

UC Merced

Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology

Title

Tales of Power from Ivan Hanson's Sweat Lodge

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/1zj1c7vr>

Journal

Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology, 36(2)

ISSN

0191-3557

Author

Hittman, Michael

Publication Date

2016

Peer reviewed

Tales of Power from Ivan Hanson's Sweat Lodge

MICHAEL HITTMAN¹

Department of Anthropology (Emeritus)
Long Island University-Brooklyn,
1 University Plaza, Brooklyn, NY 11201

This paper recounts some of the extraordinary events associated with the career of Ivan Hanson, a Newe or Shoshone healer from Panamint Valley, California, and a disciple of Northern Arapaho religious innovator, Raymond Harris. As told by Ivan Hanson's offspring, Gayle Hanson-Johnson, Joann Johnson, and Walter Hanson, these events essentially occurred at Campbell Ranch, a federal reservation in Mason Valley, Nevada, where their father and mother established a chapter of this neo-traditional religion from 1969–1974.

THE FOLLOWING “TALES OF POWER” recount some of the extraordinary events associated with the career of Ivan Hanson, a *Newe* or Shoshone Sweat Lodge leader from Panamint Valley, California, who was a disciple of its Northern Arapaho innovator, Raymond Harris. As related by Ivan Hanson's offspring, Gayle Hanson-Johnson, Joann Johnson, and Walter Hanson, these events essentially occurred at Campbell Ranch, a federal reservation in Mason Valley, Nevada, where their parents established a chapter of this neo-traditional religion between 1969–1974. My discussion was taped on January 26, 1995, in the kitchen of the home of the healer and his wife Mary Hanson, an Owens Valley Northern Paiute (*Numu*), nineteen years after Ivan Hanson's passing—the very space in which food was served following Sweat Lodge ceremonies.²

Raymond Harris invited Ivan Hanson to conduct these healing ceremonies following the latter's miraculous cure in the early 1960s, on the Wind River Reservation, where the founder of this neo-traditional religion lived. In addition to a two-hour taped interview with Ivan Hanson's adult children, I engaged in participant-observation in his Sweat Lodge on August 26, 1970, September 3, 1970, and August 25, 1972. Moreover, Mary Hanson was kind enough to grant an interview in her home in Weeds Heights, Yerington, Nevada, on August 25, 1989. In addition, there were follow-up interviews with the above-mentioned consultants—with Walter Hanson on August 27, 1992, August 17, 1994, and August 26, 2011; Gayle Hanson-Johnson on August 13, 1994 and August 16, 1994; and with Joann Johnson on August 11,

1994 and January 24, 1995. Supplementary data about this relatively widespread contemporary neo-traditional religion was obtained from an interview on January 25, 1995, with the late Eldon “Junior” McMasters, who conducted his own Sweat Lodge chapter in association with his life-partner, Hazel “Shorty” McMasters on the Walker River Reservation—along with their invitations to attend ceremonies on these dates: July 13, 1979, August 15, 1979, and January 29, 1995. Finally, I note what was my first “Sweat” experience with another Raymond Harris disciple—Connie Denver, a Ute, in Bishop, California; it took place on May 15, 1968.

Curiously enough, the only mention of what can also rightfully be called a revitalization movement at the time that my interest got piqued was a passing comment by Catherine S. Fowler and Sven Liljebld (1986:460). These two noted Great Basin Indian anthropologists wrote that Raymond Harris's Sweat Lodge movement in western Nevada during the 1960s was “closely related to that of Mark Big Road, which spread into Wind River in the 1950s,” and called it or them “a variant of the Spirit Lodge practices of the Sioux and groups in Canada.” Indeed, it would be another fifty years before others wrote about Harris's good works—Ross Hoffman in 2006 in his invaluable doctoral dissertation about this Northern Arapaho healer, and in his later article (Hoffman 2010), as well as Jordan Paper (2007:54, 144) in a parallel mention of Harris, who importantly noted that this Sweat Lodge founder “began to train people from a number of traditions to heal,” and was also “a practitioner of...[the Yuwipi] healing ritual.”

Although Paper (2007:136) additionally wrote that scholars had neglected writing about these Sweat Lodge ceremonials “either because a sweat lodge precedes and is at times at a distance from the major rituals or because of its affinity with the long secularized north European sauna or eastern Mediterranean sweat bath,” this ignores the larger issue of tensions appertaining to the very practice of ethnographic fieldwork on Native Americans by non-Indian scholars—and particularly the publication of information regarding and/or defined by indigenous people as sacred knowledge. In line with those critiques, there is also the call for other “voices” as well as “polyvocality” from “the Other” besides from authorial anthropologists—that is, from indigenous voices. And what might also be noted is the relative dearth of ethnographies and ethnohistories about Great Basin Indians.³ This paper, then, hopefully addresses those concerns. Needless to say, it is published with the permission of the descendants of Ivan Hanson.⁴

Finally, I note that this paper is influenced by the relatively recent call of Dennis Tedlock (1987) for “dialogical anthropology” in the anthropology of the future. But also by critical theoretical issues implied by this article regarding creativity and intellectuality among indigenous people—more specifically, the relationship between oral cultures vis-à-vis what worldwide has been their historical displacement by writing and literacy, thereby generating issues appertaining to epistemological searches for “truth” aka scientific analysis, as discussed by Jack Goody (1977). My hope is that this paper also touches on both those concerns as well.

OUR DAD

WALTER: Dad’s brother Buster was the doorman when you [MH, author] first came to Sweat.... Remember him? Uncle Buster went to court ’cause of the Timbisha Shoshone land dispute...ended up losing the battle, but you heard they recently got their land, didn’t you? Same as I hear that bill is being signed now into law by President Clinton.⁵ But can I tell you something else? About how I learned so much more about our past? From a book called *The Indians of Inyo County*. And the guy who wrote it, he used to stay with our grandfather. Except when he [anonymous author] died, his book got redone by somebody else—a fellow named Charles Irwin.⁶

JOANN: And guess who’s still hogging our copy!

GAYLE: Yeah, Walt, when are you going to let us read it?

JOANN: Or maybe you can just Xerox the damned thing?

WALTER: Okay, you guys, I get the idea! But the important thing here is to tell Mike that Dad was born in Death Valley on March 5, 1929, and that Mom was born on December 1, 1935—in Bishop, California.

GAYLE: No, Dad was born in Darwin, California!

JOANN: No, it was Olancha!

GAYLE: Gee, practically same difference!

WALTER: Well, since Dad’s family was Timbisha Shoshone, I still say Death Valley.

JOANN: Okay, you win!

WALTER: Remember, the Old People used to roam from Furnace Creek in Death Valley all the way to Coso Junction, and then east into Fish Lake Valley in Nevada... And Dad, you know, he always said his family used to go *everywhere* for traditional foods when he was a kid—for pine nuts, mesquite beans, deer...whatever was in season.⁷

JOANN: Olancha is west of Darwin, California, Mike.

WALTER: Darwin was, or did though become his home.... Dad’s family had a house at the end of town—in the Indian camp there. Said he lived with his grandparents.

GAYLE: I still say Dad was born in Olancha, which is just south of Darwin; but that’s still Shoshone country, init? Still the home of our Timbisha, you know. But like we say, our mother was Paiute [*Numu*, Northern Paiute], which is why we’re probably living with Paiutes in Yerington and married to them—even though we’re tribally enrolled as Shoshone.

JOANN: And Dad, he only had a little schooling in Riverside—in the boarding school used to be for Indians [Sherman Institute] in California.... Never went past sixth grade, but [he] was real smart all the same.

WALTER: No, Dad went to public school in *Olancha* before boarding school—in that little red brick schoolhouse they had there, remember?⁸ For all the little formal education he had in both places, though, you’re right—Dad was sure smart!

JOANN: Gosh, he sure was....

WALTER: Why, shoot, he used to help us with our homework, remember? Knew algebra, trigonometry, calculus, and lots of other hard subjects, too, only just

don't ask me how, either. Plus, Dad had a beautiful handwriting.

GAYLE: Sure did, so that's another fact!

WALTER: Did we ever tell you Dad was in the Korean War? Served as a helicopter medic.

GAYLE: But probably the best thing besides Sweat our father will always be known for was Dad's singing [see below]. 'Cause from the time he was just a little guy, you see, Dad said he was always singing.... Why, shoot, Dad sang all the time when he was home, remember?

WALTER: Yeah, and sang while driving us guys all around, and even when he was alone in his truck!

GAYLE: Of course, he did! According to the Old *Newe* ["The People" or Shoshone] Way, they were always singing wherever they went!⁹

WALTER: No—I mean, yes, that's true, very true.... And guess who Dad got his singing skills from?

JOANN: Not from you, Walt!

WALTER: No, of course not, Dad got them from his father and mother.

JOANN: Gosh, and wasn't Grandma also a good basket maker?¹⁰

WALTER: She was, she was.... But back then, anyway, the Old People pretty nearly had a song for everything—for gathering food, cutting wood.... Well, you name it, they probably had a song! Why, shoot, Dad said they even had a song for going to the bathroom!

JOANN: Don't sing that one, Walt!

WALTER: Don't worry, I won't!

GAYLE: That's why I always say Dad's ability to sing helped him when he was called by Raymond to become a Sweat Keeper.

MIRACLE SIGHTINGS AND VARIOUS SWEAT LODGE CURES

JOANN: Tell Mike how Dad got started in Sweat, Walt—

WALTER: Well, Dad, you see, he was working for Union Carbide at the time—down in Bishop [California]. And he went and broke his neck there. And that was, I think, in '60 or '61? Dad operated a crusher or a sweeper, whichever, and a gut bucket knocked him down three flights of stairs! The damned safety bell didn't go off, but luckily Dad was able to crawl up one level at a time and call for help. Except when they finally got him to the hospital, no doctor could help. One vertebra in Dad's

neck got busted, you see. Dad was in his late 40s at the time and already married to our mother; so naturally feeling frustrated with his disability, and the fact that no [white] doctor could help him, when Dad heard about Raymond Harris, he went to see him.¹¹

GAYLE: You mean, we all went!

JOANN: Heard about him through Connie Denver, who was already conducting [Sweat Lodge] ceremonies in Bishop.¹²

WALTER: Yeah, but now that I think about it, that [decision] probably had to do with Dad's decision to go to a Sun Dance ceremony in Roosevelt, Utah.

GAYLE: No, I say Dad must have decided first to see Raymond Harris to be cured.... Why? 'Cause he knew about Raymond from Connie [Denver] who told him that Raymond was going to be at that Sun Dance—and also for Julius Murray's Sweat.

WALTER: Yeah, but nobody [human] really had to tell Raymond that Dad was coming, I say—see 'cause the Grandfather Spirits already told Raymond all that in advance.¹³

JOANN: Ain't that the truth!

WALTER: And 'cause Dad was shy, so before we even got to Julius's place, first thing Dad did was to take off that brace from his neck—before going onto the Sun Dance grounds, I mean.

JOANN: That was a strange thing to do, wasn't it?

WALTER: It was! But, anyway, so here along comes Raymond, you know...real short guy, and he's wearing his v-neck white tee shirt, button-fly Levis, no belt, and his cowboy boots. Walks straight up to Dad, and guess what he says to him? "Excuse me, but I'm looking for a fellow with a broken neck."

GAYLE: Yup, that's how it all got started for him—and us, too.

WALTER: Remember how Dad then had to rest one whole year after being doctored by Raymond in Julius's Sweat Lodge while his neck was being healed?

JOANN: And not only that, but when Dad went back to see his specialist, damned if that [white] doctor didn't say he found a brand-new bone in Dad's neck!

GAYLE: There's another part to that story about Dad being healed by Raymond Harris we're leaving out, though, you guys—

JOANN: Right! Walt, how come you didn't tell what happened while we were driving up there to Roosevelt?

WALTER: Okay, I will! See, there was Mom and Dad, and Warren [older sibling]...and of course Gayle and Joann and me on that journey—I was just a little guy in a cradleboard at the time. So, anyway, while we're driving to Utah, right outside Tonopah [Nevada] our car overheats. And those guys [parents] must have thought we'd get stranded out there, but along comes a golden eagle and lands on our car. And just like that, everything was all right!

GAYLE: Yup! Temperature gauge shot back down again, and we made it all the way to the next town, where our car got fixed. Then, why, shoot, we cruised all the rest of the way into Utah.

JOANN: You didn't tell how many times that golden eagle landed, Gayle!

WALTER: Four times in all!

GETTING STARTED IN SWEAT

JOANN: We were living off Highway 395 in Bishop at the time, right across from Meadow Farms, and after Dad got fully healed, Raymond said he wanted our father to conduct his own Sweat Lodge ceremonies. Or I should say, the Grandfather Spirits told Raymond to choose Dad.¹⁴

WALTER: That was back around 1969, so I guess what we really should say is that it was Dad's turn to run Sweat? See 'cause unlike some of those other guys [Sweat Lodge leaders] who either asked for that power or just took it, Dad was called directly by the Grandfather Spirits! Same as it's true they [i.e., other Raymond Harris-approved Sweat Lodge leaders] usually took five-to-six years before acquiring all their colors, but not Dad. He got all his right away. All seven colors at once—your red, white, purple, green, yellow, blue, and pink.¹⁵ Same as was true with Dad's other powers—his white deer tail and those woodpeckers along with the rest. See 'cause the Grandfather Spirits came together to help Dad on account they wanted him to get started right away!

GAYLE: Especially, Eagle.

JOANN: Yeah, Eagle was Dad's main power.

GAYLE: And also unlike those others, too, Dad didn't have to fast for years and years, either, did he?

WALTER: No way! Dad went through his sixteen fasts in those sets of four in four nights, and which got followed by one day of rest in between, until the Grandfather Spirits said to Dad: "Now, you really have to rest—and for one whole year. And don't ride horses,

either.... Don't throw out the trash, either, and don't even move around too much." So, finally, one year later, our father had everything.¹⁶

GAYLE: Well, not everything—unlike Raymond who could do everything, Dad could only run Regular [Prayer] Sweats and Doctor Sweats; he couldn't cure by tying [Yuwipi]. Only Raymond you see could do that.¹⁷

JOANN: So, that's really an amazing story, isn't it, Mike?

WALTER: Yeah, you see 'cause the Grandfather Spirits can just look inside a person and ask: "Does this person truly deserve his colors?" Almost like in the military, I suppose, in which I served [see below], where you also earned your stripes on the basis of whether or not you truly deserved them?

GAYLE: Well, our colors are also like those protective stripes, aren't they?

WALTER: I agree!

JOANN: But you left out something else, Walt—you left out telling about Dad's pipe.¹⁸

WALTER: Raymond also gave Dad his first pipe—made of pipestone.

GAYLE: Yeah, and you also forgot to tell it still took Dad during the whole year to collect everything else he needed to run Sweat.... Especially, Dad's woodpecker feathers.

JOANN: Red-headed woodpecker.

WALTER: Yeah, well, I told about Dad collecting his white deer tail, didn't I?

GAYLE: But not that he also had to get up early, and go out every morning when the sun was coming out, 'cause Dad was supposed to pray every day, remember?

JOANN: Yeah, well, and so did we!

GAYLE: And one more thing—Dad also had to make his ties [tobacco pouch offerings] every day, remember?¹⁹

JOANN: And don't forget that Mom always helped him! She also made moccasins for Dad and his medicine wheel...beaded everything by hand, too, gee, real pretty, too!

WALTER: Let me don't forget something else: Dad also needed buckets of sand to support his flags.²⁰

GAYLE: Right! But, gosh, when I think back how when Dad first went off to fast, he was such a big [heavysset] man; but when he finally got finished, Dad was sure skinny!

JOANN: I forget how long it was, you guys, Dad and Mom ran Sweat at Campbell Ranch?

GAYLE: From 1969–1974, I say...right after we moved up here from Bishop—in September or October of '69.

WALTER: That's right! And Raymond came down here from Wyoming [Wind River Reservation] to help Dad build his first lodge right after we moved up here... Same as Raymond came back, too, whenever it had to be fixed. See, 'cause Dad was never really allowed to do that on his own—no one [follower of Raymond Harris] was allowed to build his own Sweat House. No, see, 'cause if you truly wanted to correctly follow Raymond's Sweat Lodge Way, he was the one always had to do all that—you know, like mark out the dimensions, and determine exactly where your poles were supposed to go into the ground, and whatnot.²¹

GAYLE: Same as women weren't allowed to stand too close whenever the men went to get those poles, either.... No, we always had to be inside the house—just in case one of us was having our monthlies.

JOANN: Yeah, so when we heard that women today are running their own Sweat in Schurz [Walker River Reservation], that's why we say that's not right.

WALTER: You mean, run it for themselves, not for our people!

GAYLE: Right! Anyway, remember how ours was just for our own family when Dad first started out?

JOANN: Yeah, then pretty soon locals from around here got the word and wanted to join in.

GAYLE: Gosh, seems like people then started coming from everywhere to Dad's Sweat.... From even as far away as Battle Mountain [Indian Colony]. Remember Glenda and Jimmie Johnson, sis?

JOANN: I do! They [also] came here to Sweat, [but] from Fallon [Colony or Reservation in Nevada].

SOME OF IVAN HANSON'S CURES

WALTER: Dad was a real healer, you know, and I remember what he did for this one old man. His name was Tony Harris, and Tony used to walk bent over and backwards. He was from Owens Valley, and when Tony was a real little guy, the Cavalry came in and took all those Indians to Fort Tejon [Sebastian Reservation, California]—herded them there, just like they were cattle

after that [Owens Valley 1860s Paiute] War.²² So, anyway, being a real little guy back then, when Tony's mother tried to escape, he got shot in the back. And to save his life, she tossed him into a yucca bush. So that's how come Tony grew that way—all bent over backwards, you know. But Dad cured him.

GAYLE: He sure did!

JOANN: Dad also healed other cases of paralysis, didn't he?

WALTER: He did! And also your routine aches and pains...as well as the common cold and the flu. Dad even fixed broken bones!

JOANN: Yeah, even dogs' broken bones.

WALTER: You mean, like ours! See what happened—Dad drove over our dog Skeeter one night in his pickup truck when he was coming home from work.... Skeeter was a gold-colored Pomeranian, and his guts were all hanging out; so when we took him to the vet and he couldn't help, we didn't know what to do?

GAYLE: And he was real old, too, Skeeter, when we got him...was our grandmother's dog. When she passed away, we just took him in.

JOANN: Crazy damned dog was more human than a dog! Used to love to go to Sweat with us, you know.... Was how he got healed there, too! Remember that crippled Shoshone guy Dad also cured?

GAYLE: Dad didn't really cure him, Raymond did.

WALTER: No, not even Raymond, really, the Grandfather Spirits.

GAYLE: See 'cause Raymond could talk to them in the old Shoshone language, you know.

WALTER: Right! Dad did the talking [doctoring] in Sweat, but the Grandfather Spirits told Raymond what to tell Dad to do.... And can I tell you one more thing about Raymond, Mike? He was the only man to fast seven straight days and nights! Trained lots of medicine men in his day, too, and gave away plenty of pipes to plenty others beside Dad and the other to run their own Sweats.

GAYLE: Remember the time Raymond called and said there was a crisis and he needed Dad to come up there [Wind River Reservation, Wyoming] right away?

WALTER: But Dad said he couldn't go.

JOANN: "No money," Dad told him.

GAYLE: "Well, do you want me to come down [to Nevada then] to get you?" Raymond asked when he called back. "OK," said Dad. "Well, then, here's what I

want you to do, Ivan” said Raymond. “I want you to get out your pipe, and start smoking. Do it in your Sweat Lodge, and stay inside there to get ready for me, see ‘cause I’ll be coming right away!”

JOANN: And don’t forget what he also told Mom, Gayle.

WALTER: What was that, sis?

JOANN: Then I’ll tell: Raymond said, “Take the kids inside the house, Mary, and make ties [tobacco pouch] and also get out your smudge. And tell them to be real quiet, too, your kids, see ‘cause I’m already on the way!”

GAYLE: Right! So, after Raymond said all that, well, Dad, he naturally did what he was told to do...and so too did Mom.

JOANN: Gee, I remember how nervous Mom got.... I mean, we *all* were nervous! Then pretty soon, it sounded like a helicopter we heard overhead. And so when we heard it again, well, gosh, when we went [inside the Sweat Lodge] to look for Dad, he was gone! Got transported all the way up to Wyoming by an eagle Raymond sent!

WALTER: Dad’s spirit was the Eagle, you know, so Raymond sent Eagle Airlines [joke] to pick up Dad and transport him up there to his own reservation just like that.

JOANN: And remember what Raymond told Mom afterwards when he called? He said, “Don’t worry, Mary, Eagle will bring Ivan back home safely!” And I remember also when Dad got back home, we asked him: “Did you really fly up there that way, Dad?”

GAYLE: And Dad’s answer: “It was just like sleeping,” he said. Said he could feel the cold air, and he could even smell that eagle, too, when that happened to him.... Said he saw white light [clouds?], too, and that it was just like that—he was transported up there and back!

WALTER: That’s why Raymond told us after Dad died: “If ever you see an eagle, stop and touch the ground, you kids; then light your smudge. See ‘cause what you’re really seeing is the spirit of your own father!”

ALTERED FAMILY LIFE

JOANN: And, gosh, everything sure changed after Dad and Mom got involved with Sweat, didn’t it? I mean, we never really had a chance to go out and have much fun anymore!

GAYLE: No, couldn’t be like regular normal Indian kids anymore.

WALTER: I couldn’t even go out and play sports!

JOANN: Yeah, and we sure had to be real quiet also while growing up, didn’t we? And pray all the time, too, init?

GAYLE: Weren’t even allowed to go to normal school functions like the other Indian kids.

JOANN: Plus, we were like the janitors when our parents started to run Sweat.... And with so many people coming to our house all the time, remember that back in those days, no paper [plates] used—so, seems all we ever did was wash [dishes] after every feed, remember? And [we] had to wash them all by hand, too—no fancy modern electric dishwashers back then, either!

GAYLE: Yeah, and ‘cause people would also stay overnight, we also had to be like maids, too, remember?

JOANN: Yeah, I do! And sometimes they stayed past the weekend for that whole doggone next week! Too bad no women’s lib back in those days [laughs]!

WALTER: Yeah, same as if we did anything wrong when we were kids, we didn’t really get in trouble with Mom and Dad, it was Raymond we got in trouble with.... On account he found out somehow and would even telephone Dad to tell him *what* we did wrong.

GAYLE: “Go arrange for a kid’s Sweat, Ivan—” That’s what Raymond would tell Dad then.

JOANN: Yeah, to punish us!

GAYLE: “And don’t open the flaps for them too quick, either,” was what Raymond also ordered Mom and Dad to do whenever we were bad and he knew, so they took us inside the Sweat House to punishment us.

JOANN: Yeah, and sometimes, we would have to Sweat all by ourselves for four rounds!

WALTER: “Make ‘em stay until the Clown Spirits get finished with ‘em!” Was what Raymond also told them, remember?

GAYLE: Gee, and they sure almost beat us to death with that dipper that one time, didn’t they, remember, you guys?²³

JOANN: Yup! But no matter how much we sometimes hated those responsibilities, we sure learned lots of good things, didn’t we?

GAYLE: We did! See ‘cause even if was hard for us kids growing up, since it was our parent’s way of life, we really had no choice except to accept it.

JOANN: You know why? 'Cause we enjoyed being with our parents so much.

GAYLE: That's why I think all that [punishment] was only another part of our Dad's teaching—meant to keep us together as a family...what I still firmly believe. And what still keeps us together to this very day!

JOANN: Now, ain't that also the truth?

WALTER: And lots of other things also happened to us as kids, Mike, but that to me, anyway, still seems unbelievable to accept right down to this very day.

JOANN: Except being who we were [i.e., Ivan Hanson's children], those things only seemed normal to us.

WALTER: They did...like whenever I used to take my bath at night, guess who really pushed my toys around in the tub water? The Grandfather Spirits! "Hurry, Dad!" I used to call him to come and see what was going on.

JOANN: Walt was the little guy and did!

WALTER: And I know you're probably going to ask me how did they look, Mike, the Grandfather Spirits? So, let me just answer this way: Very plain-faced. At least that's how I remember them. Anyway, Dad, he didn't really have to rush inside the bathroom to have any look-see at what was truly going on inside my bath, see 'cause he already knew!

JOANN: Remember the time we were too scared to go outside? [Both other siblings concur.] It was evening, and I remember the moon was shining and the dogs were barking. So I told Warren [oldest sibling]: "Look at those spirits walking around out there!" And what they looked like to me, anyway, were like real people! But not really walking around, they sort of were just milling around in a circle, you know. "What should we do?" Same as I also remember asking our other brother. But when Warren said he didn't really know, either, all of us sure got real quiet and we watched. And we just watched and we watched them like that.

GAYLE: Yeah, until Mom and Dad came home.

WALTER: Right! So when we finally came out and told Dad what happened, about what we all saw, he asked only one question: "Did they come inside the house?" And Mom, of course, she was getting real nervous with our talk like she always did and so she started praying.... But not Dad—first thing he did was call up Raymond. And Raymond, of course, he of course knew what was going on. Said those "spirits" we saw

were real people [who] died suddenly. Like in car wrecks, you know. And anyway it was only their souls we saw milling around outside there in our yard.

JOANN: "Well, why pick on, us?" Don't I remember still wanting to know....

GAYLE: You know what I still think, sis: those spirits really were lost between two worlds and waiting for Dad to help them get where they were supposed to be going! That's why, according to Mom, we all had to pray for them.

WALTER: Why Dad then took out his pipe smoked for them...and also made [tobacco tie] pouches.

JOANN: You mean had Mom make them for him!

WALTER: See 'cause only Dad could help those spirits move on, you know.... You know, to get to the other side [i.e., Milky Way, the Land of the Dead]. Which is exactly what they did next—moved on to the Happy Hunting Ground.

GAYLE: That's why lots of times we still smudge our house, you know...for pure protection against things we can't explain.

JOANN: And why we're always trying to stick together, right, you guys? Thick and thin! See 'cause if someone's trying to hurt any one of us, well, we three can pool our separate strengths together in unity like one!

WALTER: Like that time right after Dad started up Sweat and certain people down here wanted to hurt him.... And since they couldn't really ever go directly head-to-head with Dad [i.e., in power contests], they would pick on Mom instead. And then when that failed, they would pick on me; then Joann; until, finally they found the weakest one in our bunch—

GAYLE: You mean, me! Like that time I got hit in the head by a softball when we had a tournament....

WALTER: That time!

GAYLE: Well, I sure got sick, didn't I? Was made really sick by that bad *puha* [power—used in the sense of sorcery or witchcraft].... See, someone put bad medicine on that softball when we were playing specifically to get me!

WALTER: Gee, and I can still remember when I watched my sister just laying out there like that on the ground, how Gayle's eyes were rolling around in the back of her head; then she got real still.... Must have been pretty near dead for forty-five minutes, I figure? You know, since her heart wasn't beating, and her body

started getting stiff like a real corpse.... And so we naturally of course hurried home to get Dad. And just like that, too, no sooner did he come than Gayle came out of it! “Who’d you see?” Dad asked her on the ball field after he finished tending to her.

GAYLE: My answer? I told him who I always see whenever that happens—our grandmother [Addie Hanson, Ivan’s mother]. But when I told Dad what I’m always thinking whenever I see Grams, “No!” he said sharply to me. “No, you stay here with us!” Then Dad went and spoke directly to Grams: “You’re not taking her yet, Addie!” Anyway, I remember Dad grabbed me, shook me hard until I finally woke up.

JOANN: Tell Mike what you told Dad then, sis—

GAYLE: You mean what I told Grams—Told her, “No, I don’t want to go with you!”

WALTER: And that happened in Fallon.... And Dad also said this to Gayle: “Next time you die and see Grams, and she asks, ‘Where do you want to go?’ you just tell her this: ‘I don’t know, but what I do know is, I’m not yet ready to go over to that other side!’”

GAYLE: No, that’s right, that’s right...what actually happened! But gosh I sure don’t remember anything about the ride up to Wyoming after that happened!

JOANN: I do! That was in September, and you were still sick from being witched in Fallon, sis, so you slept straight on through that entire ride!

WALTER: Yeah, and instead of taking Gayle directly to Sweat when we finally got there, Raymond called for a Yuwipi ceremony first. And when it was over that black tar was sure oozing out of our sister’s one ear!

GAYLE: Gobs and gobs of it, I remember that!

JOANN: But then after another four days of Sweat, well, gosh, thank goodness you were finally OK!

WALTER: And, gee, we sure wanted to find out who did that to her, but Dad said, “NO! You don’t want to know that!” “Why?” We asked him. “See ‘cause you might just see those same people again,” he said. “So better off leaving them alone!”

GAYLE: I was sixteen at the time, and really scared...but I also remember another time I [seemingly inexplicably] got sick.

JOANN: You mean that time Mom looked out the window and said to Walt, “Here comes your friend!”

WALTER: My friend was Robert Neal; he was from Wyoming, and Raymond’s adopted son. Robert

was what we call a “Spirit Baby,” you know. Never had his hair cut and he always wore it wrapped in braids. [He] Was given to Raymond and his wife Ambey by the Grandfather Spirits, you know.... Was reincarnated, in other words. Yeah, reincarnated from one of those two Indians [who] shot Custer! So that’s why when Robert was only four he could already sit up all night long and talk with the Old People!

JOANN: Was that the time they [evil spirits] got hold of our hair and used it to tie us up against our wills?

GAYLE: Uh-huh—made us sick also with diarrhea and the whole works!

WALTER: Why, we couldn’t even help Dad and Mom with Sweat for one entire week!

JOANN: Good thing Raymond called that time, init?

WALTER: Yeah, and he told Dad to draw the blinds and go directly to bed...that’s it. But you know Dad, he always had to light his pipe first...before we all went to bed. Except sometime during that same night I know I woke up and guess what I saw? Or should I say, *who* I saw? A [good] spirit [that] came to doctor us!

JOANN: I forgot that part....

WALTER: You mean with him rolling me around in my bed and doctoring me?

GAYLE: Did the same to all of us, Walt! But can I also tell something else [eerie] I remember? About that time I was planning to go to the picture show on a Saturday night with some friends when I was in high school in Bishop.

JOANN: Yeah, tell him that story, sis!

GAYLE: “Let us get you [i.e., pick you up] afterwards!” Dad and Mom kept pestering me after I told them what I was planning to do with my friends. “OK, you guys!” So finally I said. Great big old overprotective parents and a regular pain-in-the-old butt, I’m also then thinking! But then just like that, Dad changes his mind. Said he didn’t want me going out of the house! “But, Dad, you promised—” And gosh I was so good and mad, I even yelled at him. “No!” he still says, “you’re not going!” And here that bunch of my friends are all waiting outside to go to the drive-in with me and whatnot, which is why I naturally threw a big old fit! But guess what happened? My friend’s mom called later that same night and she asked ours if I went with those girls? So guess what she said when Mom said I didn’t go? “Well, thank

goodness, Mary! See 'cause that was a stolen car they also went in, and it flipped over and they wrecked!" So, ever since then I know I vowed that if Dad ever said, "NO!" I would never question him again.

DAD'S DEATH AND RELATED MIRACLES

GAYLE: You know how Dad got killed, don't you?

WALTER: He was working for WyoBen Products... was driving a '75 Petteril 18-wheeler.... Story we heard, anyway, was that Dad tried to pass somebody ten miles south of Casper, Wyoming, and along here comes this little Ford Falcon whose driver was drunk—a highway patrolman's son to boot! So Dad's front wheel must have locked onto his after they collided and he died from hitting his head on the steering wheel. Didn't even have one single broken bone in the rest of his body from that wreck, we learned!

JOANN: Yeah, and that was on October 19, 1974, a Saturday from hell I will never forget!

GAYLE: Dad already shut down Sweat down here, did you know that, Mike?

JOANN: He even took the tarp [covering of the lodge], but left the frame. Said he wanted to start over in Billings. Why? On account too many people down here were against him I suppose.

WALTER: Yeah, and the day Dad died, that was only 'cause he volunteered to drive for another driver called in sick, remember?

GAYLE: I also remember how the rains stopped and the sky cleared, creating that path for us when we drove home with Dad's body.

JOANN: You mean all during that entire ride home! Mom told me afterwards she had a funny feeling something was going to happen before Dad died, you know.... So do you guys think that was because Dad was having heart problems?

WALTER: No, Raymond said it was meant to be! But me, personally speaking, I sure felt it was the end of something when my father died.... See 'cause Dad was just about everything to me, so I suppose it was only natural to think my entire world had ended.

JOANN: Us, too, Walt!

WALTER: But you know why I feel the Old Man [God] took Dad, don't you? See 'cause He always has a good reason for whatever He does.

JOANN: What was the reason?

WALTER: To make us kids grow up!

GAYLE: Me, I remember thinking none of us would survive....

WALTER: Remember what Uncle Delvin [Kane] said when he came to visit us afterwards? Looked around and didn't say anything at first; but then he looked me straight in the eye and said, "Everything in this house is blessed!"

GAYLE: I remember that!

JOANN: Me, too!

GAYLE: Uncle Delvin runs a Sweat [Lodge] in Bishop, you know.

WALTER: And something else I'll never forget—and this happened right before Dad died—during the time we all went to Wyoming to see Raymond, and Dad suddenly stopped driving to get his pipe ready before he drove us up through those passes, remember? Told us to look out the window, and down below were thousands of pronghorn [antelope] in the snow!

GAYLE: Remember how Dad also started giving away things and visiting people that summer before he died?

JOANN: He knew he was going to die!

GAYLE: And remember, too, what happened after Dad died, and Warren [Hanson, their half-brother] came up from Bishop to drive us home after the [body] viewing?

WALTER: Sure! It was cold and snowy that day, and the snow was so many feet deep, [it] pretty near felt like a horse and wagon couldn't even get through!

JOANN: "Oh shit, we're going to get stranded here!" I remember that's what I thought.

GAYLE: Me, too!

WALTER: Yeah, and so, all of a sudden this 18-wheeler appears from out of nowhere! So we just got on our own old CB and called the driver; told "Smoky" our whole story, and darned if he didn't cut in front of us to cut a direct path in the snow! Helped us get through, all right, didn't he?

JOANN: He did! But do you remember what also happened after we finally made it back home, Walt?

WALTER: I do! Was cleaning my room, and so what did I find? Sixteen [tobacco] pouches...and the thing was, I immediately knew who made them—Dad! See 'cause he was the only [who] made his ties that way.

GAYLE: Yeah, and we even called Raymond, too, to ask him about them, remember?

JOANN: What did Raymond say?

GAYLE: He said, “Your Dad made them for you guys just before he left you, see ‘cause he knew something [bad] was going to happen to him!”

OTHER SWEAT LODGE LEADERS’ DEATHS, OTHER MIRACLES

WALTER: You know what happened to Raymond, don’t you? He got hit with medicine [witched] and died! But that was a good while after Dad passed.... In 1987, Raymond was eighty-two years old, I think.

GAYLE: He was.

WALTER: And I even knew when he died, even though I was in the Army then.... Was stationed quite a ways from here in the Philippines, you know. Anyway, I was in the barracks that day; just got off duty that morning and was still sleeping in my rack. Our walls were like Venetian blinds, so when something [unaccountably] woke me up, when I finally got up to look, guess what I saw? An owl was standing on my desk! Well, at first I thought it was only a carving. You know, maybe one of my buddies bought it for me? But then I thought, “Why did Owl come to see me?” Yeah, and asked myself that question over and over again, too; same as I’m not ashamed to admit, either, I was also scared.... Plenty darned scared! Well, so, when I finally walked over to it, the owl didn’t move. Just sat there staring at me in that same scary way they have like that.... So finally I threw my tee shirt over him—and he flew straight off with it down the hallway. Except, before he left, Owl stopped and turned his head all the way around to look back directly at me. And that’s when I *really* got scared. So I called over to one of my soldier-buddies, and he helped that owl fly outside the barracks. And guess what that damned bird went and did? He flew straight to the good old USA! 11,000 miles away as the crow flies, as they say.... While I in the meanwhile went looking for my CO straight away.... Told him I needed to make an emergency phone call, and he said to me: “Go ahead, Chief!” See ‘cause he didn’t really understand what was happening...our belief in Owl medicine [harbinger of death], you know. But since Uncle Delvin’s was the only phone number I remembered, when I finally got through to him, that’s when I found out we lost Raymond.

ON BEING AND BECOMING A SWEAT LODGE LEADER

WALTER: Well, I, for one, anyway, I know I still dream about Dad all the time.... Same as I also see Raymond in my dreams lots of nights—and lots of those old medicine men [who] also left us.

GAYLE: That’s because the Grandfather Spirits are probably waiting for you to start up Sweat again, Walt!

WALTER: I know that! I know that! Sure took me a long time, though, to grow up after Dad died, didn’t it? And probably still am growing.... See ‘cause I had to learn first to go from being a good kid into a lying, backstabbing, cheating bastard, and a piece-of-shit! Yeah, all that and more before finally coming back to my real self and my family again.... Which hopefully I still am, good, and will continue to learn to grow after that other [negative] experience I went through.

GAYLE: Gee, now you sound like a Merle Haggard song, Walt!

WALTER: Yeah, well, ‘cause it’s true! All my travels, you know...to South America, and then all across these United States, which I crisscrossed several time.... Even been to New York, Mike—too bad I never looked you up! And then all my additional traveling back up into Canada.... See ‘cause I used drugs and alcohol during those years, I’m still ashamed to admit now...and with plenty Owl [bad] medicine everywhere, for all the bad I know I did, still I never once did get hurt! And you know why? I mean why I think why? ‘Cause Dad was always with me when I was doing all those bad things! Yeah, he was always there to help me get through...same as I believe Raymond was also always there for me, too. Like that time up at Harvey Tootsoosis’ place [Lloyd Minister Reserve, Saskatchewan, Canada] when Raymond called to tell him: “Get ready for ceremony, Harvey, I’m coming up!” So just as soon as he arrived, well, guess what Raymond did? He made me lead singer! Gee, and with all those Cree and your other Canadian Indians who were better singers than me, still Raymond singled out me! And like I already said, when Raymond asks you to do something, you can’t say no to him.... No way! Raymond was just that powerful.... Like your All-State good hands neighbor, Raymond was also always out there for you, but only if you were willing to listen. So that experience really affected me, you know.

GAYLE: Well, all our other Sweat Lodge leaders also experienced bad things before starting out in Sweat, Walt.

WALTER: No, that's true, they did.... I mean, even Dad used to drink. Same as Connie Denver, and "Junior" [McMasters]...Raymond, too. He was no better than your ordinary common drunk until the Grandfather Spirits came along and rescued Raymond from his [bar] stool.... Yeah, told him they wanted Raymond to get his act together and to go and fast and what-not—so he did. Listened to them, didn't he? Was wise to do so or else, you see.... So it sure seems [if] you don't experience bad things, the Grandfather Spirits won't come along to contact you and say they want to help you become a good person? But it's still up to you to listen to them.

JOANN: Good question, Walt!

WALTER: Which one? But like I always say, even though it felt like the end for me, I really knew deep down in my heart that all my bad behavior was only to prepare me for the start of something new [i.e., a new cycle as Sweat Lodge leader].... Yeah, see 'cause the way I figure, things [Sweat] stop for a while; then the Grandfather Spirits will say it's time to start up again. So maybe soon they will want to pick a new man and that cycle can start all over again? With me! See 'cause that's how Sweat started in the first place, didn't it? So I have no doubt that that same thing can happen all over again that same way with me.... And when and if it does, and I hope to get my own call, if they ever want to call on me, I know I'll be ready!

GAYLE: And maybe our role will like Mom's, Walt? To be your helpers then?

WALTER: Yeah, see 'cause if all that does happen, I know I'll need plenty of help!²⁴

JOANN: Yeah, and then that will be the start of the next part of our lives—when we all have to come together again for each other for that same purpose.

GAYLE: Well, even if I personally don't ever want to run Sweat, I know I'll always feel bad if I have to tell my little brother [Walter] about something bad that's bound to happen in the future.... But I will if I have too...see 'cause I can still always feel when someone is going to die—it's like they draw strength from me.

DAD'S LEGACY

WALTER: Can I tell you something, sis? I really despise the fact that you always know what's going to happen in advance! Especially to me, like what I'm going to do or not

going to do next.... Even in my dreams, you know.... See 'cause Gayle will always hold back for a little while before she finally tells me what's going to happen to me next!

JOANN: Remember the time Mom fell because of a cramp in her leg and you said you saw it coming, sis?

GAYLE: I do! Real scary feeling, too, I can tell you that.... Gee, so how come I always have to be the one who always knows what's going to happen in the future?

JOANN: 'Cause you're just like Dad!

GAYLE: No, it's true, I am just like Dad.... He also knew things [psychically] in advance. Like the time I had to see that gynecologist who told me I needed surgery and had to have my hysterectomy and started to cry.... Well, Mom, she said Dad already knew I had women's problems back when I was in twelfth grade. Told her I probably wouldn't be able to have kids even that far back then, and Dad was right!

JOANN: Some pretty weird teaching, innit, Mike?

WALTER: It's like what Dad also used to say about the Rocks and the Medicine and whatnot—how they have their own life and existence.²⁵

JOANN: Told us always also, "Don't go over to the Dark Side!"

GAYLE: Is really the scary part of all this, you know....

WALTER: Like if you keep asking for help during Sweat, well, pretty soon, guess what? That darn ol' Medicine might just ask something back from you in return! Why, shoot, it can even take away your health instead of healing you.... So that's one reason I have to admit that deep down I sometimes worry I'll never be able to run Sweat adequately.... See 'cause deep down I know I'm scared! And only three things truly scare me in this life, you know—one of them's being when I finally have to face Dad in the next life and tell him about all the bad I did!

GAYLE: Don't tell him the other two!

JOANN: Amen!

THE HEALING POWER OF SONG

GAYLE: You know what's weird, too, Mike, even though I sing Dad's songs today, and even though they're really hard to learn, I never once had to practice any of them. Not bragging, either.... I never had to practice singing any single one of them—none!

JOANN: That's true!

GAYLE: Like the day after Dad died, I just started singing them just like that, you know, it felt like the first time I opened my mouth, they just automatically came flying out! Just like butterflies, you know.... And same as I can tell you that whenever I sing, people who knew Dad, they will always come over and say how they hear Dad in my singing. Well, not so much any longer on account my voice's getting huskier, so they no longer really say, "Ivan Hanson's daughter." No, they'll instead now say, "Gayle Johnson-Hanson is singing!"

WALTER: Do we have any tapes of Dad's songs from Sweat for Mike?

JOANN: We do!

GAYLE: We have Dad's Opening and Closing Round [Sweat Lodge] songs on tape.

WALTER: But those we won't play for anyone! Or won't even let anyone else listen to them, either.... Why? See 'cause they're not for entertainment purposes, they're powerful sacred songs.²⁶

JOANN: But we do have tapes of Dad singing his Hand Game and Round Dance songs we can make a copy of....

WALTER: Tell him about the Mushroom Song, sis—

GAYLE: Which one? See 'cause there really are two Mushroom Songs—or really two ways to sing them—first there's the sad mushroom walking in the rain with his head down and everything hurts.... But the second song or way of singing, that is the happy Mushroom Song. See 'cause if you sing it happy, well, Dad always also said Mushroom, he will start making happy faces at you—make you start jumping around in the rain and acting really crazy, too!²⁷

NOTES

1[Ed.] Michael Hittman taught Native American studies and general anthropology courses at Long Island University-Brooklyn for forty-six years. The author of four books about indigenous people in the Great Basin, he currently is preparing an anthology of published journal articles entitled *Four Northern Paiute Religions*. In addition, Dr. Hittman is under contract by the Yerington Paiute Tribe to write *Twelve Northern Paiute Families Who Dared: The Early History of the Campbell Ranch Reservation (1935–1965)*. A recent Wenner-Gren Foundation grant allowed him to gather and deposit his taped interviews and ethnographic notebooks about Smith and Mason Valley Paiutes collected between 1965 and 2014 in Special Collections at the University of Nevada-Reno Libraries.

2Considerable editing was required both to meet the word limitation of the *Journal*, as well as to equilibrate the loquaciousness of Walter Hanson (b.1960) with the greater reserve heard in this original tape from Gayle Hanson-Johnson (b. 1956) and Joann Johnson (b. 1957). However, nothing herein distorts what were their shared understandings of recollected events. I capitalize "Sweat," as in "Sweat Lodge" and "Sweat House," following Ross Hoffman (2006). Needless to say, I greatly appreciate the commentaries from all three outside readers who were invited to review this article for the *Journal*. Any and all errors of course remain my own.

3See Hittman 2013.

4My longtime consultant-friends made the following comments when I sought their response to my transcription of their "trialogue," and their permission to publish. Gayle Hanson-Johnson wrote in a text message dated December 9, 2014: "Thank you Michael Hittman for this opportunity of sharing the story of our Dad.... I give you permission to share the conversation [in print] we had about him [with others]. Always your friend, Gayle Mu-ah." Likewise, the irrepressible Walter Hanson touchingly wrote: "Thanks, and bless you for this book [sic], Mike. May the Grandfather Spirits continue to bless you and your good works!" And finally, Joann Johnson, who (as is her endearing way after all these many years) initially joked in response to what she read: "Gee, Walt sure talked over us!" Then, after expressing her concern that the transcript "sounds like we sure are always arguing all the time," Joann added: "But I guess that's how it was!" And that—before giving her approval to publish on June 5, 2014—after correcting many of my errors!

5 See Crum 1998 on the Death Valley Homeland Settlement Act signed into law by President Bill Clinton on November 21, 2000.

6In a section about "hot baths," Irwin (1980, p. 33, n. 97) gives the Death Valley Shoshoni term for Sweat House (aka "dugout") as *mus*.

7See Anonymous 1994. Also see Steward 1938:84–99 for an "ethnographic present" account of the life of these Great Basin Indians at contact as reconstructed by this preeminent scholar.

8The "red brick elementary school in Olancha," incidentally, is today a state landmark. Ivan Hanson told me that as kids, he and his older (by six years) brother Buster hated boarding school sufficiently enough to run away—walking all the way home through the desert to Darwin, Cal., approximately 100 miles.

9See Vander 1996.

10Slater (2000:38) reproduces a photograph of Addie Hanson Santos taken by C. Hart Merriam in 1931 at Darwin Wash, California; it depicts her standing alongside Mamie Gregory, who is holding what is called a "food basket" decorated with a "step design."

11Hoffman (2006:92–93) wrote that Raymond Harris was born on March 5, 1923, on the Wind River Reservation in Ethete, Wyoming, and raised Catholic. He attended St. Stephen's mission and married Mary Ambrosia ("Ambey") Chavez, who was born in 1940, and was also a Northern Arapaho on this reservation shared with the Eastern Shoshone. Ambey

Harris, however, was raised Episcopalian and got sent to the St. Michael's Mission boarding school in Ethete. This couple, in any event, had nine children and raised several foster children. Prior to becoming a religious proselytizer, Raymond Harris reportedly worked as a farmer, mechanic, carpenter, and heavy equipment operator. One day, however, he began hearing voices and said he thought he was going crazy. Harris, who was alcoholic at the time, then according to Hoffman began a downward life spiral filled with denial. But when the voices inside his head only kept getting louder, Raymond Harris finally took someone's advice and allowed himself to be treated by a Lakota medicine man on the Cheyenne River Reservation in South Dakota named Robert Blue Hair. As Hoffman further recounts these events, Harris was told to fast in Rocky Boy, Montana, where he initially encountered the "Grandfathers." And when this spiritual experience resulted in threatened excommunication from the local Roman Catholic Church back home, he reportedly was prompted to start up this Sweat Lodge movement on the Wind River Reservation in the early 1960s. Raymond Harris also reportedly traveled widely, instructing individuals such as Ivan Hanson, who he'd previously cured, in how to conduct these ceremonies. Raymond Harris was only fifty-eight years young at the time of his unfortunate passing in December, 1981.

¹²I recall that Connie Denver, a Colorado Ute, was powerfully built and tall (6'1"), and had a W.C. Fields'-type bulbous nose. A stonemason who died in 1993, the Ute, according to Walter Hanson, ran in the 1936 Berlin Olympics with Jessie Owens. But as was true for this as well as several other rendered statements, I could not confirm these alleged facts. If only for that reason—gratuitous though this might sound in an article of this sort—I am inclined to follow the reasoning of Goody (1977:27) about the greater power of writing and literacy with regard to their ability to prove truth-statements, as opposed to "oral communication...[defined as illustrating] the individual's role in the creative process...[with] their capacity...to [have those] get incorporate[d]...in a body of transmitted custom...[namely] intellectual [assertions] in an anonymous fashion." That is, over and against the ability of anthropology, for example, and its stated goal of analysis of the same, vis-à-vis a reliance on Western scientific criteria of reliability and verifiability.

¹³On the important notion of "*booha*," Liljeblad (1986:643–644) wrote: "East of the Sierra...[as these] sources of spirit...[or] supernatural power...[are called in] Numic languages [which] use cognate forms of a single term... [As in] Shoshone *puha* and *poha*... [and which, for example, is employed for] treating sickness mostly [that derived] from inanimate objects and [natural] phenomena...[rather than] animals."

¹⁴Buffalo, Eagle, and Clown, according to Mary Hanson, were the "three major Grandfather Spirits." "Each Spirit does [heals] different things, depending on your sickness," Mrs. Hanson also told me. "But Eagle is always good!" Her children insisted upon the existence of a fourth major Grandfather Spirit—Hurricane. Then Walter Hanson elaborated upon his family's sacred teaching by stating: "And next come Eagle, the Clowns, and Whirlwind, who we call 'Old Man.' Why? See 'cause

Whirlwind is your oldest Grandfather Spirit." I also note in this regard what one of Father Bucko's Lakota consultants told him about the Grandfather Spirits—a statement important in its own right, but also useful cross-culturally, insofar as the Plains culture area served as provenience for so much of what Raymond Harris put together while creating his own Sweat Lodge religion (see Bucko 1998:212): "Depends on your understanding who the grandfathers are—four or seven. The seven grandfathers were here from the beginning of time—they have the hidden knowledge of the world."

¹⁵Seven colors correspond with seven different directions—zenith, nadir, and center superimposed onto the Great Basin Indian traditional number of four cardinal directions. In 2011, Walter Hanson added symbolic associations between colors and directions, but also with their regard to the seven different Grandfather Spirits. This seeming strain for "the sort of 'foolish consistency'" deplored by Emerson was evident during interviews with Walter Hanson, but despite the famous Transcendentalist philosopher's additional caveat about its association with the "hobgoblin of little minds," Bucko (1998:163) wrote that his consultants sought "systemization and theoretical formulation of [their] ceremonies." Apropos, 'my' three Shoshone-Paiute consultants, if I understand them correctly, spoke about there being only three other genuine disciples of Raymond Harris besides their father—or as Walter Hanson poetically phrased it—"Four of them directly under Raymond's pipe." They were Harvey Tootsoosis, who ran a Sweat Lodge in Canada (i.e., the North); Connie Denver in Bishop, California (the West); their father Ivan Hanson "in the East;" and Joe Couture "in the South" (Florida)—someone who not only was non-Indian, but according to what Hoffman also interestingly wrote, also had the ability to "heal with his hands."

¹⁶Junior McMasters even argued that the Sweat Lodge movement might be the *only* cure for alcoholism in Indian country.

¹⁷For the definitive study of this Plains Indian healing rite, see Powers (1982), who called Yuwipi, which features Houdini-like escapes by shoeless medicine men, whose fingers literally are tied together while they remain completely bound in star-quilt blankets in darkened rooms during these cures, a relatively recent neo-traditional religion. Margaret "Peg" Wheat's invaluable ethnographic archive contains an audiotape describing a Yuwipi healing ceremony held in Yerington on April 21, 1970 (Special Collections, University of Nevada Libraries-Reno Campus, Box 23). Dr. Ralph Payne, a contract physician stationed at the lamented United States Public Hospital at the Walker River Reservation in Schurz, Nevada—shuttered during the Regan years—describes on the tape a ceremony held in Nevada that must have been conducted by Raymond Harris. Additional evidence for this inference can be found in Hoffman (2006:16, 95), who quotes the religious leader's son Patrick. See also Feraca (1961:155–163), who reported colored cloth offerings as well as Bull Durham-filled tobacco sacks hanging from the frame of the Sweat House in South Dakota during a ceremonial he was privileged to observe, much as I noted the same during similar ceremonies in Nevada and California.

- 18See Brown (1953). I noted that sacred pipes were ceremonially brought out and smoked by participants during the Third Round in each of the ceremonies of those three separate chapters of Raymond Harris's Sweat Lodge movement I attended.
- 19Tobacco pouches ("ties") were yet another cultural trait that diffused from the Plains cultural area into the Great Basin. What Junior McMasters called "help pouches" were 3- to 4-inch swatches of colored cloth into which pinches of commercial Bull Durham tobacco were placed. These miniaturized medicine bundles were then tied off at their tops with snippets of string, and strung from the bowers of the Sweat Lodge, as well as made available—as personal amulets—to followers upon request following ceremonies. Junior McMasters and his wife told me that they made medicine bundles on Saturday nights for the following-day Sunday services, knowing full well that "people always asked for them for protection before they left in heading home."
- 20"Flags" were tiny square swatches of colored cloth attached to willow sticks inserted into empty soda pop cans filled with sand. These sacred paraphernalia reportedly were then placed on demarcated sacred spaces during Yuwipi rites. Seven flags representing the seven colors were employed in this Plains-derived healing rite, along with the use of gourds (as rattles), medicine wheels, sage, and smudge. Indeed, Walter Hanson also told me that his mother "made flags" for Raymond Harris, and I noticed them at one feed following a Junior McMasters' Sweat. When I inquired about them, the Northern Paiute (and his wife) stated they had to "replace all six [sic?] colors of the flags" weekly, insofar as "We burn ours after ceremony." Notably, too, these *Numu* or Northern Paiute, as well as the *Newe* (Shoshone), are probably like all other Great Basin Indians in attributing symbolic value to colors—red with war, etc.
- 21Mary Hanson said eighteen poles were used in the construction of her husband's Sweat House, whereas Junior McMasters reported that the frame of his contained thirty-three (birch) poles.
- 22On the Owens Valley War, see Phillips 2004.
- 23The dipper was a 3–4 ounce metal pot, whose handle was tied onto a sawed-off broomstick. The ceremonial leader used it to extract water from a large bucket employed to create steam after some of its contents were poured onto previously heated rocks during all four individual rounds of Sweat. But the dipper not only was used for liquid refreshment, but other ritual purposes as well—it was passed around before the start of First Round, for example, when participants followed their leader both in drinking from that small (metal) pot, then creating a water channel that led directly from the center pile of hot rocks to between their legs; the remainder poured onto those hot rocks accompanied by blessings of one's self afterwards with the hot steam. One Lakota described the symbolic function of the dipper used during Sweat in a way that not only provides yet another valuable cross-cultural reference, but as Bucko (1998:211) further writes, can satisfy some of our seemingly unquenchable (bad pun) quest for cultural origins: "We all come from the stars. We are energy. The dipper interchanges energy with the water in the sweat just as we interact with the water."
- 24Fowler (2010:59–60) noted that "in many [Arapaho] religious ceremonies, a woman and a man acted in partnership; the participation of both was necessary and both simultaneously had ceremonial achievements." Not only did Indian male healers on the Plains generally rely upon their wives for help in conducting ceremonials, the same was certainly true regarding this Sweat Lodge movement in the Great Basin.
- 25Mary Hanson told me her husband typically employed thirty-two igneous rocks obtained from Big Pine, California, during ceremonies. This rock apparently does not split from fire's intense heat—like metamorphic bedrock, for example; and Mrs. Hanson also stated that for "Doctoring Sweat," Ivan employed an increased number of rocks. Yet leaders as well as true believers perhaps not surprisingly explained the varying intensity of the heat generated by these previously cooked rocks upon which water was poured during rounds, as well as during individual ceremonies, as being entirely dependent on the Grandfather Spirits. For yet another valuable cross-cultural comparison or clue about cultural origins, Bucko (1998:210) quoted another consultant who stated: "The rocks are our grandfathers, created in the first day. The lodge is the womb of grandmother earth. It's like returning, rebirth, going back to mother. Sage is a purifier, a cure-all like aspirin. Sweet grass also heightens smell and brings the spirits. Water is first medicine, before there was medicine." On this alleged or mystical power of rocks to generate heat *sui generis*, see also Bruchac (1993:36–37). Finally, the Lakota interestingly attribute and explain the origin of the powers of these rocks or Rock to the heroic wanderings and adventures of Stone Boy; see Bucko (1998: 150–154); also see Jahner (1983).
- 26Walter Hanson called the First Round of Sweat its "Opening Round" as well as "Calling in the Grandfather Spirits." He also called the Fourth or "Closing Round," the "Going Away [of the Grandfather Spirits] Round." Historical antecedent or not, William Stolzman, a missionary on the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations in South Dakota, reported an interesting parallel ceremonial ordering of these four Lakota songs: (1) The Calling Song to the Great Spirit, Four Winds, et al.; (2) Answering or Doctoring Song; (3) the Pipe Song (sung before the sacred pipe was smoked); and (4) Thanksgiving or Spirit Sending Song (sung during the Fourth and final round of Sweat). To which Bucko (1998:129–130), who cites this source, added: "There seem to be no songs that are proper to the Sweat." Anyway, while it should not be surprising that Plains Indian Sun Dance songs were sung during the ceremonials of Raymond Harris's disciples in my experiences, Walter Hanson told me that while his father initially learned his Sweat Lodge ceremonial songs in Arapaho from Raymond Harris, the mentor encouraged his disciple to translate them into *Newe*, into Ivan's Uto-Aztecan language, which Ivan Hanson did indeed do during those Fourth or final Rounds of Sweat. As proof of the same, I note in this regard that this liberal teaching was entirely consistent with what Raymond Harris expressed to the preeminent First Nations' attorney and political activist, Harold Cardinal. As quoted by Hoffman (2006:166), "Raymond said, 'I'm only giving you a start so you can go back and find out the ways of your people, because they

exist there. I can't make you an Arapaho—you are a Cree. You must go back and talk to your own people, the traditionalists.' That was the direction he gave me. I don't know if others were told to do it that certain way—Arapaho?"

27No sooner had our long tape-recorded session finally ended with this discussion about two different ways of singing the same Mushroom Song, than sans parental prompting, all three quite young children of Walter Hanson and Joann Johnson, who were playing near us in the kitchen during the interview, spontaneously broke into the happy version of Ivan Hanson's Mushroom song!

REFERENCES

- Anonymous
1994 *The Timbisha Shoshone Tribe and their Living Valley*. Bishop, Cal.: Chalfant Press.
- Brown, Joseph Epes
1953 *The Sacred Pipe: Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.
- Bruchac, Joseph
1993 *The Native American Sweat Lodge: History and Legends*. Freedom, Cal.: The Crossing Press.
- Bucko, Raymond A.
1998 *The Lakota Ritual of the Sweat Lodge: History and Contemporary Practice*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.
- Crum, Steven J.
1998 A Tripartite State of Affairs: The Timbisha Shoshone Tribe, the National Park Service, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs, 1933–1994. *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* 22 (1):17–36.
- Feraca, Stephen E.
1961 The Yuwipi Cult of the Oglala and Sincangu Teton Sioux. *Plains Anthropologist* 6 (13):155–163.
- Fowler, Catherine S., and Sven Liljeblad
1986 Northern Paiute. In *Handbook of North American Indians, Great Basin, Vol. 11*, Warren L. d'Azevedo, ed., pp. 435–465. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press.
- Fowler, Loretta
2010 *Wives and Husbands: Gender and Age in Southern Arapaho History*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.
- Goody, Jack
1977 *The Domestication of the Savage Mind*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Hittman, Michael
2013 *Great Basin Indians: An Encyclopedic History*. Reno: University of Nevada Press.
- Hoffman, Ross
2006 *Rekindling the Fire: The Impact of Raymond Harris's Work with the Plains Cree*. Ph.D. dissertation, Trent University, Canada.
2010 Perspectives on Health within the Teachings of a Gifted Cree Elder. *Pimatisiwin: A Journal of Aboriginal and Indigenous Community Health* 8 (1):19–31.
- Irwin, Charles (ed.)
1980 *The Shoshoni Indians of Inyo County, California: The Kerr Manuscript*. Socorro, N.M.: Ballena Press and Eastern California Museum.
- Jahner, Elaine
1983 Stone Boy: Persistent Hero. In *Smoothing The Ground: Essays on Native American Oral Literature*, Brian Swann, ed., pp. 171–186. Berkeley: University of California Press.
- Liljeblad, Sven
1986 Oral Tradition. In *Handbook of North American Indians, Great Basin, Vol. 11*, Warren L. d'Azevedo, ed., pp. 643–644. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press.
- Paper, Jonathan
2007 *Native North American Religious Traditions: Dancing for Life*. Westport, Conn.: Praeger.
- Phillips, George Harwood
2004 *Bringing Them Under Subjection: California's Tejon Indian Reservation and Beyond, 1852–1864*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.
- Powers, William K.
1982 *Yuwipi: Vision and Experience in Oglala Ritual*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.
- Slater, Eva
2000 *Panamint Basketry: An American Art Form*. Morongo Valley, Cal.: Sagebrush Press.
- Steward, Julian H.
1938 Basin Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups. *Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletins* 120. Washington, D.C.: United States Government Printing Office.
- Tedlock, Dennis
1987 Questions Concerning Dialogical Anthropology. *Journal of Anthropological Research* 43 (4):325–37.
- Vander, Judith
1996 *Songprints: The Musical Experience of Five Shoshone Women*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.



