

Oh it's written in books and in songs  
 That we've been mistreated and wronged  
 Well, over and over I hear the same words  
 From you, good lady, from you good man. 10  
 Well listen to me if you care where we stand,  
 And you feel you're a part of these ones.

When a war between nations is lost  
 The loser we know pays the cost  
 But even when Germany fell to your hands 15  
 Consider, dear lady, consider dear man.  
 You left them their pride and you left them their land,  
 And what have you done to these ones.

Has a change come about Uncle Sam  
 Or are you still taking our land 20  
 A treaty forever George Washington signed.  
 He did, dear lady, he did, dear man.  
 And the treaty's being broken by Kinzua Dam,  
 And what will you do for these ones?

Oh it's all in the past you can say 25  
 But it's still going on till today  
 The government now want the Iroquois land  
 That of the Seneca and the Cheyenne.  
 It's here and it's now you must help us, dear man,  
 Now that the buffalo's gone. 30

## Emma Lee Warrior b. 1941

### Peigan

Emma Lee Warrior grew up on the Peigan Reserve in southern Alberta, close to the American border, a member of the North Peigan (Blackfoot) band. She attended a boarding school there, but she remarks that, though the school was not far from home, 'with all the rules and restrictions, it might as well not have been anywhere near home.' Warrior says she writes to overcome the effects

of that early repression: 'I find great freedom in writing. I find myself.'

Warrior's stories and poems have appeared in *Wicazo Sa*, *A Gathering of Spirit*, *Harper's Anthology of Twentieth Century Native American Poetry*, and *Canadian Fiction Magazine*. She acquired a Master of Arts degree from the University of Washington but remains tied to her home community: 'That landscape is within me.'

## Compatriots

Lucy heard the car's motor wind down before it, turned off the gravel road a quarter of a mile west of the house. Maybe it was Bunky. She hurried and left the outhouse. She couldn't run if she wanted to. It would be such a relief to have this pregnancy over with. She couldn't see the colour of the vehicle, for the slab fence was between the house and the road. That was just as well. She'd been caught in the outhouse a few times, and it still embarrassed her to have a car approach while she was in there.

She got inside the house just as the car came into view. It was her aunt, Flora. Lucy looked at the clock. It was seven-thirty. She wondered what was going on so early in the morning. Flora and a young white woman approached the house. Bob barked furiously at them. Lucy opened the door and yelled at him. 'I don't know what's wrong with Bob; he never barks at me,' said Flora.

'He's probably barking at her,' explained Lucy. 'Not many whites come here.'

'Oh, this is Hilda Afflerbach. She's from Germany,' began Flora. 'Remember? I told you I met her at the Calgary Stampede? Well, she got off the seven o'clock bus, and I don't have time to drive her all the way down to my house. I took her over to my mother's, but she's getting ready to go to Lethbridge. Can she stay with you till I get off work?'

Lucy smiled. She knew she was boxed in. 'Yeah, but I've got no running water in the house. You have to go outside to use the toilet,' she said, looking at Hilda.

'Oh, that's okay,' her aunt answered. 'She's studying about Indians, anyway. Might as well get the true picture, right? Oh, Hilda, this is my niece, Lucy.' Flora lowered her voice and asked, 'Where's Bunky?'

'He never came home last night. I was hoping it was him coming home. He's not supposed to miss any more work. I've got his lunch fixed in case he shows up.' Lucy poured some water from a blue plastic water jug into a white enamel basin and washed her hands and face. 'I haven't even had time to make coffee. I couldn't sleep waiting for him to come home.' She poured water into a coffeemaker and measured out the coffee into the paper filter.

'I'd have some coffee if it was ready, but I think I'd better get to work. We have to punch in now; it's a new rule. Can't travel on Indian time anymore,' said Flora. She opened the door and stepped out, then turned to say, 'I think the lost has returned,' and continued down the steps.

The squeak of the dusty truck's brakes signalled Bunky's arrival. He strode toward the door, barely acknowledging Flora's presence. He came in and took the lunch pail Lucy had. 'I stayed at Herbie's,' was all he said before he turned and went out. He started the truck and beeped the horn.

'I'll go see what he wants.' She motioned to Flora to wait.

When Bunky left, she went to Flora: 'Maybe it's a good thing you came here. Bunky didn't want to go to work 'cause he had a hangover. When he found out Hilda was going to be here all day, he decided he'd rather go to work.'

'If I don't have to leave the office this afternoon, I'll bring the car over and you can drive Hilda around to look at the reserve, okay?'

'Sure, that'll be good. I can go and do my laundry in Spitzee.' She surveyed the distant horizon. The Rockies were spectacular, blue and distinct. It would be a nice day for a drive. She hoped it would be a repeat of yesterday, not too hot, but, as she stood there, she noticed tiny heat waves over the wheat field. Well, maybe it won't be a repeat, she thought. Her baby kicked inside of her and she said, 'Okay, I'd better go tend to the guest.' She didn't relish having a white visitor, but Flora had done her a lot of favours and Hilda seemed nice.

And she was. Hilda made friends with the kids, Jason and Melissa, answering their many questions about Germany as Lucy cooked. She ate heartily, complimenting Lucy on her cooking even though it was only the usual scrambled eggs and fried potatoes with toast and coffee. After payday, there'd be sausages or ham, but payday was Friday and today was only Tuesday.

'Have you heard of Helmut Walking Eagle?' Hilda wanted to know.

'Yeah, well, I really don't know him to talk to him, but I know what he looks like. He's from Germany, too. I always see him at Indian dances. He dresses up like an Indian.' She had an urge to tell her that most of the Indians wished Helmut would disappear.

'I want to see him,' Hilda said. 'I heard about him and I read a book he wrote. He seems to know a lot about the Indians, and he's been accepted into their religious society. I hope he can tell me things I can take home. People in Germany are really interested in Indians. They even have clubs.'

Lucy's baby kicked, and she held her hand over the spot. 'My baby kicks if I sit too long. I guess he wants to do the dishes.'

Hilda got up quickly and said, 'Let me do the dishes. You can take care of the laundry.'

'No, you're a visitor. I can do them,' Lucy countered. But Hilda was persistent, and Lucy gave in.

Flora showed up just after twelve with the information that there was a sun-dance going on on the north side of the reserve. 'They're already camping. Let's go there after work. Pick me up around four.'

'I can't wait to go to the sun-dance! Do you go to them often?' Hilda asked Lucy.

'No, I never have. I don't know much about them,' Lucy said.

'But why? Don't you believe in it? It's your culture!' Hilda's face showed concern.

'Well, they never had sun-dances here—in my whole life there's never been a sun-dance here.'

'Really, is that true? But I thought you have them every year here.'

'Not here. Over on the Blood Reserve they do and some places in the States, but not here.'

'But don't you want to go to a sun-dance? I think it's so exciting!' Hilda moved forward in her seat and looked hopefully at Lucy.

Lucy smiled at her eagerness. 'No, I don't care to go. It's mostly those mixed-up people who are in it. You see, Indian religion just came back here on the reserve a little while ago, and there are different groups who all quarrel over which way to practise it. Some use Sioux ways, and others use Cree. It's just a big mess,' she said, shaking her head.

Hilda looked at Lucy, and Lucy got the feeling she was telling her things she didn't want to hear.

Lucy had chosen this time of day to do her wash. The Happy Suds Laundromat would be empty. As a rule, the Indians didn't show up till after lunch with their endless garbage bags of laundry.

After they had deposited their laundry in the machines, Lucy, Hilda, and the kids sauntered down the main street to a café for lunch. An unkempt Indian man dogged them, talking in Blackfoot.

'Do you know what he's saying?' asked Hilda.

'He wants money. He's related to my husband. Don't pay any attention to him. He always does this,' said Lucy. 'I used to give him money, but he just drinks it up.'

The café was a cool respite from the heat outside, and the cushioned seats in the booth felt good. They sat by the window and ordered hamburgers, fries, and lemonade. The waitress brought tall, frosted glasses, and beads of water dripped from them.

'Hello, Lucy,' a man's shaky voice said, just when they were really enjoying their lunch. They turned to look at the Indian standing behind Hilda. He was definitely ill. His eyes held pain, and he looked as though he might collapse from whatever ailed him. His hands shook, perspiration covered his face, and his eyes roamed the room constantly.

Lucy moved over to make room for him, but he kept standing and asked her,

'Could you give me a ride down to Badger? The cops said I have to leave town. I don't want to stay 'cause they might beat me up.'

'Yeah, we're doing laundry. I've got Flora's car. This is her friend, Hilda. She's from Germany.'

The sick man barely nodded at her, then, turning back to Lucy, he asked her, 'Do you have enough to get me some soup? I'm really hungry.'

Lucy nodded and the man said, 'I'll just sit in the next booth.'

'He's my uncle,' Lucy explained to Hilda as she motioned to the waitress. 'His name is Sonny.'

'Order some clear soup or you'll get sick,' Lucy suggested to her uncle.

He nodded, as he pulled some paper napkins out of a chrome container on the table and wiped his face.

The women and children left Sonny with his broth and returned to the laundromat. As they were folding the clothes, he came in. 'Here, I'll take these,' he said, taking the bags from Lucy. His hands shook, and the effort of lifting the bags was clearly too much for him. 'That's okay,' protested Lucy, attempting to take them from him, 'they're not that heavy. Clothes are always lighter after they've been washed.'

'Hey, Lucy, I can manage. You're not supposed to be carrying big things around in your condition.' Lucy let him take the plastic bags, which he dropped several times before he got to the car. The cops had probably tired of putting him in jail and sending him out each morning. She believed the cops did beat up Indians, although none was ever brought to court over it. She'd take Sonny home, and he'd straighten out for a few weeks till he got thirsty again, and he'd disappear as soon as he got money. It was no use to hope he'd stop drinking. Sonny wouldn't quit drinking till he quit living.

As they were pulling out of town, Lucy remembered she had to get some Kool-Aid and turned the car into the Shop-n-Go Mart. Hilda got out with her and noticed the man who had followed them through the street sitting in the shade of a stack of old tires.

'Hey, tamohpomaat sikaohki,' he told Lucy on her way into the store.

'What did he say? Sikaohki?' queried Hilda.

The Kool-Aid was next to the cash register and she picked up a few packages, and laid them on the counter with the money. When the cashier turned to the register, Lucy poked Hilda with her elbow and nodded her head toward the sign behind the counter. Scrawled unevenly in big, black letters, it said, 'Ask for Lysol, vanilla, and shaving lotion at the counter.'

They ignored the man on the way to the car. 'That's what he wants: he's not allowed to go into the stores 'cause he steals it. He wanted vanilla. The Indians call it "sikaohki"; it means "black water".'

Although the car didn't have air-conditioning, Lucy hurried toward it to escape the blistering heat. When she got on the highway, she asked her uncle, 'Did you hear anything about a sun-dance?'

At first he grunted a negative 'Huh-uh', then, 'Oh yeah, it's across the river, but I don't know where. George Many Robes is camping there. Saw him this morning. Are you going there?'

'Flora and Hilda are. Hilda wants to meet that German guy, Helmut Walking Eagle. You know, that guy who turned Indian?'

'Oh yeah, is he here?' he said indifferently, closing his eyes.

'Probably. He's always in the middle of Indian doings,' said Lucy.

'Shit, that guy's just a phony. How could anybody turn into something else? Huh? I don't think I could turn into a white man if I tried all my life. They wouldn't let me, so how does that German think he can be an Indian. White people think they can do anything—turn into Chinese or Indian—they're crazy!'

Sonny laid his head back on the seat and didn't say another word. Lucy felt embarrassed, but she had to agree with him; it seemed that Indians had come into focus lately. She'd read in the papers how some white woman in Hollywood became a medicine woman. She was selling her book on her life as a medicine woman. Maybe some white person or other person who wasn't Indian would get fooled by that book, but not an Indian. She herself didn't practise Indian religion, but she knew enough about it to know that one didn't just join an Indian religious group if one were not raised with it. That was a lot of the conflict going on among those people who were involved in it. They used sacred practices from other tribes, Navajo and Sioux, or whatever pleased them.

The heat of the day had reached its peak, and trails of dust hung suspended in the air wherever cars or trucks travelled the gravel roads on the reserve. Sonny fashioned a shade behind the house underneath the clothesline in the deep grass, spread a blanket, and filled a gallon jar from the pump. He covered the water with some old coats, lay down, and began to sweat the booze out.

The heat waves from this morning's forecast were accurate. It was just too hot. 'Lordy, it's hot,' exclaimed Lucy to Hilda as they brought the laundry in. 'It must be close to ninety-five or one hundred. Let's go up to Badger to my other aunt's house. She's got a tap by her house and the kids can cool off in her sprinkler. Come on, you kids. Do you want to go run in the sprinkler?'

The women covered the windows on the west side where the sun would shine. 'I'm going to leave all the windows open to let the air in,' said Lucy, as she walked around the house pushing them up.

Lucy's aunt's house sat amongst a clutter of junk. 'Excuse the mess,' she smiled at Hilda, waving her arm over her yard. 'Don't wanna throw it away, it might come in handy.' There were thick grass and weeds crisscrossed with paths to and from the clothesline, the outhouse, the woodstove. Lucy's aunt led them to an arbour shaded with huge spruce branches.

'This is nice,' cooed Hilda, admiring the branches. Lucy's aunt beamed, 'Yes, I told my old man, "Henry, you get me some branches that's not gonna dry up and blow away," and he did. He knows what's good for him. You sit down right here, and I'll get us some drinks.' She disappeared and soon returned with a large thermos and some plastic tumblers.

They spent the afternoon hearing about Henry, as they watched the kids run through the sprinkler that sprayed the water back and forth. Once in a while, a suggestion of a breeze would touch the women, but it was more as if they imagined it.

Before four, they left to pick Flora up and headed back to Lucy's. 'It's so hot after being in that cool cement building all day!' exclaimed Flora, as she settled herself into the car's stifling interior. 'One thing for sure, I'm not going home to cook anything. Lucy, do you think Bunky would mind if you came with us? I'll get us some Kentucky Fried Chicken and stuff in town so you don't have to cook. It's too hot to cook, anyway.' She rolled up a newspaper and fanned her face, which was already beginning to flush.

'No, he won't care. He'll probably want to sleep. We picked Sonny up in town. Both of them can lie around and get better. The kids would bother them if we were there.'

It was a long ride across the Napi River toward the Porcupine Hills. A few miles from the Hills, they veered off until they were almost by the river. 'Let's get off,' said Flora.

Hilda gasped at what she saw before her. There was a circle of teepees and tents with a large open area in the middle. Exactly in the centre of the opening was a circular structure covered with branches around the sides. Next to this was a solitary unpainted teepee. Some of the teepees were painted with lines around the bottom; others had orbs bordering them, and yet others had animal figures painted on them. Smoke rose from stoves outside the teepees as people prepared their evening meals. Groups of horses

stood languidly in the waning heat of the day, their heads resting on one another's backs and their tails occasionally flicking insects away. The sound of bantering children and yapping dogs carried to where they stood.

'Let's eat here,' the kids said, poking their heads to look in the bags of food. Flora and Lucy spread a blanket on the ground, while Hilda continued to stand where she was, surveying the encampment. Flora pointed out the central leafy structure as the sacred area of prayer and dance.

'The teepee next to it is the sacred teepee. That's where the holy woman who is putting up the sun-dance stays the entire time. That's where they have the ceremonies.'

'How many sun-dances have you been to?' asked Hilda.

'This is my first time, but I know all about this from books,' said Flora. 'Helmut Walking Eagle wrote a book about it, too. I could try to get you one. He sells them cheaper to Indians.'

Hilda didn't eat much and kept looking down at the camp. 'It's really beautiful,' she said, as if to herself.

'Well, you better eat something before you get left out,' advised Lucy. 'These kids don't know when to stop eating chicken.'

'Yeah,' agreed Flora. 'Then we can go down and see who's all there.' Hilda had something to eat, and then they got back into the car and headed down toward the encampment. They drove around the edge of the camp and stopped by Flora's cousin's tent. 'Hi, Delphine,' said Flora, 'I didn't know you were camping here.'

Lucy knew Flora and Delphine were not especially close. Their fathers were half-brothers, which made them half-cousins. Delphine had grown up Mormon and had recently turned to Indian religion, just as Flora had grown up Catholic and was now exploring traditional beliefs. The same could be said about many of the people here. To top things off, there was some bad feeling between the cousins about a man, some guy they both had been involved with in the past.

'Can anybody camp here? I've got a teepee. How about if I camp next to you?'

Delphine bridled. 'You're supposed to camp with your own clan.'

Flora looked around the camp. 'I wondered who's my clan. Say, there's George Many Robes, he's my relation on my dad's side. Maybe I'll ask him if I can camp next to him.'

Delphine didn't say anything but busied herself with splitting kindling from a box of sawn wood she kept hidden underneath a piece of tarp. Jason spied a thermos under the tarp and asked for a drink of water.

'I have to haul water, and nobody pays for my gas,' grumbled Delphine, as she filled a cup halfway with water.

'Oh say,' inquired Flora, 'do you know if Helmut Walking Eagle is coming here? This girl is from Germany, and she wants to see him.'

'Over there, that big teepee with a Winnebago beside it. That's his camp,' Delphine answered, without looking at them.

'Is she mad at you?' Jason asked Flora.

'Yeah, it must be the heat,' Flora told him with a little laugh.

Elsie Walking Eagle was cooking the evening meal on a camp stove outside the teepee. She had some folding chairs that Lucy would've liked to sit down in, but Elsie didn't ask any of them to sit down though she was friendly enough.

'Is your husband here?' asked Flora.

'No, he's over in the sacred teepee,' answered Elsie.

'How long is he going to take?'

'Oh, he should be home pretty soon,' Elsie said, tending her cooking.

'Do you mind if we just wait? I brought this girl to see him. She's from Germany, too,' Flora said.

Lucy had never seen Helmut in anything other than Indian regalia. He was a smallish man with blond hair, a broad face, and a large thin nose. He wore his hair in braids and always wore round, pink shell earrings. Whenever Lucy saw him, she was reminded of the Plains Indian Museum across the line.

Helmut didn't even glance at the company but went directly inside the teepee. Flora asked Elsie, 'Would you tell him we'd like to see him?'

'Just wait here. I'll go talk to him,' Elsie said, and followed her husband inside. Finally, she came out and invited them in. 'He doesn't have much time to talk with you, so . . .' Her voice trailed off.

The inside of the teepee was stunning. It was roomy, and the floor was covered with buffalo hides. Backrests, wall hangings, parfleche bags, and numerous artifacts were magnificently displayed. Helmut Walking Eagle sat resplendent amidst his wealth. The women were dazzled. Lucy felt herself gaping and had to shush her children from asking any questions.

Helmut looked at them intently and rested his gaze on Hilda. Hilda walked toward him, her hand extended in greeting, but Helmut ignored it. Helmut turned to his wife and asked in Blackfoot, 'Who is this?'

'She says she's from Germany,' was all Elsie said, before making a quick move toward the door.

'Wait!' he barked in Blackfoot, and Elsie stopped where she was.

'I only wanted to know if you're familiar with my home town Weisbaden?' said Hilda.

'Do you know what she's talking about?' Helmut asked Elsie in Blackfoot. Elsie shook her head in a shamed manner.

'Why don't you ask *her* questions about Germany?' he hurled the words at Hilda, then, looking meanly at his wife, he added, 'She's been there.' Elsie flinched, and, forcing a smile, waved weakly at the intruders and asked them in a kind voice to come outside. As Lucy waited to leave, she looked at Helmut whose jaw twitched with resentment. His anger seemed to be tangibly reaching out to them.

'Wow!' whispered Hilda in Lucy's ear.

Outside, Flora touched a book on the fold-out table. Its title read *Indian Medicine* and in smaller letters, *A Revival of Ancient Cures and Ceremonies*. There was a picture of Helmut and Elsie on the cover. Flora asked, 'Is this for sale?'

'No, that one's for someone here at camp, but you can get them in the bookstores.'

'How much are they?' Flora asked, turning the book over.

'They're twenty-seven dollars. A lot of work went into it,' Elsie replied.

Helmut, in Blackfoot, called out his wife's name, and Elsie said to her unwelcome callers, 'I don't have time to visit. We have a lot of things to do.' She left them and went in to her husband.

'He's the brains, she's the source,' Flora said. 'Let's go. My kids are probably wondering what happened to me.'

'I'm sorry I upset her husband. I didn't mean to,' said Hilda. 'I thought he would be willing to teach me something, because we're both German.'

'Maybe you could buy his book,' suggested Lucy.

'Look,' said Flora, 'if you're going to be around for a while, I'm going to a sun-dance this next weekend. I'm taking a few days off work. I have a friend up north who can teach you about Indian religion. She's a medicine woman. She's been to Germany. Maybe she even went to your home town.'

'Oh, really!' gushed Hilda. 'Of course, I'll be around. I'd love to go with you and meet your friends.'

'You can come into the sweat with us. First, you'll need to buy four square yards of cotton . . .' began Flora.

But Hilda wasn't really listening to her. She looked as if she were already miles and miles away in the north country. Now, a sweat, she thought, would be real Indian.

## Annharte b. 1942

### Anishinaabe

Born in 1942 to an Anishinaabe mother and an Irish father, Marie Annharte Baker was raised in Winnipeg, where she could see the hard life of the streets. She describes herself as a cultural worker who wants to produce 'films, plays, and books that celebrate cultural survival after five hundred years of resistance to settler literature) (not literature).'

Subversive wordplay is characteristic of Annharte's writing style with humour, parody, satire, and witicism all employed in her arsenal of 'tricks'. Annharte's publications include three books of poetry—*Being on the Moon* (1990), *Coyote Columbus Café* (1994), and *Exercises in Lip Pointing* (2003)—and a play, *ALTERNATIVE: The Only Native*

*Alternative* (1994). Her writing shows her concern with 'the smallest stories; stories in our everyday conversations (wrongfully dismissed as gossip), stories of how we survived and resisted (cheeky stories), and, of course, the "lost stories" (stories of men, women, and children who are lost or outcast to their own people, the ones who have "no voice" but speak to us in dreams or haunt our every waking moment with their shocking statistics).'

Annharte was a co-founder of the Regina Aboriginal Writers group. Her broader interests include the writings of Women of Colour and the forms of street poetry, dub poetry, rap, and performance art. She continues to be an active force in the Native literary scene.

## Coyote Trail

warm this trail

my nose picks you to follow

your tracks quiver my whisker

my nostrils fill

you are a chunky one

your tail dragged a leaf

overturned bark

you too are hungry

fat

depressed

I know all this news

I see your weight in microns of earth pressed

down

you won't be an easy meal

like last week I sssll unkn into town

I mean slunk not what I usually do

QUICK PAWS QUICK PAWS GOTCHA

YOU DON'T HEAR MY CLAWS UNLESS YOU PAUSE

that was something dead and delicious in that town

growing more foul each day

I call it fast food

though it don't move much

until I touch my paw to it

I drool again over that thought

the last time we met One Gulp

you kicked against my canines

eager to become me

why are you making me exercise

to get a bite or two?

5

10

15

20

25

Fourth Edition

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CANADIAN  
NATIVE LITERATURE IN ENGLISH

edited by Daniel David Moses, Terry Goldie and Armand Garnet Ruffo

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