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*Indians, Missionaries, and Merchants* explains how contemporary debates over federal Indian recognition, tribal sovereignty, and gaming rights were shaped by nineteenth-century European imperialism. It is a persuasive critique of federal policies and early anthropology, as well as an important synthesis of recent archaeological, anthropological, and historical research on Native Californians, missionization, and colonialism.

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**Into the Canyon: Seven Years in Navajo Country.** By Lucy Moore. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 224 pages. \$24.95 cloth.

This book rewards its readers in a number of ways. It is a quietly thought-provoking, delightful book, and it is practical on several levels. Anglos might consider *Into the Canyon* a guide to interaction with Navajos. Certainly Moore invites the reader to think about cultural behaviors. Moore describes an early encounter and her assessment of different cultural behaviors: "A Navajo encountering a stranger needed to be cautious, to wait, and to rely on good instincts before making a decision. In contrast, I saw myself and other Anglos hustling and bustling everywhere, in a hurry, talking constantly, too enthusiastically, often about nothing, or at least nothing important" (41). Later she says, "They [Navajos] were very, very patient, or perhaps they were simply good at waiting. Rushing was an Anglo specialty" (167). She decries the actions of an outsider wanting to do good: "But it was inappropriate for this outsider to arrive with these big ideas and ignore the local place and more immediate needs" (138). So, while this book might serve as an advice book for Anglos interacting with Navajos, clearly it offers advice for anyone engaging in cross-cultural activities.

The book will provoke thought about what constitutes a specifically American Indian issue and what constitutes a larger human issue. Moore attends a march in Gallup in 1973 and writes about it: "There were very few Anglos, and I was glad I was there. Some Navajo events should be all Navajo, and Anglos should stay away. Others, like this one, needed other faces as well. It was a justice problem" (146). Moore writes of practices that speak of the irony of Indianness. She says in the section dealing with her time as a Headstart teacher: "I relaxed about the cultural anomalies inherent in being an Anglo teacher of Navajo children, in a setting defined by Navajo adults who often wished they were Anglo" (97).

Mainstream students of American history might read the book as an introduction to the simple idea that American Indian tribes are different from each other. While this idea seems simple, many have trouble with the concept. Moore says that she and her husband were surrounded by, and thus learned about, Navajo culture. Still, with their children they attend Hopi ceremonies. She says of one experience, "Again, I was sure that this was going to be such an important and culturally rich experience for both my children, and again, I

was veering dangerously close to self-congratulation” (202). They are not prepared for the details of the ceremony because they are not informed about the culture. After they flee from the ceremony, she writes, “We were grateful—with that tinge of sadness—to return to our beloved Chinle, where the customs and culture were more comfortable” (203). This will bring the reader to know that American Indian tribes and their ceremonies are not interchangeable—a valuable piece of knowledge about American Indians.

Readers of the self-help books so often on display in chain bookstores might read the book as a study in the development of self-awareness (and a rather quietly humorous one in the bargain). Moore engages in self-reflection, which invites the reader to self-reflection. Moore says, for example, near the end of the memoir, “The experiences, the people, the landscape had all given us memories to treasure . . . mostly. The memories that made us cringe . . . well, they offered priceless lessons” (212). And later she says, “I knew that the choices that took me to Navajoland had been significant, and that I was a different person because of those years” (213).

The reader is invited into a self-reflective sensibility and invited not to reject a culture because of mistakes made on the part of the visitor but rather to learn from those mistakes, to learn tolerance on many levels and for many ways of life. In one chapter Moore talks about the nature of faith and concludes, “Each time she wondered and waited, and now I knew what that was like, to wonder and wait, to have faith and be rewarded” (172).

Readers who are interested in literary nonfiction will enjoy the style, the structure, and a strong and effective basic metaphor that guides the narrative. Moore structures the book according to the basic metaphor of the canyon in the title as she travels into the canyon physically, intellectually, emotionally, professionally. Traveling into the canyon is about trust in the expertise of their Navajo friends; it is about the depth and complexity of the seven-year experience; and it is about Moore’s realization of superficiality and realness that lie in the potentiality of experiencing the canyon. Because of the importance of the landscape and the significance of the miles between sites, the book would be improved if a map of the area were offered in addition to the pictures of the landscape.

Moore’s dialogue and descriptions are effective: During a bareback riding adventure on Molly the horse, she writes, “I shouted, ‘Yeah’ and was about to add something about how nice it was to be so close to the horse’s hide. But the breath vanished, sucked into my lungs as Molly took off” (92).

In a fundamental way *Into the Canyon* is a travel book about an Anglo woman who in the 1960s comes to Navajoland as a bright young, idealistic young woman eagerly “intending to do good” (1). She leaves seven years later having retained much of her idealism and having done good, although in what is now called an “organic” way rather than from inside a structured, goal-oriented plan. Along her way Moore is a part of major events and writes about changes that came about in politics, economics, and education.

So this book is not a “tourist” book, a tourist being an Anglo who visits for a few weeks or even months, never getting involved, and then goes away to write. It is a book written by a woman who lived in the Chinle/Canyon de

Chelly for seven years, was involved in the life of the community, and made friends who remained a part of her life after she moved to Santa Fe.

The book is a memoir, what Moore calls “a collection of memories, some accurate, some probably enhanced, of seven and a half years spent on the Navajo Indian Reservation (now the Navajo Nation) from 1968 through 1975” (1). Her recognition of the possibility that some of the memories may be enhanced lends the book credibility and a gentle honesty.

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**Living Sideways: Tricksters in American Indian Oral Traditions.** By Franchot Ballinger. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2004. 256 pages. \$32.95 paper.

Franchot Ballinger reads widely, to say the least, referring to 326 scholars and poets who have written about the “mythic” trickster, peripatetic clown/culture hero of American Indian oral narrative. In his introduction Ballinger makes a crucial objection to the accepted definition of *myth*, which implies that the mythic, fairy-tale world is pure imagination. Instead, Ballinger says, “A myth is in some sense true” (13). I would go one step further and cross out *some*. Most Euro-American writers, as Ballinger categorizes them, in analyzing and defining the trickster figure, avoid the religious/spiritual aspect of Trickster, concentrating on the texture of oral narrative, or perhaps the psychological (human mind) context of Trickster. In my view these writers define Trickster through the secular because they may be professionally afraid to address Trickster’s sacred identity—as truth.

However, Ballinger approaches this truth through his paraphrase of Barre Toelken’s and Tacheeni Scott’s fine analysis of the spirit world from whence Trickster derives: “Just as at the beginning of things, when the world had not taken its final shape but lay inchoate and fertile with possibility before the First People, so clowns put onlookers in a similarly creative place and time—the time of the ceremonial world” (130). Knowing this spiritual milieu of creation that Trickster must occupy, traditional Native people understood Trickster to be the son of God, sent by God as a savior, a shaper of a world that, upon First Creation, was like the Greek concept of Chaos. Trickster, no matter that his name may differ from tribe to tribe (Manabozho, Raven, Coyote, Iktomi, Ma’i, and others), existed “in the beginning,” and through chicanery and destruction (s)he caused the world as we now know it to be fit for human habitation. Therefore, Trickster’s antics were looked on, yes, with fear and horror, but this was the Shaper who, ultimately, would benefit the People. This was the entity, born of a virgin birth through the seed of West Wind, Sun, or Thunder, who was an intermediary between humankind and the Creator.

Ballinger seems to understand this positive nature of Trickster; therefore, it is perplexing that he includes in his discussion in chapter 5 the statement