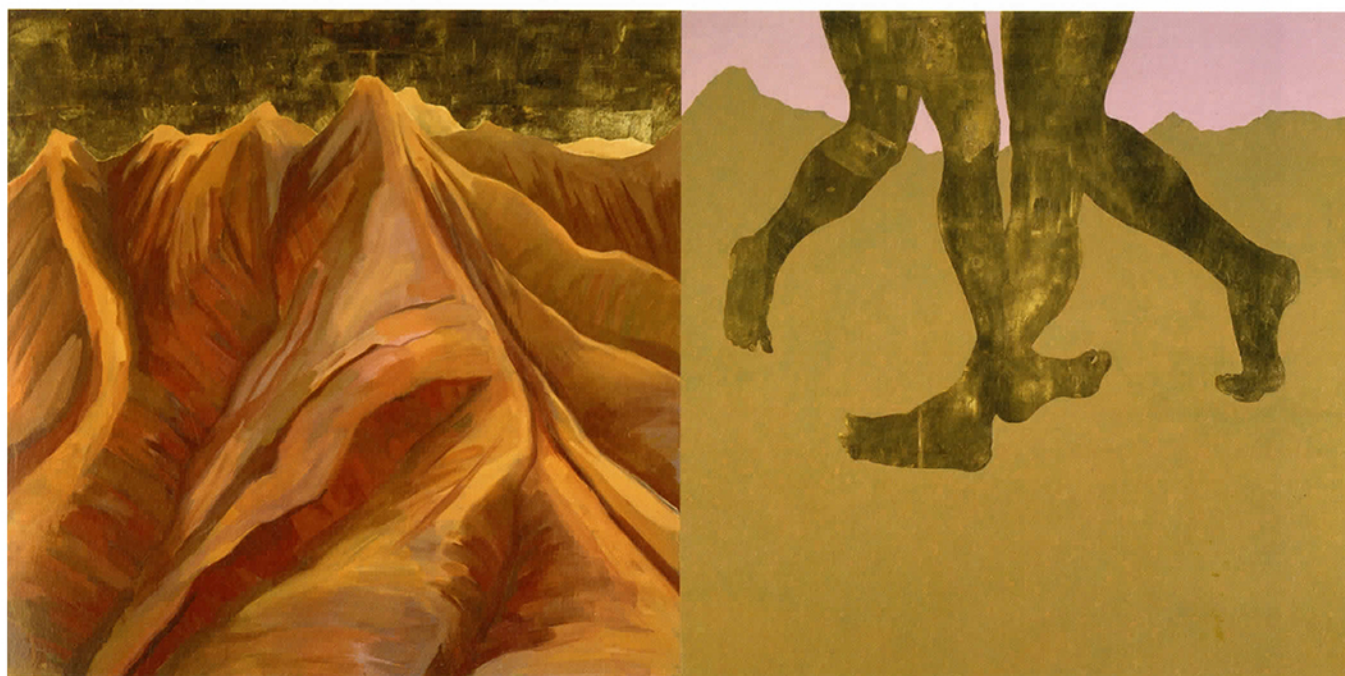
<sup>12</sup>WalkingStick, Eiteljorg statement, 2001.



- <sup>13</sup>Nancy Marie Mithlo, "Nora Naranjo-Morse: Gia's Song; On an Ordinary Day," in Gerald McMaster, ed., *Reservation X* (Fredericton, New Brunswick: Goose Lane Editions and Canadian Museum of Civilization, 1998), 84.
- <sup>14</sup>Naranjo-Morse in Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good*, 199-200.
- <sup>15</sup>Naranjo-Morse, in Jill Sweet and Ian Berry, eds., *Staging the Indian* (Saratoga Springs, N.Y.: The Tang Teaching Museum and Art Gallery of Skidmore College, 2002), 98.
- <sup>16</sup>Naranjo-Morse in Abbott, *I Stand in the Center of the Good*, 206.
- <sup>17</sup>Mithlo, "Nora Naranjo-Morse," *Reservation X*, 85.
- <sup>18</sup>Charlotte Townsend-Gault, "Hot Dogs, A Ball Gown, Adobe, and Words," in Jackson Rushing III, ed., *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century* (London: Routledge, 1999), 126.
- <sup>19</sup>Clairmont, "Paha Sapa," unpublished artist's statement, not dated.
- <sup>20</sup>Houle, "Artist Statement," June 28, 2000.
- <sup>21</sup>Houle, quoted in *New Work for a New Generation* (Regina, Saskatchewan: Saskatchewan Indian Federated College, 1982), 4; quoted by Gerald McMaster in *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century*, W. Jackson Rushing, ed. (London and New York: Routledge, 1999), 86.
- <sup>22</sup>McMaster, in *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century*, 86.
- <sup>23</sup>Houle, "Artist's Statement," in *Lost Tribes* (Frederick, Md.: Hood College, 1991), 3.
- <sup>24</sup>Peggy Gale, "Robert Houle: Recording," in Shirley Madill, ed., *Robert Houle: Sovereignty Over Subjectivity* (Winnipeg: Winnipeg Art Gallery, 1999), 17.
- <sup>25</sup>Leslie Marmon Silko, *Almanac of the Dead* (New York: Penguin, 1991), 224.
- <sup>26</sup>Bonnie Devine, "Ways of Telling," in *Robert Houle*, 47.
- <sup>27</sup>Theresa Harlan, "Adjusting the Focus for an Indigenous Presence," in Carol Squiers, ed., *Over Exposed* (New York: The New Press, not dated), 151.
- <sup>28</sup>Tsinhnahjinnie, "When Is a Photograph Worth A Thousand Words?" in *Native Nations: Journeys in American Photography* (London: Barbican Art Gallery, not dated), not paginated; and Tsinhnahjinnie, epilogue to *Photographic Memoirs of an Indian Savant*, 1994.
- <sup>29</sup>Tsinhnahjinnie, quoted in Gail Tremblay, "Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie: Taking Risks," *Reflex*, Dec. 1994/ Jan. 1995: 9.
- <sup>30</sup>Tsinhnahjinnie, "Compensating Imbalances," *Exposure #29*, 1993:30.
- <sup>31</sup>James Faris, *Navajo and Photography* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1996).
- <sup>32</sup>Steven Jenkins, "A Conversation with Hulleah J. Tsinhnahjinnie," *Artweek*, May 6, 1993:5.
- <sup>33</sup>Tsinhnahjinnie, undated unpublished "Artist Statement."
- <sup>34</sup>WalkingStick in Morgan interview by Anne Barclay Morgan, *Artpapers*. WalkingStick, interview by Anne Barclay Morgan, *Artpapers*, Nov.-Dec. XXX, 13.
- <sup>35</sup>Gerald Vizenor, *Fugitive Poses: Native American Indian Scenes of Absence and Presence* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998), 185.
- <sup>36</sup>Harlan, "Adjusting the Focus," 152.
- <sup>37</sup>McMaster in, *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century*, 86.
- <sup>38</sup>McMaster in, *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century*, 84.
- <sup>39</sup>Carl Beam, quoted by McMaster in, *Native American Art in the Twentieth Century*, 81.



Kay WalkingStick (Cherokee). *Le Alpi e le Gambe*.  
Oil on wood with gold leaf, 1999, 36 x 72 in.  
Collection of the Eiteljorg Museum.



Kay WalkingStick (Cherokee). *Gioioso Variation II*.  
Oil and gold leaf on wood, 2001, 32 x 64 in.  
Collection of the Eiteljorg Museum.