

California State University, San Bernardino

CSUSB ScholarWorks

Theses Digitization Project

John M. Pfau Library

1979

Not for innocent ears: Spiritual traditions of a desert Cahuilla medicine woman

Guy Mount

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project>



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Mount, Guy, "Not for innocent ears: Spiritual traditions of a desert Cahuilla medicine woman" (1979).
Theses Digitization Project. 95.

<https://scholarworks.lib.csusb.edu/etd-project/95>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the John M. Pfau Library at CSUSB ScholarWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses Digitization Project by an authorized administrator of CSUSB ScholarWorks. For more information, please contact scholarworks@csusb.edu.

NOT FOR INNOCENT EARS

Spiritual Traditions of a Desert Cahuilla Medicine Woman

A Thesis
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University
San Bernardino

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts with a Special Major
in
Curriculum Development for Native American Studies

by
Guy Mount
August, 1979

NOT FOR INNOCENT EARS

Spiritual Traditions of a Desert Cahuilla Medicine Woman

A Thesis
Presented to the
Faculty of
California State University
San Bernardino

by
Guy Mount
August, 1979

Approved By:

[Redacted Signature]

Chairman

10 Oct. 1979

Date

[Redacted Signature]

Oct 10, 1979

[Redacted Signature]

ABSTRACT

Not For Innocent Ears is an ethnographic study of the spiritual traditions of a Desert Cahuilla medicine woman that can be used as basic curriculum for Native American Studies. My thesis provides a humanistic portrait of the spiritual beliefs, healing strategies, oral traditions, customs and teachings of Desert Cahuilla people, the aboriginal hunters-gatherers-and-gardeners of Coachella Valley. Although these native Californians maintained their aboriginal lifestyle until the nineteenth century, very little is known about them. Not For Innocent Ears represents three years of research utilizing modern ethnographic techniques: personal interviews with Southern California Indians, library research, tape recordings, photographs and archaeological verification of data. Reliance on the memory-culture of living Indian people to reconstruct the past is about the only means we have now of getting at the "heart" of human history...the non-material aspects of culture regarding values, ways of using the mind, spiritual beliefs, feelings and attitudes. The cultural anthropologist/ethnographer digs for ideas and values, rather than bones and artifacts. Both are essential for a holistic anthropology of prehistory and native culture.

I have combined Not For Innocent Ears with other literature on and by Native American people to develop the curriculum for a unit of study, "Our Indian Heritage," which can be used to provide instruction on the general cultural history of North American Indians and their contributions to our present way of life (Appendix B). A suggested bibliography of books, films and records is provided for teachers and others concerned with Native American Studies.

NOT FOR INNOCENT EARS

Spiritual Traditions of a Desert Cahuilla Medicine Woman

Copyright

by

Ruby Modesto and Guy Mount

1979

All rights reserved. Permission to reprint any portion of this manuscript must be given by the authors except for brief quotations in scholarly articles, publication notices and reviews. Teachers everywhere are given permission to copy portions of Not For Innocent Ears and "Our Indian Heritage" for classroom instruction. We think it is important to share this spiritual curriculum the same way it came to us: freely and with many blessings. The map of Coachella Valley and historic Cahuilla villages was reprinted by permission of Dr. Phillip Wilke.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank all the people who made this manuscript possible: my graduate advisors and teachers who inspired, encouraged and constructively helped organize the final draft...Dr. James Pierson, Dr. Renate Nummella and Dr. Gordon Stanton of California State College at San Bernardino. I also want to thank Dr. Sylvia Andreatta, Dr. Gene Anderson, Dr. Michael Kearney and Dr. Phillip Wilke from the University of California at Riverside for their suggestions, feedback and important contributions. Sylvia Andreatta was instrumental in development of the lessons found in "Our Indian Heritage." She once asked, "What would be important to teach in Native American Studies?" My response led to the series of lessons in Appendix B, which I further refined according to the humanistic educational strategies which were part of my Special Program Master's Degree at San Bernardino State College. I am most grateful for the opportunity this program gave me to develop my ethnographic field notes and background experience in anthropology into curriculum for Native American Studies.

I also wish to thank Dr. Lowell Bean, my undergraduate professor of anthropology at California State University at Hayward. He is without doubt the finest anthropology professor I ever knew and his lessons on human history, cultural ecology, ethnography and Southern California Indians, gave birth to my interests and guided them well in their infancy.

Special recognition is also due the Santa Cruz midwives who helped me learn to appreciate and use natural, holistic healing techniques. Thanks to all the healers, midwives and shamen of ancient California who speak through the traditions of my co-author, Ruby Modesto, and other Southern California Indian people, who are in all truth the real creative sources of this book.

Table of Contents

Chapter I:	INTRODUCTION.....	1
Chapter II:	PREPARATION AND BACKGROUND.....	6
	Cahuilla Childbirth.....	7
	Meeting Ruby.....	10
Chapter III:	DESERT CAHUILLA HISTORY.....	13
Chapter IV:	AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A <u>PUL</u>	
	Ruby's Childhood.....	23
	Cahuilla Religion.....	28
	Songs For The Dead.....	29
	Spiritual Politics.....	32
	The Plants Have A Spirit Too.....	35
	Women's Songs and Plants.....	37
	Good <u>Puls</u> and Bad <u>Puls</u>	38
	Healing Soul Loss.....	40
	Portrait of a <u>Pul</u>	43
	Healing Soul Damage.....	44
	Raising Children.....	48
Chapter V:	DESERT CAHUILLA FOLKTALES	
	Bobcat and Coyote.....	52
	Rabbit and Coyote.....	57
	Coyote and The Flood.....	60
	Maiden Sundown.....	64
	Lady Moon.....	65
Chapter VI:	CONCLUSION.....	66
	Bibliography.....	71
	Appendix A: Cahuilla Vocabulary.....	73
	Appendix B: Our Indian Heritage.....	75

Illustrations

<u>Figure</u>	<u>Page</u>
1. Map of Coachella Valley.....	14
2. Metate and Mortar.....	15
3. Desert Cahuilla Medicine Jars.....	16
4. Mrs. Ruby Modesto.....	22
5. The <u>Kiva</u>	34
6. A Naked Soul.....	42

Dedicated to: Ruby Ann Mount
Born at home May 16, 1979.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

It was my privilege to meet Mrs. Ruby Modesto, a Desert Cahuilla medicine woman, in the fall of 1976 while seeking ethnographic information on medicinal herbs used by Southern California Indians during childbirth. Ruby lives with her husband, David, and their family at Martinez Indian Reservation near ancestral clan villages in Coachella Valley. Mrs. Modesto is a well known and respected final depository of knowledge concerning the oral history, customs, spiritual beliefs, medicines, music and language of the Desert Cahuilla people...particularly the dog clan. She has frequently provided information for other anthropologists (Wilke 1976) and recently co-authored an article in the Journal of California Anthropology (Lando and Modesto 1977). Ruby has guest-lectured at local colleges and is presently teaching Cahuilla language classes in the Martinez tribal hall. A list of Cahuilla words used in this text and Ruby's rules for spelling and pronunciation are provided in appendix A, along with word definitions.

As a medicine woman, or Cahuilla pul, Ruby is following ancient shamanistic traditions passed down through family and clan. Her father, grandfather and great grandfathers served as clan nets, ceremonial leaders and chief puls themselves. Many uncles and granduncles were medicine men too. Although the general features of Cahuilla shamanism have been reported (Bean 1972-78), specific details of an individual shaman's lifeways have not been published. There are also few books on the history and culture of the Desert Cahuilla which can be used in educational classes for Native American studies. It was Ruby's wish that a book be written about her people, "a book which told the truth," and together we decided to create this manuscript: a blend of previous anthropological research combined with her knowledge, memory and personal experience. It is hoped that Not for Innocent Ears will be useful in Ruby's classes serving Cahuilla

children as well as California public school programs.

I have attached a unit of study on "Our Indian Heritage," Appendix B, which suggests curriculum for teachers who are concerned with the cultural history and contributions of American Indian people. Anthropology has a unique role to play in the field of education. Human history has been incredibly distorted by narrow nationalistic, racial and cultural interests. American history textbooks usually begin with the European exploration of North America. Forty thousand years of American Indian history are simply omitted, despite the enormous volume of historical information accumulated by anthropologists and archaeologists. High school textbooks still refer to Indians as "savages" and "heathen," obstacles to colonization and progress. The many contributions of American Indian people are hardly mentioned. This is particularly lamentable since the most important feature of American history, the central focus of every textbook, is democracy and that was plagiarized from the Iroquois confederacy (Brown 1971). "Our Indian Heritage" is aimed at correcting some of these distortions and stereotypes, and providing information about the many contributions of native Americans. There is much to learn, not only about Indian people, but also from them.

The phrase, "Not for Innocent Ears," was chosen as a title for our work because it represents the esoteric nature of stories on Cahuilla shamanism...certain spiritual beliefs and healing strategies that have been withheld from outsiders. Historically, full communication with non-Indians has proven risky and dangerous. Ruby says simply, "The times were not right. People were not ready to hear." Early Spanish priests and later protestant missionaries had condemned shamanism as witchcraft and devil worship. The American immigrants to California regarded the "digger" Indians as simple-minded merely because they possessed a paleolithic technology and lifestyle (Kroeber 1925). Even science tends to put-down native concepts and perceptions relating to "spirits" by explaining these primitive notions away as culturally determined hallucinations (Schultes 1976). Hollywood films have

probably done the most damage by characterizing the medicine person as a sort of superstitious fake. However, times have changed. Publications by some anthropologists and contemporary writers have demonstrated a newly emerging respect for the thoughts and teachings of Indian people. This change in heart has made it possible for Ruby to communicate her spiritual traditions more freely.

Mukat's People by Dr. Lowell Bean shows clearly how an advanced ecological philosophy pervaded Cahuilla social organization and culture...

"Since man was an integral part of nature and the universe was an interacting system, an ecological ethic existed that assumed any action affected all other parts of the system."

The ecological ethic of the Cahuilla provided basic values of reciprocity and sharing which affected relationships within the family and clan, and extended to rules for living harmoniously with the natural environment (Bean 1972). This philosophy seems several rungs up the evolutionary ladder of wisdom when compared to the wanton exploitation of the earth so characteristic of modern civilizations with "higher" technology. Obviously there is no correlation between the evolution of tools (knowledge) and advancements in human wisdom. Fortunately a few ready-to-hear Americans are consciously adapting native ecological considerations into their own way of life.

Dr. Castaneda's books on the teachings of Don Juan, a Yaqui Indian medicine man, have done much to discredit the narrow Christian view that shamanism was inherently evil. "There were good puls and bad puls," Ruby says. Some were "witches" using their power to harm others, but most were healers, visionary leaders, and keepers of clan traditions. The negative view of shamanism is rooted, I believe, in the contempt Christian authorities have shown for people who used visionary power plants for access to spiritual realms. Many European women were burned at the stake during the Inquisition for "witchcraft" which

often meant the confessed use of Datura plants for personal power and healing. These "witches" were mostly midwives and ceremonial practitioners of native pre-Christian religions (Lang 1972).

The Teachings Of Don Juan (Castaneda 1968) provides one of the most detailed descriptions of a new-world shaman and revealed the positive personal and social contributions of shamanistic traditions, particularly in the area of holistic medicine. And like Don Juan, the Desert Cahuilla puls were highly respected clan leaders, healers, hunters, talented singers and ceremonial dancers. They also used Datura and other visionary power plants for enhancement of these personal talents (Bean and Saubel 1972). However shamanism was driven underground by the repressive laws and forces which have arrogantly governed Indian activities since Europeans and Christians took command. Only in the past few years have Indian medicine men and women started coming out from behind the "buckskin curtain" and openly advocated the value of their ancient traditions (Rolling Thunder, Boyd 1974). It was Dr. Castaneda's books on Don Juan, in fact, which permitted Ruby and me to become acquainted and risk communication. I have reserved the story of that meeting for chapter 2 of this manuscript.

Chapter 3 is concerned with a reconstruction of Desert Cahuilla cultural history. Ethnographic and archaeological records are combined with oral traditions recalled by Ruby Modesto. She provided the story of a flood by ocean, use of fish traps that worked through tidal action, the legend of the Spanish galleon and the unfortunate incident of the first meeting between Desert Cahuilla people and Spanish explorers. All of these stories were told to Ruby in the Cahuilla language by her grandparents. In chapter 4, Ruby's autobiography, I step out of the picture and let Ruby speak entirely for herself about personal history and general lifeways of the Desert Cahuilla dog clan. Chapter 5 is devoted to Ruby's delightful narration of coyote stories and other Cahuilla folktales.

I will indicate throughout the manuscript and especially in

chapter 6, the Conclusion, how Cahuilla cultural history and Ruby's autobiographical experience can be used in the lessons in Appendix B, "Our Indian Heritage." These lessons focus on the values, ecological concerns, cultural history, contributions and spiritual heritage of native Americans in general with a detailed review of two Southern California groups, the Serrano and Desert Cahuilla.

My own background and preparation for meeting Ruby is provided in the following section, chapter 2. A strong personal interest in native medicine and childbirth motivated this study and I have included an exploration of that interest in order to reveal the path which led me to Ruby.

Childbirth is an intimate experience. It was necessary for me to be very intimate with Ruby's family in order to obtain information on traditional healing strategies, as the reader will soon discover. One has to risk intimacy, I think, to communicate fully from the heart. For this reason I have included passages in Not For Innocent Ears which reveal something of my ethnographic techniques, including "a massage song." Good ethnography requires above all else an ability to get along with people, and a desire to risk intimate communication. This is how we learn from one another.

CHAPTER II

PREPARATION AND BACKGROUND

I was trained for ethnographic research by Dr. Lowell Bean of California State University at Hayward. Dr. Bean is widely recognized as an authority on Southern California Indians, especially the Cahuilla, and their cultural ecology. It was Dr. Bean's theory that we could reconstruct the past by digging for ideas and values in the minds and hearts of living Indian people. He called this line of research "salvage ethnography." In 1968 Dr. Bean introduced me to Cahuilla and Serrano Indians at Morongo Reservation near Banning, California. I am very grateful for his training, guidance and introduction to field ethnography. I subsequently interviewed an elderly Serrano woman, Magdalena Nombre, who ultimately directed me to her niece, Ruby Modesto. Magdalena and her sister were married to Ruby's father and his brother in a double sister-brother relationship as was customary among Southern California Indians. Mrs. Nombre was gracious enough to tape record several beautiful Desert Cahuilla songs which she had learned from her husband and inform me of her experience with the heated sandpit, a therapeutic heat-treatment for women used during menstruation and after childbirth. Ruth Benedict had briefly described the heated sandpit and its use among the Serrano (1924), but her record did not identify medicinal plants or explain the value of this treatment.

My interest in folk medicine and childbirth was inspired by the preparation I received from midwives at the Santa Cruz birth center where I learned to help deliver my son at home in 1974. The midwives taught me to appreciate and use natural healing methods...massage, breath control, visualization, nutritional diet, herbal medicines and spiritual sensitivity combined with modern medical knowledge to successfully bring a baby into the world and provide the best possible care for mothers before and after birthing. Unfortunately, the practice of midwifery and the use of herbal

medicines are forbidden in the state of California; unfortunate, I believe, because they get the job done safely, inexpensively and often joyously. The discouragement of folk medicine among non-Indians is related to the loss of Cahuilla/Serrano childbirth customs in that both traditions employ natural therapies that are economically threatening to established technological-chemical institutions. It has been estimated that the popular midwives of Santa Cruz are costing local doctors and hospitals several hundred thousand dollars annually (Lang 1972). Fortunately many western doctors are adapting a holistic approach to medicine and interest in native healing strategies is increasing.

It was my hypothesis that California Indians once provided excellent care for the mother and child, contrary to the stereotype of primitive childbirth (by "primitive" I mean first, not simple-minded), and in 1976 I returned to Morongo Reservation to see Magdalena and learn more about Southern California Indian customs. I hope the information I obtained may someday prove useful in a medical program that open-mindedly incorporates all valuable healing methods. Midwives will find Magdalena's and, in Chapter 4, Ruby Modesto's enjoyment of the heated sandpit and herbal tea most interesting.

Between the time I first met Magdalena in 1968 and returned again in 1976, she had suffered a stroke and was being cared for by her daughter.

Cahuilla Childbirth

Magdalena was sitting in a wheelchair alongside a specially made hospital bed with adjustable railings. She had her own private room in her daughter's house. It was cool inside. A breeze was blowing through two small windows, although it had seemed calm outside in the heavy 120 degree midafternoon desert heat. Magdalena was watching a TV set when I entered. The daughter who showed me in gave me a chair to sit on, turned down the sound of the TV, then left us alone.

"It's so good to see you again," Magdalena said. And her eyes began to fill with tears. I reached out and held her hand. "I had a stroke, you know? Everything went around and around, spinning. And I fell down. My son was gone and I thought, I'm going to die...I'm going to die. But you know, I wasn't scared, not scared. I know we're just going to that place where the dead go. But I didn't die. My daughter came over that afternoon and found me. She picked me up and took me to Loma Linda Hospital. The nurses there washed me."

At this point Magdalena covered her mouth shyly and giggled. I was amazed by the intimacy in her greeting and her words. This was the first time I had seen her in eight years, yet she revealed her innermost feelings as though I were a friend who had never gone away. She stopped giggling long enough to say, "I wet myself, but they didn't care."

I found myself unconsciously massaging Magdalena's hands. "Oh, that feels so good," she said. Her hands were twisted from arthritis and she could not move the fingers. I began humming a massage song.

"Do you believe there is a Creator?" Magdalena asked. "A Spirit?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you know it for sure?" she quizzed me, squinting her eyes.

"I don't know anything for sure," I hedged, "But I think it's true."

"I believe it's true," she said proudly. "And when I pray at night I ask the Creator to help me and be with me. You know, he forgives everything."

"I pray too," I admitted almost apologetically coming as I was from a university where mention of the spirit can be taken with great offense. I ignored my academic heritage and continued the massage which I had learned from midwives in Santa Cruz.

"That feels so good," Magdalena repeated. She pulled one hand away and flexed the crippled fingers, releasing a great sigh

of breath... "ahhh."

"You know," she said, "something else that felt real good was the birth of my first son." Magdalena smiled at me expectantly. I wondered how she knew to talk about my ethnographic concern. "Isn't that what you want to hear?"

I admitted that I wanted to learn more about Serrano/Cahuilla healing traditions, but I felt embarrassed asking about her personal life, especially since she was so sick.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind talking about it," she said, easing my guilt, "I remember it so clear. It wasn't like being at a white-man's hospital. All they do there is give you a pill and feed you breakfast. But when my son was born, down at Martinez Reservation in Coachella Valley, my husband's grandparents made a special brush hut in a clean place out in the desert. They tied a rope to the centerpole and I held on to it and delivered my baby in a squatting position. Afterwards grandmother dug a long pit in the sand, just the shape of my body and about two feet deep. It was the right size for my body. They built a fire in the pit and after the coals died down they raked out the ashes and poured a clean layer of sand on the bottom. I laid down on the sand in my nightgown. The earth was warm. I could lean my head back comfortably. They covered me with blankets and put more sand on top to seal in the heat. The sand came up to my breasts which were left uncovered so I could nurse the baby. It was so warm and felt just right. The heat and the earth are healing. Grandfather gave me a special herb tea to drink and I wasn't allowed to eat meat, fat or any greens. Plain sawish, Indian flour bread, was OK. My grandmother helped me out of the sandpit every morning and she massaged my stomach, just like you are massaging my hands, only she rubbed in the medicine tea, which I also drank again at night. They washed my breasts with the medicine too, and this helped bring the milk down. My son was wrapped in blankets on a crib-board and he slept most of the time. When he woke up I nursed him. Everyday my grandfather made a new fire in the sandpit and placed me back in the warm

earth. At night the old people would visit and sing songs. They took care of me like that for a whole week. We prayed together too."

"Did you like it," I asked?

"Yes, yes," Magdalena smiled. "I think that's why I've lived so long, because they did that for my body."

"What plant did they use for your medicine?"

"I'm not sure what you call it," she answered, "but it has three leaves at the tip of each branch. It grows nearly everywhere in the desert...You might talk to my niece about it, Ruby Modesto. She lives at Martinez Reservation. She knows all about plants and everything. You might ask her."

I thanked Magdalena for sharing her experience and finished the massage. "That felt so good," she grinned, wiggling her fingers. "Be sure to come back and see me again." I vowed to return soon and we hugged each other goodbye.

Meeting Ruby

The directions I received for finding Ruby Modesto were vague and some preparation was necessary before I could follow them. I can relate to Doug Boyd's statement that prior to meeting Rolling Thunder, The Nevada Indian medicine man (Boyd 1974), he spent a few days meditating to achieve a silent inner-mind. I almost didn't look for Ruby because I was told she lived in the desert near Valerie Jean's dateshop and that I should drive to that location, turn left and "maybe" a man on horseback would tell me where to find Ruby. I sincerely thought driving south into the intense heat of Coachella Valley and looking for a man on horseback would be a wild goose chase. But my thoughts were a worthless barrier to discovery and like Doug Boyd I had to clear my mind through meditation, and trust that I would be guided on a path that was mysterious in nature. So a few days later I followed the directions to Ruby Modesto's house by driving 12 miles south of Indio to Valerie Jean's dateshop, turning left and encountering

a man on horseback! He readily pointed out the Modesto driveway and I found Ruby sitting with her husband, David, in the shade of their ramada.

They greeted me warmly upon hearing I had just talked with Magdalena and wanted to know how she was doing. Finally Ruby asked me why I had driven so far to see them? I explained my interest in native healing strategies, particularly childbirth, and asked if she could identify the plant mentioned by Magdalena?

Ruby raised one eyebrow and looked at me skeptically, "Tell me," she said. "Have you read any of the books by Carlos Castaneda?"

"Yes," I admitted guardedly, not knowing what else to say and feeling self-critical since the authenticity of Castaneda's work was under fire from the academic community.

"Well, what do you think of him," she asked?

"I think he's pretty good," I said. Ruby immediately wanted to know why?

"Because he humanized anthropology," I said. "He focused on people, rather than culture, by showing great respect for the thoughts and values of an old Indian medicine man, and daring to let Indian people speak for themselves at length and explain their own spiritual heritage. I also personally believe the teachings of Don Juan concerning the proper use of psychoactive plants could be of great value to the public school system. I teach social studies at the high school level in Riverside, California and many of my students are experimenting with power plants. Unfortunately they live in a cultural system which lacks appropriate lessons. The teachings of Don Juan are culturally relevant to the growth of my students. And frankly, his teachings have been very relevant to my own personal growth and spiritual understanding."

Ruby looked at me searchingly for a moment, then said, "It's all true you know. Our medicine men and women here in Coachella Valley were just like Don Juan. They say this valley was full of power. The medicine plants were very strong. How-

ever, not all puls used power plants. That should be clear from the start. I am a pul myself, but the "ally" as Castaneda calls it, the spiritual helper which distinguishes a pul from ordinary people, came to me through Dreaming not from the effects of a plant. A dilute mixture of kikisulem tea, made from the three end-leaves and roots of the plant you call Datura, was sometimes given during childbirth to ease contractions and raise the mother's spirit. But ahtukul, or creosote bush, was the main women's plant..."

I interrupted her to ask if I might be permitted to write down the things she was saying? Ruby seemed delighted and thus began a relationship that has persisted to this day. Many contented hours were spent in the shade of Ruby and David's ramada listening to Ruby's stories and writing down all that I could. Those readers who are considering ethnographic field research with American Indian people should note that a further year of active listening was required before my ears were considered experienced enough to hear many of the details which follow. Prior training in the methods of ethnography by Dr. Bean and library research provided me with many questions for Ruby to answer in our sessions. The Santa Cruz midwives and my own experience with natural childbirth sensitized me to holistic healing techniques, and Dr. Castaneda's work established an understanding of basic shamanistic practices including Seeing, Dreaming, Spirit Flight, Encountering an Ally and other visionary activities..not to mention the good will of some well-read Indian people toward anthropology. In the following chapter on Desert Cahuilla History Ruby and I attempt to combine elements of the anthropological record with her clan legends to portray a brief period of human history in Southern California.

Guy Mount, 1979

CHAPTER 3

DESERT CAHUILLA HISTORY

Before they were placed on reservations at the end of the 19th century, the Desert Cahuilla Indians occupied the fertile Coachella Valley of Southern California. Clan villages, identified as "rancherias" in Figure 1, stretched from Palm Springs to Indio and south to the Salton Sink. The aboriginal inhabitants were hunters, gatherers and marginal agriculturalists. Village populations varied between 100-350 people (Bean 1972) with more densely populated villages being a cluster of clans located around abundant sources of water. The Desert Cahuilla clans living south of Indio were more widely scattered than the Palm Springs and Pass Cahuilla groups, and they were further distinguished by a unique history of "ocean fishing". The Salton Sink is more than 200 feet below sea level, and according to clan legends Coachella Valley was flooded by sea water from the Gulf of California to Indio following severe earthquakes. All of the villages lying below sea level were forced to relocate onto the higher foothills which border Coachella Valley and remain there several generations until the sea subsided.

One of the clans which made this migration from the valley to the Santa Rosa Mountains was the dog clan, ativalem. This was not the first time Coachella Valley had been submerged by water, only the most recent, probably occurring during the 15th and 16th centuries (Wilke 1976). In between these floods, the dog clan established their village on the rich desert floor near Martinez Reservation where corn, beans, pumpkins, melons, squashes and tobacco were cultivated. Oral tradition maintains that a violent earthquake "shook the boulders down off the mountains and the ocean surged in little by little..." to cover the family gardens and the equally important growth of wild valley food plants: mesquite, screwbean, wild grass seeds and yucca. The dog clan moved their village up to the barren alluvial fans of the Santa Rosa Mountains

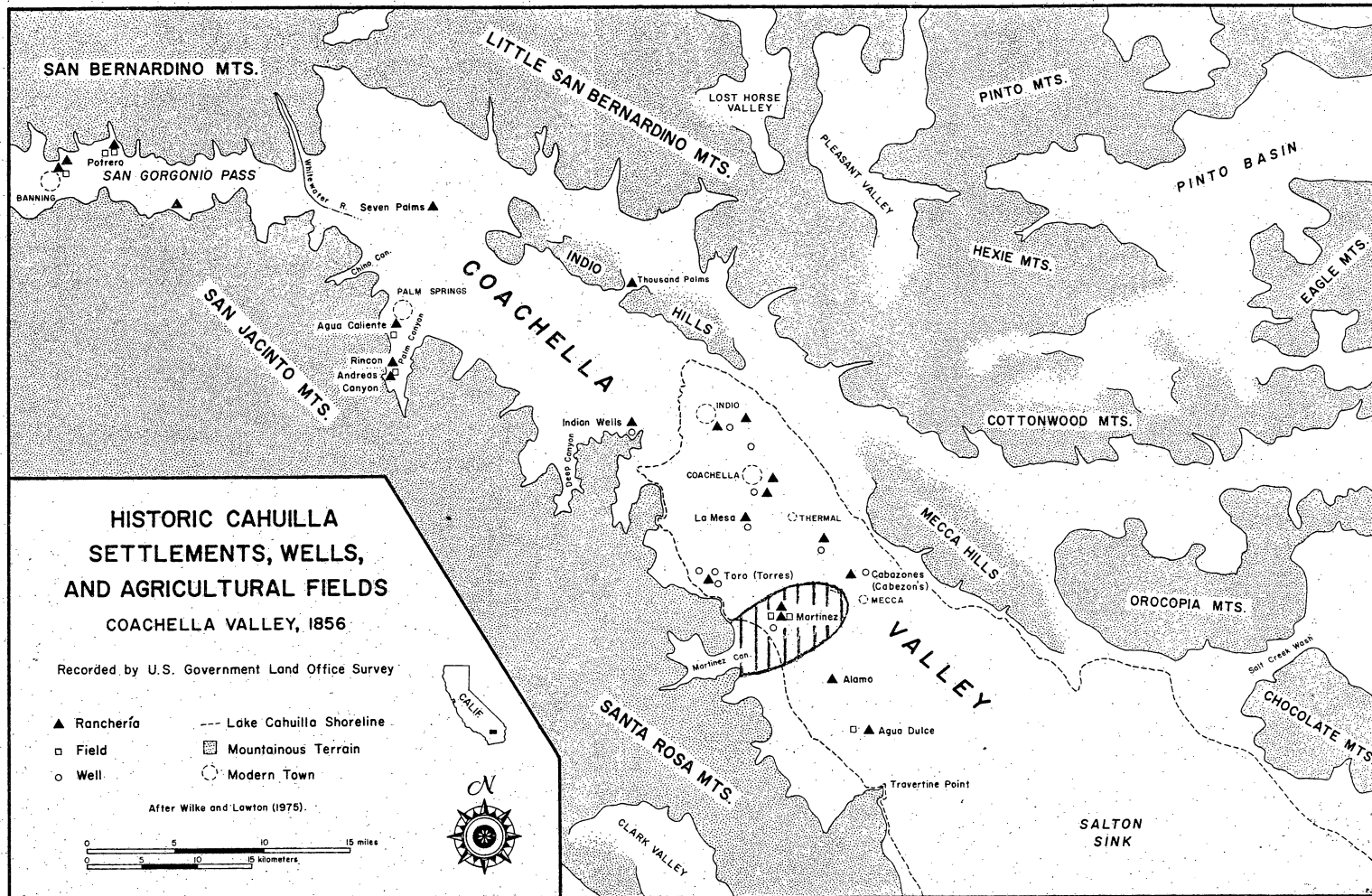


Figure 1. Coachella Valley and Cahuilla villages as observed in 1856. The dog clan was located near Martinez Rancheria identified by the lined circle northeast of Martinez Canyon. (Map: courtesy of and Copyright © 1978 by Phillip J. Wilke.)

in and around Martinez Canyon (see figure 1).

This period of life in the mountains was known by the dog clan as a "Time of Starvation," because the wild and cultivated plants which provided a major portion of their food supply were devastated by the flood.



Figure 2. An outdoor grainary sits to the upper left surrounded by grinding stones for the metate lying on its side next to a portable mortar.

Coachella Valley was not a desert wilderness to the Cahuilla, rather it was a supermarket. All one had to know was what time the store opened and which aisle to go down. In fact all the food was free. However, the dog clan adapted to the radical change in their environment from a horticulturally rich desert to a shoreline lifestyle by constructing circular rock fishtraps just below the high water line which caught fish automatically by tidal action. They also fabricated tule canoes and rafts from which the men netted, speared and bow-shot fish, waterfowl and ducks. Cahuilla men continued their ancient tradition of hunting mountain sheep, deer and rabbits. Women and children gathered newly appearing

shoreline foods such as bulrush shoots, cattail roots and duck eggs. In the fall whole families hiked up to higher elevations to gather acorns and pinon nuts which were stored in outdoor graineries and processed year-round in the women's mortars and metates (Figure 2. above). The dog clan lived in Martinez canyon for many years and archaeological remains from this period (rock fishtraps, pottery shards and petroglyphs) are still visibly evident on the Santa Rosa foothills along the high water mark.

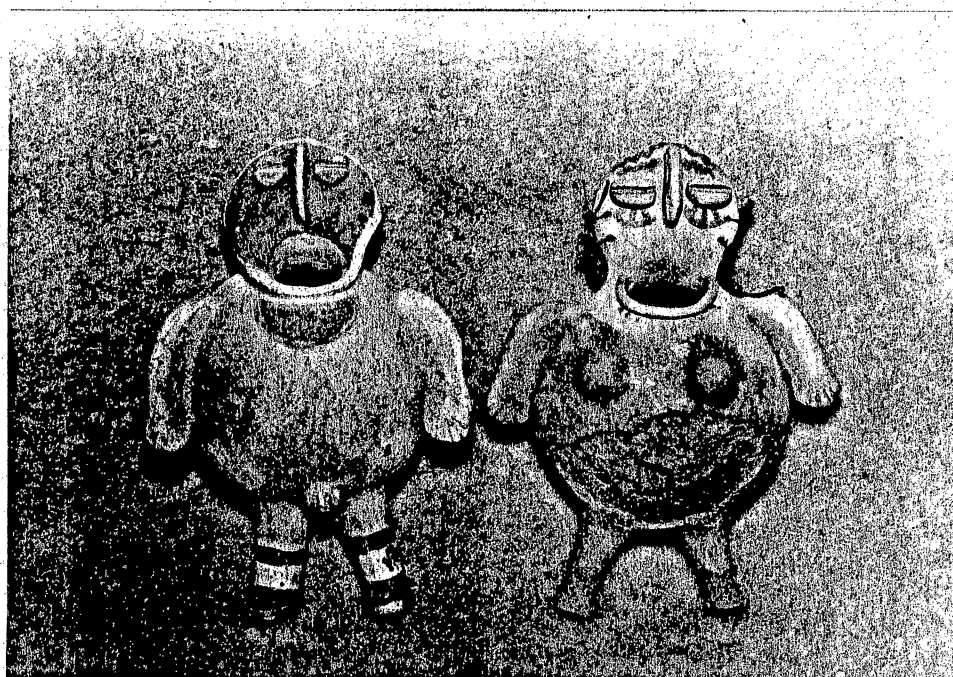


Figure 3. Male and female pottery jars used by medicine men and women to store visionary plant mixtures. The jars were worn on a necklace ceremonially. Medicine was kept safely inside the jar by stopping the mouth opening with a wooden plug.

Figures 2 and 3 illustrate a few Desert Cahuilla artifacts. These represent about all that is left of the aboriginal material culture from the dog clan and other neighboring groups. The grainary, mortar, metate and pottery belong to the private collection of Ruby Modesto.

An analysis of human coprolites taken from various archaeological sites of prehistoric Desert Cahuilla villages (Wilke 1976) has added many items to the list of food resources that has been put together by other researchers (Barrows 1900, Drucker 1937, Strong 1929 & Bean 1972-78). Major items in the "supermarket" include...

Hunting

Deer
 Mountain Sheep
 Antelope
 Rabbits
 Bear
 Raccoon
 Badgers
 Small Rodents
 Snakes
 Lizards
 Tortoises
 Caterpillars
 Army Worms
 Ducks
 Grebes
 Herons
 Mudhens
 Swans
 Doves
 Quail

Gathering

Mesquite
 Screwbean
 Yucca
 Amaranth
 Grass Seeds
 Pickleweed
 Acorn
 Pinon
 Desert Greens
 Paloverde Seeds
 Cactus
 Chia
 Tule Sprouts
 Wild Onion
 Salt Weed
 Cattail Root
 Wild Honey
 Smoking plants
 Medicine plants
 Building Material

Cultivated

Corn
 Squash
 Beans
 Pumpkin
 Melons
 Tobacco
 Medicinal Herbs

Fishing

Suckers
 Chubs
 Mullet
 Trout
 Clams
 Waterfowl Eggs

There is some question as to the nature of the inland sea which flooded Coachella Valley, since true ocean-going fish remains have not been found in the archaeological investigations to date. Dr. Wilke has suggested that "Lake Cahuilla" was formed by a diversion of the Colorado River headwaters, not by an inrush of sea water from the Gulf of California.

"It should be noted...that in order for a tidal bore or a seismic wave to enter the basin it would have to breach the delta at about 40 feet above sea level and nearly 50 miles inland from the gulf (Wilke 1976:20)."

Furthermore, a survey made from bench markers in Coachella Valley shows the high water line (indicated by the dotted line in Figure 1.) is 42-48 feet above mean sea level (Wilke, personal communication).

However, Desert Cahuilla people were well aware of the difference between the ocean, paulnewkut, and a lake, paul. Cahuilla men frequently travelled great distances over established trails and trade routes, not only south to the Gulf of California, but also west to the Pacific (Bean 1972). The legendary connection with the Gulf of California is supported by another dog clan story which maintains that people living in the mountains saw a great boat with "white wings" sail up the waterway to Indio. The people could see many ropes hanging from the masts and sailors working on board. The ship did not attempt to land, but it did anchor in deep water overnight. At that time the fires from Cahuilla encampments dotted the shoreline and the boat sailed south the following day.

Perhaps, both versions of the formation of "Lake Cahuilla" are correct. It is possible that an earthquake changed the topography between Coachella Valley and the Gulf permitting the ocean to come in. Later this opening could have been sealed off by silt from the Colorado River and/or seismic uplifts; the San Andreas fault runs through the middle of this region. The Colorado River could have then continued filling the valley to a height above sea level that corresponds to Dr. Wilke's survey. However I personally doubt this explanation because of the ancient fish traps located just below the high water mark on the Santa Rosa Mountains near Martinez Canyon. The U.S. Geological Survey maps locate these fish traps and petroglyphs at, or just above, mean sea level (Map of "Valerie, Ca." Photorevised 1972.) Further investigation of this problem is warranted, because the only way these mountainside fish-traps could have worked is through a significant tidal movement of several feet as provided by the ocean and confirmed in legend. Furthermore all mountainside traps are within easy reach of a normal Gulf tide from present day sea level, based on my own measurements with a field altimeter.

Eventually the major sources of water were disconnected from Coachella Valley as suddenly as they were turned on. The

water which filled "Lake Cahuilla" began to evaporate from the intense desert heat at a rate of about 5 feet per year (Wilke 1978). Gradually the inland sea became a small lake, then a marsh. In 1905 an accident caused irrigation water from the Coachella canal to partially flood the valley with our present day Salton Sea. The dog clan moved their village down with the shoreline and finally returned to their valley homes and agricultural practices, although it took several years for the wild plants-especially the beloved sweet mesquite trees-to grow back and yield. But the "Time of Starvation" was over and the Desert Cahuilla maintained a way of life that persisted until the early 19th century when their valley was inundated again. Only this time it was people, not water, that flooded and destroyed their domain.

The first non-Indian explorers probably made contact with the Desert Cahuilla in 1823 when the Romero expedition passed through Coachella Valley searching for an overland route from Pacific Missions to the Colorado River (Bean 1972). The dog clan is said to have welcomed the Spanish soldiers with a fiesta: sharing food, song and dance. Unfortunately, horses were left for safe-keeping with a net of the dog clan (Ruby Modesto's great-grandfather Patrucho), and the Spanish request was misunderstood. The Indians thought the horses were a gift and they ate the animals in celebration. When the Spanish soldiers returned, their Captain cut off the ear of the net with his sword!

Misunderstanding and arrogant abuse continued to characterize relationships between Desert Cahuilla people and American invaders who seized land and suppressed resistance. This began in 1853 when Coachella Valley was surveyed by the Pacific Railroad Expedition (Wilke 1978) in preparation for laying tracks. Until this time the aboriginal lifeways of the Desert Cahuilla had been relatively untouched by European influences, but events moved swiftly to change their environment and erase almost all trace of the people and their ancient culture.

"The greatest blow to Cahuilla culture and society came in 1863 when a smallpox epidemic killed a

large number... From that time until reservations were established in 1877 and until federal supervision became close and intensive in 1891, the Cahuillas remained for the most part on their own lands, making a living in combination with aboriginal techniques, wage labor, and the lake. After 1891 their economic, political, and social life was closely supervised by the federal government. Government schools were opened in which young Cahuillas were trained in rather menial roles, Protestant missionaries became influential, and much traditional Cahuilla life was altered. Cahuilla cultural institutions were generally suppressed, particularly religious and political ones. Despite this, Cahuillas were successful in maintaining a diversified economic strategy until the allotment programs divided lands into such small parcels that agricultural development was difficult (Bean 1978:584)."

The aboriginal population was reduced from an estimated 6000-10,000 Cahuillas to a 1974 total of approximately 900 racially mixed descendants. Cahuilla reservation lands are presently being reduced in size by the right-of-way required for Interstate highways and high voltage electrical power lines. Oil Companies have pressed for drilling rights on tribal land beneath the Salton Sea, and native opposition to the demands of outside developers have almost always been squashed in legal maneuvers.

Nevertheless, the Desert Cahuilla have adapted to their present conditions much like other "Americans." Contrary to the popular stereotype of the wealthy Palm Springs Indian, it is good to remember that Indians are people too. Some of them are very poor, some are doing OK as teachers, craftsmen, nurses, business and community leaders. A few are even well-off, but not many. It is shameful that the great wealth which America derived from the natural resources of this continent was not fairly shared with its native people. Some of the land was shared, but almost none of the wealth. Ironically, Indian people are still willingly sharing the little they have left, important spiritual and cultural traditions.

Although the Desert Cahuilla lifestyle has changed significantly in the past 150 years it is possible to reconstruct their

way of life through archaeological and ethnographic techniques. Very little was known about the Cahuilla until Barrows interviewed informants at Morongo Reservation in 1900. Since then anthropologists have added much to the historical record of Southern California by direct interviews with other Cahuilla people, culminating in Temalpakh (Bean and Saubel 1972) a monumental study of Cahuilla plant use and knowledge. The "salvage ethnography" technique relies on the cultural memory of living people as a standard means of reconstructing the past. Obviously this method has flaws and is open to questions of authenticity and honesty. But it is about the only method available for understanding non-material elements of culture, i.e. spiritual beliefs, oral traditions, healing strategies and what I call the "heart" of human history. I hope that the autobiography of Mrs. Ruby Modesto (Chapter 4) and her Cahuilla folktales (Chapter 5) will add to our understanding of Desert Cahuilla culture. I am in full agreement with Paul Radin who, in his introduction to The Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian (1920), noted that "... personal reminiscences and impressions, inadequate as they are, are likely to throw more light on the workings of the mind and emotions of primitive man than any amount of speculation from a sophisticated ethnologist or ethnological theorist." It seems to me that Ruby's narration sheds great light on what was really going on in Coachella Valley, California prior to its occupation by European American invaders.



Figure 4. Mrs. Ruby Modesto, A Desert Cahuilla Medicine Woman
Photograph © Copyright by Mount & Modesto, 1979.

CHAPTER IV

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PUL

Ruby's Childhood

I was born here at Martinez Reservation in 1913. I never spoke English or went to school until after I was ten years old. I only spoke my father's language, the language of the Desert Cahuilla people who lived in Coachella Valley. I learned everything from my father's family. My mother was a Serrano woman from Morongo Reservation and she spoke that language. Our family was called the dog clan, because the men were good hunters, like dogs, always bringing something home to eat.

When I was a young girl my grandfather Francisco was net of our clan. A net was chosen to be chief by other clan members in council. He had to be a wise and honest leader with a knowledge of clan history, customs and ceremonial songs. Grandfather Francisco taught me how to pray to Umna'ah, Our Creator. He told me to go alone into the mountains, to find a quiet beautiful place and to pray. He said I should talk out everything, say whatever I felt or needed, and then listen for an answer. That's the secret: to listen. You have to say everything that's in your mind, cry until you're empty. Then listen. He will speak to you.

I was a real tomboy when I was younger. I didn't like girls much...all that giggling over boys. But I liked going horseback riding with boys and chopping wood. I taught myself how to ride bareback standing on the horse's rump, my long hair flying out behind.

My grandmother's Uncle Charlie was a pul, a shaman with healing and dreaming power. Uncle Charlie always said that a real pul is born, destined to be one. It's a calling. You are chosen by Umna'ah, Our Creator. He makes you a pul in the womb.

One of the things which distinguishes a pul is his ally, or dream helper. Puls obtained their helpers through Dreaming. In

the old days, young Indian boys and sometimes girls were initiated into their visionary powers with the Datura plant which we call kikisulem. But my helper came spontaneously when I was about ten years old. I Dreamed to the 13th level. The way you do that is by remembering to tell yourself to go to sleep in your 1st level ordinary dream. You consciously tell yourself to lay down and go to sleep. Then you dream a second dream. This is the 2nd level and the prerequisite for real Dreaming. Uncle Charlie called this process "setting up dreaming." You can tell yourself ahead of time where you want to go, or what you want to see, or what you want to learn. On the 3rd dream level you learn and see unusual things, not of this world. The hills and terrain are different. On both the 2nd and 3rd dream levels you can talk to people and ask questions about what you want to know. During Dreaming the soul goes out of the body, so you have to be careful.

When I dreamed to the 13th level, that first time, I was young and didn't know how to get back. Usually I only dream to the 2nd or 3rd levels. But that time I kept having different dreams and falling asleep and going to another dream level. That was where I met my helper, Ahswit, the eagle. But I was in a sort of coma, asleep for several days. My father tried to bring me back, but couldn't. He had to call my Uncle Charlie who finally managed to bring my spirit back. That was one of his specialties, healing soul loss. When I woke up they made me promise not to Dream like that again, not until I knew how to get back by myself. The way you return is to tell yourself beforehand that you are going to come back (like self-hypnosis), later in the dream you have to remember. Once, before I knew how to dream and think simultaneously, I was dreaming on the 3rd level and wondering how I was going to return. Suddenly a giant bird appeared, like a pelican; it came along and I grabbed its neck. We flew way up in the sky. I saw the earth burning below and I sort of came out of it into the 2nd level dream. It's really hard to come out of those higher levels.

I was a born dreamer. My mother used to take me to the

Moravian Church here on the Reservation. I always fell asleep and my soul would fly right out of the building through a little hole in the ceiling. I was a Christian for a long time. My father said it was OK. He said that Umna'ah could do anything, even send His son to a virgin woman. But now I know that you cannot be a Christian and a pul too. You have to choose between them, because Christians teach that a pul gets power from the devil and I don't believe that way. Of course power can be used for evil. A pul can kill or make people sick, or manipulate them against their will. A pul can make you fall in love with the ugliest person! So every pul has to choose between good and evil. The power can be used either way. I, myself, would never take a path that would hurt someone else. It's my choice everyday to use the power in a way that is helpful. And I say that the power of a pul, the Dream Helper, comes from Umna'ah. This is our ancient religion and much like the old and new testaments in which spiritual helpers, angels, were sent to guide powerful medicine men like Moses and Jesus. Everything comes from Umna'ah.

Of course, not everything was so serious in those days. Like I said, I was a tomboy and often got into mischief. One day I got into trouble with the whirlwind. My father had taught me that whirlwinds lived in the ground. The way you could tell the difference between an anthole and a whirlwind's home was that the ant hole went down at an angle (so the ants could easily walk in and out with food) whereas the whirlwind's hole goes straight down. Well this one time I poked a stick into a whirlwind's home and she came out! Boy was she mad. She was angry and spinning all around me. But I defied it. I dared it to get me. I shook my fist at it. And finally it went away. Here is a song I wrote about that.

Ya-ee, The Wind

Ya-ee with clouds of fury it blowed
Silky dry alkali swirling about.
 Where are my senses?
 Where are my thoughts?
 Even my footsteps stumble and stop.

Gaily in mischief she tangles my hair
 Powdering desert sand all over my face.
 She tugs at my clothing, screaming in glee
 While I stand helpless gasping in dust.
 She sweeps down the valley
 With brown billowing skirts
 Whirling and twirling and dancing about.
 Madly she capers, a witch that she is
 While I watch fascinated with dust filled eyes.
 Soon she is gone, leaving me spent.
 She came for a moment to tease me
 I'm sure, but oh what a playmate
 I'm glad that she's gone.

Mosquitoes don't bother me either. When I was about 28 years old, a large mosquito buzzed around me. It landed on my face and crawled into my left cheek. The sun was setting. It was evening. My dad and I were talking. That mosquito just buzzed around and around my head. Then it landed on my cheek. I could hear it and feel it walking on my skin with its little feet, but I didn't disturb it. I just wanted to see what it would do. And it simply went into my left cheek. It's living there now. And mosquitoes don't bother me at all.

Another insect that occasionally talks to me is the grey fly. The first time one spoke to me was when I was still a little girl. The grey fly has a pink butt, red eyes and stripes around its body. The first time one spoke to me it said, "I'm a virtuoso." I wondered what that meant? I was studying English in school at the time, so I looked in the dictionary, but couldn't find the word. Finally I told my mother about it, but she said I was going crazy. However, she also said that she had once heard that Beethoven (or one of those old masters) had learned a song from a fly. So she said, "Maybe you're going to be a musician."

You know, that grey fly was playing. He was walking around on the table with his little hands crossed, being foolish. There was another fly on the table too. It said, "What are you doing?" And the other fly answered, "I'm going to play a song. I'm a virtuoso." After telling my mother about this I worried about her remark that I was going "crazy." So I never told her

much after that. In fact this is the first time I've ever talked about it. I figure people will just think I'm crazy. But I heard that fly talk just as plain as people. And do you know what else? It was wearing a swallow-tail coat! My folks said I was a strange girl and that is why they gave me my Indian name, Nesha, which means "woman of mystery."

More recently a grey fly spoke to me about a plant. David, my husband, and I were hiking in a canyon where elephant trees grow. Elephant trees are very sacred to our people. We made hunting poison for our arrowtips from the bark. It could also be powdered, mixed with tobacco, combined with a sticky ball of pine resin and rolled into a bolus for eating. This medicine gave great perceptual visionary power to certain puls who kept the calowat n'nen'naka (tree mixture) in their medicine pouches. One way it could be used was for cheating during the peon gambling game. This was done on the sly, of course, because ordinary players didn't have that much power. But the medicine would talk to your soul. It would show you which hand was hiding the peon bones. You'd hear it's voice say which hand to guess. They say women peon players can prevent cheating by rubbing the bones between their legs...Ha!...Anyway, as I said, Dave and I were walking in the canyon where all those elephant trees were growing. I sat beside the trail to rest. Suddenly, one of those grey flies came and sat on my arm.

"So you came and found me," I said.

He crawled around, then said plainly in my own language, "It's all right."

I interpreted that to mean it was all right for me to be with the Elephant trees. So I said a prayer for the trees and blew tobacco smoke on them before we left to thank them for their gifts to our people.

You know, students from the university are always coming out here to ask questions about how we used plants. They want to know where they grow, how to pick them and how they were prepared. They believe everything we tell them and write it down

as scientific facts, but when we say the most important part they smile and turn away. The real truth is that plants have a spirit too. In our religion everything has a spirit. Even the rocks have a spirit. As a child I could see things in rocks. I could see human forms and animals like the lizard. Sometimes I showed these forms to other people and after awhile they could see them too. But people from the university don't believe these things. They themselves don't know how to see and they have lost touch with their own religion and the spiritual forces of the earth. It's too bad, and I feel sorry for them. They are lost men and their own spirits are starved.

Cahuilla Religion

As I became older, especially after I was forty, I could hear things. Usually I hear things in my dreams. I have to have a ceremony called "feeding the house" soon, because I had a dream that the doors of our ceremonial house were closed. Ancient people were inside. An old man was calling for people to come and eat, but nobody comes. My interpretation of this dream is that our people are departing from their customs and these ancient ones are standing around waiting for them to return. I want to feed the house because people are not fulfilling things.

In our ancient religion, and still today, we have a ceremonial house where everybody comes to sing and pray. Umna means "Big" or "Huge," like God. Kish Umna means "Big House" or "God's House," and that is the name for our ceremonial house. It was used for many things and each clan here in Coachella Valley had their own Big House. It was used to give thanks when different foods were ripe and ready to pick. At other times it was used for dances. The clan puls might dream of something bad coming and the people would have to get together and dance to keep the evil away. The Big House was also used to heal people and for funerals when someone died.

The clan net lived in the Big House and cared for it. He

raised eagles there too. Eagle, takish, is very sacred. The people thought eagles were human. When I was young my grandfather Francisco was net. I remember a special ceremony we had in the Big House to honor a golden eagle that had been found dead near San Manuel. My mother's uncle found it and he shipped it to us on the train. My grandfather drove a buggy all the way to the depot and brought the eagle back. It was in a wooden crate and when they opened it in the Big House it stank so bad. But grandfather Francisco talked to it. The people sang and cried for it all night long. They thanked Umna'ah for it. My grandfather removed the feathers carefully. He made an ointment from greasewood, a sacred plant, and annointed the eagle's body. Then he wrapped it in white linen. The people sang ceremonial songs for the dead, just like they would for a human. They made a tiny coffin just the size of the eagle's body, and they buried it in the tribal cemetery. We still use the feathers.

Today we get together in the Big House and sing the songs for the dead whenever someone dies and again one year to the day after their death. The songs for the dead tell the story of our creation. I don't know all the songs. Many are forgotten. Originally "The Songs For The Dead" were men's songs. There were different songs for dying women called "Moon Songs", but we don't sing those anymore. They are not remembered. The songs for the dead used to take four nights to sing entirely through. The whole story is told by Patencio (1943), a Palm Springs Cahuilla man. Now we only sing one night over the body. Here is the part I know and I will try to explain its meaning. Each sentence or two is a different song. We may sing one line four or five times before going on to the next part...

Songs For The Dead

The people argued with their Creator. They didn't trust Him anymore. He had brought death into the world. So the flicker said, "Let's witch Him. Pee-um, witch Him."

But who would do it? "Not me, not me..." everyone said. Then they said, "Let frog do it."

So frog went into the ocean and waited where the Creator defecated everyday, a place where two logs stuck out from the bank and floated on the water. Usually when the Creator straddled these logs and defecated it was like thunder booming, but this time there was no sound. Frog had swallowed the dropping. The Creator passed another one, and again there was no sound. The He defecated again, but frog got that one too. The Creator poked down between His legs with his cane and moved it back and forth three times, which is why frog has three marks on his head, but He felt nothing.

Afterwards the Creator sickened. He went home. "Did you do this to me," He asked the house? "Did you do this," He asked the walls and the floor? But there was no answer. It was beyond understanding.

So the Creator called four different kinds of snakes to doctor Him. They crawled over His body. But there was nothing they could do. He called horsefly and wind to doctor Him, but there was nothing they could do. He called all the animal/people, and finally He called crow. He told crow to bend down and suck the poison out, but it was to no avail.

It was hopeless. The Creator's feet and arms were getting cold. His whole body was getting cold and numb. When crow failed, the Creator knew they had conspired to witch Him. "You did it," He said. "You witched me."

So the Creator told the people to cremate His body, but to send coyote away so he wouldn't eat the remains. The people sent coyote to the east, where the sun comes up, to gather firewood. When he was far away they burned the body. Coyote saw it though and he came running back. The people were all standing in a circle around the pyre. Suddenly coyote jumped over badger and grabbed the Creator's heart (all that was left) and jumped back over badger again. He ran off with the heart in his mouth. He carried it over the ridge of the mountains still red where the

blood dripped.

The Creator taught the people to sing the "Songs for the Dead" and they saw His spirit leave the body. It went toward the east. And strange plants came up from the ashes.

The people told eagle to catch the Creator's spirit and ask what was growing out of the ground. Eagle was a powerful shaman and when he caught up with the spirit of the Creator he danced his songs.

"Why are you following me," the Creator asked?

"To learn about the plants growing where you were burned," eagle replied.

That is tobacco, pivat, my breath. Use that in your ceremonial house. Burn it in your pipe. Another plant is corn, tumah, my teeth. The stalks will have hair. Also black beans, tevemalem, my eyes. And pumpkins will grow, nyashlum, my stomach. And from my nostrils...summer squash."

The Creator said the plants would be good to eat. Eagle returned and told the people of this blessing.

* * * * *

I will explain the meaning of these songs as best I can. First of all, it's just like the story of Jesus. People didn't trust Him either, and they killed Him. Yet in spite of their treachery He blessed them! It's the same kind of understanding. People don't want to die, but without death the earth would soon be overpopulated. We sing these songs over a dying person to guide the spirit to That Place in the east. You see, the Creator blessed us with food for this world and a spirit for the next. We can live and die without fear, because He takes care of us.

Frog sorcery, by the way, is the worst kind of witchcraft. You can take a person's excrement, their spit or a piece of hair, and stuff it down a frog's throat. Then you sew up the frog's mouth and that person will die. There is nothing that can be done to stop it. Their guts will dry up and shrivel away.

Each of the animal/people at the cremation were ancestors of different Cahuilla clans. My clan ancestor, ativalem, the dog, was at the cremation. Other animals like iswatem, mountain lion, and tokut, the bobcat were there. Univetem, the bear, and also unal, the badger, was there. But these clans are all died off. A clan known as wanshwum, meaning "swept away," were washed away by the flood that came after the Creator died. Many other clans have died off since then, mostly from disease, but also from out-marriage losing their lineage. All the clans could trace their lineage to the cremation. All the animals symbolize clans that were called by the Creator to help him. Frog though was not a clan ancestor. He is an evil shaman.

All the clans had their ceremonial "Songs for the Dead." The words were the same, but the tunes varied. Each clan had their special songs, like the grasshopper clan, wietem, would add their part about the grasshopper who saw the Creator die. The "Songs for the Dead" have words which guide the dying man's spirit to "That Place." The songs help him accept his death without fear. The words say we should "forget" this life. "It's all a dream. It's all in the mind. We should forget the dying man too. We can follow him on that one trail soon enough."

It was believed that a dead person's soul came back one year to the day after death. So the people made an image of the person who died out of the yucca stalk. They put clothes on it and danced with the image in sorrow.

"You are gone," they might say or think.

"This is just a representation of you. These are your clothes, but you are gone...oh, oh!" This was done for protection. The puls said that the spirits of the dead were pure and they would not stay long around the odor of dancing, sweating people. Sometimes though a brave spirit would stay and take away the soul of someone living..and that person would die.

When I was ten or twelve it really used to rain here. Day and night, a soaking rain. The birds got so wet they couldn't fly. I used to chase them on the ground. And catch them! After the rain stopped, grandfather, grandmother and I would go out and pick mushrooms. The mushrooms came up under the mesquite trees. Grandma picked a whole bucketful. She cooked them over a fire made on the ground inside her little brush hut, an arrowweed frame thatched with fan palm leaves. They were delicious. It doesn't rain like that anymore, not for years. The old Indians used to say thunderstorms divided the seasons. There was a major thunderstorm between winter and spring, and another between summer and fall. Summertime here has always been hot. But my grandfather Francisco had real power to affect the weather. He used to call the wind when it was hot. He whistled two long notes. And it never failed. The wind came along. "Oh how wonderful," he'd say, "a nice wind to cool your body." He had the power all right.

Grandfather Francisco was clan net and the last to maintain a kiva [see Figure 4.] the sacred underground council chamber. It was a circular pit dug in the ground about 5 feet deep and up to 30 feet in diameter. There was a ledge around the subterranean wall where waterjars and sacred bundles were placed. A domed thatched ceiling covered the kiva to protect it from rain and maintain privacy. There was a post in the middle to hold up the domed roof. Feathers were fastened to the post. This kiva was used by the net to meditate with as many as 25 other puls. They would come here from other clans to consider some perplexing problem. Maybe they were thinking about killing a witch, someone who was poisoning people. Or maybe they were thinking about some danger that was coming toward the people. Whatever it was the puls could let it all hang out in the kiva.

The council of puls and the net was like a court hearing. They had to judge people who were a disgrace to the tribe. A good net would advise the puls not to kill, but some nets were quick-tempered. They judged to kill. One hundred years ago,

during my Great grandfather Petrucho's time, kivas were found in every clan village. But my Grandfather's kiva was the last. There are none in use now. Instead we have the white-man's law. Maybe that is better, because a bad net would kill people too fast. When my Grandfather Francisco became net he changed things. He accepted the white man's law and quit using the kiva. He only used the Big House for our other ceremonies. Unfortunately, when he died our sacred bundle and eagle feathers were destroyed too. I was just a girl then.

Another thing about our kiva, it was guarded by a rattlesnake. A big rattlesnake. But somehow it knew the Medicine Men. If a stranger tried to enter the kiva, the snake would drive them away. But when the puls entered, the snake just slid into some unused corner of the kiva. It never bothered them.

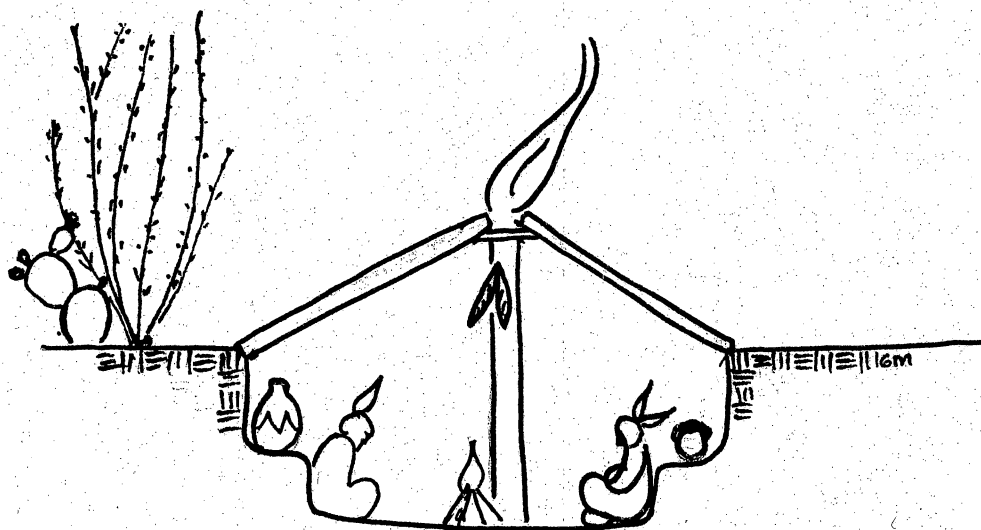


Fig. 5 The Kiva

The Plants Have a Spirit Too

You can talk to the plants. You really can. I don't mean you just walk up to a plant and say, "hey bush!" But I mean be sincere. Be humble. The plants are like friends. Some of them have powerful spirits. The kikisulem plant is a powerful shaman, a chief pul. It's a water plant too. Our puls used to get together in the kiva during a time of drought and bring rain over the mountains by praying and singing ceremonially to the spirit in the kikisulem plant. Our puls could see the spirit, talk to it and ask for their needs to be met. The puls and the net drank the kikisulem together and talked to the spirit in that plant.

They say "going to the bottom of the ocean" meant going to the bottom of the root and communicating with the powerful puls who dwell at that level of the plant. Datura, our kikisulem, is a main line to chief puls who live under the ocean. When shamen dance and talk to the kikisulem spirit ceremonially they can make the clouds come over the mountains from the ocean. Kikisulem is related to an ocean plant, musuwhat, [species unknown]. We made our sacred medicine bundles from the grass stems of this plant. Sometimes, especially later on after it became dangerous to walk to the ocean from here (because Spanish soldiers would make slaves out of our runners) medicine bundles were made out of tule. The sacred bundle had beadmoney, wooden images, obsidian arrowpoints and many feathers in it. These were very sacred things, very powerful. No one was allowed to touch them except the net, my grandfather. Only he or the person next in line to being in charge of the Big House was allowed to touch it. There were golden eagle feathers, hawk and crow feathers, yellowhammer and hummingbird were in the bundle too. It was specifically used to pray for rain during a drought, and sometimes it was brought out to help purify the Big House.

Usually each clan had one pul, or if it was lucky two puls. They would come over here for these ceremonies and get together with our net, Francisco, who was himself a chief pul, and they

would take the kikisulem medicine together in the Big House. Sometimes they had to interpret a powerful dream. By taking the kikisulem together they could go into the dream and compare notes. For instance my Uncle Charlie was a pul. He had several specialties. One of them was dream interpretation. One dream I remember we had to dance over, concerned Seeing Indians coming down the trail to a "Y" in the road. He didn't know what the "Y" meant, so the puls got together and went into that dream. They finally interpreted it to mean that the people were going to fall apart. So they held a ceremonial dinner to feed the house. All the people were invited and they were told by the puls about the dream and the importance of unity.

"This isn't right," the puls warned the people. "You should go one way and not take different paths."

So the puls and the net settled this warning about strife between the clans. By interpreting the dream they used the kikisulem plant to help the people.

Kikisulem was also used in the debut of certain young men who were coming into their manhood. The clan puls would build a special temporary house in the mountains. There might be five to ten boys from several different clans each year. Parents of the initiates put up food and went along to sing while the boys were locked up in the house for a week. You might say this was our schoolhouse. The puls prepared the boys for their spiritual encounter. On the last day the boys had to drink a potion brewed from kikisulem roots. All of this was done in a special sacred way. When the boys were brought out of the house, the puls taught them how to dance around an outdoor fire. The parents were greatly relieved to see their boys. Kikisulem is very dangerous even when you know what you are doing. Non-Indians take it and either go crazy or die, because they don't have the teachings which go with the plant. And sometimes one of the boys here died. That's why the parents came along. They cried and sang until the boys came out, not knowing if one of them might die.

After the boys started dancing the people threw gifts in honor of

their new status: manhood. When they wake up from the effects of kikisulem they are men, not boys anymore. So the people tossed blankets, beadmoney and things while the boys danced. It was a whirling, twirling dance. The boy's father or sponsor danced with the boy until he passed out from the effects of kikisulem and dizziness. During the time the initiate is sleeping he might die or See something. Whatever he Sees in his vision (perhaps an animal or bird) that will be his lifelong dream helper. It was unusual, but sometimes a girl would go through this initiation with the boys. She would be accompanied by a lady relative who would guide the young shamaness. Not every initiate received a dream helper (such as an ant, fly, hummingbird or eagle), but most of them learned their calling, their specialty in life.

My Uncle Charlie was initiated with the other spring crop of boys. He went up into the mountains and the puls smoked on him. They stayed until each boy learned his calling. Their dreams would tell them what they were going to do in life. The puls taught the boys how to purify themselves body and mind. They saw to it the boys got their feet on the right path. One of my Uncle Charlie's callings was dream interpretation. Another specialty was healing soul loss. He could See the spirit leave a man's body, follow it and catch it in his hand. He healed people that way. Other specialties which came to the initiates include the power to heal by smoking or sucking, power to learn and perform the eagle dance, singing and learning clan songs, hunting with dream power and the dream helper, rain making and weather prognosis, and gambling power. All of these callings involved special visionary perceptions, either dreams or kikisulem visions. A real pul could send their spirit somewhere in Dreaming. This is a power you are born with. You don't get it from a plant, although the power plants can open one up to that skill, especially men. Women are more in touch with their spiritual powers I think, because of their monthly menstrual period.

There used to be so many songs and ceremonies just for women. The women's plant was ahtukul, the creosote bush. Women used it for menstrual cramps and after childbirth. The leaves were pounded into a sticky paste. The mother who had just delivered a baby, or a young girl having her first period, was placed in the heated sandpit. Ahtukul paste was spread on her stomach and she drank some in a tea. Rabbitskins woven into a fine blanket were spread on top. Her breasts, arms and head were above the sand [see pages 9-10]. She stayed in the warm sand all night. Special women's songs were sung for the pubescent girl by older relatives. The creosote tea removed bloodclots and in the case of a new mother ahtukul helped bring out the afterbirth by aiding contractions. Women also used a dilute tea made from kik-isulem roots during delivery. It eased the pain and lifted their spirit.

Menstruating women were not allowed in the house of a hunter. They had to stay away as a precaution. You don't want any odors of blood around hunters or their equipment. The men smoked themselves all night before going hunting, just to make sure they removed all human odors. But the women didn't feel that they were being imposed upon when they retired to the menstrual hut. They got to be by themselves for three or four days. It was a ceremonial occasion which enabled a woman to get in touch with her own special power. It was a time to Dream and have visions. Each month the women went to their own vision pit. The men had vision pits too, places to Dream and pray, way up in the mountains. This was how the people learned. Dreams were the source of all wisdom.

Good Puls and Bad Puls

There are two kinds of puls: good ones and bad ones. Bad puls do things in a challenging way. They may be testing you or trying to cause embarrassment. They can kill people either out of hatefulness or for a price. The worst way to witch someone

is to get their stool and stuff it inside a frog's mouth. The mouth is pinned shut with a thorn. Of course personal power is required for this, just anybody couldn't do it. The pul puts the stool in the frog's mouth and says, "Go on..eat it." That person would die for sure. Nothing can be done to counteract frog sorcery. A bad pul could also take the sand from a person's footprint and cause him pain in the feet and legs. Anything personal can be used to witch someone: their hair, spit or clothing. Just for orneriness a pul might shoot a thorn up somebody's butt. It might be a mesquite seed or corn kernel. It's a way of making fun of somebody, for mischief or meanness. Maybe it's a girl who won't marry or who rejects the advances of a pul. The girl is ashamed to reveal her problem, because the only way to treat this witchcraft is to have the thorn or seed sucked out...very embarrassing. There is a love potion used to make somebody fall in love with the ugliest man or woman. Bad puls sell this potion to be used in the drink of the desired lover. I will not reveal the contents. In the case of love magic, the spell can be broken by a good pul providing they have the power to heal these things.

Elephant tree bark could also be used for witchcraft. It was put in food and the victim's whole body would turn bitter. Some puls were just plain evil. They would poison people just to get rid of them, even in their own family.

Listen! You know Indian things pretty good now, so I'm going to tell what happened to me. Last night I nearly died. My breath went away and I nearly lost all my strength. But Umna'ah told me to hold onto my stomach just below the navel. I held on with what strength was left and prayed to Him. I thought I was dead for sure. But then something came out, a little ball of grey rabbit fur. A witch put that in me, testing me I think, because I say I'm a shamanness. But Umna'ah is strong. He took it out of me. And I didn't send it back (when it came out, I saw the witch's face with the eyes of my soul, I recognized him) and I could have killed him by sending it back. But that would have

been returning evil with evil and I cannot make that choice. Instead I dug a little hole in the earth and buried the ball of fur. I slapped the burial pit three times and said, "Back to the devil." That's the second time in my life someone has witched me.

Good puls and bad puls have pretty much the same powers. The difference between them depends on whether they use the power to help or hurt other people. Sometimes the puls entertained and mystified people with their power. My Uncle John could throw his hat into the air and it would turn into a bat. Another pul, Louis, could rub hot coals on his head and wash his hair with them while dancing in the Big House. He burned himself one time when a woman touched him while he was performing. Never touch a pul while they are performing or healing someone.

Puls also transformed themselves into animals. A pul with bear power could actually turn himself into a bear. You might be following a man's tracks across the desert sand, and suddenly they would become bear's tracks.

Healing Soul Loss

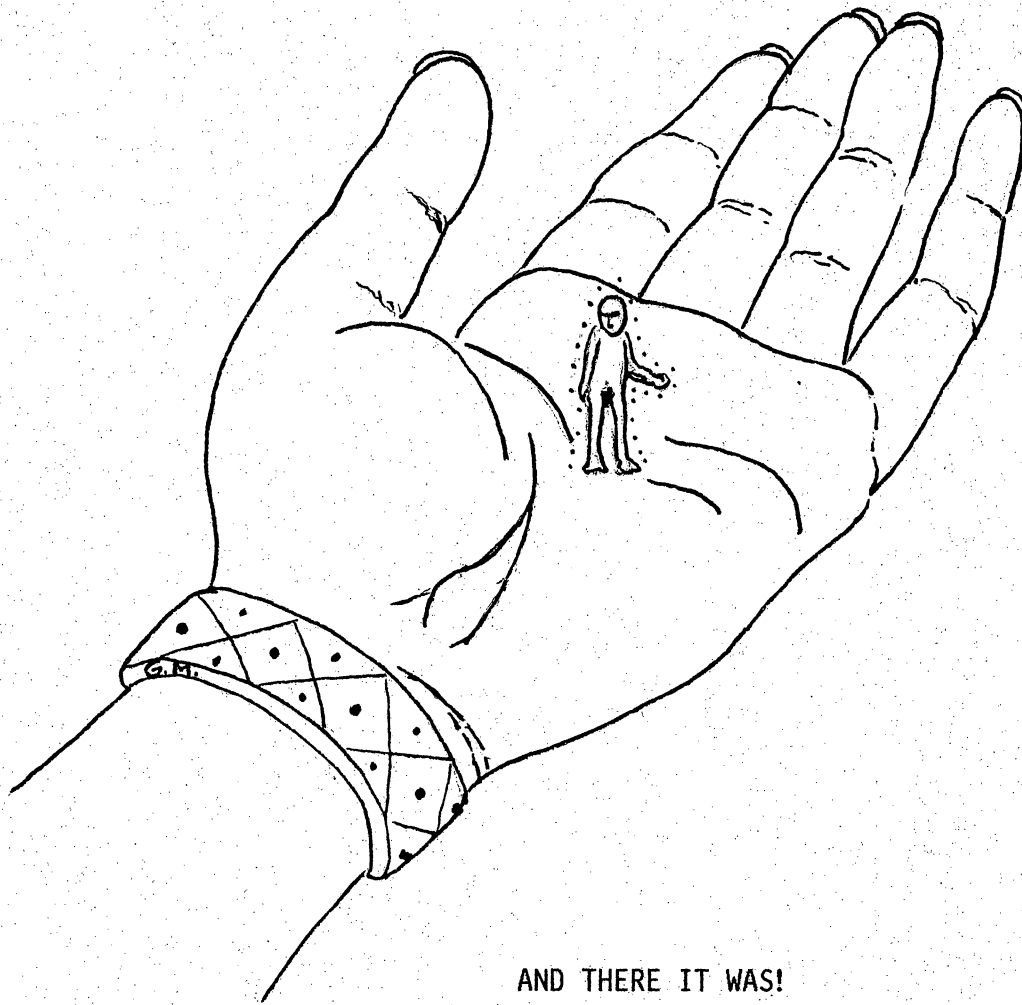
Uncle Charlie had several specialties, but his main calling as a pul was healing soul loss. He had the power to See the spirit leave the body and he could catch the soul, hold it in his hand, and doctor it. This really did take special power. Other puls could See the soul, but they couldn't hold it. Uncle Charlie said the spirit numbed your hand and arm, like dry ice. It required considerable strength, spiritual and physical, to heal soul loss.

One time a man who had "Sleeping Sickness" came to be doctored. He was simply falling asleep all the time. He couldn't work, or do anything. It was causing a lot of trouble in his life. Uncle Charlie prepared the Big House for this healing. Several puls from around here participated. Two of Uncle Charlie's apprentices were there, and I was there too. Uncle Charlie was in charge. His apprentices sang and danced. The sick man sat

watching the fire. Suddenly he fell asleep. Uncle Charlie and the puls ran outside. They said the Soul had left the man's body and was trying to escape.

Uncle Charlie followed it to our graveyard, just down the road, where the sick man's relatives were buried. Uncle Charlie said that soul wanted to dig itself into the ground. It was trying to go down into the grave. Uncle Charlie said it was probably disgusted with the way that man was living his life. The Soul just wanted to die. But Uncle Charlie stomped the ground above the grave. He stamped it hard with his boots and the Soul couldn't get into the earth. Then Uncle Charlie caught it. He carried it back to the Big House where we were waiting. With these two eyes I saw it. He showed it to all of us. [See Figure 6.] We were sitting around the fire, and Uncle Charlie held out his hand. There it was: a little tiny man. It was naked and standing on the palm of Uncle Charlie's hand. He blew tobacco smoke on the Soul and put it back through the fontenelle (the top portion of the head from which the Soul emerges). Then he brushed the man's head with Eagle feathers. After that, the man was OK. He woke up and stopped having so much trouble in his life.

(You know, it's important that these kinds of healings are not attended by people with the wrong ideas. We seldom let white people watch these things, because they can't see what's really happening. It's OK to be skeptical, that's not what I mean. I'm pretty skeptical myself. But you can't have people around who are just laughing at the doctor, or challenging him, or testing everything. The healing simply won't work under those conditions. You want people who are open-minded and trusting. You don't fool around with spiritual things. If a white man were at these healings, all he would see is a funny Indian blowing smoke on his hand and waving feathers in the air. But like I say: very few white people know how to see, nor are they willing to learn. It's too bad, because I think our vision is true and these healing methods could be used to help many people, Indians and non-Indians alike. We all have a soul, and what's true for Indians



AND THERE IT WAS!
A LITTLE TINY MAN, A NAKED SOUL.
WITH THESE EYES I SAW IT.
HE SHOWED IT TO ALL THE PEOPLE.

Figure 6. A Naked Soul

is true for other people too...whether they believe it or not.)

After the healing, Uncle Charlie and the other puls talked to the man about how he was living his life. They tried to put his feet back on the ground. At daybreak the man was given a bath in cold water. Soul loss, also called "ghosting," has to be healed by a pul with this specialty. A person who is ghosting gets sleepy all the time. Nothing else is wrong with them. Their eyes close and they go to sleep anywhere. Their ghost, or soul, leaves the body. There is a door on the other side of this life where ghosts go. When a soul sees how beautiful it is, they won't come back. At first, the soul only goes a short distance away from the body. It keeps coming back for awhile, but reluctantly. The sleepy person doesn't even know where the soul goes. They have no memory of it leaving, no fantasy or dream. Ghosting also happens to animals. They have a soul too, and sometimes it leaves their body. I have seen this happen to one of our horses here.

On the other side of the door of this life is "That Place" we go after death. It is beautiful...flowers to smell. That horse I used to ride as a girl will meet me. Best of all I will get to speak to Umna'ah whom I've prayed to all these years. Your folks will come to be with you when you die and all sickness will be gone.

Portrait of a Pul

When my mother died, I came into my power. My husband, David, is my companion. But I'm not bound to him. I'm alone. Since I went into shamanism I depend on Umna'ah for everything. I pray and give thanks. We are put here to enjoy life. I bind myself to Him and ask Him to walk with me each day. Here is a song I wrote to Umna'ah...

We are Blessed

Desert breezes stirred
 the lazy leaves of mesquite.
 Somewhere in the dense thickets
 mourning doves cooed their song
 to another bright day.
 Butterflies flew about
 savoring desert blossoms.
 Hummingbird hovered around me
 voiced his greeting and flew away.
 A covey of quail scurried
 under the green skirt of the mesquite
 where they softly spoke to each other.
 High above, a desert eagle, whirled
 in circles going higher and higher
 taking my thoughts and dreams
 unto Him, the Creator of all.

As I stand here and ponder
 All I see
 All I hear
 All I feel
 Belongs to Umna'ah, our Creator,
 and I am His creation.
 He gave me all this to enjoy-
 My eyes are filled with tears
 My heart beats with joy
 I am indeed rich.
 Because Umna'ah has given us all this
 and we are blessed.

When pulis comes into their power—usually in their forties, perhaps when they are lying down dreaming—they have to get rid of themselves...they have to peel off their old habits the way you peel an orange. They have to quit looking back. They must go forward and be strong. The stream of life gets rough sometimes. You have to learn how to handle your canoe. Keep out of the rocky places, the shallow water. Fix up those torn spots. You'll hit bottom if you aren't impeccable with power. You want friendship, love between souls, and companionship...not emotional torment.

Healing Soul Damage

My own specialty is healing a person who is possessed by demons. Once in a dream I was shown a rogue's gallery of demons. They look like little plastic toys, but they are mean and ugly. They can get angry and bite you. Those poor sick people in asylums like Patton Mental Hospital are full of demons. They can be cast out, providing the sick person wants to get rid of them and is not challenging or testing the doctor. I can, with the power of Umna'ah, cast out demons. But the sick person has to be sincere. They don't have to believe anything. Only I have to believe. If a person is not sincere, the demons may return worse than before. It's our ancient belief, much like the healings in the Bible. Jesus is my big brother. He was a powerful pul who could also cast out demons. A modern psychotherapist thinks this is all nonsense, of course. But he cannot see, and so he spends years with a patient charging money all that time. I do not ask for payment. All my needs are taken care of by Umna'ah. If a medicine person has any power at all, they should be able to heal someone overnight or four nights at the most.

The most powerful demons are the Epileptic Demon and the Demon of Alcohol. They are so ugly they make you want to puke. There are also demons of sex, jealousy, fear, gluttony, hatred, lust, greed, lies, mistrust, unrest and shame. They get into people when they are vulnerable, perhaps as children or when someone dies. The father of demons is Teulavel. His little brother is Takwish. Takwish lives on a mountain peak near Idylwild. They say he steals lost souls and eats them. There's no way to get rid of a demon by yourself. It has to be prayed out. It can take a few minutes or all night depending on the sincerity of the soul damaged person. The patient has to be willing to give up his demons, but the problem is people are more willing to let themselves be ruled by their demons.

The Demon of Epilepsy, Tookiseth, is very powerful. It's brought on by sexual desires for a forbidden person. A man may see this woman he wants come into his room. Soon he sees it in his brain. "Here she comes," he'll say to himself. And he will

have intercourse with her right there on the floor! After that, he ends up with fits. Maybe it gets into a person when they are young. Sometimes the visualization that comes to them is a relative, a sister or brother, an uncle, aunt, or even their own parents. Modern pills can curb this, but cannot cure it. Since a pul can see the images in an epileptic's mind, the way this is healed is to pray with the patient all night until he talks it out. The truth has to be revealed and that will break the spell.

There is an ancient traditional "fast cure" for epilepsy too. When a person is having one of those seizures, you just drop your pants and piss on them. They'll be so disgusted with themselves that they will never do it again. I've seen that work.

There was a young boy near here who was always wishing for women. And one came. He was half-awake/half-asleep, tossing on his bed. She got into bed with him and he was ready to crawl on her, but it was his own sister! He told his uncle about it, fortunately, because if he had gone ahead and had intercourse with her he would have gotten the fits. But he told his uncle who said, "You go down to Calexico and find yourself a real woman. You get that out of you." So epilepsy can be prevented by a realistic acceptance of sex.

When one of my aunts was a young girl, around 14 or 15, she used to walk from here to a friend's house over on the other reservation. One day a strange Mexican man came out from the bushes along the road. Another relative, also a young girl, was with my aunt. The man talked to them in Spanish. He asked them where they were going, what they were doing, and seemed nice enough. Then he let them go, walking back into the brush. Next day he was there again. He came out from behind a mesquite tree. The girls talked with him for awhile and got excited about him. They talked with him every day for a week. At night though, something scared them. They started seeing that man in their dreams. He was a bad Spirit with the power to visit their dreams. The girls were moaning so loudly their parents got worried. "What's happening," they asked the girls. But my aunt

and her cousin wouldn't say anything. Finally their grandfather called in Uncle Charlie. "Something is scaring these girls in their dreams. Now you tell what it is you are seeing," he demanded. Uncle Charlie was a respected medicine man, so the girls confessed. They looked at each other and said, "A man comes out from behind a mesquite tree."

"What does he want," Uncle Charlie asked?

"We just tell him what we are doing."

"Where does he keep his hands," Uncle Charlie questioned?

"He keeps the left one in his pocket."

"Tell him to show it to you. When he refuses, curse him. Tell him to leave you alone."

Later Uncle Charlie went over to the place they had described. He hid himself with his feathers and waited. When the girls came walking along, he saw the Mexican appear under the mesquite tree.

"Hello girls," he said bequilingly. "Come over here and talk to me."

"No, no," they yelled at him. "You must show us your left hand first." And the man moved backwards. "Come on: show us your hand." The man kept stepping backwards. Then he just flew away. Uncle Charlie brought the girls home and he brushed their heads with eagle feathers and blew smoke on them. He said the man wouldn't show his left hand because it had webbed fingers. That's a sure way to test a demon. They have webbed fingers. You can smell demons too, especially around people who are having the fits. It smells like a frog or fox, a strong pungent odor. Once you smell that epileptic odor, you never forget it.

Some types of epileptic seizures are caused by brain damage and can be helped with pills and modern medicine. But you can tell the difference easily: brain damaged epileptics don't give off that strong odor.

All this wisdom for healing soul loss or soul damage is God-given. Umna'ah tells us what to do. It's different for each

person who comes to be healed. There is no fixed routine. Sometimes herbs are used. Some puls use sucking or even butt the aching spot with their heads. But He tells us where to blow the smoke, or where to brush with eagle feathers. Umna'ah reveals the particular way to go about healing each person through the dream helper. My helper is a spirit that looks human, but his name is Ahswit, eagle. So I am an eagle doctor. Ahswit is a very beautiful man, powerfully built, muscular. He's a pul too, one of the chosen puls who casts out demons with the power of Umna'ah. Demons are nothing to fool with. You may not know a person has them. People are so deceitful. But Ahswit protects me and shows me what to do. He came to me through Dreaming, but he is with me when I'm fully conscious now. He lives in my house. Sometimes puls asked children to stay away from their sleeping quarters and especially their kivas and other personal places. Their helpers were pretty strict and didn't want children to hang around; it was dangerous. Also the guardian-helper was quite possessive of his charge.

Raising Children

Indians, at least the people around here and my family, the dog clan, never whipped their kids. Oh they might spank them a smack on the butt, but I mean they never beat their children. Beatings turn children cruel. They run away, hate their parents and hurt other people maliciously. Nowadays there is too much abuse, a lot of it caused by drinking. The children are becoming mean.

We talked to our children and if necessary shamed them into behaving. Whipping is new, since the white man. We slept with our children until they were two or three. Babies should sleep in their mother's bed until they are one or two when they quit nursing, then they should sleep in the same room. The baby is innocent and needs to be wrapped in a cocoon of love until they are about three or so. They are vulnerable and can easily be

hurt, sicken or become possessed by a bad spirit.

A pregnant woman must be careful too and think of the baby. The diet for a pregnant woman is normal, but she shouldn't sit by a doorway as that may affect the babies passage through the birth opening. Don't be lazy. Work around the house. Don't lift anything heavy. If pregnant, stay away from hunters. Avoid intercourse. In the old days women were supposed to stand up right away after the baby was delivered to get out the afterbirth. Braided agave ropes were suspended from the ceiling of the birth hut for the woman to hold onto during labor. Between contractions the woman rested with her back against something solid in a squatting position. Men were seldom allowed to witness birth. An old woman would catch the baby and cut the cord with a stone knife. It was tied with palm string. The new baby was washed with warm mineral water. And pa'at, oil from the mountain sheep, was rubbed on the baby. The baby was then given to the mother to nurse. Her afterbirth was buried ceremonially and the mother was "baked" in the heated sandpit. We took good care of the mother and child for a whole week. It wasn't like the way they want you to believe: that Indian women gave birth in the fields all alone and went back to their jobs right away. No! The mother rested and was kept warm. She was fed with songs and good medicine.

I myself used the heated sandpit after my last baby. I had a pain in my side. It was time to menstruate but my period wouldn't come. So my mother buried me in sand. The pit was about 30 inches deep and shaped for my body. First they made a hot fire of mesquite roots which filled the pit. Then the coals were raked out and clean sand put in a foot deep. Ahtukul, creosote branches with resinous leaves, were laced over the sand. Then came a blanket, then myself in a thin dressing-gown, then another blanket and a layer of sand up to the throat. The heated earth felt so nice and comforting. I laid there all morning. Fasting eliminated the need for going to the bathroom. I went to sleep. The ahtukul felt so good. After I woke and got out, they covered

up the sandpit so nothing would bother it. This heat therapy brought my blood down. They say it thinned the blood allowing it to flow easily. The following day small blood clots came out and I returned to normal. The heated sandpit might also be used by men who buried themselves to treat various aches and pains.

If a woman's milk won't come down, put arrowweed salve on her breasts. This will bring the milk down. There is a story about a woman who died giving birth. Her mother put arrowweed on her breasts and was able to nurse the baby. Babies should be nursed until they can walk. During the old days of starvation, when the dog clan lived in the mountains around the ocean that flooded Coachella Valley, women nursed their babies as long as possible. Men avoided intercourse during pregnancy and the nursing period. They were very good to their wives too—cooking food and caring for the child.

Young people married at twelve or thirteen in the old days. (Life expectancy was thought to be 100 years.) Marriage agreements between families were common. One family might "cover" (place a blanket over, thereby claiming) a desirable boy for their daughter, or vice-versa. When boys and girls reached puberty a ceremony was held. The children were formally taught all the things that were important to the clan: hunting, fishing, gathering, basket and pottery making, gardening, songs, dances and oral history.

The nipples of boy children were squeezed off when they were still quite young. This was done to prevent future pain while crawling on the ground during the hunt. Men were taught to stay away from their wives for three days before hunting. They got together in the smokehouse and fumigated themselves with a greenwood fire and tobacco. Hunting puls smoked a mixture of tobacco and datura, or chewed tobacco and elephant tree bark. This give them visions for the hunt. Their dream helper would show them where to go. Then the hunters would leave the valley here at 3:00 AM and run naked into the mountains with only a G string and a hot brand from the fire held next to their hearts

to keep them warm. Some hunters had the power of a bear. They could run deer into the ground. At night the people left in the village would look to the mountains. If they saw a signal fire, they knew there had been a kill. There would be food waiting for the hunters when they returned.

There were so many songs and ceremonies just for women. A song I remember is..

A Gathering Song

What is this? A bug!
I'll kill you
Because you're after my seeds.

Most of the women's traditions have passed away with the use of natural plants for food and medicine. But many things can still be learned from our stories, the stories we raised our children by. I hope you enjoy them too. They were told to me by my grandfather and grandmother and they are very ancient.

CHAPTER V

BOBCAT & COYOTE

Once there lived a family of bobcats in a den way out on the side of a hill. Bobcat had four little kittens. They spent their time playing on the ground while their mother watched them. They had such beautiful spots on their fur. Pretty soon their father came home from hunting. He brought a rabbit with him. Mrs. Bobcat started cooking it, making rabbit soup with wild wheat, pachisol. Way down the trail only bony coyote came walking. He smelled the air with his skinny nostrils...

"I smell something cooking from my big brother's house," he thought to himself. "Maybe they'll give me something to eat? I haven't found anything today."

"Hello ne-pas," coyote said. (Ne-pas means my older brother, a sign of respect.) "I'm so tired. I've been hunting all day and can't catch anything. My babies are going hungry too," he said.

"Oh my. Do we have anything we can give my younger brother," bobcat asked his wife?

"Yes," she said. "I have four dried rabbits. Your wife can cook them. And here's some squash, beans and bread," she added giving it all to him in a basket.

"Oh thank you," coyote said.

"You can stay and eat with us before you go home too. Here, drink some of this pachisol." So coyote stayed and ate with them.

They were sitting around the fire resting after dinner when coyote said, "Your babies are so pretty. How come they have spots on them?"

Bobcat stirred the fire slowly before answering, "Oh, the other day I sang my shaman songs and took an arrowweed from the fire here and burned those spots on them with the hot tip."

"Ahulwa," coyote exclaimed in appreciation. Then he went

home.

"Did you find anything to eat," coyote's wife asked?

"Yes," he said. "My big brother gave me this..." and he passed her the basket of food.

"Have you eaten anything," she asked?

"No," coyote lied, "and I'm so tired. I've been hunting all day." (What a greedy liar. He had really slept all morning and stuffed his stomach at bobcat's house.) So coyote's wife cooked all that food: rabbits, squash and beans. And coyote ate again.

Later they were all sitting around the fire full and happy when coyote said, "Wife our babies are so ugly. They don't have any spots on them... I'm going to make spots on them." And he put an arrowweed in the fire. When the tip was a hot burning ember he burned dark spots on his own four children. They started crying and crying. The next day they had running sores all over their bodies. Flies were after them and worms were crawling in their sores.

"You'd better ask your big brother what to do," his wife said. "And you're supposed to be a medicine man!" she added sarcastically.

So coyote went to find bobcat. He told bobcat how he had burned the babies to make spots, but it didn't work.

"I was just teasing you," bobcat said. "You shouldn't have tried to copy me." Nevertheless, bobcat took his feathers over to coyote's den and doctored the children. The sores healed up right away.

"Don't try that again," bobcat warned as he left for home.

* * * * *

About two months later coyote stopped by bobcat's house to see if he could beg more food from his big brother. And, oh my goodness, the bobcat's had four large winnowing baskets full of army worms roasted. And they had other food too...corn mush

seasoned with pasal, tiny black seeds.

"Come on. Sit down. Eat with us," bobcat invited.

"Ee-ah," coyote exclaimed. "Where did you get these fat beautiful army worms? This is late summer and army worms only come out in the spring."

"Well..." bobcat said, "the other day my wife was wishing for some army worms, so I got out my feathers and danced my songs. Then I had my wife hold her baskets under my stomach while I cut myself open with a flint knife. She caught all these worms as they fell out of my guts."

"Oh...oh," coyote said. His eyes wide open.

"And then I waved my feathers over my stomach and rubbed it with my hand. I'm OK now. See: no marks."

After visiting for awhile and eating all he could hold, coyote started to leave. It was customary to give something for the guest to take home, so the bobcats gave him a big basket of army worms.

When he got home coyote's wife said, "Ee-ah, where did you get that basket of worms?" Coyote told her the story while she cooked a dinner of army worms and beans. And coyote ate another meal (the greedy thing). A few days later, after the worms were gone, his wife said, "Oh those army worms were so delicious. I wish we had more. Go ask your big brother if there are any left. I'd sure like to eat some more worms."

"No...no," coyote said, "I don't have to go back. I'll make more myself. Go get three winnowing baskets and bring me my feathers and knife. Put them down here. You stand right in front of me and hold the baskets. When the army worms start pouring out you hold the baskets under my stomach and start gathering worms."

"No!" she said. "You're going to do something wrong."

"Shut up!" coyote screamed. "Do what I tell you. I'm going to do what my big brother done." And he started singing his shaman song...

Coyote is going to skin himself.

Coyote is going to butcher himself.

One... two...three!

Then he cut his stomach open and blood spurted. His children began running around in circles. They were starving: "Are we going to eat him, momma?"

"Get out of here," she yelled. Coyote's guts were lying on the floor. "Go on, call your uncle bobcat." So the children ran over to bobcat's den and brought him back.

"What did you do to yourself," bobcat asked when he arrived and saw the mess on the floor?

"My wife wanted to eat army worms," coyote moaned. "So I did what you told me you did to yourself."

"Oh my, " bobcat said. "That's something I do. I didn't think you would try it." Bobcat rubbed his hand over coyote's wound and sang his doctoring song. That fixed him. "Don't try to copy me anymore," bobcat warned again. Coyote sat up. He was all right.

* * * * *

Three months later coyote went over to bobcat's den. "Have some mesquite cakes," bobcat offered. It was December long after mesquite is harvested. Yet bobcat had several large cakes of mesquite.

"It's delicious," coyote said.

"Here is a big piece to take home to your wife and children," offered Mrs. Bobcat.

"Ahluwa, thank you," coyote said. "How did you get this mesquite? It's so fresh and this is winter."

"Oh..." bobcat said, "the kids wanted something sweet, so I told my wife to crack open my forehead with her stone pestle. The powder just oozed out of my head."

"Ee-ah," coyote said. And he took the mesquite cake home and gave it to his wife.

"Let's eat it now," she said. And they ate and ate, and

it seemed like it would never give out. But finally it was all gone. Coyote's babies began to cry. They wanted more. It was so sweet.

"I guess I'll have to do what my big brother did," coyote said. "What are you going to do now," his wife screamed? "You're always trying to copy him. You're always hurting yourself. Don't do anything! I know you're going to hurt yourself."

"You're just a woman," coyote answered. "You don't know anything. I'm the boss."

"All right," she said. "But this time I'm not going for help."

"Go get your paool (pestle)," he ordered.

"What are you going to do with my paool?"

"I told you to get it," he yelled.

So she got the pestle and laid it down by his feet. "Here it is dear," she said sweetly.

"Now I'm going to lay down here on the floor. You take that paool and hit me on the forehead with it. Then catch the mesquite powder as it comes oozing out of my head. Be sure to hit my forehead hard, not the eyes."

"I don't want to hit you," she pleaded.

"Hit me! Hit me!"

So she smashed his head like it was an acorn. Her paool was solid granite, about 2 feet long and 4 inches in diameter. Coyote's brains came spurting out. His legs raised up involuntarily and he farted loudly. BRAGHT!

(When Indian children hear this story, they love to kick their legs in the air imitating old coyote, while they and the storyteller make farting noises with their lips.)

RABBIT AND COYOTE

There once lived a very prominent and well known chief who had a big garden. He was so proud of it he had it guarded. But this rabbit managed to slip past the guards and eat young corn sprouts. One day a guard set a trap and caught the rabbit. They hung him up by his hind feet. He was hollering and crying.

The chief called for a big celebration. He said, "We will turn the rabbit loose and let the people watch the dogs chase him. Then we'll dump him in hot water and have a big feast. Call all the people together!"

That poor rabbit started crying and wailing so loud it happened a passing coyote heard the squeals. The coyote went over and looked at the rabbit hanging upside down tied to a tree limb.

"Why are you crying, my brother," coyote asked?

"Oh, hello my brother," rabbit said. "The reason I'm crying is because the people over there are preparing a fiesta. Do you hear them? They want me to marry the chief's daughter. They are cooking all kinds of things to eat that I don't like: mountain sheep stew and venison. Now you could take my place. You could have all those good foods and marry the chief's daughter too, if you wanted."

"Is this true," coyote asked?

"Yes. Just get me down from here and take my place." So they changed places. The rabbit helped coyote tie himself to the tree. "You saved my life," rabbit said. "Now you will get your reward. Just stay up there. They'll be after you pretty soon. I'll be on my way. Goodbye."

Coyote hung there, upside down, his tongue lolling out. He was so happy waiting for his reward that he was drooling. Pretty soon the chief came along with his men. They were followed by several clans of people who came to see the dog chase. Two of them were carrying a huge watertight basket containing boiling water heated with rocks from the cooking fire.

"My grandmother. My great grandmother!" coyote cursed. He knew it was a real mess. He started jerking around, pulling himself loose and falling to the ground where he managed to land on the watertight basket spilling boiling water on himself. His shoulder and legs were scalded and he had to run on three legs, because two were still tied together. Poor coyote was burned pretty bad and the dogs were biting him. Finally the agave ropes on his legs gave loose and he managed to escape.

Then coyote went after that rabbit. He sniffed up the scent and tracked it. It took all day to catch up. It was after sunset when coyote saw rabbit drinking water from a desert waterhole. Coyote grabbed rabbit by the neck.

"Don't bite me," rabbit squealed.

"You done me dirty," coyote said.

"I knew YOU would escape," rabbit explained. "You got away from the dogs, the people and the chief. I couldn't have done it. But you saved my life. I'm going to return the favor. I know you're hungry. You've been chasing me all day. Do you see that golden round mesquite cake in the waterhole?"

"Yes, I see the cake," coyote said.

"If you drink all this water in the hole, you can have the mesquite," rabbit told him.

So coyote opened his jaws and released the rabbit. And he drank, and drank, and drank. And he got bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Rabbit of course ran away. Pretty soon water started spouting out of coyote's ears and butt. He was peeing constantly. Finally he was so filled with water that he just rolled over on his back. Then he saw the full moon shining. Tricked again! Coyote started puking. And that saved him. He puked up enough water to get back on his feet. His sniffer was still working. He ran after the rabbit, puking and sniffing, following the scent to a bamboo thicket. This time, coyote bit the rabbit's neck hard enough to make the blood flow.

"Don't...wait...what's wrong!" rabbit squealed.

"You lied to me," coyote said. "That was the moon."

"Wait," the rabbit pleaded. "The chief's coming here. He's bringing his daughter and all kinds of meat. But I still don't want to marry her. You can have her. You've already bit me enough. You can have that girl and live forever in luxury. You'll be the chief's son."

"No way, I'm going to eat you," coyote said.

"Listen to me. I'm bony. No meat at all. Do you just want to suck on my dry bones when you could have everything?"

"Well...all right," coyote agreed.

"This time its different," rabbit explained. "You'll hear some explosions and crackling sounds when the chief approaches. He's a powerful shaman. When you hear those special sounds, you close your eyes and dance. The closer the chief comes, the louder those crackling sounds will get. You just dance faster. Be sure to keep your eyes closed. I'm telling the truth, so you listen good and dance fast.

"All right," coyote said.

Rabbit ran off and found some fire-starting stones. He ran all around the bamboo patch and made a ring of fire. In a few minutes one of the bamboo shoots exploded from the heat. Coyote closed his eyes and started dancing. The bamboo stalks were popping. Coyote danced harder, but then he smelled smoke. He opened one eye a little bit. "Oh yes," he thought, "dance faster." Fortunately he saw an opening through the smoke and flames.

"This time I'm going to kill that rabbit," Coyote vowed. He made a beeline for the rabbit, tracking and sniffing by the light of Lady Moon. But rabbit was hiding in a crevice between some rocks and coyote couldn't tear the den apart. So rabbit escaped after all.

COYOTE & THE FLOOD

Coyote had a den along the banks of a wash. He lived there with his family. When he went hunting he'd bring home a rabbit, but usually he caught nothing. He was down and out. One day he went over to visit his big brother, bobcat. Bobcat was eating ducks.

"E-ah! Where did you get those ducks?" asked coyote.

"I got them at the river. Sit down and eat with us," answered bobcat.

Coyote said, "I've been having hard luck lately. My family is starving!"

"You can take home some of this duck," said Mrs. Bobcat and she gave him some beans too.

Coyote went home with his gifts and the kids met him at the road to see what he had.

"Oh! Oh! I know where my brother gets these ducks, so now I can get some."

"E-ah!" His wife exclaimed. "Now we can eat!"

They had enough for several meals, and of course coyote ate gain. But finally the food gave out.

"Our larder is empty," his wife said.

"I'll go get some ducks," coyote said.

Coyote tried to sneak up on the ducks but they saw him and flew off. Coyote went three times but never caught any. After the third time coyote went over to bobcat's den.

"How do you catch those ducks? When I get near the water, they fly off. All I get is feathers! How do you do it," asked coyote?

"I sing my shaman songs. That way they don't fly away," said bobcat.

Bobcat's wife gave coyote some food to take home. Coyote ate at bobcat's again as he did before.

Coyote went hunting the next morning. He sang his songs, then he jumped into the water but they all flew away. He

tried this for three mornings but it didn't work.

"This is embarrassing," coyote said. So he told his wife he'd be gone for several days. "You hunt for the family, but when I come back I'll have a load of ducks!"

So he went. But the ducks just flew away! Coyote tried to catch the ducks for three more days but could not catch any.

"Oh, shoot! I'm determined to catch them!" He was starving to death.

Then coyote saw a frog. "Oh! something to eat!"

"Don't!" said the frog. "If you eat me you'll drown in the water." But coyote ate the frog anyway. "Now my stomach feels better."

The next day coyote found another frog. This frog also said, "Don't eat me or you'll drown in the water." But coyote ate this one too.

Two or three days later coyote found another frog.

"Don't eat me. You've been warned that the water will rise up and drown you."

But coyote ate him anyway. He then went back to duck hunting. He noticed that the sand was wet but he kept on walking and that afternoon the water was up to his belly. Later that evening he had to climb a willow tree. He climbed way up to the top and was sitting on a limb. Water was everywhere. The ducks were laughing at him.

"This is your fault. It's because of you!" coyote said (he forgot about the frogs).

"Do you want us to help you?"

"Yes," coyote said.

"We'll hold our wings open under you and you jump, and we'll take you to dry land."

One of the ducks got a sharp stick and told the other ducks to fly away when coyote jumped.

"Go ahead, jump. We'll take you to dry land."

"All right here I come."

The ducks had spread their wings to hide the sharp

pointed stick. When coyote jumped the ducks flew away and coyote was impaled up his butt.

Later the water receded and coyote was stuck up on the stick dead.

Mrs. Coyote was out searching for her husband all this time. It had been months since he left. She went over to bobcat's den and ate with them.

"How is my little brother?" bobcat asked.

"I don't know. He went hunting last summer and never returned! Would you look for him?"

Bobcat said he would look for his brother and gave Mrs. Coyote food to take home.

He got up early in the morning and he walked miles and miles. Finally he met a frog.

"Have you seen my brother?"

"Yes. He ate one of my relations and was told he would drown."

The next day bobcat met another frog who told him the same story. Then he met a third frog who said, "Yes, coyote is laying down there under a tree. We warned him."

"My goodness! This is terrible." There was coyote's bones with just a little fur left. He had a stick stuck up his butt.

"So this is where you were all these months. Well, this is what I've told you about copying me." So bobcat sang his shaman song:

My Brother, My Brother is smiling.
Face to the West, Butt to the East.

As he would sing, he'd jump over coyote. Then the flesh started to come back. On the third jump all the flesh came back. Then he blew smoke on coyote and brushed him with his feathers.

"What did you do?" bobcat asked.

"I came out looking for ducks."

"You ate a frog too, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes. I remember. I remember the ducks told me to

jump and they would catch me. That's the last I remember."

"Well, we'll see." said bobcat. "I'll call the ducks and you can pick all you want." And he sang his songs, "Here come the ducks!"

Coyote caught a whole mess of them. He was so greedy. He was drooling. They cracked the necks.

"Lets go home," bobcat sang his song and they flew home.

"Where have you been?" coyote's wife asked.

"I went duck hunting (he didn't mention the frogs).

"Have you been hunting all the time?"

"Yes" he said. "It took all this time to catch them."

Coyote never mentioned the stick or the flood.

Maiden Sundown

Maiden Sundown was very beautiful and vain. She had long black hair, so long she could sit on it. All the animals fell in love with her. They drooled after her. They wanted to marry her. But she just turned away and stayed in her little hut with her grandmother. Every day ants and birds came to court her. Lizard tried to get her attention by climbing up and down the pole beside her hut. But she was too proud. She didn't like anybody.

At night everybody went away and she went to sleep. Only the bat came around to watch. He saw her sleeping and wanted her. So he made himself hair from the fan palm leaf, long golden hair. And he went to her at night. He'd talk to her all night long. And she listened. Then he went away at dawn.

Little by little the bat won her confidence, until she finally let him come into her bed. Well he really laid it on her good! I won't say all that he did, but you know how bats have those funny shaped heads and tiny teeth...

One morning the bat overslept. Ordinarily he left before the sun came up. Maiden Sundown was so happy to have a lover. But he overslept and she saw what he was for the first time. She had been deceived by the wig he made from the fan palm leaf. It wasn't hair at all.

"Grandma, grandma," she yelled. "It's a bat!" He was so ugly with his mouth all puckered up, showing those tiny teeth. The women scared him away. They shook their brooms at him and he flew up and around the hut, losing his hair. But he got away. I guess that was the world's first wig.

Lady Moon

A long time ago, Lady Moon lived on the earth. She was fat and plump and very beautiful. Her spirit really shined. All the children loved her because she told them stories and gave them good things to eat.

One day coyote saw Lady Moon walking with the children. He wanted her right away. He was lusting after her. Saliva dripped from his lips. So he went to her and told her to come with him. But she declined his advances. Coyote told her "If you don't come with me and marry me, I will kill the children."

Poor Lady Moon. She didn't know what to do. She despised coyote, but she couldn't endure the thought of harm coming to the children. So she walked off at night far away from the village. And she kept going...going...up to the sky.

The next morning the children came out looking for Lady Moon. They wanted to be with her and listen to the fascinating stories she told. But they couldn't find her. They found her tracks leading out of the village and followed them into the desert. Finally the tracks just disappeared. The children cried and cried.

That night after supper the children were surprised and delighted to see Lady Moon appear over the horizon. She was smiling down on them and she has watched over little children ever since. Sometimes coyote howls at her, still begging her to return and be his wife.

CHAPTER VI

Conclusion

Ruby and I were sitting in her garden. She was plopped comfortably on a folding canvas chair. I sat crosslegged on the ground beside her. She had just finished changing the waterhose on the long irrigation ditches Dave and I had hoed that day. A slow stream of water began filling the ditches in her tomato patch.

"Do you ever talk to the earth," I asked?

Ruby grinned an enormous smile. "Well, of course I talk to the earth."

"What do you say," I asked?

Ruby closed her eyes tight, bowed her head and extended her hands and fingers, palms up...

Thank you mother earth
for holding me on your breast.
You always love me
no matter how old I get.

I lapsed into an inner silence. Ruby's words were as warm as the evening sun which sat on the horizon like a golden aztec calendar marking the days of people, plants and animals alike. The sun felt good to the tomato plants too. They were filled with the power of water and holding up their leaves to receive the remaining light.

* * * * *

The many hours I spent with Ruby and her family listening to stories, learning the history of the Desert Cahuilla and coming to understand their spiritual beliefs was one of the happiest times of my life. I immediately felt at peace around Ruby...in touch with something basic to my own needs as a human being.

It seemed important to share Ruby's lessons with my own

high school students and others who were interested in Native American history, so I planned the unit of study on "Our Indian Heritage", Appendix B, which introduces the general values, life-styles, cultural history, spiritual beliefs, arts and crafts, folklore and contributions of North American Indians plus a detailed report on the Serrano and Cahuilla people of Southern California taken from my own field research notes and relevant literature. Ruby's autobiography is directly related to lessons (1), Indian Values, and to the hunting-gathering lifestyle (2), California prehistory (3), Indian cosmology (4), and the final instructor's report on the history of the Serrano and Cahuilla (13,15,16, 17 and 18) which attempt to reveal the "heart" of human history in Southern California through an analysis of Desert Cahuilla spiritual beliefs, healing strategies and visionary thinking.

If anything, the Desert Cahuilla were (and a few still are) a visionary people. Visualization is a way of using the mind that was as important to their life as the use of logic is to science. Not that the Cahuilla were illogical. They were excellent craftsmen, ethno-botanists and careful planners. Dr. Bean and a Cahuilla woman from Los Coyotes Reservation, Mrs. Katherine Saubel, have identified over 200 plant species used by the Cahuilla for food, construction material, medicines and personal power. Some of these plants, notably Datura and elephant tree, are among the world's most potent hallucinogens which are known for enhancing perceptions and the visionary capacity of the mind (Furst 1972: "An Overview of Hallucinogens in the Western Hemisphere," Schultes: 3-54). However, as Ruby points out in the beginning, plants were not the only way to induce visionary knowledge. Controlled Dreaming was an important activity. The significance of Ruby's Dream levels is that she is describing a way of using the mind that was traditionally learned and practiced because it was valuable to some very practical concerns of the Cahuilla: hunting, healing, personal power and enlightenment. Dreaming worked and probably had a success rate higher than logical thinking. Cahuilla

hunters used controlled Dreaming or powerplant visions to locate game, forecast and even control the weather. It is my hypothesis that large desert petroglyphs visible only from the air in their gigantic entirety were directional markers for medicine men and women who were using spirit flight as a visionary tactic for making long journeys. Visualization was traditionally found desirable to the extent that talented Cahuilla youngsters were initiated with Datura to open up the visionary channels in their mind, promote spirit flight and initiate an encounter with a Dream Helper.

With all this emphasis on vision, we should pay attention to what was seen by Ruby, and traditional Indian visionaries: the human soul and other spiritual entities. We can assume, I think, that spiritual perceptions of the soul are not culturally determined hallucinations because this explanation fails to account for what is probably a universal human experience (Furst 1972) common to all native American people and many other religions of the world. It was fashionable during that pseudo-scientific period of anthropology (influenced by the Sputnik-era perhaps) to dismiss visionary perceptions as empirical evidence which might more accurately describe the "real" world. And scientists understandably had difficulty accepting the "soul" as real because they could not see it. However, this difficulty is being surmounted as powerplants and visualization strategies become part of the scientific toolbag. Dr. Castaneda, for example, recorded his observations under the influence of powerplants much as Pasteur used the microscope to probe new vistas of reality. Quite possibly the next step up the evolutionary ladder of Western science and medicine will be the incorporation of the visionary-spiritual ethnoscience of American Indian people. Just as the world has benefited from their material and political contributions (lesson 14) which include food resources, medicines, land and democracy so too will we benefit from their holistic healing and educational strategies.

There is much to gain from Ruby's lack of species bias, "The Plants Have a Spirit Too," (pages 35-37). The best part of the theory of evolution is the understanding that we are all re-

lated: people, plants and animals. The scientific community has vividly demonstrated the cellular unity of all life forms but native ethnosience goes on to reveal a spiritual connection and commonality. I find this perception particularly useful (lessons 4 & 18) when I am instructing a group of ordinary high school students. Many of them reject the theory of evolution because their own cosmology doesn't acknowledge kinship with other human races, much less an ape...an eagle...or an oak tree. My students include a wide range of Riverside, California's white, black, chicano and urban Indian population. So it is important to me that they learn to appreciate their vital relationship with each other...and the earth.

Secondary educators who might be concerned that information on the traditional use of powerplants by native Americans will corrupt the youth of our nation need not be too worried. Teenagers are already abusing illegal plants and dangerous addicting chemical drugs. It seems to me that negative laws and lessons have proven useless in curtailing drug abuse. Moreover, several of my Indian students and their parents belong to the Native American Church which legally uses peyote as a spiritual and healing sacrament. Ruby's discussion of *Datura* initiation (page 36-37) shows the value of a spiritual curriculum to an educational program that guides the use of psychoactive plant experience along socially constructive paths. This kind of knowledge is highly valued by teenage student who are desparately trying to get their feet on the ground and regain their sense of self-esteem. I have seen many students shape-up quickly after reading assignments in The Teachings of Don Juan and A Separate Reality (Castaneda 1968-71). The study of Rolling Thunder (Boyd 1974) and The Farm Book (Gaskin n.d.) have also proven useful to many students enabling them to live positively and grow academically. Anthropological information in general is well received in a racially mixed classroom and needs to be included more in regular high school programs.

The problem with the recent supreme court decision to

ban prayer and Bible lessons from the classroom is not in its intention to reduce bigotry, but in its consequences of making religion itself seem unimportant. A better decision, I believe, would not mean putting a bunch of Bible beaters back in the classroom, but would encourage an anthropological dissemination of all religious teachings. The purpose of educational anthropology would be to rewrite and reteach human history so that narrow national and cultural interests would not perpetuate ignorance, bigotry, racism and arrogant stereotypes of our common human heritage.

It is my hope that Not For Innocent Ears and the suggested curriculum in "Our Indian Heritage" which follows will be used by teachers to correct some of the stereotypes of native cultures and add to our present understanding of human history in Southern California.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Barrows, David P. 1900. The Ethnobotany Of The Cahuilla Indians Of Southern California. University of Chicago Press, Chicago.
- Bean, Lowell J. and Harry Lawton. 1967. A Bibliography Of The Cahuilla Indians Of California. Malki Museum Press, Morongo Reservation, Banning, Ca.
- _____ 1972. Mukat's People: The Cahuilla Indians Of Southern California. University of California Press, Los Angeles and Berkeley.
- _____ and Katherine S. Saubel. 1972. Temalpakh: Cahuilla Knowledge And Usage Of Plants. Malki Museum Press, Morongo Reservation, Banning.
- _____ and Robert F. Heizer, Volume Editor. 1978. Handbook Of North American Indians, Volume 8, California. "The Cahuilla," pp. 575-587. Smithsonian Institution, Washington D.C.
- Benedict, Ruth. 1924. A Brief Sketch Of Serrano Culture." American Anthropologist. 26(3):366-392.
- Boyd, Doug. 1974. Rolling Thunder. Dell Publishing Co. Inc., New York, N.Y.
- Brown, Dee. 1971. Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, N.Y.
- Castaneda, Carlos. 1968. The Teachings Of Don Juan. University of California Press, Los Angeles and Berkeley.
- _____ 1971. A Separate Reality. Simon and Schuster, New York, N.Y.
- Drucker, Phillip. 1937. Culture Element Distribution: V. Southern California. University of California Publications in Anthropology Record. 1:1:52.
- Gaskin, Steven. n.d. Hey Beatnik: The Farm Book. Book Publishing Co., Summertown, Tenn.
- Kroeber, A.L. 1908. Ethnography Of The Cahuilla Indians. U.C. Pubs. Archaeol. Ethnol. 6:29-68.
- _____ 1925. Handbook Of The Indians Of California. Bureau of Amer. Ethnol., Washington D.C. Bul. 78.
- Lando, Richard and Ruby E. Modesto. 1977. Temal Wakish: A Desert Cahuilla Village. The Journal Of California Anthropology, Vol. 4:95-112.

- Lang, Raven and the Santa Cruz Midwives. 1972. The Birth Book. Genesis Press, Santa Cruz, Ca.
- Patencio, Francisco. 1943. Stories And Legends Of The Palm Springs Indians. Times-Mirror Press, Los Angeles.
- Radin, Paul. 1920. The Autobiography Of A Winnebago Indian. U.C. Pubs. Archaeol. Ethnol., 16:7.
- Schultes, Richard E. and Peter T. Furst, Vol. Editor. 1972. Flesh Of The Gods: An Overview Of Hallucinogens In The Western Hemisphere. Praeger Pub., New York, N.Y.
- Strong, William D. 1927. An Analysis Of Southwestern Society. Amer. Anthrop., n.s., 29:1-16.
- _____ 1929. Aboriginal Society In Southern California. U.C. Pubs. Amer. Archaeol. Ethnol., Vol. 26.
- Wilke, Phillip J. 1976. Late Prehistoric Human Ecology At Lake Cahuilla, Coachella Valley, California. PhD. Diss., Dept. of Anthropology, U.C. Riverside.

APPENDIX A: CAHUILLA VOCABULARY

Cahuilla words are traditionally spelled and pronounced with pure Spanish vowel sounds. The apostrophe is used to indicate a glottal stop (a suspension and sudden release of air). Exceptions to the this are English spellings (oo, ea, ee) which are used by Ruby Modesto in her Cahuilla language classes for children on the reservation who are trained in English phonetics at public schools. Ruby prefers this system to the complicated linguistic alphabets developed by professional linguists since her system is intelligible to ordinary people.

Words From The Text

- ahluwa: thank you.
- ahswit: Ruby's dream helper.
- ahtukul: creosote plant, the woman's medicine used in childbirth and menstrual ceremony.
- ativalem: dogs, the name of Ruby's clan.
- calowat: tree.
- easil: coyote, someone who doesn't learn from their mistakes, lazy or untrustworthy person, a non-Indian or anthropologist on occasion.
- iswatem: mountain lion, an ancient Cahuilla clan.
- kikisulem: datura, jimsonweed, a powerful visionary plant, used to induce visions, improve stamina, and as a herbal medicine for wounds, pulmonary complaints, spiritual disorders and childbirth, a specific for asthma.
- kish: house
- kish Umna: house of God, Big House, ceremonial clan meeting hall, hospital, funeral parlor and residence of the net.
- kiva: ceremonial underground council chamber and personal meditation center...a Hopi word?
- mechawul: desert goldenrod, leaf tea for aches and pains, used in smokehouse by hunters to fumigate themselves, green leaves on hot coals.
- musuwhat: unidentified ocean plant used to fabricate medicine bundles, a symbiotic relationship with the kikisulem plant which together were utilized ceremonially for rain-making.

<u>nawshlum:</u>	pumpkin, the Creator's stomach.
<u>ne-pas:</u>	my older brother, a sign of respect or flattery, a kinship term.
<u>n'nen'naka:</u>	mixture of elephant tree bark, a powerful nerve poison used on arrowtips in hunting, a visionary stimulate, easily lethal.
<u>net:</u>	head of the clan and Big House, keeper of clan wisdom and knowledge, a chief shaman and council leader.
<u>pa'at:</u>	mountain sheep and the oil extracted from sheep fat, a massage oil and ointment.
<u>pachisol:</u>	a soup made from grass seeds and meat.
<u>paool:</u>	a stone pestle.
<u>pasal:</u>	chia seeds used as a condiment.
<u>paul:</u>	a fresh water lake.
<u>paulnewkut:</u>	the ocean, Cahuilla name for the ancient sea first flooding Coachella Valley, water turned salty by the tears people shed after the cremation of their Creator.
<u>pee-um:</u>	"witch him," sound of the flicker.
<u>pivat:</u>	tobacco, breath of the Creator, medicine.
<u>pul:</u>	a shaman or shamaness, distinguished by a spiritual helper and visionary power.
<u>sa'chem:</u>	native watermelon, head of the Creator.
<u>takish:</u>	eagle.
<u>tevemalem:</u>	black beans, eyes of the Creator.
<u>tokut:</u>	bobcat.
<u>tumah:</u>	corn, teeth of the Creator.
<u>tookiseth:</u>	demon of epilepsy.
<u>Umna'ah:</u>	our Creator. (the suffix <u>ah</u> = "our.")
<u>univetem:</u>	the bears and bear clan.
<u>wietem:</u>	grasshoppers and the grasshopper clan.
<u>ya-ee:</u>	the wind.

APPENDIX B

Our Indian Heritage

This unit of study is designed for California senior high school or community college students and teachers. The class will focus on the cultural history of Serrano and Desert Cahuilla Indians of southern California. We will also explore the cultural history of North American Indians in general and examine their many, often overlooked, contributions to our present way of life: democracy, ecological ideas and values, food and medical resources, arts, crafts, music and spirituality. Each lesson is planned to maximize student participation in the classroom through interpersonal communication activities, journal writing, arts and crafts projects, oral reports and class discussion. Many lessons can be used individually to supplement social studies curriculum in national or state history, ecology, consumer education and anthropology. When used sequentially the lessons in "Our Indian Heritage" provide a well rounded course in Native American Studies. A bibliography of books, films, records, tape recordings, maps and Indian newspapers is attached. These materials are available in most school district or county libraries.

Activities

1. Journal Writing; record notes from lectures and class activities, feedback on required readings and research, drawings, values clarification, anthropology vocabulary and concepts.....(25 points)
2. Make Something Natural: arts, crafts and music project utilizing natural materials and Indian themes, share final work with class.....(25 points)
3. Oral and Written Report on One Indian Tribe or Theme: Directed library research.....(25 points)
4. Attendance and Participation in Class.....(25 points)

Final grades will be based on a combined evaluation of activities 1-4.

Our Indian Heritage

Lesson	Page
1. Indian Values.....	77
2. The Hunting-Gathering Lifestyle.....	78
3. California Prehistory.....	79
4. Indian Cosmology.....	80
5. Museum Fieldtrip.....	81
6. Indian Arts and Crafts.....	82
7. Indian Folklore.....	83
8. Contemporary Art and Literature.....	84
9. Indian Music.....	85
10. Indian Music (Play Together).....	86
11. Make Something Natural Project.....	87
12. Indian History in America.....	88
13. Serrano and Desert Cahuilla History..	89
14. Contributions of Native Americans....	90
15. Contemporary Indian Spokesperson....	91
16. Dreams, Spirits and Visions.....	92
17. Desert Cahuilla Healing Strategies...93	93
18. Desert Cahuilla Spirituality.....	94
19. Edit Student Research.....	95
20. Oral Reports by Students.....	95
Bibliography and Sources.....	96

Required Reading

Touch The Earth (McLuhan 1971).

Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee (Brown 1971).

Rolling Thunder (Boyd 1974).

Temalpakh (Bean and Saubel 1972).

Not For Innocent Ears (Modesto and Mount 1979).

INDIAN VALUES

Purpose: Introduce students to council circle and each other. Read Aloud. Encourage interpersonal communication and sensitivity toward the earth.

Instructions: Arrange chairs in a circle. Prepare a student interest inventory and share information around the circle. Include inventory questions which call for values clarification of attitudes toward the earth, kinship with animals and plants, ecological practices and concerns.

Pass Touch The Earth around circle. Instructor starts with a reading of "The Power Of The Circle." Each student in turn reads a passage selected at random.

Compare and contrast native attitudes toward the earth with European American traditions of exploitation for power and profit. "Equality & Respect" vs. "Dominion Over."

Discuss student feelings and ideas about energy demands in contemporary industrialized society. Should we use nuclear generators, fossil fuels and other diminishing natural resources according to a continued policy of unchecked greed, or curtail these abusive practices as suggested by many Indian people? Should we change our ways? Touch The Earth suggests that we listen to the plants and rocks to gain some answer to this question.

Lecture and Discuss: The earth as nourishing mother, the sun our ancient father, united in a 6 billion year marriage that has generated a family of inter-related plants, animals and people. Show a few specimens of local plants used by the Serrano and Cahuilla for food, medicine, building and crafts. Compare the cellular unity of lifeforms described by the Theory of Evolution and modern biology with Indian ethnoscience which extends the perception of kinship to a spiritual level...the plants have a soul too in native philosophy (Modesto and Mount 1979).

Follow Up: Ask students to keep inventory answers, notes and future written material in a classroom journal provided and read by the instructor each week. The journal will facilitate communication, provide individual feedback and encourage writing skills. Ask students to collect a few leaves, a branch or flower (apologize to plants) which can be used to start a wall display for the classroom, showing local plant species and their use.

Sources: Looking Out/Looking In: Interpersonal Communication (Adler and Towne 1978).

Temalpakh: Cahuilla Indian Knowledge and Usage of Plants (Bean and Saubel 1972).

Touch The Earth (McLuhan 1971).

Not For Innocent Ears (Modesto and Mount).

THE HUNTING-GATHERING LIFESTYLE

Purpose: Share Native American food. Listen to Indian music of southern California. Provide information on human history and culture in Serrano and Cahuilla villages. Assign class readings, required arts and crafts project, and oral reports on one Indian tribe or theme.

Instructions: Prepare a pot of Indian herbal tea or the sweet mesquite drink for students to taste. Sit in circle and pass around a bowl of mixed sunflower seeds, pinyon nuts and pumpkin seeds for all to enjoy. Play tape recording of Cahuilla birdsongs in background.

Lecture and Discuss: The hunting-gathering-gardening lifestyle of Desert Cahuilla and Serrano villages. Foraging for food required perhaps three days work each week, remaining days were spent in recreation, ceremony and crafts. Musical activity probably exceeded time spent hunting.

A list of foods and natural resources can be found in Not For Innocent Ears (p. 18), or one can be generated on the chalkboard through the student-centered game of "In and Out." To play this game, draw a large cross on the board...

IN	OUT
Corn	Wheat
Mesquite	

The instructor begins by noting the above items on the chalkboard and asking students around circle to add food items they think would be "In." The "In" category is undisclosed (Native Food Resources) and students are asked not to guess the category out loud, but rather to test their guess with another food item. This game develops inquiry skills and an incredibly long list of native/old world foods.

Follow Up: Add student contributions to the plant display. Assign readings in Temalpakh and Not For Innocent Ears, and discuss requirements of course. Show a map of Indian North America and California. Ask students to begin thinking about a possible arts and crafts project and oral report by focusing on one tribe or area (southwest, plains, woodland).

Sources: Earth-Medicine, Earth Foods (Weiner 1972).

"Cahuilla Birdsongs," (Personal Tape).

Maps of California and North America are listed in the bibliography (p. 99).

THE CALIFORNIA PREHISTORY

Purpose: Provide instruction on native cultural ecology in southern California prior to European American migrations. Facilitate group thinking and individual perceptions of human history compared to the present.

Instructions: Pass out a communications/interaction ditto which requires students to...

1. Draw a picture of Riverside and San Bernardino region the way you imagine it used to appear.
2. Draw a picture of the same area the way you see it today (stick figures and block houses are OK, you don't have to be Rembrandt to participate in this lesson).
3. Join a group of 2-3 other students and share your perceptions.
4. Select a group spokesperson and prepare a summary statement in your class journal which represents all the ideas and feelings seen in the drawings. Share summary with class; note similarities and differences.

Lecture and Discuss: The aboriginal environment in native California...lifestyle beyond foodgathering...birth to death: care of mother, child raising, early initiation into visionary activities, marriage and family patterns, spiritual beliefs and customs, Songs For The Dead.

Social Organization: kinship system, tribal council, kivas, Big House, nets and puls, family rule.

Ceremonial life: dances, all night fiestas, week-long song cycles, musical instruments, personal songs and visionary activity, smokehouse, first fruits and meat sharing, mourning the dead, the importance of music to native people.

Follow Up: Prepare students for a field trip to Riverside County Museum of Natural History. Materials on display represent aboriginal times to the present.

Sources: California Indians (Heizer and Whipple 1957).

Handbook Of North American Indians: Volume 8, California (Bean and Heizer 1978).

Native Americans Of California And Nevada (Forbes 1969).

Mukat's People (Bean 1972).

Films: "Acorns, The Staple Food of California Indians."
"California Indians."

INDIAN COSMOLOGY

Purpose: Compare and contrast the Biblical story of Genesis with the Theory of Evolution and native cosmologies.

Instructions: Read aloud from Genesis and request student interpretations on literal and symbolic levels. Note that Genesis summarizes a million years of human history in one short chapter while the remainder of the Old Testament is written for an agricultural people with city-states, kings and standing armies.

Draw a flow chart on the chalkboard showing the theory of evolution of life on earth. Note the long time span (Jastrow 1977) and ancient existence of human remains.

Portray the Hopi view of human history...

<u>1st Age</u>	<u>2nd Age</u>	<u>3rd Age</u>
Hunters-gatherers	Agriculture	Industrialization
Small villages	City-states	Nations/Empires
Dream wisdom	Books & Laws	Science & Electricity
Warriors/hunters	Armies/farmers	Nuclear Bombs
Greed	Greed	Greed

According to the Book Of The Hopi, each of these ages was (or will be) destroyed by human greed and warfare. Our present "age of light" characterized by the belief that man is the master of light, rather than vice-versa, will be destroyed by light...specifically a nuclear holocaust.

Lecture and Discuss: Universal and special features of native religion and cosmology—visionary wisdom, direct communication between the individual and spiritual realms, the sacredness of nature, all of which affected European thinking and the protestant/democratic reformations in America.

Follow Up: Request parental approval forms and arrange transportation needs for museum field trip. Contact museum curators. Ask students to compare their own personal religious beliefs with native and scientific thinking by writing a page or so on this subject in their journals. It may be necessary and wise for the instructor to require parental approval for participation in this course as the law requires for underage students and the subject of religion.

Sources: The Holy Bible.

Book Of The Hopi (Waters 1963).

Human Evolution (Campbell 1967).

Until The Sun Dies (Jastrow 1977).

Unveiling Man's Origins (Leakey and Goodall 1969).

MUSEUM FIELD TRIP

Purpose: See ancient Indian artifacts and historical displays at the Riverside Museum of Natural History in downtown Riverside, California. An alternative field trip to Malki Museum at Morongo Indian Reservation near Banning, California (or other local museums convenient to the instructor) would be valuable too.

Preparations: Prior confirmation with museum curators. Arrange transportation with school administration and/or parents. Sack lunches or restaurant reservations should be considered for a field trip to Malki since this would take all day.

Activity: Ask students to make sketches of items or themes on display. Note environmental and historical changes that affected cultural patterns. Cahuilla basketry designs and village representations can be copied for use in the required arts and crafts project.

Follow Up: Take time to sit down outdoors and discuss 40,000 years of North America and California prehistory: migration routes of Asian explorers, the Alaska land bridge formed by a lowering of the ocean (300 feet) during the apex of ice ages, rafting Pacific islands by Hopi seekers of the new continent, ancient bison and elephant hunting in southern California, followed by small game hunters and gardening near the Colorado River, changes in environment and native culture brought on by European American industrialization of California, present conditions of urban and reservation people.

Sources: Aboriginal California (U.C. Berkeley 1966).

Handbook Of The California Indians (Kroeber 1925).

Films: "Indians Before European Settlement."

"Ishi."

"Who Discovered America?"

INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

Purpose: Show the diversity of Indian creativity. Involve students in selecting a required arts and crafts project (activity 2). Study together in small groups.

Instructions: Show photos and films on Indian arts and crafts: basketry, pottery, textiles, beadwork, house construction, clothing, musical instruments, jewelry, dance regalia and architecture.

Lecture and Discuss: Use of natural materials and the inter-relationship between aesthetics and ecology. Artwork is often prescribed by natural suggestions found in the raw materials. "The Living Stone" film shows an Eskimo artist releasing a form he sees in the stone. Note solar energy consciousness in Pueblo architecture.

Activity: Distribute a list of arts and crafts projects and ask students to group according to interest...

Village Model	Hunting Equipment	Music & Dance	Pottery
Architecture	Pipe carving	Instruments	Jewelry
Totem poles	Leatherwork	Story telling	Basketry
Clothing/dyes	Drawing/paint	Textiles	Beadwork

Pass out copies of books, illustrations and artifacts that each group can explore together. Ask students to choose one project and list their needs in the class journal. Think together (brainstorm) about locating materials, tools and other possible projects than listed above.

Follow Up: Help students make a selection and remind class that lessons 7-10 will provide additional examples of Indian story telling, music and painting. Start gathering materials as soon as a selection is final.

Sources: The Complete How-To Book Of Indian Craft (Hunt 1973).

Indian Arts (A Golden Book).

Indian Basket Weaving (Dover 1903 reprint).

Indian Music Makers (Hofsinde 1967).

Navaho And Hopi Weaving Techniques (Pendleton 1974).

Films: "Discovering Native American Music."

"Hopi Arts And Crafts."

"The Living Stone."

"Maria Of The Pueblos."

INDIAN STORIES

Purpose: Introduce students to native oral traditions. Read aloud. Encourage visionary creativity and language arts: speaking, listening, reading, writing, visualization and thinking.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Instructor begins reading aloud with a coyote story. Pass around native folktales and take turns reading aloud.

Lecture and Discuss: Role of coyote as example of all the things one should avoid compared to heroic mannerisms of bobcat in Desert Cahuilla stories. Importance of the oral tradition in maintaining social and spiritual values, rules, education and tribal history. Read aloud Momaday's memory of his Kiowa grandmother who treated words like money, never wasting one (1969).

Activity: Ask students to prepare for a guided visualization.

Take several cleansing breaths, stop thinking and close your eyes. When ready, visualize an animal that represents your totem. You may see a plant, insect, mysterious person, or even a light. In some intuitive way you know there is a spiritual or ancestral relationship with the visionary totem. Do not fear it. Just watch it and, if you are inclined, ask it a question about anything you want to know. Trust your totem and thank it for coming along...When ready, come back to the classroom. Before telling what you saw, take a few minutes to draw your visualization in the class journal and write down everything you saw or heard.

Share your experience with the class and discuss the "reality" of the dream totem and its significance to you.

Follow Up: Remind students that story telling was a major artform among native people. Suggest making a tape recording of Indian stories, or the student's own stories, to share with the class as a crafts project. These stories must be told in the Indian tradition when animals were people and spirits were real.

Sources: The Chemehuevis (Laird 1976).

House Made Of Dawn (Momaday 1969).

Indian Tales (De Angulo 1953).

Not For Innocent Ears (Mount & Modesto 1979).

Seven Arrows (Storm 1972).

CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS & LITERATURE

Purpose: Expose students to beautiful modern artwork of the desert southwest. Read aloud contemporary Indian story. Discuss modern trends in art and literature.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Pass around illustrations of southwestern paintings, Sherman High School artwork, and, if possible, samples of craftwork. Read aloud the short story "Hitchhiker," from the collection of American Indian Writers.

Lecture and Discuss: The visionary as artist. Use of dreams and visions to inspire creativity: spiritual, magical, peyote symbolism dominate modern paintings...also realistic nature scenes, vivid colors, memories of the old times. Since one-fourth of the present American Indian population belongs to the Native American Church, scenes in literature and the visual arts are greatly influenced by peyote use (Deloria 1970).

Activity: Ask students to roll up a page of paper, the long way, to make a tube about 1" in diameter and 12" long. Hold the tube to the right eye with the right hand. Focus on an object across the room, perhaps 15-20 feet away. Close the left eye and hold the left hand alongside the far end of the tube with the fingers extended and the palm centered alongside the tube. After focusing on the distant object for a few seconds, open the left eye. A hole may appear in the palm of the left hand and the object will be seen through it. This tube changes perception in a way that can be compared to changes in perception brought on by visionary powerplants like peyote. Ordinarily we are not taught to use or appreciate our visualization capabilities and they become truncated. However, visualization is an important way of using the mind in native cultures; indeed dreams and visions were the traditional source of wisdom.

Follow Up: Inquire about student progress with projects and ask them to share in writing their experience making something natural. Is it more difficult than they thought? Help locate materials and suggest modern alternatives for hard-to-find natural resources.

Sources: American Indian Writers. "The Hitchhiker," (Momaday 1971).

Contemporary Southern Plains Indian Painting (Liebhart 1972).

Sherman High School artwork (Personal Photos).

INDIAN MUSIC

Purpose: Listen to Native American music. Identify regional variations and song genres (sacred and secular music). Analyze song structure. Learn about visionary composition: "Listening to the Earth." Hear modern Indian musicians.

Instruction: Play personal tapes and library records of native music. Note stylistic variations between Plains, Navaho and Desert Southwest, Cahuilla birdsongs and peon songs, Northwest and Eskimo music.

Lecture and Discuss: Song structure of native music is a blend of polymodal, polyrhythmic counterpoint. Rhythm and melody predominate. Unique harmonic blending of major and minor modes simultaneously. The Aztecs harmonized five different modes in their music and infuriated a Spanish audience who rewarded the musicians by chopping off their hands and tongues (Stevenson 1968). Native music is based on scales derived from the natural overtone series, and does not correspond exactly to the Pythagorean-perfect 12 tone Western scale. Native melodies employ 16 and more tones, including quarter notes, although many songs are pentatonic. Indians had songs for every activity from food gathering to healing. Musical vibrations massage the nervous system and native healers considered music essential to their healing strategies. There were also personal songs, dance songs, clan history and stories were told in song, hunting and gathering songs, basket making and pottery songs, women's songs and men's songs used to guide the spirit through the transition of death. Trail songs guided travellers by naming landmarks and the location of water.

Read aloud from The Teachings Of Don Juan about stopping the inner-dialog and listening to the earth for personal songs. I call this process visionary composition. Indians did not read or write music, nevertheless they frequently composed music by repeating what was heard in a vision or dream.

Play recordings of modern Indian musicians: Buffy Sainte-Marie, Crow Dog and XIA Rock Group. Note traditional influences on modern rock music.

Follow Up: Remind students that musical instruments (e.g. water drums, whistles, rattles and flutes) are easy to make with natural materials and this project qualifies for the arts and crafts requirement. Some students may wish to attend local pow-wows to hear more traditional Indian music and see colorful native dancing.

Sources: A Separate Reality (Castaneda 1971).

Ethnomusicology Of The Flathead Indians (Marriam 1967).

Music In Aztec And Inca Territory (Stevenson 1968).

"Crow Dog's Paradise" (Electra Records).

"The Best Of Buffy Sainte-Marie" (Vanguard Records)

"XIA" featuring Tom Bee (Columbia Records).

INDIAN MUSIC (PLAY TOGETHER)

Purpose: Play native instruments and dance together. Illustrate natural melodic scales with the guitar or hunting bow. Make final preparations for the arts and crafts project. Distribute take-home midterm exam if desired.

Instructions: Sit in Circle. Pass around "kitchen rattles" made from empty aluminum cans which contain a scant handful of dry rice or Fan Palm date seeds. A water drum, hand tambourines and woodrasps would also be useful. Play an easy rhythm together accompanied by a record or tape of Cahuilla birdsongs. Demonstrate birdsong dance steps: each foot steps twice then alternates in time; the dancer moves slowly forward about six double steps, then back. Form rows of four to eight dancers each. It's OK to grunt, and fun too. Encourage some students to dance while others keep rhythm.

Activity: Illustrate the natural overtone series on a guitar or hunting bow (the first stringed instrument). Natural tones are generated when a string is stretched across two points as on a bow, guitar, or voicebox, and caused to vibrate. The idea of "the right note" is Western. Children inately sing natural overtone melodies, but are corrected (and often silenced) by the demand to sing a melody that corresponds to the division of the natural octave into 12 equally spaced semitones. Phythagoras is accredited with this manipulation, because it is said the ancient Greeks believed that 12 was a perfect number. Unfortunately for native musicians, and little children, all the notes in between the perfect 12 are often squashed by European trained music critics.

Lecture and Show: The value of meditation and visionary composition to a musician. Play personal songs obtained through Hearing music, rather than "thought up." I have a specialty which involves Hearing music and transcribing it vocally during a state of heightened awareness. I have "caught" many songs this way.

Follow Up: Students may choose to make a musical instrument for their project: drums, rattles, woodrasps, flutes, or a shared personal song inspired by Indian studies. Ask students to write a journal entry expressing what they have learned to date, or distribute a take-home midterm exam.

Sources: Indian Music Makers (Hofsinde 1967).

The Buffy Sainte-Marie Songbook (Sainte-Marie 1971).

Personal Tapes, Instruments and Experience.

MAKE SOMETHING NATURAL

Purpose: Facilitate hand skills and perceptions. Work together in small groups; finish arts and crafts projects. Share materials and ideas. Evaluate individual progress.

Instructions: Students will bring their projects into the classroom for final touches. Work together in interest groups and share when possible. The instructor acts as a guide. Encourage completion of projects.

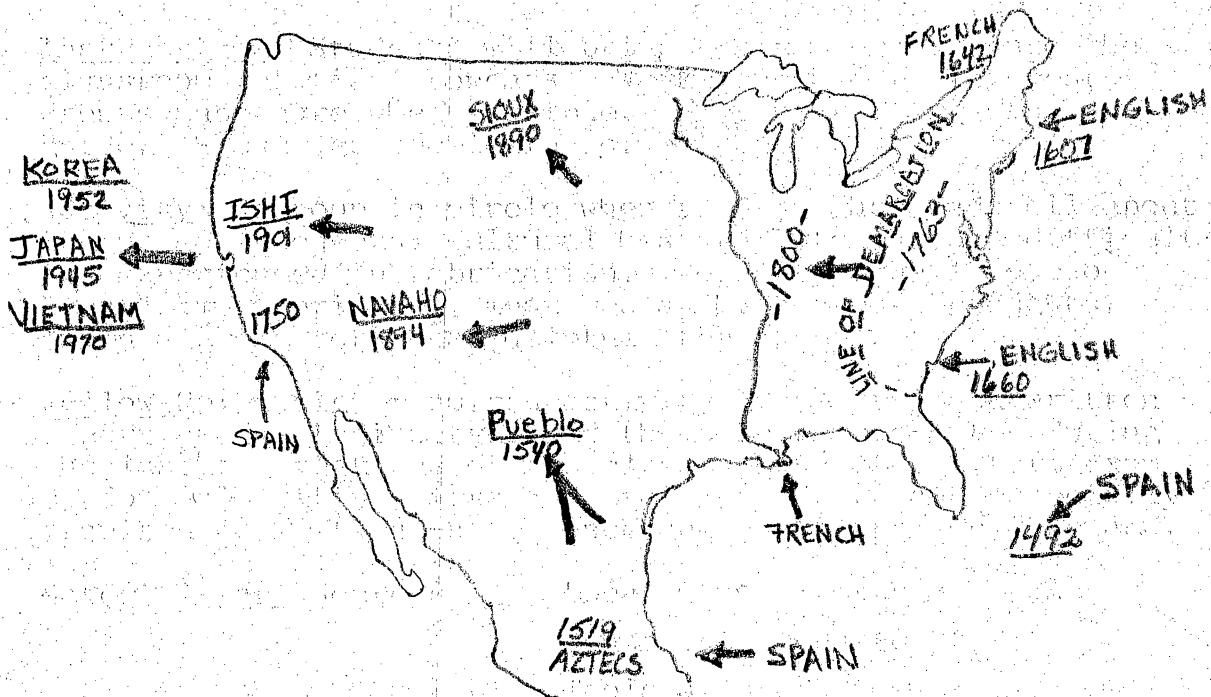
Activity: Regroup in circle when ready. Show and tell about individual projects: cultural history information, difficulties experienced in fabrication. Request council vote on "best" (most original, most research, neatest) projects. Award a prize for "most helpful" too.

Follow Up: Assign required activity 3, an oral and written report on one Indian tribe or theme to be presented during the last two meetings of the class. Evaluate midterm exam or journal writing, arts and crafts project, and especially required activity 4—attendance and participation in class.

- Materials and Sources:
- Local Craft Stores
 - School Art Department
 - Tools as needed
 - Fishing line, nylon
 - Sandpaper & glue
 - Dye and Paints
 - Plant Materials
 - Classroom tables

INDIAN HISTORY IN AMERICA

Purpose: Familiarize students with the history of this continent from the anthropological point of view.



Lecture and Discuss: Who discovered America? What happened to native people after Columbus landed? By 1763 Indians were forced across the Appalachian "Line of Demarcation." English protection of Indian rights was challenged by Americans who won the right to push Indians across the Mississippi River after the Revolution. Washington was paid for his generalship with land in Pennsylvania. Spain established first California missions in 1750, enslaving natives and (like their counterparts to the east) spreading contagious diseases that were unknown in native society: T.B., Cholera, Smallpox, V.D., Measles and alcoholism. The Sioux and Navaho were conquered and placed on reservations by the end of the 19th century, also California Indians were interred and the "last wild Indian," Ishi, was captured by 1901. The war with asian derived people did not stop there, but continued westward. Japan was conquered in 1945; the USA was at war on mainland Asia from 1952-1971. Why does history repeat itself?

Follow Up: Assign readings (Boyd and Brown), and distribute a blank map of North America. Ask students to note location of tribes and dates of treaties or conflict.

Sources: Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee (Brown 1971).

Custer Died For Your Sins (Deloria 1970).

Rolling Thunder (Boyd 1974).

HISTORY OF THE SERRANO AND CAHUILLA

Purpose: Describe in detail two southern California Indian tribes and their cultural history. Provide definitions for important anthropological terms, and demonstrate one method for presenting the required oral and written report.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Pass around concrete examples of Cahuilla material culture (pottery shards, arrowpoints, acorns and mesquite pods). Organize report according to standard ethnographic categories and define terms.

Lecture and Discuss:

Aboriginal territory	Settlement Patterns	Religion
Environment	Construction methods	Dreaming
Subsistence ecology	Tools and artifacts	Medicine
Social Organization	Reservations	Shamanism
The life-cycle	Ceremonies	Music
Culture change	Adaptations	Ethnoscience

Follow Up: Suggest that students visit Malki Museum at Morongo Reservation as individuals, if a field trip is not possible. Malki is a good source of books on southern California Indians, and it has the finest display of native artifacts.

Demonstrate the use of standard kinship symbols and ask students to get together with some of the older folks in their family and prepare a personal kinship chart to keep in their class journal. This kind of research can please the whole family by accurately documenting the family tree.

Request individual selections on one tribe or theme as required for the final report. Provide research direction as needed.

Sources: Not For Innocent Ears (Modesto and Mount 1979).

Temalpakh (Bean and Sauble 1972).

Serrano Songs and Stories (Mount, mimeo, 1974).

A Brief Sketch of Serrano Culture (Benedict 1925).

CONTRIBUTIONS OF NATIVE AMERICANS

Purpose: Guide students toward a realization that much of our American way of life is Indian, derived from this continent, and that there is much to learn from Indian people as well as about them.

Instruction: Sit in circle and pass around a bowl of foods cultivated in or native to North America.

Lecture and Discuss: Native contributions...

- a. Food Supply: corn, beans, squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, potatoes, sunflower, amaranth, artichoke, mesquite, peppers, turkey, cavey, jajoba...etc.
- b. Medicine Cabinet: penicillin, quinine, coca leaves, yerba buena, mescaline, and many hundred other plant remedies that were widely used until "essences" were manufactured synthetically after World War II.
- c. Philosophy and Religion: rights of the natural man, the sacredness of the earth, species equality, God manifest, peace pipe and open council, direct connection between the individual and Great Spirit (no need for intermediary), influence on Rosseau, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman; also Shakers and Quakers.
- d. Politics: the idea of electing representatives and constitutional rights was inspired by native philosophy, particularly traditions of the Iroquois League of Five Nations. France and England "turned on" by new ideas, values and medicines. Revolutions followed.

Follow Up: Show the film, "More Than Bows and Arrows," narrated by N. Scott Momaday. Ask students to join small groups after the film and brainstorm each other to generate a list of as many native contributions they can put together. Don't forget moccasins, snowshoes, canoes, kayaks, and especially architecture. Modern canals follow ancient patterns laid down by early native irrigators, Southwestern high-rise apartments planned to utilize maximum solar energy resources. Aztecs and Incas built the world's largest and most beautiful temples, cities and pyramids.

Sources: American Indian Medicine (Vogel 1979).

Death and Rebirth of the Senaca (Wallace 1979).

How Indians Use Wild Plants For Food, Medicine And Crafts (Densmore 1974).

Film: "More Than Bows and Arrows" (Momaday 1978).

CONTEMPORARY INDIAN SPOKESPERSON

Purpose: Listen to a modern Indian spokesperson, Rolling Thunder or Ruby Modesto. Compare the ideas and values of a traditional medicine person with A.M.A. and Western psychotherapeutic practices.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Pass out copies of Rolling Thunder's speech and listen to a tape recording of his message while reading along (1½ hours). Or invite Mrs. Modesto to the class to speak about her traditions.

Discussion: Compare and contrast native values with American institutions, particularly Christianity, the A.M.A. and Government programs. Note that very little has changed from the native point-of-view. Read aloud from any Indian Newspaper...clashes between native and American traditions have recently resulted in shoot-outs, medicine men are raided and charged with practicing without a license, treaty rights are being challenged by congressmen who say, "why should Indians be treated any different than other citizens?" The land, water and air are increasingly polluted to the extent that breathing in Los Angeles can cause lung cancer. Few Indians could live off the earth anywhere in America: it has been so ravished.

Follow-Up: Play a recording of Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Now That The Buffalo's Gone," and "My Country Tis Of Thy People You're Dying," and "God Is Alive, Magic Is Afoot." Ask students to write an essay in their class journal on ways people can help out, rather than be part of the problem.

Sources: American Indian Medicine (A tape recording and mimeography copy prepared by Big Sur Publications, n.d., Essalen Institute, California).

The Best Of Buffy Sainte-Marie (Vanguard Records).

Navaho Times (Newspaper, Window Rock, Arizona).

Akwasasne Notes (Newspaper, Mohawk Nation, N.Y.).

DREAMS, SPIRITS & VISIONS

Purpose: Explore native ways of thinking and perceiving. Discuss the value of visionary activity to the individual and society. Compare "drug" use to abuse.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Read aloud Lame Deer's first vision, "Sitting Alone on a Mountain Top," (Erdoes 1972).

Lecture and Discuss: Are dreams real or symbolic? What have you learned from dreams? Can you control dreaming: go somewhere, see someone, look at your own hands? Ask students if they believe in ghosts, spirits or magical animals? Ever hear voices or music? Share experience.

Most native societies initiated young people with visionary power plants (like Datura, Peyote and various mushrooms) and guided their children with lessons that were socially desirable.

Play Use & Abuse: Draw a large cross on the chalkboard...

Use	Abuse
Hunting	Witchcraft
Dreaming	Getting Drunk
Healing	Poison
Music	Unprescribed chemicals

The instructor notes only two items under Use and one item under Abuse to get the inquiry started. Students are asked to add more items to each category. Native people used powerplants for healing, meditative wisdom, creative energy, and for finding and following a path with heart... as opposed to the European American custom of getting drunk and eating extremely powerful synthetic chemicals.

Follow-Up: Ask students to write a few pages in their class journal about personal experience with drug use and abuse.

Sources: Journey To Ixtlan (Castaneda 1972).

Lame Deer: Seeker Of Visions (Erdoes 1972).

Black Elk Speaks (Neihardt 1971).

The Sacred Pipe (Brown 1953).

Flesh Of The Gods (Furst 1972).

*Hallucinogenic Plants (Schultes 1976).

* The standard use of the term "Hallucinogenic" by social scientists is unfortunate, because nobody knowledgeable with powerplants would ever suggest that hallucinations are desirable, since that sounds "crazy." Visions would be a more objective term, acceptable to any medicine person.

DESERT CAHUILLA HEALING STRATEGIES

Purpose: Describe native California medicine and common disorders treated by the pul. Compare holistic methods with technological/chemical approach of the A.M.A. Share natural childbirth experience and information.

Instructions: Show photographs of natural childbirth and read aloud descriptions of the heated sandpit used by Desert Cahuilla and other southern California Indians.

Lecture and Discuss: Typical native disorders were limited to wounds, broken bones, coughing, infections, swellings of joints and arthritis. Witchcraft, soul loss and soul damage, and spiritual/emotional woes were treated according to the visionary perceptions of the pul. The soul, itself, was a perceptual reality as significant to the Cahuilla healer as germs are to a western doctor. There were no known communicable native diseases including the common cold. Herbalists and midwives took care of most family difficulties. The pul was responsible for clan remedies including human relationships, forecasting storms and bad spirits, and keeping sight of a path with heart to guide dispirited clans-people in times of extreme ennui, grief over death, love sickness and control by negative visualizations (bad spirits).

Treatment of patients usually includes dieting, concern for general spiritual condition and interpersonal relationships, massage, herbal medicine, interpretation of dreams, finding a calling, general advice and music. Music is in fact a vibratory massage of the general nervous system and no doubt affects significantly the general health of the mind, heart and body...especially during a healing session involving the use of powerplants. The auditory sense is directly related to the nature of visionary activity and music adds color, substance and form to the imagery. A good song may even help a patient see how to cure his disorder.

By contrast, A.M.A. strategies tend to give responsibility for healing over to computerized machines and chemical drugs, or radical surgery. The cost of A.M.A. medicine is of major importance, and receives attention before the patient is admitted. And there is seldom mention of the Spirit. Native medicine is holistic, concerned with how a person lives (and loves), not just with symptoms.

Follow Up: Share personal or general information on natural childbirth and holistic medicine in U.S. today. Ask students to write about and share their experience with holistic healing strategies: massage, diet, dreaming, stress meditation, herbs, and music.

Sources: The Birth Book (Lang 1972).

Not For Innocent Ears (Modesto & Mount 1979).

Spiritual Midwifery (Gaskin 1975).

DESERT CAHUILLA SPIRITUALITY

Purpose: Finish instructor's report on Desert Cahuilla spiritual traditions with most important values and ideas.

Instructions: Read aloud the Cahuilla story of creation in "Songs For The Dead," (Modesto & Mount 1979). Ask students to clarify their beliefs in a soul or spirit on a continuum...

Atheist

Agnostic

Believer

Lecture and Discuss: Energy fields seen in Kirlian photography and recent plant communication experiments by IBM (Mitchell 1974). Rain making by Cahuilla puls and Rolling Thunder, the contemporary Nevada medicine man who has been documented by many highly qualified people to have the power to affect (create!) thunderstorms and tornadoes. He too believes that plants have a spirit. Apparently powerplant visions and dreaming are ways of Seeing the energy fields of people, plants and animals. The ancient Cahuilla guided the spirit during its transition from life to death. This is one of modern parapsychology's newest and most experimental programs, yet deathbed guidance is as ancient as Cahuilla culture. Typically they ritualized the instructions in song.

Play a Game: Explain the rules for peon, a southern California native gambling game; no cheating, powerplants or witchcraft allowed. Divide the class into two teams of four players each with the remainder of students as observers. Take turns hiding two white and black peon bones in the hands of one side, while the other team tries to guess which of eight hands has the two bones. Keep points with betting sticks. Use a blanket to hide maneuvers from the guessing team. Winning this game calls for keen perceptions. Try visualizing the location of the bones before guessing. Test your ESP. Cahuilla leaders were chosen by how well they played peon. (A modified version of peon for children is played with two baskets and one bone, or even three baskets and two bones. One child hides the bones under the baskets and the other child guesses.)

Sources: Not For Innocent Ears (Modesto & Mount 1979).

Peon: A Cahuilla Gambling Game (Mount: mimeo).

Psychic Exploration (Mitchell 1974).

Stories and Legends of the Palm Springs Indians (Patencio 1943).

EDIT STUDENT RESEARCH

Purpose: Help students polish their written reports on one Indian tribe or theme, required activity 3. Suggest additional sources, provide guidance and reassurance, editing and organization, request A.V. equipment and remind students that concrete illustrations can enhance a report that might otherwise lack focus.

Activity: Students will bring their journal notes and report work to class. Take turns showing material to instructor for review. Brainstorm with interest groups.

Follow Up: Students will sign up for a scheduled oral report during the remaining course time.

Lesson 20.

ORAL REPORTS

Purpose: Encourage speaking skills and research activity. Share individual reports with entire class. Enjoy our last meeting together.

Instructions: Sit in circle. Pass around a bowl of trail mix (sunflower seeds, pinyon nuts, squash or pumpkin seeds). Listen to individual reports. Provide water/or Indian tea for speakers and audience.

Discussion: Schedule time for class to respond to all reports and ask students to write and share a journal entry on what they learned from their study of "Our Indian Heritage?"

Perhaps, I hope, they learned more about the mystery and beauty of this earth and gained greater respect for life.

Follow Up: Evaluate individual progress and assign grades according to a point system, completion of Activities 1-4.

<u>Points</u>	<u>Grade</u>
90.....	A
80.....	B
70.....	C
60.....	D

OUR INDIAN HERITAGE

Bibliography

- Adler, Ron and Neil Towne. 1978. Looking Out/Looking In: Interpersonal Communication. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, San Francisco and New York.
- Anderson, Susanne. 1973. Song Of The Earth Spirit. Friends of the Earth Pub., San Francisco.
- Bean, Lowell. 1972. Mukat's People: The Cahuilla Indians Of Southern California. Malki Museum Press, Morongo Indian Reservation, Banning, Ca.
- _____ and Katherine Sauble. 1972. Temalpakh: Cahuilla Indian Knowledge And Usage Of Plants. Malki Museum Press, Banning.
- _____ and Robert Heizer, Volume Editor. 1978. Handbook Of North American Indians, Volume 8, California. "The Cahuilla," pp.575-587, Smithsonian Institute, Washington D.C.
- Boyd, Doug. 1974. Rolling Thunder. Random House, New York.
- Brown, Dee. 1971. Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York.
- Brown, Joseph. 1953. The Sacred Pipe. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
- Campbell, Bernard G. 1966. Human Evolution. Aldine Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.
- Castaneda, Carlos. 1968. The Teachings Of Don Juan. Simon and Schuster, New York.
- _____ 1971. A Separate Reality. Simon and Schuster.
- _____ 1973. Journey To Ixtlan. Simon and Schuster.
- _____ 1974. Tales Of Power. Simon and Schuster.
- De Angulo, Jaime. 1953. Indian Tales. Colonial Press, Clinton Massachusetts.
- Densmore, Francis. 1974. How Indians Use Wild Plants For Food, Medicine and Crafts. Dover, New York.
- Deloria, Vine. 1970. Custer Died For Your Sins. MacMillan, New York and Canada.
- Forbes, Jack. 1969. Native Americans Of California and Nevada. Naturegraph Pub., Healdsburg, Ca.
- Furst, Peter T. 1972. Flesh Of The Gods. Praeger Pub. Co., New York.
- Gaskin, Ina May. 1975. Spiritual Midwifery. The Book Pub. Co., Summertown, Tenn.

- Heizer, Robert F. 1957. The California Indians. U.C. Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles.
- Hofsinde, Robert. 1967. Indian Music Makers. William Morrow and Co., New York.
- Hunt, Ben W. 1973. The Complete How-To Book Of Indian Crafts. Macmillan, New York and Canada.
- Kroeber, A.L. 1925. Handbook Of The Indians Of California. Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington D.C.
- Kroeber, Theodora. 1967. Ishi. U.C. Press, Los Angeles and Berkeley.
- Lang, Raven and The Santa Cruz Midwives. 1972. The Birth Book. Genesis Press, Santa Cruz, Ca.
- Laird, Carobeth. 1976. The Chemehuevis. Malki Museum Press, Morongo Indian Reservation, Banning, Ca.
- Lame Deer, John and Richard Erdoes. 1972. Lame Deer: Seeker Of Visions. Simon and Schuster, New York.
- Leakey, L.S.B. and Vanne Goodall. 1969. Unveiling Man's Origins. Schenkman Pub. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
- Libhart, Myles. 1972. Contemporary Southern Plains Indian Painting. Oklahoma Indian Arts and Crafts Co-operative, Anadarko, Okla.
- McLuhan, M.C. 1971. Touch The Earth. Dutton, New York.
- Marriam, Alan P. 1967. Ethnomusicology Of The Flathead Indians. Wenner-Gren Foundation, New York.
- Mitchell, Edgar D. 1974. Psychic Exploration. G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
- Momaday, N. Scott. 1969. House Made Of Dawn. Harper and Row, New York.
- Momaday, Natasha. 1971. American Indian Authors. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.
- Mount, Guy and Ruby Modesto. 1979. Not For Innocent Ears. Master's Thesis, San Bernardino State College, Ca.
- _____ 1974. Serrano Songs And Stories (mimeo).
- _____ 1978. Peon: A Cahuilla Gambling Game (mimeo).
- Navaho School of Basketry. 1971. Indian Basket Weaving. A 1903 reprint, Dover Books, New York.
- Neihardt, John G. 1961. Black Elk Speaks. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln.
- Patencio, Francisco. 1943. Stories And Legends Of The Palm Springs Indians. Times-Mirror Press, Los Angeles.

- Pendleton, Mary. 1974. Navaho And Hopi Weaving Techniques. Macmillan, New York and Canada.
- Sainte-Marie, Buffy. 1971. The Buffy Sainte-Marie Songbook. Grosset & Dunlap, New York.
- Schultes, Richard E. 1976. Hallucinogenic Plants. A Golden Book, Western Pub. Co., New York.
- Storm, Hyemeyohsts. 1972. Seven Arrows. Harper and Row, New York.
- Strong, William D. 1929. Aboriginal Society In Southern California. University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. 26.
- Vogel, Virgil J. 1970. American Indian Medicine. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla.
- Waters, Frank. 1963. Book Of The Hopi. Viking Press, New York.
- Wallace, Anthony. 1972. The Death And Rebirth Of The Seneca. Random House, New York.
- Weiner, Michael. 1972. Earth Medicine/Earth Foods. Macmillan, New York and Canada.

Films: Riverside County or School Libraries

- Acorns, Staple Food of California Indians.
- Discovering American Indian Music.
- Hopi Arts and Crafts.
- Indians Before European Settlement.
- Indians Of California, Parts I and II.
- Ishi.
- The Living Stone.
- Maria Of The Pueblos.
- More Than Bows and Arrows. (Cinema Associates, Seattle, Wash.)
- Navaho Silversmithing.

Tapes and Records

- The Best Of Buffy Sainte-Marie (Vanguard Records).
- Authentic Music Of The American Indian (Everest Records).
- Cahuilla Birdsongs (Personal Tape).
- Crow Dogs Paradise (Electra Records).
- American Indian Medicine (Big Sur Recording, Essalen, Ca.).

- Maps: California Indian Tribes (Kroeber: 1925 insert).
- Indians of North America (Library Map).