

↗↘ FOUR WINDS ↗↘ LITERARY magazine



a journal of North American Indigenous voices

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Issue 1

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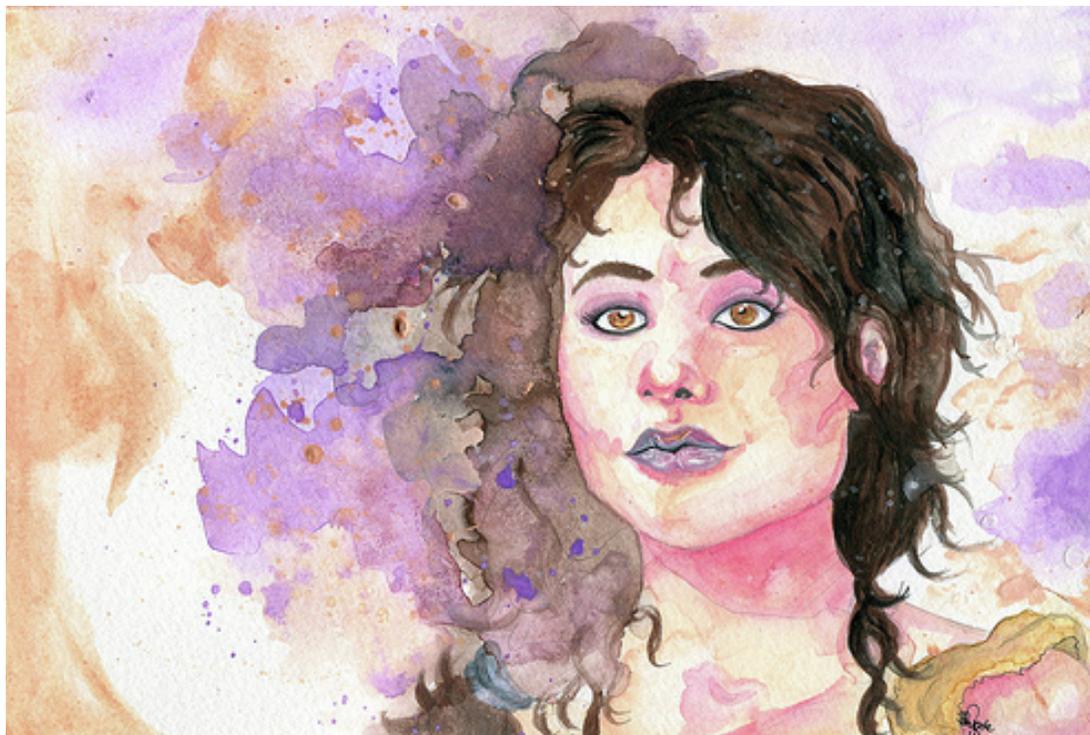
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*"says He reckons I'm a watercol
or stain"*



watercolors by *Melanie Pilotte*, Abenaki



MY OWN ONENESS

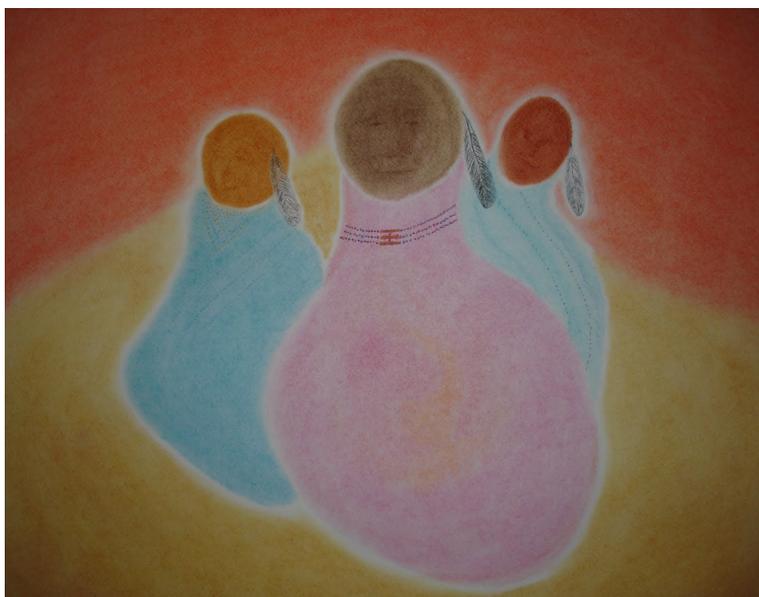
Anita Endrezze, Yaqui

(After Cesar Vallejo's "Paris, October, 1936")

Everett, April, 2014

I plan on leaving
 this chair, this pebbled sky. I go away
 from my legs, their watery weakness.
 Husband, you washed my skin
 not knowing it wasn't me. I return
 this flesh to the Great Obscurity.
 I'll be singular, the one who leaves
 sickness on her own terms.
 Counting the white pills, I will hold my hand out
 for the last time, opening my mouth to the light
 and swallow thirty moons.
 From the streams I walk away,
 and from the cedars, ferns and shells.
 I resemble the rain in my death
 which gives me many names
 and you, my love, know them all.

"GOURD PEOPLE" by *Raymond Leyva*, Yaqui of the Yoeme People





*"TOTEMIC WOLF" on Painted Drum by Lory Shipman Ellingburg,
Shoalwater Bay*

DAMP BY *KIM SHUCK*, Tsalagi & Goral

Rattle the windows shake/Pelt and/Storm something
 Twists my hair in the night not/Into knots but another thing
 Writing in a language I can't/Read a message for your
 Fingertips this/Headache also has needs here in the
 City greyed by my/Age and this plodding rain and
 Every new green thing in the/Garden every
 Whimsical yearned for thing/Under a slick of April
 Damp



"Prayer" by Erv Schleufer, featuring Alec Bluff, Kalispel





"ANDaIGWEOS" woodcut on paper by James D. Autio

THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN BORDER FENCE

by Anita Edrezze

The fence between us
is the wall within us.





"CORAL'S MEDICINE" by Raymond Leyva

memory and water

by Kim Shuck

Weather has broken no
 Rain for now and a painful
 Clarity here in the middle of the
 Dark there are those who speak of the
 End times and there always are they
 Just keep coming and yes there are
 Premonitions and events that
 Draw us over the doorsteps into
 Some new thing something
 Frightening the owl in the
 Garden some kind of



(cont'd from page 8)

Sign past avian hunger and this
 Lack of news we have
 Nothing for one another not
 One open palm or
 Kindness left just this
 Tight breathing and a pretense that you'd
 Think I'd be able to live with there are these
 Agates burned on an alter to a thing that
 Remembers burnt stone offerings that remembers
 What this is about and good thing too
 Because this is just something I was taught I'm
 Happy that it is understood somewhere
 If not by me



"MT. HOOD AT SUNSET" by Gregory and Brittany McMahon



WAITING FOR FOREST FIRES IN OREGON

All my life I take the pumper truck up Cougar Mountain,
 some old Zen master bouncing and laughing in the back.
 The sky is flint, an obsidian lid of wet cloud.
 I get out with the binocs and climb up on the cab
 to scan the ridge-sides for smoke.
 The rain that won't break presses the sky down,
 shattering it into dry lightning,
 and there he is -- old Mr. Zen,
 splitting wood on the far ridge ax handle on fire,
 forgetting his name.

by *Earl Cooper*, Shoalwater Bay



"THE SACRED IS ALL AROUND US." Spirit Buffalo, Acrylic on Canvas, *Anita Endrezze*



SPIRITUALITY AND RATIONALITY - THE LIMINAL SPACE BETWEEN CULTURES

a CRITICAL BLOG POST BY **Dr. Carol A. Hand**

I don't often speak about the liminal space I occupy between Euro-American and Ojibwe beliefs about religion and spirituality. It was especially challenging to live between (Euro-American) academic notions of rationality, objectivity, and individuality and Ojibwe traditions of spirituality, inter-dependency, and other ways of knowing. I don't often speak of my experiences for several crucial reasons. First, my position on the margins as a Native American has meant that people have asked me for spiritual advice because of the romantic stereotypes they held. They expected me to be wise and saintly. I'm not under the illusion that I have any advice to offer anyone on that dimension. Second, Ojibwe cultural traditions strongly discourage sharing one's spiritual experiences with others. This makes sense on a number of levels. Third, as a Native American woman who has worked in Euro-American institutions that openly pathologize other ways of knowing, I have kept my personal beliefs to myself as I carried out the professional, analytical and scientific tasks required of my positions. What I believe actually enhances how I do my work, but explaining this to people would be pointless at best.



"SWAN RISING" by **Anita Endrezze**

As I was reflecting this morning, I felt a sense of urgency about sharing a portion of a dream I had almost 40 years ago. But before I do, I need to explain why this is not something that is easy for me to do beyond what I have noted above.



Traditional Ojibwe beliefs emphasize the connection each individual has to Gitche Manitou, roughly translated as the Creator. It is the responsibility of each individual to seek his or her path through meditative rituals and live according to “*pimadaziwin*,” the good life (Hallowell, 1967, p. 360) or *bimaadiziwin*, “a healthy way of life” (Peacock & Wisuri, 2002, p. 9). *Pimadaziwin* represents “life in the fullest sense, life in the sense of health, longevity, and well-being, not only for oneself but for one’s family” (Hallowell, 1967, p. 360). In order to achieve *pimadaziwin* in the past, individuals, particularly males, were required to seek and obtain spiritual guidance through a “dream fast” as youth. Girls were also encouraged, but not required, to go through this sacred solitary ordeal, since, as life givers, their connection with the Creator was already direct (Johnston, 1976). Especially for males, the dream fast “was the foundation of all he was to be in the future. Every special aptitude, all his successes and failures, hinged upon the blessings of his supernatural helpers, rather than upon his own native or acquired endowments, or even the help of his fellow human beings” (Hallowell, 1967, p. 361).

The details of dreams or visions one had during one’s meditative ordeal were not to be shared with others (Johnston, 1976). This makes sense in small tight-knit communities where members could easily be divided by comparisons and jealousies that arose over who had visions and who did not, and competition over the most “important” or “powerful” visions. (One of my grandson’s favorite videos, [Brother Bear](#), illustrates how important this practice is – competition among three brothers about who had the best spiritual “totem” resulted in fighting and death.) Keeping one’s visions silent also discourages the practice of judging others. If one does not know the details of another’s path, there is really no basis to judge them and deflect one’s attention away from the responsibility to follow one’s own path with integrity and fidelity for the sake of the community.

So why am I sharing this dream today, knowing I risk perpetuating stereotypes, appearing superstitious and naive, and awakening the potential for others to judge themselves as deficient because they haven’t been “blessed” with powerful dreams or superior because they’re more rational? Simply stated, I feel obligated given the state of the world today. And it’s not a dream about my path alone.

Imagine yourself standing in a huge cavernous space urged to move forward into the darkness. With each step you take, you relive each moment of your life, each thought, each action, and each failure to act. Each step, you see the effects of your thoughts and behaviors on others. Dispassionately, you weight these thoughts and actions against a universal framework of ethics. You judge your actions on the basis of the path of life you were given to follow. For each “right” choice, you feel a sense of joy and gratitude, and for each selfish or thoughtless choice, you feel the pain of those you harmed. When you



finally reach the present moment, you can choose to walk the path toward light or darkness based on what you discovered about yourself. There is no room for illusions about who you have become because of your own thoughts and deeds.



"BeADWORK" by Kim Shuck

What this dream taught me about living was to not waste my time comparing myself to others or judging them. This is not always an easy lesson for me to follow. When I realize that the temptation to judge and compete with others is becoming too strong to resist, I look at the context and forces around me. Often I find that it's time for me to change course, to be honest about what is my responsibility to do, and to simplify and refocus my life on what really matters on my path. I have a responsibility to do what I can in my thoughts and actions to end and prevent harm. I have a responsibility to judge actions and their consequences, but I cannot judge or demonize others whose paths I can never know.



I am sharing the message of this dream now because so many people in the world are being oppressed and harmed and murdered for things that will not bring those who have harmed them any solace on their final self-judgment walk. It is my hope that at least some may listen and realize that the choice of how we live is ours to make. The choice can bring us peace and joy or pain and shame as we face our final life review.

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"PENDLETON POWWOW, 2014" by *Erv Schleufer*



AWAY LIKE WIND, by Earl Cooper

Snake leaves the surface
hissing a snake song
charming himself.

Hello gatestone, hello bedrock,
hello earthnest, it's me I'm back.

Made it through another year
without being made into a hatband or a belt.

So long old farmer by the well
cracked hands praying for rain.

So long you monks in your chambers
folding into yourselves.

Hello gravity cavity, pocket that always fits,
hello hide-away, it's me Snake I'm back.

Snake leaves the surface
slipping away into the realm of Dreams.

Again.

"DESERT, CLOUDS." by *Brittany McMahon*, Comanche





"THE ORACLE." collage by Anita Endrezze





charcoal and conté on taped grocery bags. James D. Autio. Ojibwe. "TWO CROW"

WHEN ENTERS THE GREAT SEA

James D. Autio

I was thought on that boat.
 There were such ecstasies bending
 to be held hidden with a swollen mallet cup.
 Wherever images skim along the boundaries
 are led are of a sudden danger from sea monsters
 that spring forth from the dangerous waves underfoot.
 And the wine casks are beginning to leak and let
 such a bleak fragrance across the deck. I have carried
 every strange bird, a thousand subtle omens hanging



(cont'd from page 17)

around my neck. I have woven mats of kelp pulled
 from the deep, thought to the sea grasses been mirrors
 for your touch and my pleasures in a rocking cabin.
 A moon rises and falls throughout my portal display.
 Until the sea caught up with me. Until getting caught
 up in the nighttime. Who is to say what happens
 after? The sea becomes as fluid clay again,
 on which darken ripples push out
 from my foot like singing.



"canoe journey LANDING IN Bay center, 2013" - Chinook Canoe
 family by **Keven Shipman**





"POWER" by [Erv Schleufer](#)

THE EAGLE'S NEST

BY [EDDY BOYIE PLANTE](#), Cree, ADOPTED NISGA'a

God wanted to create a perfect little valley,
 So he chose the Nisga'a land here in B.C.
 He called his green garden Aiyansh in Nisga'a
 Where mountains, creeks and rivers rush into the sea.

This Valley was created with love and balance:
 Even our four villages are built in line alphabetically.



New Aiyansh is inland along the Nass River with
Canyon City, Greenville then Kingcolith where seafood is free.

The north mountains stand high, cold and proud
While guarding the Nass River that flows nearby.
A volcano and lava bed guard the south side:
The old volcano still steams up the winter sky.

The cedar and salmon brought life to this valley:
Shelter plus food, brought a secure way of living.
Everything's in abundance within this valley we praise.
We thank You Lord for this gift you have given.

Here I will live until my final days -
I was adopted as Eagle and proud I did.
Nass Valley is my nest: Eddy the Eagle has landed.
Eddy Boyie Plante July 19, 2014



"EAGLE" by Lory Shipman-Ellingburg

