

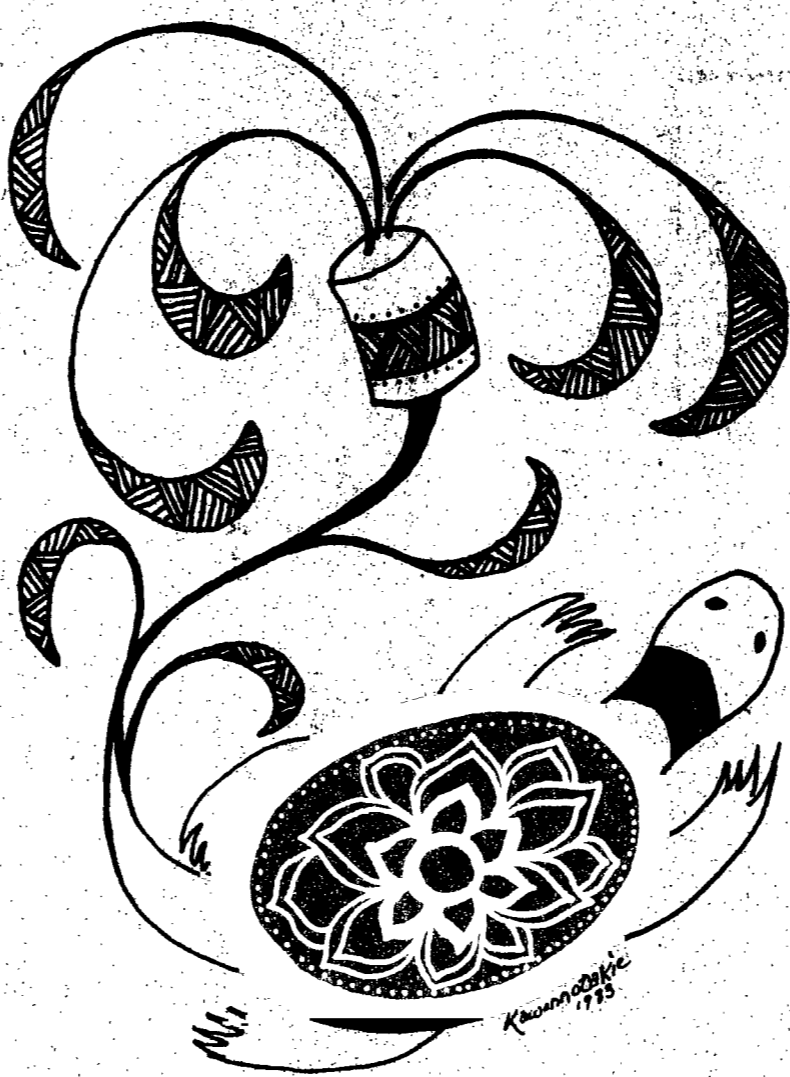
SWEET GRASS IS AROUND HER

A woman is sitting on a rock. I could see her clearly, even though she was far away. She was Teiohontasen, my mother's aunt. She was a basket maker. When I was young, my mother told me that her name meant, "Sweetgrass is all around her." I thought that it was a good name for a basketmaker. She was in her eighties by now. She was short like me, and a bit stout. She knew the land well, and the plants, and the medicines, and the seasons. She knew how to talk to the Creator too; and the thunderers, and the rainmakers. She had a big bundle of sweetgrass at her side. It was long, and green, and shiny. Her big straw hat shaded her round face, it was very hot, she pulled her mid-calf length dress, down to her ankles, over her rubber boots. She never forced me to speak Mohawk. Mohawk with an English accent made her laugh. She didn't want to hear English though. We would spend all day picking sweetgrass. Sometimes we would look for medicines. One time, my mother asked her, what she thought Heaven would be like

She said that there was sweetgrass everywhere in Heaven, and people made the most beautiful baskets there. Now, She is there. The Sweetgrass is around her. She brought her lunch in a paper bag; a canning jar of cold tea, fried bread, sliced meat, and some butter, wrapped in foil. She placed them carefully on the rock. She reached into the bag, and pulled out a can of soft drink. I thought it strange. She didn't drink soft drinks. Then, she reached for her pocket knife. Basket makers always have a good knife. It was in the pocket of the full-length canvas apron, that was always safety-pinned to her dress. She made two sandwiches, ...looked around. She saw me looking at her. Her eyes sparkled, as she smiled. she lifted up the soft drink, and signaled me to come. After we ate, she stood up on the rock and looked out. She smelled the air. I knew that she could smell the sweetgrass. I never could. She pointed to very swampy land. Mosquitos, I thought. I was dressed poorly. We didn't talk much but we could hear, and listen to each other.

- Salli Benedict

POETRY



ARCHAEOLOGIST for Steve

Out of a sandy field of wild strawberries he kicked up an arrowhead, and his foot bled.

- Maurice Kenny

BEAR

you keep children warm
claws sharp keep woods clean hang from my wife's throat
eyes spot elderberries and bee's wings keep dark from enemies percoons in shade rats from the house
muscle/meat i'm sorry it's kept the belly warm from getting too mad at me
you've been a good friend
i'll burn these words maybe they'll settle over berry vines and brambles smoke honey for taste flavor maple
you'll hear them these words
i'll leave suet by the big stone

HEAL-ALL

The boy asked: "what is this and this, and that?" along the meadow walk. There is an apple tree and a white strawberry hangs on this vine late now in July. That is golden-rod, this wild green grape. There's burdock drying and flowering thistle mixed with white and purple asters spotted with honey bees. I think that is bachelor-button, here I know is fleabane and an elderberry. Look, there's a garter snake. And this is heal-all ... it's dry leaves smell like mint.

Cornwall Island - Maurice Kenny

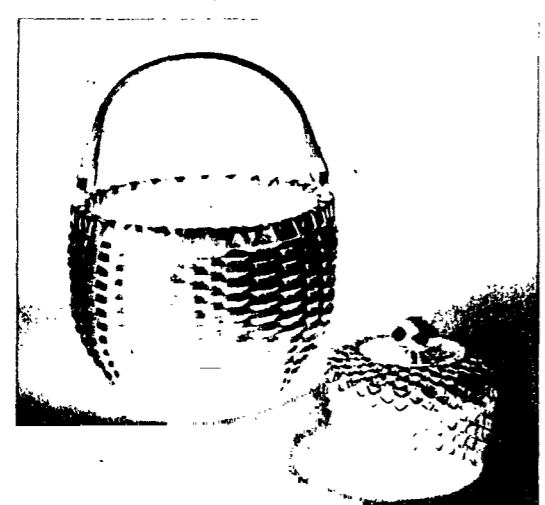
EVERYBODY'S AN INDIAN

Every place I traveled there was confrontation: the world series on tv in Rochester, Halloween celebrations in Buffalo, blizzards in Cleveland, mid-terms in Berkeley, and a drunk in Canadaigua, New York who took a swing at me when cops wouldn't let him board the Greyhound.

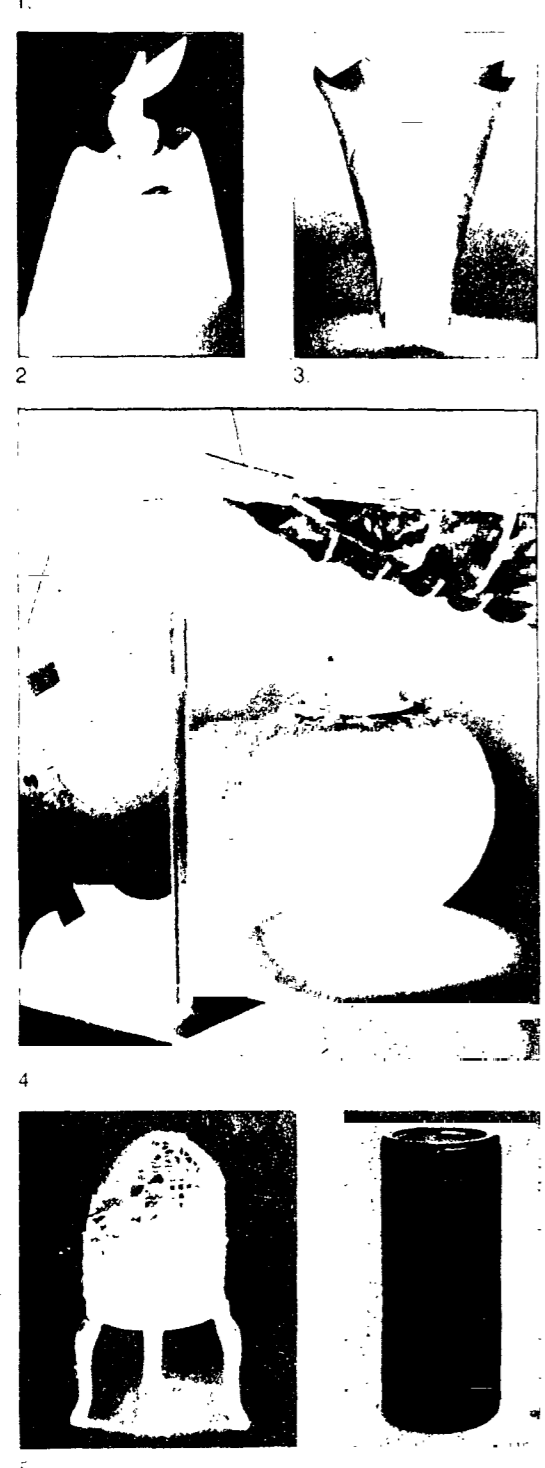
His breath as tough as the Bowery. "Hey, you gotta give me a seat, I'm a Native American Indian," in the best Alabama drawl I've ever heard.

When I got into Inner-city Buffalo I whispered back to his ghost probably still reeling in the bus depot at Canadaigua, "It's ok, buddy, the bus smacked up. You would have lost your seat anyway."

- Maurice Kenny



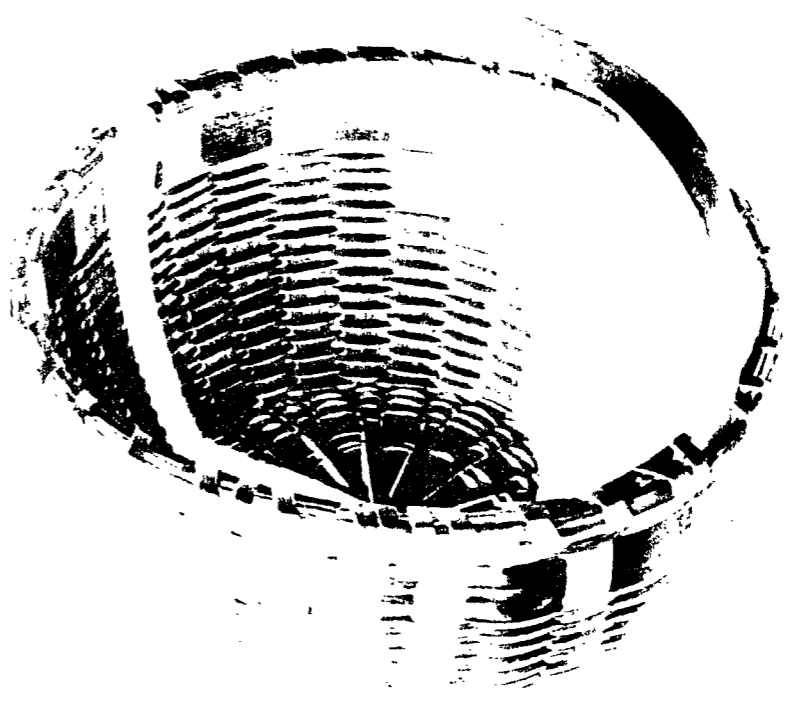
Containers as Form



As many contemporary craftspeople, the artists appreciate a variety of vessels for their work. Their usefulness. CONTAINERS AS FORM exhibition, explores the changing forms associated with the container. Exhibiting are Upstate New York artists. CONTAINERS AS FORM many types of containers, simple to the unexpected. An exciting variety of David MacDonald's warmly textured Robert Palusky's seemingly simple panel. That's What Dreams Are. experimented with many different combinations of fabrics, metals, glass, as well as expressive. The artist from a work of art. CONTAINERS AS FORM imagination. CONTAINERS AS FORM Art and Community.

Available from the Gallery. Available: March 1983. Number of pieces: Space required: Rental fee: Transportation: The Gallery, 400 Main St., P.O. Box 400, Hudson, N.Y. 12534.

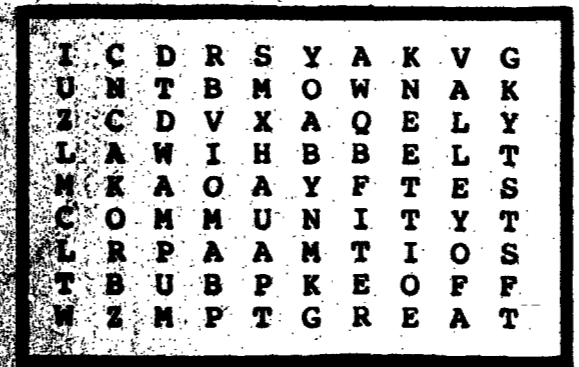
BASKETS OF AKWESASNE



Egg Basket, private collection

Fine Arts Gallery Center for Music, Drama and Art Lake Placid, New York September 10 - October 11, 1983

WORD SEARCH



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