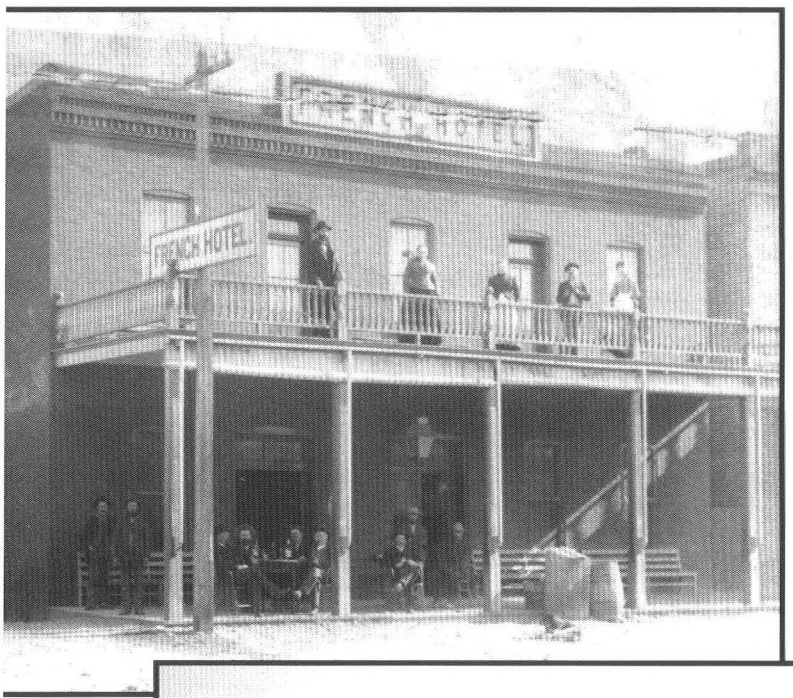
Nevada

Historical Society Quarterly



SUMMER 2000

Nevada Historical Society Quarterly

The *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* solicits contributions of scholarly or popular interest dealing with the following subjects: the general (e.g., the political, social, economic, constitutional) or the natural history of Nevada and the Great Basin; the literature, languages, anthropology, and archaeology of these areas; reprints of historic documents; reviews and essays concerning the historical literature of Nevada, the Great Basin, and the West.

Prospective authors should send their work to The Editor, *Nevada Historical society Quarterly,* 1650 N. Virginia St., Reno, Nevada 89503. Papers should be typed double-spaced and sent in duplicate, along with a copy on disk (in MAC© or IBM© compatible form-WordPerfect© 5.1, 6.0, or Microsoft Word©). All manuscripts, whether articles, edited documents, or essays, should conform to the most recent edition of the University of Chicago Press *Manual of Style.* Footnotes should be typed double-spaced on separate pages and numbered consecutively. Submission guidelines are available on request. Correspondence concerning articles and essays is welcomed, and should be addressed to The Editor.

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Nevada
Historical Society Quarterly

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Book Reviews

Expansion and Eclipse of the Basque Boarding House in the American West

JERONIMA ECHEVERRIA

The Basque boarding houses of the American West first appeared in the mid-nineteenth century in central California. Beginning as small rural outposts along wagon and cattle trailing lines, these boarding houses established themselves during the late 1800s in every mid-to-major-size Basque colony in the West. By 1900, Basque boarding houses could be found in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Stockton, and Bakersfield, California; in Boise, Caldwell, Nampa, and Pocatello, Idaho; in Burns, Ontario, and Crane, Oregon; and in other western towns like Salt Lake City, Utah, and Buffalo, Wyoming.[1]

In Nevada, a substantial Basque population emerged by the turn of the last century. Several well-established California Basque families had grown tired of competing for open range in the Golden State and gradually migrated east to run their sheep along the eastern escarpment of the Sierra Nevada and in Nevada's high-desert region. In fact, Nevada has been characterized as a western crossroads for Basques, who traversed the Silver State en route to and from California, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, or Wyoming during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The historical result is one that distinguishes Nevada's Basque population from those of her neighboring states. That is, one is likely to find predominantly French Basques and Navarrese Basques in California, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, and Bizkaian Basques in Oregon and Idaho, but all three Basque populations will be encountered in Nevada.[2]

Once the number of Basque herders moving into a location reached about fifty, a Basque boarding house would usually emerge within the next decade. Thereafter, the hotelkeeping couple (*hoteleros*) would begin finding work for the more recent immigrants on local ranches, would construct a home away from home for the newcomers, and would maintain contacts with them as they

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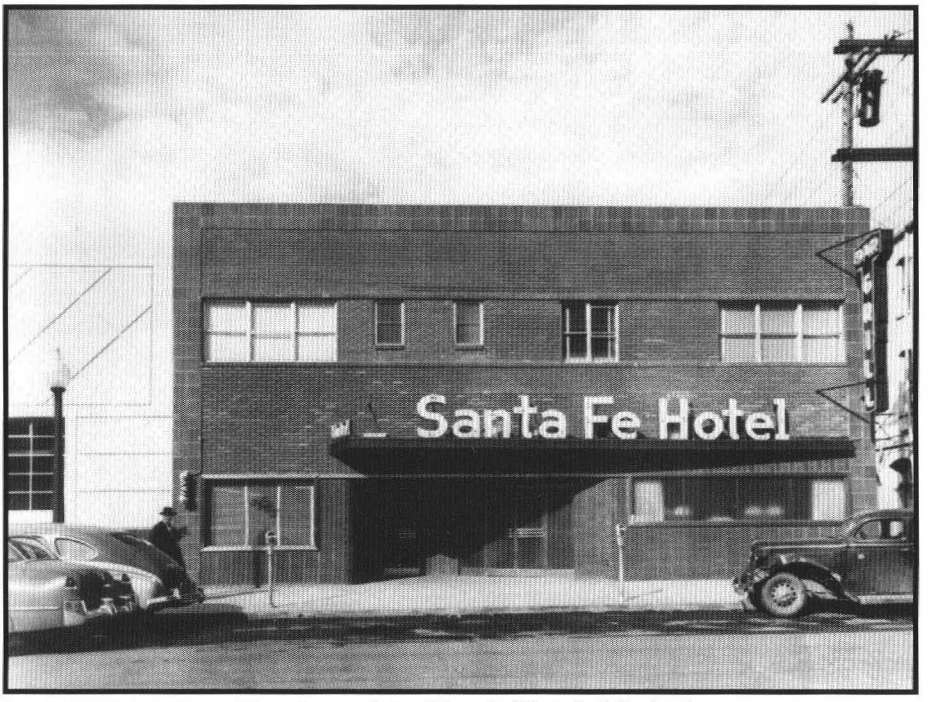


Santa Fe Hotel, Reno, Nevada, no date. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

Louis' Basque Hotel, corner of Fourth Street and Evans, Reno, Nevada, January 1974. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

settled in their new lives. As the Basques moved into Nevada, they opened boarding houses (*ostatuak*) in several of the state's urban and rural settings. Nevada towns that hosted *ostatuak* at one time include Winnemucca, Reno, Gardnerville, Paradise Valley, Elko, Carson City, Eureka, Austin, Battle Mountain, Fallon, Golconda, Jack Creek, Lovelock, McDermitt, Unionville, and Wellington.[3]

Of all the towns mentioned, Reno has had a particularly important role, as it is located on one of the major transportation corridors used by Basques moving east and west throughout the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Though it is probable that Reno's first Basque boarding house was established in the 1880s, the first Reno hotel for which we have a written reference is the Commercial Hotel, operated by George Etchart in 1904, and then by Jean Etchebarren and J. P. Aldaz around 1911.[4] Others followed, such as the French Hotel, the Espanol, Indart's, Yriberri's, the Alturas, the Toscano, the Altona, and the Martin.[5] In fact, by 1929, Reno had developed a "Basque town" that featured a concentration of Basque *ostatuak* numbering five or more.[6] Those still standing today, and still open for business, are the Santa Fe on Lake Street and Louie's Basque Corner on Fourth Street.

While Reno had a pivotal role in hosting Basques, William Douglass and Jon Bilbao found that the greater Winnemucca region provided the platform for a second wave of Basque migration within the western United States.[7] That is, the Basques who settled in Winnemucca eventually turned the region into a staging area for Basques moving north to Idaho and Oregon and to Basques who would later move to Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah. Winnemucca's two best-known boarding houses were undoubtedly critical in this transition.[8] The Winnemucca, at 95 Bridge Street, has stood alongside the major highway running through northern Nevada for more than century. In fact, the adobe portion of the building dates back to 1863. In 1866 and 1867 non-Basque owners Frank Baud and Luis Lay enlarged the hotel and added a large wooden bar. Five years later, a new owner added a two-story wooden structure to the bar and two brick floors to the hotel. Over the past 137 years, the edifice has survived fire, flood, and earthquake, and has undergone several structural revisions.

In 1919, when Martin Arbonies and John Esparza first leased the Winnemucca, it became a Basque boarding house. Esparza was able to buy the building five years later, and in 1929 he passed it on to his brothers Daniel and Epifano, who took in a third partner, Frank Escabel. From 1946 through 1965, the Winnemucca was owned and operated by Angel and Eugenia Mendiola, who then sold to Miguel and Margaret Olano and Claudio and Jesusa Yzaguirre. Finally, the Olanos bought out their partners in 1971 and today run the business with their son Michael.

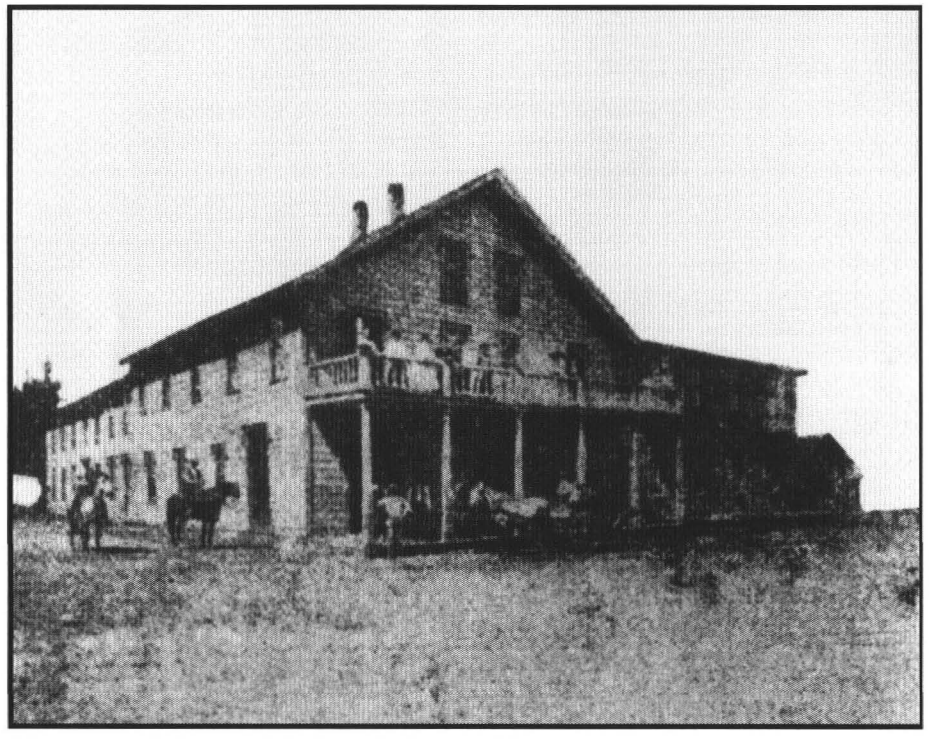
Six years earlier the Arbonies and Esparza leased the Winnemucca, a young French couple named Agustin and Elisa Martin bought a small inn located

across from the railroad station in 1913. The establishment came to be known as the Martin Hotel and, though Agustin and Elisa were not Basques themselves, they attracted a large Basque clientele. Their business prospered, but in 1920 Agustin developed Bright's disease, and the couple decided to return to their earlier home in San Francisco.[9] The new owners decided to keep the name of its former *hotelero,* and from 1925 through the 1970s the Martin was owned and operated by Basque families.

A few hours drive east of Winnemucca, the town of Elko became another important outpost for Nevada's Basques. Though very few Basques seem to have taken up residence in Elko between 1868 and 1900, the town underwent a transformation from a rough, tent-lined frontier outpost to a thriving railway center of four or five thousand people.[10] We have evidence that several Basque families—such as the famous Altube and Garat ranching families—moved into the surrounding area during those decades.

By the first decade of the twentieth-century, the Basques had moved into town and constructed boarding houses for those who followed. Pete and Mathilde Jauregui, for example, built the Star Hotel at 246 Silver Street with investment partner Emilio Dotta in 1910. The large two-story wood-frame building became an Elko landmark, and a haven for the Basques of northern Nevada. In fact, the Star is Elko's and Nevada's oldest Basque boarding house. The Juareguis operated the Star for the next nineteen years, then sold to Joe Corta in 1929. After a few years, Corta sold the business to G. F. Arrascasa and Albert Garamendi. Fred and Bilbaina Bengoa purchased the Star in 1944 and, after nine years of living and working there, sold to Domingo Ozamis, who then sold to Jose Juaristi and Luis Alfonso Esnoz in 1959. Sometime between 1959 and 1964, Esnoz sold his share to Bernard Ynaci, who with Juaristi sold to Joe Sarasua and Juan Aldazabal in 1964. Miguel and Teresa Leonis and Severiano Lazcano purchased the business in 1979 and continue to this day as proprietors.[11]

The Bridge House in Paradise Valley, Nevada, provides a contrast to the boarding houses of Reno, Winnemucca, and Elko. Between 1875 and 1920, Basques responded to the promise of rich mineral deposits in Humboldt County and began settling in Paradise Valley. In that small town, between 1885 and 1930, the families of Jose Gastanaga, the Mendiolas, and the Arriolas rented Kemler Hall from developers and opened Basque boarding houses.[12] A few hundred yards away, on the western bank of Cottonwood Creek, the Italian-American developer Alphonso Pasquale refurbished his former residence on Bridge Street and added a large room on the back to be used as a bar and cellar for storage. Today, one can still see where a second and smaller building was later dragged down the creek side and attached to the original building. Eventually Pasquale leased this odd-looking assembled building to Basque hotelkeepers. By the 1920s, when Basques from the greater Winnemucca region visited Paradise Valley, they enjoyed visiting the Bridge House and catch-



Winnemucca's first hotel, built on the banks of the then roaring Humboldt River, is still standing. Big teams, enroute to the booming mining camps of National, made the Winnemucca hotel their main stopping point. Although the present building is somewhat different, similarity can be seen. The hotel was built in 1863, one year before Nevada was admitted to the union as a state. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

ing up with the Uriguens, Echevarrias, Rubianes, Ugaldeas, Gastenagas, and several other Basque families who had settled there.

Whether in urban centers like Reno, in emerging towns like Winnemucca and Elko, or in semi-rural outposts like Paradise Valley, eventually Basques blanketed the Silver State. They settled in small towns based in mining and agriculture—Golconda, Austin, Battle Mountain, Currie Ranch, Ely, Eureka, Fallon, Gold Creek, McDermitt, Unionville, and Wellington—and in larger settlements like Gardnerville-Minden and Carson City. And in each of these locations, once enough Basques had joined them, Basque boarding houses were opened.

In his article, William A. Douglass has referred to several stages of Basque migration to the United States. During the first, or immigration phase, Basques arrived and were highly dependent upon their boarding houses, for they were short on language and familiarity with the ways of the New World. Reaching their zenith in influence and breadth between 1890 and 1930, the hotels have been linked to the expansions and contractions of the sheep industry in the American West. For the single Basque sheepman who came to earn his fortune and then return to the Basque homeland, the hotels were truly homes away from home. In the absence of a New World family setting, the hotels also became the major social institution of this immigrant group.

As a second home, the boarding house offered numerous conveniences that helped newcomers cope with the unfamiliar. There, he found his native language spoken, familiar food and drink, and a hotelkeeper who was likely to make his transition from Old World to New as smooth as possible. In some instances, *hoteleros* arranged employment for prospective herders and then sent for them in the old country. If a Basque did not have a job upon arrival, the hotelkeeper was likely to set about in search of work for him in the community, on a neighboring ranch, or with a sheep outfit in the area. In the meantime, the hotelkeeper might extend liberal credit, room, and board in exchange for the newcomer's future business and eventual repayment. In addition, the absence of extended and immediate family makes understandable the fact that so many young Basques called their favorite hotelkeepers either *exteko ama* or *exteko aita* (literally, father and mother of the house).

Whether they were on the range or in the hotels, herders used the boarding houses as their permanent mailing addresses and as storage facilities for their Sunday suits and extra gear. Many a hotel set a room aside for storing bedrolls, suits, camp gear, dated mail, and personal papers. After renovating Elko's Overland Hotel in the late 1930s, for example, one operator brought in two bank officials to oversee a "safe cracking." Upon opening the vault, the group discovered a series of locked compartments containing decades-old personal papers, long-forgotten documents, cash, and jewelry. In good faith, the previous owners had guarded their vaults carefully. Examples abound: in the upstairs corner room of Bakersfield's Noriega Hotel and in the upstairs hall closet

of Boise's Uberuaga, rows of moth-eaten Sunday suits awaited their owners' return for up to four decades.

Though many hotels were subject to the ebb and flow of employment for bachelor Basque herders, it is important to note that in mining and lumbering communities boarding houses were similarly dependent upon the success of those enterprises. In the northern California towns of Alturas and Susanville, for example, the Beterbide, Goñi, and Arena *ostatuak* were dependent upon the availability of work in the adjacent forests and lumber mills. In Golconda, Austin, Ely, and Paradise Valley, Nevada, northern Nevada Basques counted upon the strength of regional silver and gold mining industries. Regardless of their occupations, once Basques reached a substantial number within a given community, a boarding house or hotel appeared.

In addition to being the second home of the herder, lumberjack, or miner, the *ostatuak* served other important functions for Basque-American families. Wives living on remote ranches would come to stay at the hotels during the last stages of their pregnancies and frequently gave birth there. Not uncommonly, outlying Basque ranchers sent their children to the hotels to board during the school year. Moreover, special occasions such as marriages, family celebrations, dances and wakes often took place in the *ostatuak*. If a small town had no Roman Catholic church, weddings, confirmations, and baptisms were sometimes performed in the front room or lobby of the hotel. And, in a few instances, elderly Basques have reported attending wakes and reciting the rosary in the hotel lobbies of remote boarding houses.

The hotels supported Basque-American families in yet another way. Hotel owners often sent to Europe for Basque serving girls to work in their hotels. So frequently did Basques meet their future wives as serving girls at the hotels that the *ostatuak* have been referred to as marriage mills.[13] In fact, a majority of Basques who arrived during the peak years of Basque immigration married someone they had met at a Basque hotel.

An interdependent relationship between immigrating Basques and the rail system also arose. Before newly arrived Basques reached their final destination in the American West, they were likely to visit several railroad towns en route. If there was no welcoming Basque waiting at the station, the newcomer had only to gaze across the street or walk a few minutes before finding a Basque hotel. Such was the case in Boise, Reno, Winnemucca, Ogden, Fresno, and several other locations. In fact, the percentage of boarding houses located within one or two blocks of train depots in the American West is impressive. Of the hundreds of hotel sites documented in *Home away from Home*, for example, only two were beyond the train conductor's whistle.

In recent decades, however, Basque boarding houses have changed dramatically. The period from 1930 through 1950 marked a general pause for Basque hotelkeeping; although the number of hotels remained the same, the clientele was diminishing. Then, after the 1950s, the hotels entered a period of rapid

decline. Today they await complete extinction.

Only ten former boarding houses remain in business, and they no longer function as before. In Reno, Winnemucca, Elko, and Gardnerville, Nevada, and in Chino, Fresno, Bakersfield, Los Banos, Alturas, and San Francisco, California, one can find Basque-owned businesses operating in what once were full-fledged Basque boarding houses. None of those open today operate in the full sense of the old *ostatuak*, providing room and board and a full complement of services with most of their rooms occupied. Instead, most of the former boarding houses have evolved into restaurants that cater to Basque and non-Basque clientele.

What factors explain such a transition? As mentioned earlier, the success of the boarding houses paralleled the expansions and—in this case—the contractions of the once Basque-dominated sheep industry in the western United States. The heyday of Basque sheep herding and ranching has passed, the western American sheep industry itself has declined, and many former Basque operators have moved to other, more profitable agricultural interests. Needless to say, the migration of Old World Basques has dwindled and those migrating to the United States come with other occupations in mind, board planes rather than trains, are more likely to command several languages, and sometimes speak English.

Whereas in earlier decades the Basque boarding houses were serving the recently immigrated and their children almost exclusively, by the 1930s and 1940s the hotels had expanded their clientele to include second-, third-, and even fourth-generation Basques, as well as non-Basques. By the postwar years and the early 1960s, the boarding houses increasingly relied upon their non-Basque clients who came for hearty meals, a touch of ethnicity, or a lively bar crowd. Gone were the days of Basque families enjoying day-long outings at the local Basque hotel, where they once met other Basque families, cooked together, played cards, competed in handball and *mus* tournaments, staged impromptu dances, and caught up on the news of the past week.

In addition to the deterioration of the sheep industry in the twentieth century, another factor responsible for this change is the assimilation of later-generation Basques into American society. Thus, the inevitable passage of time explains a significant portion of the decline and virtual disappearance of the *ostatuak* from the western landscape. In recent decades *hoteleros* have had to turn the old ethnic institutions that the hotels once were into semimodern establishments that merchandise a "sense" of Basque culture.

This transition, though understandable from the point of view of business, raises some interesting questions. For example, have the *ostatuak*, in their recent decades of existence, become an example of the commodification of culture? If so, how has this come to pass, and what sociological and cultural factors might have contributed to the changes in the ethnic Basque boarding house?

To address these questions, let us consider some non-Basque scholars who

have developed theories on the genesis of popular memory within cultures and subcultures, on the establishment of imagined communities, and on the commodification of social and cultural life. In his *Film and Popular Memory,* for example, Michel Foucault asserted that how we remember the past is central to our understanding of ourselves in the present. He claimed that there is a personal and societal "battle for and around history going on," suggesting that the intention of "institutional history" is to reprogram or stifle the popular memory. Foucault also argued that history "propose[s] and impose[s] on people a framework in which we interpret the present."[14] Foucault was not the first to warn of the dangers of viewing the past with the eyes of the present, nor the first to suggest that mankind casts its history in a manner that favors its own preferences. Of interest here is Foucault's view on the artificial creation of popular memory and on the creation of a memory only loosely affiliated with an accurate perception of the people, events, and forces in our past. In so many words, he suggests that we use our understanding of the past to create a popular memory, and to help us define ourselves today. Similarly, later-generation Basques have used the Basque hotels to help them define and retain their cultural identity. Further, those living near the remaining Basque hotels today may be looking back in a similar fashion—to help them retain a cultural identity that seems to be dissolving into the metaphorical American melting pot.

In the introduction to his *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism,* Benedict Anderson pointed out that nationality, nationalism, and nationless peoples are cultural artifacts of a particular kind.[15] He argued that by the end of the eighteenth century these concepts were well established, the result of multiple and discrete historical forces. Once engaged, nationalism in its several forms became modular and capable of being transplanted to a great variety of social terrains. In a similar manner, one could assert, the nationless Basques transplanted much of their Old World identity to the communities of the American West, and relocated several aspects of that identity to their New World institution, the *ostatu Amerikanuak.*

Anthropologist Ted Swedenberg offered additional aspects of ethnic identity and popular memory in his article entitled "Popular Memory and the Palestinian Past." Swedenberg observed that, as Palestinians have attempted to construct an authentic identity for themselves, they have been "constantly aware that they must accomplish it in a relation of subordination and antagonism to Israeli ideological apparatuses."[16] That is, that the Palestinian identity is ironically dependent upon the Israeli. This perception of ethnic identity suggests that "our" histories (whoever we may be) are equally stories of the suppression of other histories. That cultural identity, whether it be the Basque struggle against Franco in the 1930s or the struggle for a modern American identity, appears to be produced within "a sacred inner shrine in conflict with the unmarked tombs of other identities." For example, those of us from Basque-American families are aware that modern Basque cultural identity is rooted in

the antagonisms of the Spanish Civil War. We cannot escape the memory of listening to our parents and their friends during innumerable heated discussions on the topic across our dinner tables. As the old antagonisms seem to be cooling under the regime of King Juan Carlos, and as the Old and New World Basque memory begins to lose the unified opposition once found in Francisco Franco, Basques find themselves in a dilemma. Whether they are Old World or New World Basques, they are being forced to clarify their own concepts of Basque identity, and in some instances to re-invent themselves as Basque. In Nevada and the rest of the American West, the disappearance of the Basque hotels is forcing Basque Americans to let go of a portion of their identity and, in some instances, search for a new or revitalized one.

But this dilemma did not trouble Basques living in the *ostatu Amerikanuak* between 1890 and 1930. Those sons and daughters of Euzkadi had little question of who they were, of the challenges they were facing. In fact, they reported knowing of their dependence upon their newfound surrogate parents, the hotelkeeping couple. They knew the value of familiar food, familiar customs, familiar language, and news from home. And in comparison with their descendents, they seem to have been remarkably unconcerned about defining themselves as an ethnic identity.

A brief time ago—only fifty or sixty years—a traveler would encounter numerous Basque boarding houses in each of the eleven western United States. Today there are a mere ten in Nevada and California combined, and several will permanently close their doors within the next two or three years. The likelihood of seeing them flourish once again is minuscule, and their future is indeed bleak.

In *The Social Life of Things*, Arjun Appadurai stated that human actors encode things with significance and give them value as the "stuff of material culture."[17] In a very real sense, later-generation Basque Americans have encoded their boarding houses with cultural and societal significance. While the term *commodity* generally suggests goods, it is important to remember that services can also be commodities in certain settings. In fact, the most important commodities offered in the earliest Basque boarding houses were services, not goods. For example, one Basque herder who stayed in an early Los Angeles boarding house in 1915 described renting a pen for his sheep dog. The *hotelero's* son walked the dog in the neighborhood for him every morning and evening. In Reno, Nevada, boarding-house operators wrote home to Euzkadi to the families of their boarders who could not write and their address served as the herder's return mailbox. In Boise, Idaho, a newcomer without employment found work in southern Idaho and eastern Oregon by asking the *hoteleros* in Boise's Basque town for help. Provisions of these significant services by the hotelkeeping couple was common in Nevada and around the American West, and explain the strong loyalties that often developed between the sheepherder and the *hotelero*. It also helps us understand the Basque American's attachment

French Hotel, Reno, Nevada, c. 1890s *(Nevada Historical Society).*

to this ethnic institution.

The once close and interdependent relationship between *hotelero* and boarder has evaporated. Income from boarders' fees has dwindled while revenue from the bar and restaurant business keeps the front doors open. Those who frequent the hotels today are not coming for a night's lodging or for exchange with their countrymen, but rather for a night of Basque cooking, music, and perhaps other markers of Basque culture. Basque and non-Basque are coming for what could be described as a shot of ethnicity. As Appadurai might have put it, this would be equivalent to constructing a commodity (with an implied price) so as to become part of another's culture for a brief moment. Thus, the commodification of Basque-American culture has been occurring in the *ostatuak* setting for some time.

In the past two or three decades, the marketing of Basque ethnicity has been fairly evident, in some areas including non-Basque waitresses clad in miniskirted Basque-style costumes. Today all *ostatuak* accept credit-card payment—a far cry from the weekly payment systems utilized by earlier generations of *ostatu* clients. These days business revenues are raised by competing for non-Basque dollars; another practice unfamiliar to *hoteleros* during the peak years of hotelkeeping.

In my analysis, commodification did not cause the demise of the Basque ethnic boarding house. Instead, commodification emerged as a result of the dramatic decline in revenues following World War II , as *hoteleros* became poignantly aware of the competitive nature of their businesses. The ten

remaining *ostatuak* in Nevada and California are quite distinct from the Basque hotels of the 1920s—in a real sense they are hollowed-out shells of their former ethnic glory. And while commodifying and marketing of Basque boarding houses and culture may have kept their doors open for an extended period of time, their slow death is evident and their extinction imminent. Those of us who remember their earlier manifestation bid them a fond farewell, and will watch to see if a new ethnic identity emerges from their ashes.

Notes

[1]One of the challenges when discussing the boarding houses is deciding exactly what to call them. Basques interviewed often refer to these establishments as hotels, though they are not hotels in the sense that North Americans generally use the term. In Basque, the term *ostatu* or *ostatuak*, meaning inn or boarding house, is occasionally used by Basque speakers. Further, some Basque Americans distinguish between rooming houses (rooms without meals provided) and boarding houses (rooms with meals provided). For the purpose of this general description, the author has chosen to use all of these terms interchangeably, as most informants have.

[2]William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao, *Amerikanuak: A History of Basques in the New World* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1975), 431.

[3]Jeronima Echeverria, *Home away from Home: A History of Basque Boarding Houses* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1999), 134-58.

[4]Sol Silen, *Historia de Vascongados de los Estados Unidos* (New York: Los Novedades, 1917), 134. *Reno City Directory, 1904* (Reno: Haley and Darley, 1904), 44.

[5]Echeverria, *Home away from Home*, 138-42.

[6]"Basque towns," or concentrations of Basque populations and boarding houses clustered within urban settings, sprang up in several western cities in the early 1900s. Los Angeles, Stockton, Bakersfield, and San Francisco, California, and Boise, Idaho, are other examples of Basque towns.

[7]In their *Amerikanuak,* Douglass and Bilbao state that, though the Basque's first foothold in the West began as a result of California's gold rush, northern Nevada played a major role in a second settlement pattern that took the Basques from California into the Great Basin area.

[8]Two additional early boarding houses serving Basques in Winnemucca during the 1910s and 1920s respectively were Larre's and the Busch Hotel.

[9]A. Rene Martin, letter to Gretchen Holbert, 14 July 1980. Holbert-Osa Oral History Collection, Basque Studies Library, Getchell Library, University of Nevada, Reno.

[10]Patterson, *et al., Nevada's Northeast Frontier*, 541-61; Linda White, "Mathilde Jauregui: Symbol of Basque Woman in the West," Basque Studies Program, *Newsletter,* 45 (April 1992), 11.

[11]In addition to Elko's most well-known Basque hotel, the Star, the town has hosted several others. In chronological sequence from 1907, they have included the Telescope Hotel, Sabala's Overland Hotel, Arrascada's, the Amistad, Garretch's Railroad Depot Hotel, Uriarte's, the Nevada Hotel, the West Hotel, and the Errecart's Clifton Hotel.

[12] Margaret Sermons Purser, "Community and Material Culture in Nineteenth-century Paradise Valley, Nevada" (Ph.D. diss., University of California, Berkeley, 1987), 102, 109-11.

[13] William Douglass and Jon Bilbao first described this phenomenon in *Amerikanuak.*

[14] As quoted in Ted Swedenberg, "Popular Memory and the Palestinian Past," *Golden Ages, Dark Ages*, Jay O'Brien and William Roseberry, eds. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991), 152.

[15] Benedict Anderson, *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origin and Spread of Nationalism* (London: Verso Press, 1991), 3-7.

[16]Swedenberg, "Popular Memory," 152-78.

[17] Arjun Appadurai, "Commodities and the Politics of Value," *The Social Life of Things: Commodities in Cultural Perspective* (Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1986), 3-37.

Downloading Identity in the Basque Diaspora

Utilizing the Internet to Create and Maintain Ethnic Identity

GLORIA PILAR TOTORICAGÜENA

In the emerging field of diaspora studies, there is a need for empirical research and theoretical consideration of the specific phenomenon of ethnonational diasporas, such as that of the Basques. The essential questions are *when* and *why* do individuals and small groups of immigrants decide to stay in the host country, maintain their ethnicity, and form diasporic communities that preserve ties with their homelands. This ability to establish and maintain international networks is related to ethnic-identity maintenance and diasporic nationalism. These networks are at the same time local and international forms of social organization. To investigate the Basque diasporic populations it is imperative to understand and track the postmigration links developed and maintained with their homeland. As is discussed here, the various Basque diasporic groups preserve their ethnic identities and are beginning to consider and imagine themselves as a part of a global Basque ethnic community. Though the factors of globalization enhance ethnic communications networks and identity maintenance, there is no evidence of a causal relationship.

Contemporary growth in worldwide international migration begs the question of whether ethnic groups will eventually assimilate completely into their new host state's culture, lifestyle, religion, traditions, etcetera, or will continue to safeguard their own ethnicities and maintain dual loyalties and combination identities. Different Basque migrants have selected each path. Many have assimilated and incorporated the host culture or a different aspect of identity, and no longer define themselves as Basque. Others have preserved and/or reconstructed a Basque identity, and continue, even after four or five generations, to define themselves as Basques and to maintain ties to the homeland. My 1996-98 fieldwork—which included 348 personal interviews and 832 anonymous written questionnaires from self-identifying Basques in Argentina,

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This poster reminds everyone to attend the 12th National Basque Festival in Elko, Nevada. Basque festivals have played an important role in Basque ethnic maintenance in the American west. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Uruguay, Peru, Australia, Belgium, and the United States—demonstrates that this choice is not dependent on time away from the homeland, geography, gender, or generation. There are various examples of later-generation Basques who continue to identify themselves as Basque, and also there are abundant instances of "return to ethnicity" from each generation.

Basque Populations as Diaspora Communities

How should ethnic populations be defined and categorized, and with what criteria? In arguing that these Basque collectivities outside the Basque Country constitute a diaspora, I shall utilize Robin Cohen's definition of the concept of diaspora, which highlights the presence of these common features:

> (1) dispersal from an original homeland, often traumatic, (2) alternatively, the expansion from a homeland in search of work, in pursuit of trade or to further colonial ambitions, (3) a collective memory and myth about the homeland, (4) an idealization of the supposed ancestral homeland, (5) a return movement, (6) a strong ethnic group consciousness sustained over a long time, (7) a troubled relationship with host societies (8) a sense of solidarity with co-ethnic members in other countries, and (9) the possibility of a distinctive creative and enriching life in tolerant host countries (Cohen 1997:180).

Utilizing a similar definition, Gabriel Sheffer (1996:39) estimates that according to this categorization approximately four hundred million people are members of the various diasporas. A growing interest in ethnicity in general, and the revival of ethnic-identity salience and transnational diasporic consciousness in particular, brings us to the question: Are the Basque populations outside the Basque Country a diaspora as defined above and, if so, what role does globalization, and specifically the factors of telecommunications and the Internet, play in Basque diaspora consciousness and ethnicity maintenance?

Do the Basques Constitute a Diaspora?

Benefitting from Cohen's identification of common features of diaspora, I have been able to distinguish these Basque communities as indeed diaspora. Their dispersal to many lands over time has been traumatic and forced, as it was for nineteenth-century Carlist War veterans and twentieth-century political exiles of the Franco era. However, the dispersal has also resulted from choice, as exemplified by the Basque mariners and the military, cleric, and commercial migrants inside the Spanish imperial diaspora to the Americas and the Philippines. Basques departed their homeland in pursuit of commerce and because of established trading networks that provided information and improved the possibilities of success. In William Douglass and Jon Bilbao's book *Amerikanuak*, it is demonstrated that Basque ethnic group awareness existed in European

and later in New World trading networks and in the imperial diaspora inside the Spanish colonial framework long before modernization or any effects of globalization. Basques created bilateral trade on their own with foreign political entities, and also among themselves as a part of Spanish colonialism.

The shared understanding and collective memories of a particular nationalist Basque history create a perception of victimization and continuous attempted domination by Castilian Spain. For Basques, their golden age includes defense from invaders such as the Romans and the Moors, autonomy from Castile, superiority of seamanship, the democratic and collective society ruled by the *fueros* or foral laws, codified local economic and political rights, customs, traditions, and regulations that date to the tenth century, and a rural lifestyle in which Basque culture and language were maintained. These collective memories are a part of each Basque diaspora community regardless of whether the migration was recent or old, or the community large or small. This is not surprising because it is the same nationalist history promulgated in the homeland until the 1970s. Regardless of its historical veracity or genuineness, what is important is that it is accepted and believed as the truth by the diaspora Basque themselves. This promotes ethnicity maintenance and diaspora consciousness. Basques feel that they have a responsibility to their ancestors and to the "maintenance, restoration, safety and prosperity" (Cohen 1997:26) of Euskal Herria, the Basque Country, even if they rarely act politically upon these feelings.

The common idealization of a pristine homeland with a mental picture of a mountain farmstead frozen in time often results in misunderstanding it as when later-generation Basques return, visiting for the first time. Many are shocked to discover their relatives have new fashionable automobiles, the latest European domestic appliances, computers, and VCRs; to see rollerbladers listening to portable CD players; to meet homeland teenage kin sporting assorted tattoos and body piercings. Basques on the fringes of the networks have a dated understanding of the Basque Country. However, no culture stands still and, like it or not, increased contact with homeland people and institutions is educating and updating the Basque diaspora's understanding of reality in their homeland.

The idealization of the Basque Country and the diaspora's historical and political perception of the Basques as victims of incessant Castilian Spanish domination may also change as the diaspora witnesses Basque democracy and administration at work. For other diaspora communities, the political restructuring in their homelands—for example, the creation of the Israeli state, Croatia, democracy in Poland, and the Ukraine—has eroded the diaspora's idea of themselves as a superior ethnic group, above political corruption and inefficiency. There will be problems in the Basque autonomous communities, as there are in any administration, and all Basques will be confronted with the cognitive dissonance of not being able to blame all wrongs on "the Spanish."

Diaspora specialists include the idea of a return to the homeland as another

Performers from Boise's Oinkari Dance Troupe perform the Bizkaian dance, Matelora, representing the Basque fish monger tradition at Elko, Nevada's National Basque Festival. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Reno's Zazpiak Bat dancers perform the jota, a festive circle dance, at Ely, Nevada's annual Basque picnic. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

factor common to diaspora populations. Many migrants left the Basque Country believing they would return after making their riches, but these were plans of individuals, and there was no collective return movement for Basques until the (1936-39) wave of exiles after the Spanish Civil War. Previously, emigrants had chosen to leave Euskal Herria, albeit pushed by economic hardship and war reparations, and had moved as individuals or families. The Civil War exiles counted 150,000 Basques who evacuated at one time—traumatically and involuntarily. Their return depended upon the elimination of Franco and the restoration of democracy in Spain, and sadly became another myth as the decades wore on and these people established their families, and themselves economically, in the new host countries. Today there is no evidence of a contemporary collective permanent-return movement to the Basque Country. The majority of exiles who lived long enough to return did so following Franco's death in 1975, trickling in until the early 1990s. Nevertheless, though it may never come to physical fruition, some continue to speak of the day when they will go back to Euskal Herria, but for the majority a permanent return is not feasible for family or economic reasons. For most Basques there is no desire to do so as they live successful and enriched lives in their host countries. But "return" need not be permanent, and the research demonstrated that a large number of the research participants have visited or regularly visit their homeland. Basques in Uruguay were the least likely to have visited, with 37 percent having lived in or visited the Basque Country; for Basques in the other five countries, 66 percent of Argentineans, 83 percent of those from the United States, 90 percent of Australians, 93 percent of Peruvians, and 100 percent of the Belgians had lived in or visited the homeland. This is their individualized "return".

Basques have exhibited their salient ethnic group consciousness by preferring each other in trade, labor, and chain migration networks since the 1500s. This time-proven cohesiveness separates diasporas from recent immigrant communities and, though the Basque communities in Belgium and Australia are relatively recent compared to those in South America, the Basques in Peru, Uruguay, and Argentina continue to maintain their ethnic identity after more than six generations. They do not perpetuate the idea of a common fate for all Basques; when this was discussed in the interviews many tended to associate the idea with the Jewish diaspora and a punishment and banishment that they said had nothing to do with their own situations. They were more individualistic and likely to say they could do whatever they chose to separately from other Basques. Neither had they collectively experienced problems *as Basques* in their host societies. For other diaspora communities the need to defend their ethnic group increases ethnic solidarity and identification with ethnicity. For the Basque communities, the reported isolated problems came from being Catholics in the western United States, and from being mistaken for Italians in Australia. However, there were no reports of collective discrimination in any of the six countries.

The shared history and experience as immigrants contribute to the sense of empathy and solidarity that the diaspora Basques have with other Basques. This fellowship transcends the single Basque community-homeland bilateral relationship, and recently incorporates diaspora community to diaspora community communications, and diaspora X 1 diaspora Y 1 homeland multilocal relationships. For example, Basques in Australia reported feeling a similar connection to Basques in Belgium, in Argentina, or in the homeland. The most obvious element that categorizes the Basque phenomenon as a diaspora is the consistent commitment to maintain ties—sentimental, economic, political, religious, and kinship—with the homeland.

Of Cohen's nine features common to diasporas, the one that does not apply to the Basques is the troubled relationship with the host society. The remaining eight, as summarized above, do pertain to these communities abroad in varying degrees though some have been more important than others at different times in the formation of the Basque diaspora.

These minorities reside permanently in their host countries though they individually and/or institutionally maintain personal and information exchanges with others in the Basque Country. They demonstrate solidarity with fellow Basques through social, political, and economic activities, one example being from the United States, where many Democratic Basque voters in Idaho reported crossing party lines to vote for Basque Republican candidates. Research results also demonstrate a dual loyalty to both host country and Euskal Herria. Fully 74 percent define themselves as hybrid Basque-host country individuals or as host country-Basque, with 18 percent identifying themselves solely as Basque. In the conjuncture of "Basque-American," the hyphen marks a nonhierarchic union.

The data show that Basques are not choosing to maintain their ethnicity for economic benefits, nor are they making political demands for special recognition or treatment in any of the communities where they congregate in these diverse countries. The ethnicity maintenance in the Basque diasporic communities follows sociological and psychological arguments of belonging to a group, individual self-fulfillment, and positive social status (Tajfel 1982) in relation to others. This element of choice by individuals, termed ethnic option by Mary Waters (1990) is yet to be investigated in studies of Basque identity, as are the varieties of Basque identity and degrees of importance and participation. These ethnics range from Basque ethnic fundamentalists to annual Sheepherders' Ball festival attendees, similar to Christmas Catholics.

Transnationalism and Globalization

The concept of transnational identity matches well with diaspora consciousness and has been aptly defined by David J. Elkins as

> The ability to add identities rather than being forced to substitute one for another; multiple identities and "cross-pressures" to enhance rather than inhibit one's options; the opportunity to be different people in different settings—these implications of communities in the unbundled world appear to be mutually reinforcing elements of a broad syndrome which fits our current self-image as autonomous individuals and stands in marked contrast to older notions of rank, status, and duty within an overarching community which claims all our loyalties . . . each individual is, in effect, a community of the communities individually accepted or chosen (Elkins 1997: 150).

Diasporas tend to "disrupt the spatial-temporal units of analysis" (Lavie and Swedenberg 1996:14). Basques are physically connected to the host countries where they currently live, and emotionally and psychologically connected to ancestral homelands. This is a transnational identity. The boundaries of diaspora identity are imagined just as the diaspora identity is itself imagined.

Transnationalism then, broadly refers to multiple ties and interactions linking people or institutions across the borders of states (Vertovec 1999:447). New technologies especially telecommunications foment transnational ties with increasing speed. Despite great distances and varying periods of time since immigration, transnational ties in the Basque communities have been strengthened with the globalization of communications. The frequency of communication and contact among the Basque communities abroad and between the diaspora and the homeland, I argue, will continue to increase. If transnationalism allows "the formation of social, political, and economic relationships among migrants that span several societies," and people's "networks, activities and patterns of life encompass both their host and home societies" (Basch, Glick Schiller, Szanton Blanc 1992:1), then perhaps the world is witnessing a slow emergence of interstate societies. I suggest that the Basque diaspora is developing into one such community.

Basques in the diaspora use their political and economic clout to create and strengthen trade networks between the homeland and their host countries. The economic institutes and foundations created for the diaspora in 1992 by the Basque Autonomous Government of Euskadi have established industrial and business relationships, mediating the investment of thirty-five Basque firms in Latin American countries in 1997 and 1998 alone. Universities in the Basque Country and Basque diaspora host countries exchange professors and students, exposing each to the other's culture and creating new networks. There are numerous sister-city ties between Basque Country towns and communities abroad with large numbers of Basque people, and recently Basques in the diaspora have initiated movements to sister with other diaspora towns. This is significant because it shows the extent to which diaspora Basques are connected to each other without the homeland as intermediary. They may also skip the formal bureaucracy of sistering between the cities of Elko, Nevada, and Necochea, Argentina, and instead sister the Elko Basque Center with Necochea's Basque Center, or the San Francisco Basque Center with the Sydney Basque Center.

Traditional Basque music is always an important feature of a Basque festival. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

These transnational networks and interstate societies are enhanced and invigorated by speedy, inexpensive, and accessible global communications. The developments have been made possible by rapid technological advances, particularly in electronics, communications (especially telecommunications), and transportation. These communications also give added value to global media and the Internet (Van Hear 1998:251). For Basques, the scope and speed of these information flows influence cultural patterns and diaspora consciousness, as do the effects of the accessibility of the Internet and satellite Euskaltelebista, Basque Television, now transmitted to the eastern United States and most of South America. In Australia there is a news hour broadcast every day, but from Spanish Television. The daily satellite transmissions of Basque Television are likely to impact those communities receiving them with constant and consistent positive images of the Basque Country. The more positive the images, the more likely that currently uninvolved Basques may return to their roots and connect to the positive social identity and communal belonging of the Basque centers. Others will be better informed and also have a more realistic understanding of contemporary Euskal Herria. The Basque government hopes to utilize Basque Television transmissions and the Internet to combat negative press coverage of Euskadi 'ta Askatasuna (Basque Homeland and Liberty) Separatist activities and to promote tourism and industry. However, we already

have electronic bombings of Basque political websites—basically virtual ethnic warfare by opposing sides who try to censor each other's information and opinion. Perhaps ethnic conflict through virtual warfare is preferable to the physical option?

Mass media are being replaced by targeted media with specific audiences. In particular these technologies allow ethnic communities to create and maintain ties to the homeland government, institutions, and populations. They also allow homelands to project information and policies out to their diasporas. Physical geography is no longer a barrier to frequent interaction and communication. As Internet access and computer hardware become more affordable and available, additional people in different geographical locations interact, as do Basques around the globe, educating each other, sharing their values, their opinions, and their Basqueness.

Diaspora Basque institutions are utilizing the Internet to communicate with the Basque Autonomous Government and with other homeland and diaspora organizations, as well as to advertise their activities and invite new memberships. Many diaspora organizations receive almost weekly e-mail requests for information regarding genealogical searches, tourism, or *au pair* or student exchange possibilities. Though job qualifications for Basque organization employees formerly tended to deal with bartending and cooking requisites, currently sought skills focus on computer communications.

Globalization facilitates transnationalism in the Basque diaspora by aiding the creation and maintenance of communications and networks among Basque collectivities inside the host countries, between the Basques in one country and those in other countries, and among and between all of them and the homeland. In the age of technology, physical location is no longer required for the practice of community. Globalization concerns the "interlacing of social events and social relations 'at distance' with local contextualities" (Giddens 1991:21). It may be that nation-state identities are under challenge from de-territorialized social identities that overlap nations and states. This system "creates communities not of place, but of interest" (Cohen 1996:517), which benefits Basque ethnic-identity maintenance. The encounters necessary to community building and strengthening can be shared on websites, in chat rooms, and by e-mail. Globalization of economic relations and telecommunications has shifted the focus away from territorially based forms of political organization and identity to nonterritorial, nonstate, and suprastate levels. The Basque diasporic consciousness provides an example of this suprastate identity.

Basque diaspora identity bridges the gap between local and global identities. Globalization enhances the abilities of diasporas to continue to grow in numbers, and of individuals to intensify their ethnic identities by obtaining information and adding experiences with Internet options. However, I emphasize that globalization and diasporization are separate phenomena with no necessary *causal* connection, though already existing Basque ethnic-identity main-

tenance and diaspora strength are increased by the effects of globalization. The two have coincided but are not partners in a causal relationship.

Basque political scientist Gurutz Jauregui Bereciartu (1986; interview 1998) argues that the upsurge in ethnonationalism and returns to ethnicity by Basques in Euskal Herria and around the world are actually protests against the depersonalized, postmodern technocratic world. It could be that those who fear the future, and the social trends they are witnessing, are turning to the past for comfort and identity, recognition and self-actualization.

Manuel Castells points to nationalism and ethnic-identity resurgence as the products of the conflicting trends of globalization, the information technology revolution, and the restructuring of capitalism—all creating a network society—versus expressions of collective identity that challenge modernization in favor of the local and communal identity and cultural distinctiveness (Castells 1997:1). He states that many are choosing to move from the unknown future to the known and understood traditional past. However, this does not explain the consistent maintenance of Basque ethnicity that has persisted in emigrants for more than five centuries prior to this age of modernization and globalization. Basque transnationalism is not new though the methods of maintaining these networks and identities are now influenced by technological advances in travel and communications.

Utilizing print media as an example of communications, Ernest Gellner (1983) and Benedict Anderson (1991) regard print culture as a crucial factor in the construction of nationalism, a print culture that interconnects people over space and time. The possibility of a nation depends on the book and the newspaper, and on a literate public able to absorb the information and imagine themselves as a community. The Internet may provide that print culture to a global audience of Basques in the construction of a diaspora and in enhancing the imagination of diaspora Basques as a Basque diaspora community. "Transnational bonds no longer have to be cemented by migration or by exclusive territorial claims. In the age of cyberspace, a diaspora can, to some degree, be held together or re-created through the mind, through cultural artifacts and through a shared imagination" (Cohen 1996:516), and via an electronic screen.

Basques outside of Euskal Herria have continued to enlarge their imagined community and identify with remote and ever-increasing numbers of fellow Basques who are endeavoring to maintain their ethnic identity. From individuals and families of immigrants to the boarding houses and hotels analyzed by Jerónima Echeverría in *Home away from Home*, Basque communities have developed to cultural centers, and on to federations of Basque organizations, and now to World Congresses of Basque Collectivities, with representatives of Basque communities from twenty-one countries.

However, computer and global telecommunications are not being utilized to potential in the Basque centers in any of these countries. Though no precise data exist regarding Basque diaspora Internet usage, in 1998 less than 4 percent

of the Basque homeland population was using the Internet (Alonso 1998). Its potential to create and reinforce the image of Basque culture to the outside world is hardly appreciated or applied. Beginning in 1995 the Basque government funded the purchase of a computer with Internet hook-up for every Basque center in the world that officially registered itself and its members with the Basque government. However, the majority of the members do not know how either the Internet or e-mail functions. Isolated individuals, usually younger organization members, are utilizing the cyberspace technologies mainly for Basque Center and personal electronic mail, occasional information access, and entertainment. However, that person then becomes "the communicator" and relays information to the appropriate committees or people. Exploring Basque institutions in these six countries, I can affirm that there is no evidence that the Internet is creating new Basque ethnics; there is, however, interview evidence that Internet access helps those already interested in their ethnic ancestry and history, and e-mail communication enhances the exchange of information and ethnic-network creation.

The Internet allows virtual interaction among Basques interested in their culture, history, society, politics, economics, etcetera. It is another avenue for evincing one's identity. Individuals may not have friends in the local Basque organizations, or choose not to attend activities for whatever reasons, but desire to establish and/or maintain homeland ties. Ethnic-identity is a social construction that develops and changes over time, space, and circumstance. Basque surfers are still interacting with society. They are just using a different medium. The language of these communications is not likely Basque. Chat rooms often have Basques from the United States, Belgium, Australia, Argentina, and the homeland all interactive but using English as the means of communication. Though unrealistic, the ideal would be to use the Internet as a means of practicing one's literacy in the Basque language.

The Internet will most affect those Basques who are widely dispersed and isolated from other Basques. It will aid those who do not get what they want or need to fulfill their self-identities from their local Basque organizations. They can now search for that information or those experiences on the Internet, thus the idea of downloading identity. Basque cybernauts can engage in mutual support with others interested in Basque themes. They can exchange ideas and hypotheses about Basque topics and feel acknowledged, important, recognized, and part of a community.

Virtual communities have the potential to be just as fundamental in identity building and in the process of socialization as are physical geographical communities. Though they will not replace existing ethnic communities, these technologies will likely enhance the ability of existing dispersed ethnic communities to communicate among themselves and with their homelands (Elkins 1997). They facilitate new developments in manifesting individual ethnic identities. Individuals can now control the content of their ethnic identities, instead of

relying on what is available at the local Basque center, or participating a few times a year at the center's organized events. Each person can click his or her way to individual ethnic options by "selecting" or "undoing" according to particular interests.

The Internet opportunities point to a possible decentralization of ethnic identity with Basques no longer needing the social institutions of the Basque centers. The boarding houses were abandoned as the major social institutions and replaced by the Basque centers for social interaction and identity maintenance. Though I think it unlikely, future Basques may no longer need the centers as they can utilize the Internet to maintain connections with the homeland, and their communications with other Basques.

Conclusions

The history of Basque transnationalism challenges the sociospatial assumptions of community, for these active ethnics have linked themselves simultaneously to networks of relationships and meaning from both host and home countries since the time of marine trade to the era of Spanish colonialism, through the Basque government-in-exile period to contemporary Basque centers. "Communities are to be distinguished, not by their falsity 'genuineness, but by the style in which they are imagined" (Anderson 1991:6). These dispersed Basque communities are similarly imagined as ethnic diaspora communities promoting cultural preservation and sustained ethnic identity over centuries in some cases; as societies maintaining homeland trade, labor, immigration, and cultural ties; as groups and individuals exhibiting solidarity with co-ethnics; and as a larger community with a shared collective history and myth of its idealized homeland.

A swelling interest in Basque identity maintenance is not a defensive reaction to globalization but an unplanned embrace of the tools and effects of globalization. Technology enables rather than determines possibilities. Basque diasporans have previously manifested the transnational networks and identity that globalization now facilitates. Many exhibit an unconscious multidimensional identity—not only a hybrid two-way identity. They embody Basque identity, host-country identity, and a specific diaspora identity. They are transnational actors as they go back and forth between societies, and the societies which they traverse are also becoming more transnational. Perhaps diaspora populations are better prepared for the future trends of globalization and transnational consciousness. They do not need to react to it because they are already living in it. The trajectory of the Basque diaspora will likely include continued intensification of relations with the Basque government and other Basque diaspora communities—relations that are significant for research.

Basque communities are creating and consuming identity in a fashion very

different from that of the past and at an accelerated rate. They are utilizing the new telecommunications networks to increase the frequency and intensity of their relations with each other and with the Basque Autonomous Government. They forward each other's newsletters and they have created Basque webpages with calendars of events, language courses, information regarding history, anthropology, literature, etcetera. They also utilize e-mail for institutional and personal communication and networking with fellow Basques. Each diaspora has had its professional custodians of the traditions, customs, and values of the community. They have included scribes, rabbis, teachers, intellectuals, and now, perhaps, webmasters.

Basque restaurants, such as this one in Bakersfield, California are important institutions reflecting Basque-American culture. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Interstitial Culture, Virtual Ethnicity, and Hyphenated Basque Identity in the New Millennium

WILLIAM A. DOUGLASS

International migration studies, regarding European emigration and defined broadly across the humanities and social sciences, are certainly living through interesting times. Until recently, the overriding emphasis was upon the more or less permanent displacement of populations from sending areas to receiving ones with subsequent considerable, if not absolute, discontinuity between the Mother Country and its prodigal sons and daughters. While at least some of the emigrants might display considerable nostalgia for, and loyalty toward, their natal homeland, such tendencies were inhibited and relegated to sentimentality by what the Australian historian Geoffrey Blainey (1977) has called the tyranny of distance, given the rather cumbersome communications and transportation technologies prior to World War II. Consequently, the overwhelming majority became immigrants and then (along with their descendants) ethnics within host or receiving societies. This human drama, concentrated primarily, though not exclusively into the century between the 1850s and 1950s (with that decade's final resettlement of the millions of refugees from the World War II) generated a vast literature of the push-pull and travails-of-the-transatlantic-crossing variety, on the one hand, and the creation and subsequent assimilation (or not) of ethnic groups within host societies on the other.

In short, the study of this "traditional" migration tended to treat the human actors themselves as passive agents being acted upon, when not being victimized, by historical circumstances. It tended toward trait listing of the aspects of the emigrants' Old World cultural baggage that were exportable, as opposed to those that were expendable. This trait-listing approach informed and translated into ethnic studies in the New World contexts, triggering lively debate over the continued viability of immigrant/ethnic cultures over chronological and generational time.

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The work *Amerikanuak: Basques in the New World* (1975)—which I, an anthropologist, and Jon Bilbao, an historian, co-authored—is both a representation and summation of this scholarly approach as applied to the Basque-American case (both North and South American). Regarding Basque settlement here in the American West, the argument may be summed up as follows:

> Basques entered the country as part of the California Gold Rush, many coming from the established Basque colonies of Argentina and Chile. When most failed as prospectors they quickly turned their attention to the stock-raising opportunities afforded by the vast, largely unoccupied range in southern and central California. Applying a southern South American, rather than Pyrenean, paradigm, during the 1850s and 1860s Basques established themselves as the prime ethnic element in the region's emerging open-range sheep industry. As California became more crowded, Basque sheepmen, in their several guises—as the preferred sheepherders in the employ of others, the entrepreneurial "tramps" or itinerant small-scale operators with no land or home base, as well as the more substantial sheep ranchers—had by 1900 spread to all thirteen western states. As we entered the present century, Basques either dominated or were significant in every open-range sheep district of the American West with just a few notable exceptions, such as Navaho Country, the Mormon districts of Utah, and the isolated pockets where Scots, Irish, Portuguese, Greeks, Mexicans, and even Chinese dominated herding. The point, however, is that Basques, as much as any and more than most hyphenated Americans, were identified with a single activity—sheep husbandry. There were, to be sure, exceptions. We could speak of Basque miners, cattle ranchers, construction workers, and, in more recent times, dairymen, gardeners, and bakers—not to mention schoolteachers, attorneys, and politicians. But the fact remains that Basque immigration and the formation of Basque-American identity were driven largely by the group's involvement with the sheep industry. There were several consequences:
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> The Basque immigrant was typically a young man of Old World rural origin and limited education. He was typically a sojourner, that is, he had little intention of seeking a New World future; rather, he wanted to acquire a stake with which to establish a better life back in Europe.
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> The prime ethnic institution during this first phase of the Basque-American experience was the boarding house or hotel. Usually established by an ex-herder in one of the servicing centers of the open-range districts, the Basque hotel depended, at least initially, exclusively upon a herder clientele. In particular, it provided unemployed Basques with a haven during the several months of seasonal layoff between the time that one year's lambs were shipped to market and the ewes gave birth to the next year's lamb crop.
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> To the extent that Basque women immigrated in the American West at all, most were recruited for domestic service in the Basque hotels. Given the bachelor status of most of the sheepherder clientele, few of the Basque domestics remained single for long. Such unions provided one of the foundations of Basque-American family formation. The other was the union between the Old World herder and the Basque rancher or hotelkeeper's daughter.

During this first, or immigration, phase, Basque ethnicity was more a fact of life, a lived reality, than a project. The immigrants were short on English and insulated from the opportunity to learn it by their solitary lives as sheepherders. Basque was the vernacular on many a sheep ranch, as well as in the Basque hotels—the safe ethnic havens for the herder when he was in town. The hotelkeeper was his banker, his advisor, his employment agent, and his translator for the visit to a doctor or even to a store to buy new Levis or a pair of boots. In

short, it was possible, indeed common, for a young Basque to travel from the Pyrenees to Boise or Elko, sojourn in the American West for several years, and then return to Europe without ever stepping outside an established Basque ethnic network.

This circumscription of the immigrant's experience was further reinforced by a degree of anti-Basque prejudice in the wider society. I do not want to overstate this since, at all times during their involvement here in the United States, Basques have had their admirers who regarded them as hardworking and honest residents if not citizens. However, it is equally true that beginning in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and lasting until at least the 1930s, many westerners saw the Basques as interlopers who were uncommitted to an American future. That such prejudice could go beyond simple economic resentment is reflected in the epithet Black Basco which triggered more than one barroom and school-yard fistfight.

Such dynamics were, of course, common to the Euro-American immigration experience in general. American English has a rich racist lexicon of terms such as Micks and Spics, Dagoes and Frogs, Polacks, Bohunks, Krauts, and Kikes. The first or immigrant phase of virtually every Euro-American ethnic group was not particularly easy for either the ethnics themselves or the host society.

There is a common theme in the comparative literature of the initial accommodation of the several immigrant groups. It regards the rejection of their Old World cultural heritage by the first-generation American-born children of the immigrants. Many were downright ashamed of their parents' attitudes, dress, and accents. They were encouraged in this rejection by the country's official and pervasive policy that America was a melting pot in which immigrants from throughout the world were to be cooked into a common stew. Nor was the heat to be set low or on simmer. Rather, institutions such as the school system, the churches, and the military were all geared to produce "good Americans" and tolerated precious little else in the first generation of the American born. If they were going to eat spaghetti at home, they had better talk English while doing so.

While the intent was clear, the success was less so, at least in some groups and in segments of others. In 1937, historian Marcus Lee Hansen identified another phenomenon emerging within American society that the assimilationist model failed to predict, namely, that "what the son wishes to forget the grandson wishes to remember" (Hansen 1987:15). That is, the children of the immigrant's children were manifesting curiosity regarding their grandparent's cultural legacy and were even blaming their parents for squandering it. Labeled the third-generation phenomenon, this ethnic resurgence was discernible among many of America's Euro-ethnics, and this well before the "roots" phenomenon of the 1960s and 1970s. Basques were no exception, and shortly after World War II there was a conscious effort to both "recapture" and display

These young men are performing a crowd pleasing dance in honor of the fallen Basque warrior. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

one's Basque ethnic identity, developments that initiated a second phase of Basque-American history.

It first manifested itself in the formation of a social club and dance group in Boise in 1949 and was further catalyzed and disseminated by publication of Robert Laxalt's book *Sweet Promised Land* (1957). This story of Laxalt's sheepherding father's life in the American West and his subsequent return to his natal village in the French Basque Country became a kind of Basque-American manifesto while providing the ethnic group with its literary spokesman. The Basque cultural resurgence was then further stimulated by celebration in 1959 of the first truly regional Basque festival, in Sparks, Nevada (Douglass 1980a). Consequently, the decade of the 1960s was a period during which some Basque-Americans formed social clubs and folkdance groups, even sponsoring their own annual festivals.

A few Basque-Americans engaged in language study and expressed an interest in learning more about their Old World heritage. Partly as a response to this demand, in 1967 the University of Nevada System established the Basque Studies Program, the only one of its kind outside the Basque homeland. Among its many activities, there was a study-abroad initiative in which over the years more than a thousand Basque-American students have spent significant, academically structured time in the Basque Country. Given that the Basque-American community as a whole was placed at about fifty thousand in the 1990 census, this is obviously a substantial number. Today many of the leaders of the

Basque-American community are alumni of those University Studies Abroad Consortium's courses.

Thus, during phase two ethnicity maintenance became a salvage operation, something that had to be worked at, a project rather than a lived daily reality. As such, it also became a compartmentalized part of each participant's larger social persona. In the case of the Basque-American, it expressed itself in membership in one of the more than twenty Basque clubs in the United States, possibly participation in its dance group, volunteer labor (dressed in appropriate folk costume to be sure) during the club's annual festival, attendance at one or two festivals hosted by other Basque clubs, possibly a failed attempt somewhere along the line to learn Basque, a periodic meal and ethnic evening in a Basque hotel, and display of a bumper sticker proclaiming "Basque Power" or "Basque is Beautiful." In a few places, such as Boise, Idaho, and South San Francisco, it even culminated in bricks and mortar, edifices housing multifaceted Basque centers.

Such, in my view, and in overly simplistic broadstroke, are some of the key characteristics of recent and contemporary Basque-American reality, the second phase of Basque-American history. I note, however, that the phases are themselves far from pure or discrete. Implicit in Hansen's paradigm is the assumption that there is an immigrant generation that produces a second generation of rejectors which in turn produces a third generation of seekers.

In the real world, immigration is scarcely limited to a single generational time frame. In the Basque case, immigration transpired in largely unfettered fashion for three quarters of a century, between 1850 and the mid-1920s. It was interrupted by the anti-southern-European bias in America's quota system implemented in the 1920s, by the 1930s legislation, that brought the western ranges under federal control and excluded aliens from access to them, as well as by the Great Depression and the World War II. Beginning in the 1950s, there was purposive recruitment of Basques to replenish the all-but-depleted ranks of sheepherders—a window that lasted until the mid-1970s, at which time the decline in sheep numbers and the shift in herder recruitment from the Basque Country to several Latin American nations all but eliminated the familiar figure of the Basque sheepherder from the western ranges (Douglass 1980b).

What this means is that Basque immigration waxed and waned but was constant over the last century and a half. Consequently, by the beginning of the twentieth-century, Hansen's first, second, and third generations were *all* present together on the stage of the social drama, and Basque immigration would continue to renew the pool right down to the new millennium (although to only a slight degree since the 1970s). Nor did Hansen's model address the fourth, fifth, and nth generations, which is another way of posing the question—what is the staying power of America's hyphenated ethnic heritages over time? I have no certain answer but am full of speculation. However, before I venture my leap into the dark, I will first state that I believe that we are in the

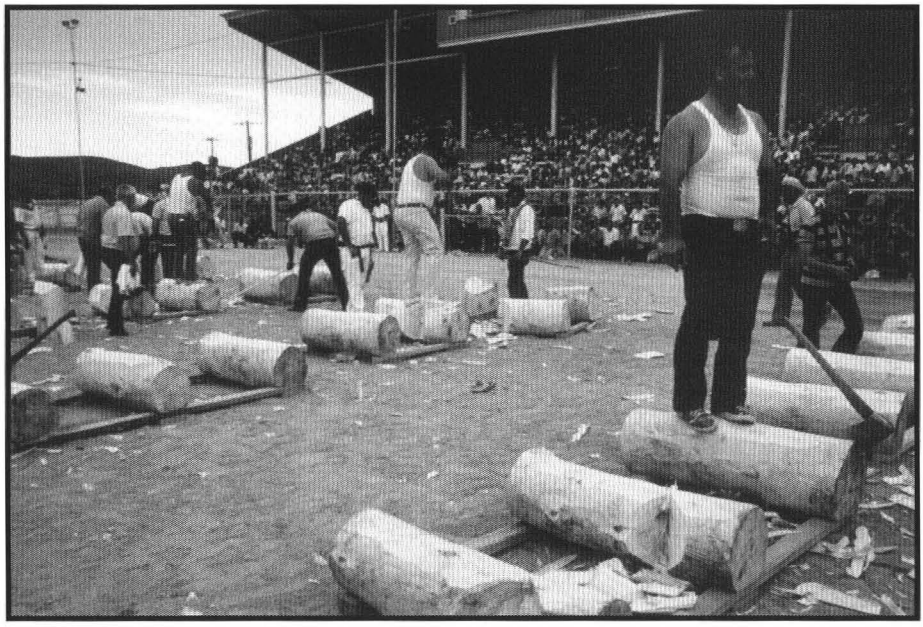
final throes of phase two with respect to Basque-American history.

The signs are many. Several Basque clubs are now struggling to maintain membership and momentum. Attendance at the festivals has declined. With the passing of the herder, the Basque hotels have evolved into ethnic eating houses reliant more upon a non-Basque clientele than upon Old World boarders and Basque-Americans seeking an ethnic fix. The language no longer serves as the vernacular of everyday discourse on the sheep ranches or in the hotels. Ethnic-group endogamy is all but gone—meaning that the genetic credentials of future generations of Basque-Americans will likely be computable in ever-declining fractions. And then there are the commemorative signs such as the dedication of a National Monument to the Basque Sheepherder in Reno in 1989, and creation of a Basque-American culture exhibit in Bend, Oregon, at the High Desert Museum in the mid-1990s. Both efforts evoke the past so that we can learn from it. But also, lest we forget, the Basque-American experience as we have known it is now being preserved in bronze statues and the museum case.

None of this, of course, is unique to the Basque-Americans. Indeed, there is currently an active debate among scholars of American immigration and ethnicity over the future or fate of the country's Euro-ethnic groups. Will there be a phase three for Basque-Americans and other Euro-American hyphenates? The question is posed against the backdrop of the roots movement of the 1970s, which was the outburst of ethnic pride among America's nonwhite minority groups in the wake of their victorious civil-rights movement of the 1960s. Nearly all of America's Euro-ethnic groups responded with intensification of the public expressions, both associational and individual, of the ethnic pride that we considered when discussing phase two. However, this resurgence of ethnic awareness flared and then fizzled, causing many scholars to change their opinions regarding what had been labeled the new ethnics. Rather, sociologists like Richard Alba (1985) began to speak of the twilight of ethnicity in American life—a kind of Indian summer of ethnic expression before the nation's Euro-ethnics were plunged into the endless winter of historical oblivion—leaving behind, to be sure, certain bronze monuments and museum-case displays to mark their passing. Others, for instance literary critic Werner Sollors, declared the race to be over by writing works with titles like *Beyond Ethnicity* (1986).

While it should be noted that such judgments were written before, and failed to account for, the global resurgence of ethno-nationalism, largely in East bloc countries in the aftermath of the collapse of the Soviet Union, and the rise of religious fundamentalism in several parts of the globe—both of which reinforce ethnic particularism and essentialism—it is also true that America's Euro-ethnic groups were unaffected by those developments.

The view that Euro-American ethnics are on an ineluctable course leading toward certain demise in the trashbin of history remains convincing, at least for some scholars. The logic is certainly persuasive as far as it goes. In a nutshell, the argument is that time and circumstance militate against preservation



Contests of strength and endurance, such as wood chopping races, are popular events at Basque festivals. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Basque festivals would not be complete without their traditional barbeques consisting of lamb chops, stews, Basque beans, salad, bread and wine. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

of the newcomer's cultural legacy from the moment he or she sets foot in the host society. Whether it takes one, two, or x generations, eventually the unique peaks of Old World distinctiveness are eroded and washed to the sea by the assimilatory waters of the host society, where they commingle with the sands of other cultural traditions similarly leveled. Given time, as in geologic nature, the raindrop of assimilation is mightier than the granite of ethnic tradition, everything else being equal.

This view is informed by two assumptions. First, that assimilation is inexorable and irreversible from a group standpoint once immigration ceases. Stated differently, insofar as the ethnic heritage in question is being renewed by the arrivals of new immigrants from abroad, assimilation is likely to be slowed or even arrested. Second, during my phase two, or the latter half of the twentieth century, there has been considerable reduction in Blainey's tyranny of distance. Given jet aircraft, cheap fares, rapid mail service, and readily affordable international telephone rates, the conceptual distance between—to stick with Basque examples—Boise and Bilbao or San Sebastián and San Francisco, has imploded considerably. This is obviously a time in which the individual can pursue a personal agenda of contacts with relatives in the Old Country possibly punctuated by the occasional return trip, or even by the tourist visit here in America by one's European relatives.

Furthermore, in post-Franco Spain there is now an autonomous Basque government of Euskadi embracing the three traditional provinces of Bizkaia, Gipuzkoa, and Araba. It enjoys considerable political autonomy under the new Spanish constitution. While its "foreign relations" are supposed to be articulated through Madrid, the Basque government has, in fact, a Secretariate of Foreign Affairs. One of its main activities is to energize ties between the Mother Country and the various Basque diasporas around the world. To this end, the Basque government sends out political and cultural emissaries, publishes a magazine in both English and Spanish designed to inform Basque emigrants and their descendants of developments in the homeland, and facilitates the visits of Basque-American, Basque-Argentinian, and Basque-Australian schoolchildren to the Basque Country. Euskal Telebista, the official government Basque television channel, now beams Basque-language telecasts by satellite throughout Latin America and to parts of North America as well.

In 1995 and again in 1999 the Basque government convened the Congress of Basque Collectivities in the World, bringing delegates from countries in Europe, North and South America, and Oceania to the Basque capital of Vitoria-Gasteiz for several days of deliberations regarding the future of the various Basque diasporas and the ways in which the homeland could facilitate their survival. Consequently, it is fair to say that Euskadi is among the most proactive territories on the planet with respect to maintaining ties with its emigrants and their descendants.

It is at this juncture that my analysis becomes wholly speculative. I accept

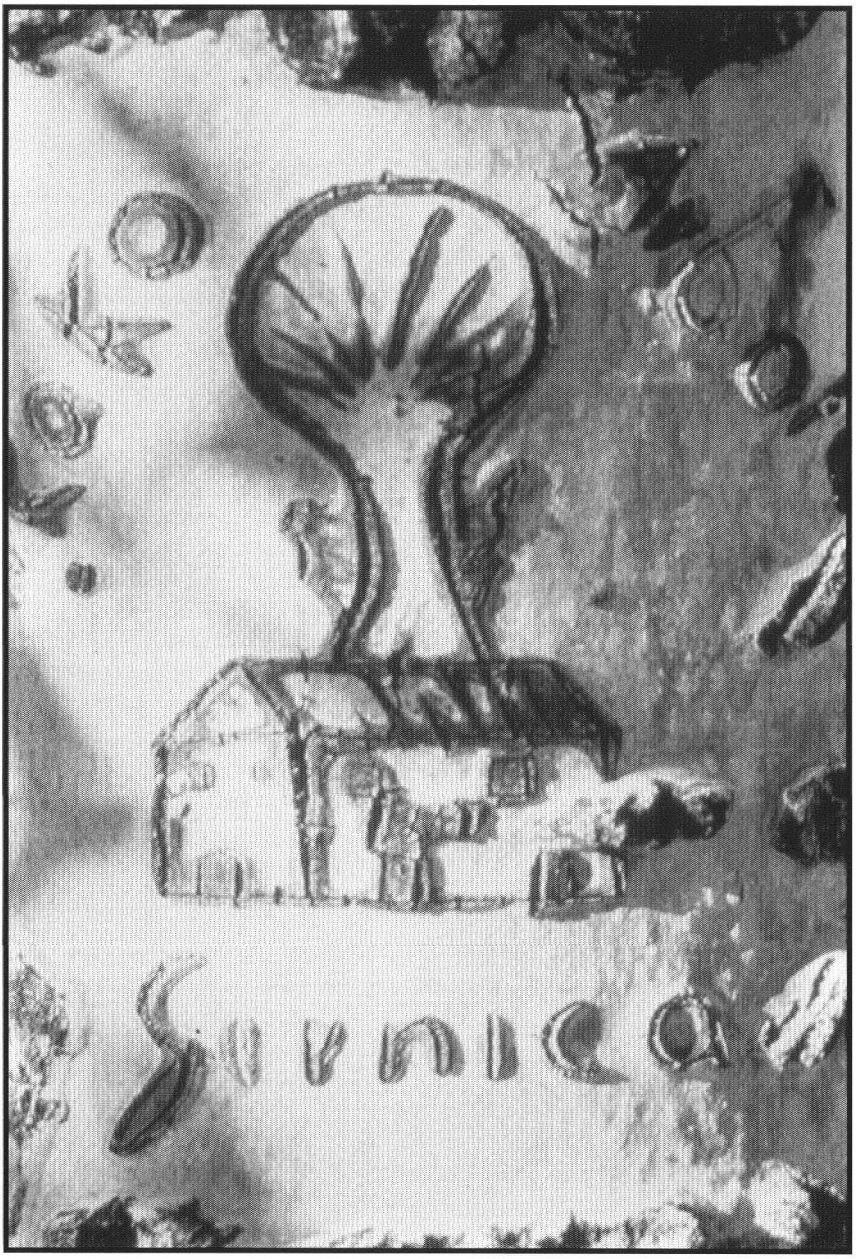
the view that, everything else being equal, few if any of America's Euro-ethnic groups are likely to survive the transition from phase two to some sort of phase three of ethnic expression *if phase three is premised upon survival of phase-two institutions*. To be specific, if in the Basque case persistence of meaningful Basque-American ethnicity during the new millennium requires the survival and prospering of Basque clubs, festivals, dance groups, and hotels, then I am pessimistic.

In the early 1980s, anthropologist Micaela di Leonardo decided to study her own Italo-American community in the San Francisco Bay area. From the outset, she was totally befuddled and frustrated, given her assumption that there was something out there that could be discerned and called the Italo-American community. Her target proved to be elusive. There were few ethnic associations, and the ones she could identify seemed moribund. Within any given family she encountered not only marked generational differences in interest in the ethnic heritage, but also a marked disparity among family members of the same generation. It seemed that "Italianness" assumed as many guises as there were informants. At the same time, for many it informed important parts of their personas. It was only after despairing and then accepting that she was unlikely to find the structures and cultural patterns so dear to the social scientist's heart that she became open to the possibility of understanding ethnicity in an entirely new fashion—that is, as more of an individual than a group phenomenon, at least at this point in our history. She entitled her extraordinary work *The Varieties of Ethnic Experience* (1986).

What neither di Leonardo nor her informants could anticipate were the technological advances that were to fashion our brave new world, sometimes referred to as the information superhighway, with its many challenges and opportunities. Enter the possibility of a new synthesis—my title's "virtual ethnicity" of a Basque interstitial culture—predicated upon the latest advances in electronic communications, called the Internet, on the one hand, and virtual-reality technology on the other.

While the full consequences of the information and electronic revolutions remain as yet unclear, it is obvious that there is no longer *any* conceptual distance between Boise and Bilbao, San Sebastián and San Francisco. Nor in the future is it likely that interested Basque-Americans will find the main resource for recharging their ethnic batteries to be the Basque club or hotel, or even a Basque television program for that matter. Rather, one can contemplate a day in which each individual can sit at home before a personal computer screen and study Basque, peruse the world's store of knowledge about the Basques, contact persons of similar interests in the Basque Country and throughout the Basque diaspora, and even take a virtual-reality trip to the Basque homeland. In short, it is now, or soon will be, possible for each Basque-American to construct his or her own desired variety of the Basque ethnic experience and reinforce it by visiting electronic chat rooms. At that juncture there will exist a

Basque cyberspatial cultural reality that is the result of an interplay of selected Old World and diasporic Basque cultural referents, yet subject to individuated kaleidoscopic recombination by empowered consumers who fashion their own Basque products in accord with their personal preferences. Where, if anywhere, such virtual ethnicity might take us is as yet more science fiction than social science—but the force is definitely now with us!



With short breaks between tasks in the Basque sheepherder's day, herders took time to leave their marks on nature's available canvas, the quaking aspens. Here is a tree carving reflecting a herder's nationalistic views, illustrating the beloved oak tree of Gernika and the ancient council chambers of Bizkaian democracy. *(Basque Studies Library, University of Nevada, Reno)*

Notes and Documents

The Story of Porcupine

STEVEN W. PELLEGRINI

Along the shallow river, where it borders the desert, grows a cottonwood forest. This is not a forest, really, as much as a tree parade, erratic and at the mercy of the shallow stream. Bends, loops, and oxbows give precarious support to its trees, marching in slender columns two abreast, on either side of the water. They twist a yellow strip across the dusky land in the cooling time after long days of dryness and heat. They twirl a pale green ribbon in the time of Skyfire's awakening, and the ribbon ripens emerald in the time of long heat. Their brittle branches litter the valley of the river, and their bone-white carcasses float in thick, swollen waters of the rain-time river. They march beyond World's edge, it is rumored, from the rim of first light to the rim of Moon's death. Even Eagle, who hunts the far skies nearly to World's edge, hasn't seen the beginning or the end of the ribbon forest. "They go on forever," advises Raven, who sees nearly as much of the world as Eagle.

It is in this valley of cottonwoods that black greasewood ventures from the desert to approach the banks of the frail stream. It is here where Porcupine lives on her cottonwood limb home. In the season of amber leaves, her quill halo glows like a spirit cousin of the yellow forest. She is invisible to all but the farseeing blood birds. They, with the power of their hunting eyes, are the only inhabitants of the valley who know of Porcupine's whereabouts. She sits motionless in the fork of a cottonwood, blinking her pebble-tiny eyes. To other animals she is a most unexciting neighbor, given to little ambition. She eats young cottonwood bark as does Beaver, but without that animal's enthusiasm. Her ponderous movements, when on rare occasions she does leave her perch, make her an object of ridicule. Perhaps derision is born of envy, for Porcupine is the only one among them who does not fear the hunting birds. Eagle and even Owl are respectful of the sting she carries on her back; they know her flesh is not intended to feed blood drinkers.

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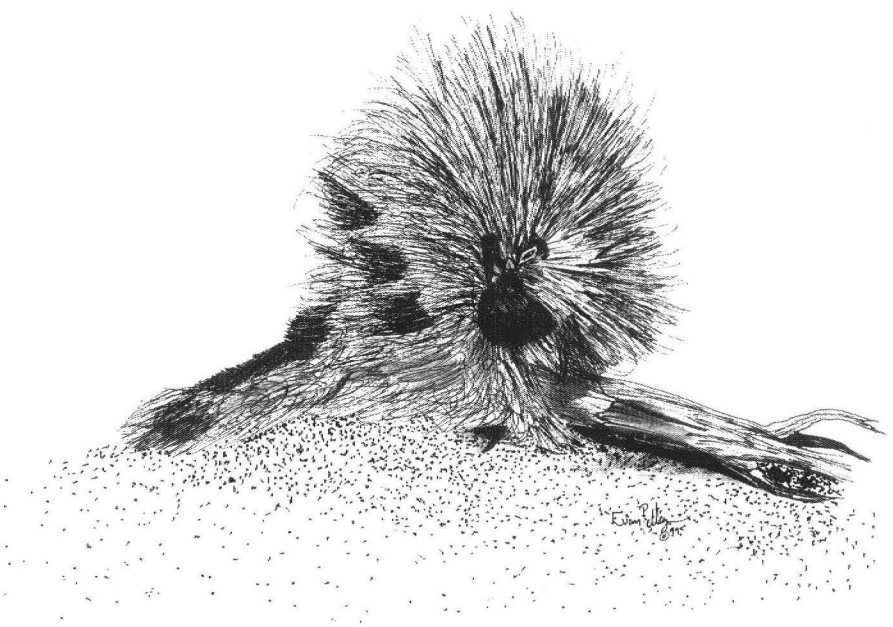
Porcupine, in her arboreal world, is a brooding, lonely spirit attuned to wind voices that sing down the valley and speak ghostly words in the trees. But Wind shows no interest, and even in her angry moods she scarcely stirs the stiff spines on Porcupine's back. Porcupine listens and waits, but Wind passes, and her remote voice tapers to a thin mist of emptiness. Porcupine awaits visitors who never come, or who come but pay her no mind. Magpie and Hawk occasionally share her tree, but their words are not kind. Magpie's raucous hilarity is, indeed, unpleasant company. And Porcupine spends the time of seeing, when Skyfire touches warm fingers to her tree, remembering a time long ago when things were different. She recalls when hers was a strong voice at the animal council. She remembers her mistake and how the others abandoned her, and she turns a pinched face to the tree. But, still, that was a glorious time, and Porcupine remembers it fondly. She remembers the time, many circles ago now, when Pinecrow himself befriended her. She remembers how he asked her, of all the animals in this land, to help him in an endeavor that was to change the face of the land forever.



Porcupine recalls a time when an expansive glacial lake filled each valley, and Wind bent tall grass in canyons that wound their ways into mountains of ice. It was in that time that animals held councils in the foothills above the lake, and harmony blended soft winds of trust between all who lived in the

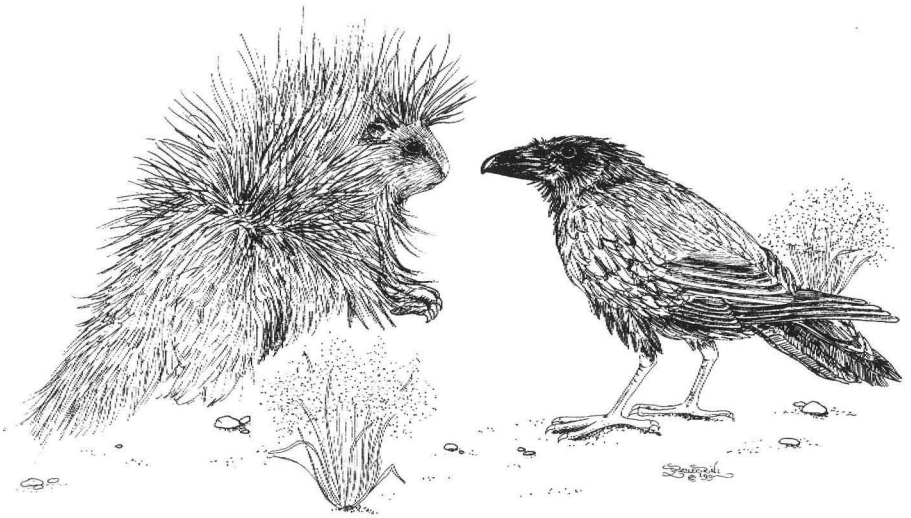
tall-grass land. It was before the arrival of Coyote, the Spirit, and his terrifying song. It was to this land and in this early time that Pinecrow came from beyond the warm side of World's rim.

No one remembers anymore who summoned the council on that occasion; perhaps it was Raven, whose dislike for any intruder is legend. It might have been anyone, though, since the appearance of Pinecrow brought apprehension to nearly all the animals of the tall-grass land. They met, as was their custom, on a rocky slope overlooking the lake. Shadeseeker demanded they assemble at first light since it was then that Owl was less dangerous. Shadeseeker, the long-eared rabbit, was particularly concerned about the blood birds. As was his way, Eagle did not bother to attend. Although much respected, the great sky searcher paid little mind to these animals nor did he dignify their proceedings with his presence. I know their comings and goings as well as their thoughts, mused Eagle. Their worries are of little consequence to me. And so, indifferent, Eagle watched the tiny forms assemble from his perch against the blue of World's top. In broad circles he rode the warming dome of Skyfire's realm and counseled with Wind.

Raven's words mark Porcupine's memory of that council. Raven, whose feathers hold the spirit of night, claimed the council circle first. Agitated by the appearance of a new bird in his land, he spoke even before Owl granted him permission to do so. "An intruder comes to our land, Haw!" screamed Raven as he paced on twig legs. Jerky steps bobbed his head, and his obsidian eyes blazed as if with Skyfire's spirit. "Haw! The intruder stabs the time of first light with annoying calls. He comes with great noise. Haw!" Raven stared, in turn, at each animal. They must be made to understand, he reasoned, the importance of his pronouncement. They must be shocked by the realization that this interloper takes for his own the voice of first light. "The intruder will ruin the land!" continued Raven. "He will eat our seeds and desecrate the silence of ice canyons with his terrible sounds. Haw! He must be driven away at once. We must devise a plan for his banishment before the time of Moon. Haw!"

And if we devise a plan to rid our skies of obnoxious birds, thought Porcupine, Raven would be first to depart.

Wind spoke hollow words, and a hush claimed the council circle. Raven stalked on arrogant, stiff strides from the circle. Owl clicked her beak and closed one eye. It had been a long night of hunting, of providing dark-time terror, and she was impatient for this meeting to end. She could see no persuasive reason to be concerned about the newcomer's arrival. After all, didn't strange animals come from time to time over World's rim to explore their land? And didn't they always eventually leave, and all memory of their intrusion die with their passing? But annoying as he was, it was not wise, Owl knew, to displease Raven. His were eyes that watched the seeing-time skies. His and Eagle's. But, unlike the aloof Eagle, Raven was a reliable teller of what transpired in the land of the council animals. Regrettably, the council must cultivate the plea-



sure of this larger brother of Crow.

Rabbit and Squirrel hugged a tall sage shadow and committed no opinion until they knew the thinking of Owl. It would not do to run afoul of that one; the stout hunting bird brought terror to their hearts. Shadeseeker's long ears cowered close to her ash-speckled back. The amber spear of Owl's stare sent trembles through her body much like Wind did when Spirit of North Cold terrorized the land in the time of short light. Rye grass bent whispers before the song of Wind, and an uneasy silence fell over the council. Raven spread and retucked his wings and paced nervously. He seemed inclined to speak but changed his mind.

It was Porcupine who waddled to the council's center under her yellow quill-shimmer and ended the silence. She turned slowly, laboriously, until she had met every eye. Silence intensified, and they awaited her words. For all her eccentricity and plodding nature, Porcupine was regarded as a patient problem solver. She had a knack for clarifying matters that were especially complex. Owl shifted feathered feet and invited Porcupine's words with a nod of her spike-eared head.

"Raven is troubled by the arrival of a newcomer in our deep-lake land," began Porcupine. "He is, perhaps, unduly anxious. Could it be that this bird called Pinecrow is a threat to none but Raven? I have heard the voice of the newcomer as have most of you. As you know, he speaks with a voice much like Raven's. Only small differences separate them. While Raven's feathers hold the darkness of canyon shadows after Skyfire crosses World's rim, those of Pinecrow hold the smile of World's top in the time of light. Could it be that Raven is envious of the seeing-time color displayed in the newcomer's feath-

ers? Could it be that Raven sees in this bird of lightness what he desires us to see in his dark-time soul? Might Pinecrow be the enlightened creature Raven would himself wish to be?"

"Haw!" shrieked Raven, nearly beside himself with anger. He flapped to the council's center and stopped before the stoic face of Porcupine. It was custom not to enter the council circle while another animal was the focus of attention. Even worse, one never spoke without permission from Owl. But Raven was in no mood to consider the wishes of others, even those of Owl.

"You accuse me, you slow-witted fool? What could one such as yourself possibly know of sky animals? Haw! You will see my wisdom when this newcomer eats the seeds that see you through the cold time of short light! When hunger rides the back of Wind in the time of white earth, you will remember this warning of Raven!"

"We shall see," interrupted Owl. "We shall wait and watch this bird who sings strange crow sounds over our canyons. And if Raven is correct in his suspicions, then we, the animals of the council, will drive this intruder back over World's rim to the place from which he came. Until then we shall watch and learn his intentions. Raven will seek out Eagle under the Shadow Givers at World's top and tell him of this decision. Ask him, too, to watch—Shall we call him Pinecrow, then, as Porcupine suggests?—and see what suspicious deeds he commits."

Owl sailed to her mountain canyon and to her sleeping perch in a cottonwood near the spring. Wind in her feathers spoke sky whispers over the menace of her shadow. When she disappeared beyond the bend of the tall-grass sky, the others breathed easier and dispersed to their own places of secrecy.

Raven cast a malignant glance at Porcupine, who lumbered toward the river and the cottonwood that held her perch. He lifted his wings, and Skyfire bedazzled their shadowy iridescence as they carried him skyward. His anger was lost on the patient and plodding heart of Porcupine.

Owl knows I have spoken the truth, mused Porcupine. And so does Raven. That accounts for his anger. Let him lose his hostility in the blue-domed domain of Wind. Then he, too, will understand my wisdom.

Skyfire and Moon had played circle games for the passing of five cycles when an event happened that was to bring monumental change to the Land of the Glacial Lake. As Skyfire rested on World's rim and Moon returned to her earth den, the light of warmth after the time of darkness burst orange upon Porcupine's world. She clung to her usual high place in the cottonwood watching the antics of Magpie and Robin as they greeted new light after Moon's passing. Wind finished her morning song, and a flutter of wings rippled the quiet, startling Porcupine. Pinecrow burst onto the limb a quill's length from Porcupine's surprised face and fanned his wings to arrange their feathers. He straightened, with his beak, those that were slow to cooperate and fixed Porcupine with onyx eyes. Unsettled, Porcupine managed to preserve her dignity and stare stoically at the newcomer. It was the first time she had seen him so close. His small eyes sparkled, and his face pinched to the horny point of a delicate beak. His feathers gleamed blue like calm waters of the glacial lake. He appeared to Porcupine to be a small version of Raven, but Raven has little imagination, she anticipated, compared with this bird.

"It is said you defended my presence in this land at your council," offered Pinecrow. "I come to pay my regards to Porcupine. I come to thank you, since, because of your words, even the great Hunting Owl is willing to wait and watch to learn of my intentions here. I come to speak to Porcupine, to explain why I have come to the Land of the Glacial Lake."

Porcupine nodded for Pinecrow to continue. Wind touched his feathers, and he side-stepped closer to her position on the limb.

"Far to the south of your land and beyond World's rim is another great land. It is from there that I come and to which I shall soon return. In my world there is no glacial lake like the water that fills your valleys. It is a land where Wind's thirsty breath is warm and scented with flowers. It is a land where hunger seldom visits. Hunger is unwelcome in my land because of a tree called Pinyon, a pine tree Porcupine has never seen. He is a proud tree with many arms and leaves sharp as greasewood spines, a tree with seeds that nourish the soul, and Pinecrow is the keeper of those seeds. Pinecrow is an important animal in the Land of the Pinyon and is very content to live there forever. If not for the great urgency that brings me to the Land of the Glacial Lake, your council

would never have seen this bird who, to them, is an intruder."

"And tell me, Pinecrow," said Porcupine, "what is the nature of this urgency?" Wind spoke suddenly in an icy voice, and tawny leaves that remained on the cottonwood clattered. Several took flight to where rabbitbrush drew yellow lines down the river bank, and rosehips dotted the river-border hedge like measle spots. A sky shadow passed over Skyfire's face.

"Far to the north of your land," Pinecrow began, "is yet another land called the Land of Towering Trees. It is there where my cousin Stellar's Jay lives. He is the early-light voice of the towering-tree place and an important watcher of that sky. The animals of his council place great importance on the words of Stellar's Jay.

"For the passing of three cold seasons, Skyfire has been unusually strong in the Land of Towering Trees. The white cold of the time of short light has not come, and great rivers rage where, before, small streams crossed the land. Great slides of earth and angry fires have killed important members of their council. Most serious, though, is the disappearance of a tiny blue berry that is the food upon which Jay depends. As the strength of Skyfire has grown, the berry that feeds Stellar's Jay has become nearly impossible to find in the Land of Towering Trees. Word of this reached us on the wings of a strange bird called Osprey. He, it seems, is the great blood bird in the Land of Towering Trees. He is the Eagle of their sky. But, unlike our Eagle, he seeks the flesh of fish."

"I don't understand," interrupted Porcupine, "how this problem in a far-off land brings you, Pinecrow, to the Land of the Glacial Lake."

"Allow me to go on," continued Pinecrow. "My cousin, Stellar's Jay, has told the animals of his council about the Pinyon pine and the bounty it provides. He told them of the rich food the pinenut provides. Jay sent word to our land by way of Osprey that he seeks help. As the small berry that has fed him for all of time disappears, he sends a plea for me to carry the seeds of the Pinyon to his Land of Towering Trees and plant them for him. Yes, he desires to see this pine tree grow in his land as it does in ours so hunger will never stalk him again."

"And so you are on your journey with the seeds?" asked Porcupine.

"No," answered Pinecrow, his crisp voice betraying worry. "I cannot carry all the pinenuts to Stellar's Jay's home in one trip. He will need many, and the council of my land does not favor my taking Pinyon's seeds over World's rim. Many fear that Pinyon might be displeased, and should I carry the pinenuts from his home, our land might see times of hunger as well. Others fear Pinyon might leave forever if he finds his way over World's rim."

"But why would Pinyon leave a land where he has been content to grow forever?" questioned Porcupine, puzzled.

"It comes from the eyes of Red-shouldered Hawk," whispered Pinecrow as if suddenly fearful someone might hear. "Hawk rides the high wind, and against Sky's top he discovered something we have failed to see."

"Tell me, what is it that Hawk sees?" prodded the intrigued Porcupine.

"It is a matter of where Pinyon chooses to grow," Pinecrow explained. "Hawk has noticed that Pinyon grows only on cold-shadowed slopes where Skyfire is weakest. He grows in shadows that are favored by Wind and are the hiding place of Cold. We also know, Goose has spoken this to Quail, that the Land of Towering Trees is a colder land than ours. Much colder. It is reasoned by some in our council that, since Pinyon favors cold shadowy places, he might find the icy land of Stellar's Jay more to his liking. He might be more pleased by the Land of Towering Trees, where Skyfire owns less of the sky. Should we show him the way over World's rim, Quail and those who agree with her argue, Pinyon may leave our land forever. Starvation would hunt us through all circles of the seasons."

Silence spoke, and the chill wind of falling-leaves time shook Porcupine's tree. Sky shadow had been joined by her sisters, and the leaden sky smudged Pinecrow's feathers to the color of a canyon-rock ledge. Wind howled through wrinkled blue lips, and Cold hummed a sullen refrain.

"I see," ventured Porcupine after a long pause. "But why do you seek my help? And why, if Stellar's Jay is in so dire need of food, do you not get on with the task of carrying to him seeds of the Pinyon? Why tarry when the time of long cold councils even now with Wind under the sky shadows?"

"This is the problem I have come to discuss with you," replied Pinecrow. "It is not likely for me to carry these seeds to Stellar's Jay's home. I cannot manage such a long journey and carry all the pinenuts a new forest will need. As I said, many in the council do not approve of my taking Pinyon's seeds in the first place. It is possible that, in my absence, they might even persuade others in the council who support me to change their minds and overrule the decision that allows me to carry the seeds north across World's rim. I have been granted only until Moon is once again complete to fulfill my task. When Moon is at full light I must stop. I could make only one trip to the Land of Towering Trees in such a short passing of time."

"And what do you want me to do?" asked Porcupine, suddenly wary that she was about to become a part of Pinecrow's scheme.

"Through Osprey I have conveyed my plan to Stellar's Jay," Pinecrow continued. "All I need now is an accomplice in this Land of the Glacial Lake. When I heard of your defense of me at your council, it occurred to me you might be that ally. Yes, the final thing needed to save Jay from starvation during the time of cold is certainly you, Porcupine."

Porcupine remained silent and studied her visitor with tiny black eyes as Pinecrow outlined the plan that was to include her. "I have sent word to Stellar's Jay that he is to travel to the Land of the Glacial Lake and collect the seeds I carry here. I will take them only this far, and Jay must then carry them over your World's rim to his own land. I have warned him that very little time has been given me to bring him the pinenuts. He knows what must be done. My

plan is simple. I will carry the seeds to your land, and he will then carry them on to his Land of Towering Trees."

"I still fail to see," persisted Porcupine, exasperated, "how I am to benefit your plan."

"Allow me to go on," snapped Pinecrow in a shrill voice that betrayed his desperation to get on with the task. "Much time would be wasted if I waited here with my seeds for the arrival of Stellar's Jay. Instead, I shall ask you to be guardian of the seeds, to mark their locations so Jay might find them when he comes from his home in the north. That way I can make many trips since I will not have to wait for my cousin to come for the seeds I carry. Perhaps, if all goes well, if Wind and Cold stay a bit longer beyond World's rim, and if you will mark the locations of the nuts, I can provide enough to save Stellar's Jay from death by cold and hunger."

Porcupine was profoundly moved by the elegant plan of Pinecrow. "And how shall I mark the location of your pinyon seed caches?" she asked. "What symbol will be recognized by your cousin the Jay?"

Encouraged by Porcupine's apparent willingness to help, Pinecrow provided the final urgent details of his plan. "I notice your long, yellow teeth, Porcupine. They are obviously teeth that carve tree bark. My plan requires that you use them in a way only lightly different from what you normally do. I will fly to

your land with my cheeks filled with pinenuts. When I arrive I will call like this." Pinecrow whistled a long wavering call that stung Porcupine's ears. "When you hear this call you are to come quickly for I haven't time to spare. I will poke the seeds I carry into soil on the south side of cottonwood trees. On the side where Skyfire rests, the white ground of cold time will leave sooner, and Jay will be better able to find them. Your part will be to mark the trees where I hide the caches. You will mark the trees by gnawing a patch of bark from their trunks. Make the patch as tall and as wide as your tail. It is this square of missing bark that will be recognized by Stellar's Jay as the mark of Porcupine. It is this missing square of bark, this tree scar, that will mark the location of pinenuts I bring to my cousin Stellar's Jay. By doing this you will provide the link I need to carry the sacred Pinyon to the Land of Towering Trees and save Stellar's Jay's life."

"How many squares must I carve?" Porcupine wanted to know. "I, too, must eat and store provisions for the time of long cold. When a covering of cold white hides the earth and Wind shares my tree, I must have stores enough to last until Skyfire once again melts the ice. I am inclined to offer the help you seek, but I also do not wish to sacrifice my own safety."

"Is it not true, Porcupine," Pinecrow reasoned, "that the bark of the cottonwood is the food you favor? Is this not the food you store for the long dark?"

"Yes," agreed Porcupine, slowly beginning to see Pinecrow's reasoning, "I do prefer the bark of the cottonwood."

"Then while you carve these squares you will also be eating what you most desire, the bark of river trees. As for how many squares will be needed, that depends on how many trips time will allow me to make from my own Land of the Pinyon. That will depend, in turn, on the wishes of Wind, the coming of the cold white, and the demands of my council. I shall make as many trips as possible until Moon is once again complete in the darkened sky. It is then, by command of the council of the Land of the Pinyon, that I must carry seeds to my cousin Stellar's Jay no more. For your part, you will conduct your business as usual. You will eat the bark of the cottonwood as before, except you will hear my call and then mark the locations of my seed caches. You will eat bark of cottonwoods as is your custom, but you will be careful to remove it in square patches that you will measure with your tail. Together, in this way, we will save Stellar's Jay from a hard death in the time of icy skies. We will bring to him the bounty of Pinyon."

The plan was simple enough, and Porcupine was eager to help Pinecrow save his cousin Stellar's Jay. She was eager to help him because she was now sure Pinecrow did not intend to stay in the Land of the Glacial Lake. As she had predicted to the council even before she met Pinecrow, this small, sky-top

image of Raven did not intend to remain long in their world. After he left, animals of the council would be even more impressed with the wisdom of Porcupine.

The plan was simple, but from the beginning everything conspired against it. First, in laying the plan, Pinecrow spent more time than he intended. His journey to the Land of the Glacial Lake and his negotiations with Porcupine, trying to win her over, used much of Moon's cycle. Pinecrow apprehensively noted that very little time remained.

Most important, though, was Porcupine's lack of concern for even the most pressing task. It was not her way to hurry. It was also not Porcupine's way to worry even when disaster threatened. Her concentration evaporated in presence of things that caught her fancy. The reflection of Skyfire on river ripples and the flight of a leaf before the breath of winter distracted her from what should have been more urgent concerns. Although her intentions were noble, her plodding nature and wandering mind made her a poor choice for Pinecrow's trust.

A shrill and wavering call startled Porcupine and reminded her of her nearly forgotten responsibility. She nearly missed seeing Pinecrow's tiny blue form as he darted through the cottonwood forest on his way back to the Land of Pinyon to gather yet another cheek-full of seeds. Porcupine descended slowly from her limb, and by the time she reached the ground she nearly forgot why she had done so. She lumbered through willows and rose hedge that grew thickly along the banks of the river. She waddled, dragging her fat tail through fallen leaves. Hours later she examined the ground near where Pinecrow's phantom form had ghosted through the trees, but she was unable to locate the place where he had buried the seeds. Soon he called again, and as before, Porcupine caught only a glimpse of his blue-blurred wings as he darted through the yellow cottonwood thicket.

There was no way Porcupine could keep pace with the wild flight of Pinecrow, so she devised a bold plan of her own. She would carve her square on all the trees near where she thought the seeds lay hidden. What else could she do? At least that way, Porcupine reasoned, Stellar's Jay would know generally where to search. "Yes," mused Porcupine. "It's not exactly what I'm supposed to do, but it's a reasonable plan nevertheless."

During that time before the end of Moon's cycle, Pinecrow made many trips. He noticed, on several occasions, squares Porcupine had chiseled into trunks of the cottonwoods. All seemed to be going well. Hawk and others of the council watched apprehensively as the small blue intruder carried pinenuts over World's rim to their Land of the Glacial Lake. Each day Pinecrow felt better knowing the end of his chore was nearer. Soon he would have carried enough pinenuts to Porcupine's land to feed Stellar's Jay not only during the long cold time, but enough for his cousin to start a forest of his own in the Land of Towering Trees. Yes, the plan was indeed going well.

But on that last day, shortly before Moon's full light signaled the end of the time his council had allotted him, Porcupine's folly became evident to Pinecrow. He flew into the cottonwood valley with what was to have been his last load of pinenuts and knew at once something was quite wrong. He landed in a clearing downriver from his last cache and surveyed Porcupine's work. In the same heartbeat Stellar's Jay swooped onto the limb beside him. It took some time for Pinecrow's cobalt northland cousin to calm enough to speak coherently.

"I thought you were bringing me seeds of the Pinyon!" demanded Stellar's Jay. "I have searched under every square Porcupine carved, but nowhere can I find them!"

"But you must be mistaken," replied Pinecrow. "I have made many trips. I just returned from my last one." He opened his beak to show Stellar's Jay the sizable clump of seeds in his throat pouch.

"Porcupine's carvings are everywhere," complained Jay, "and under only a few of them can I find seeds."

And so Pinecrow followed the anxious bird along the river. They flew from tree to tree, and it was just as Stellar's Jay said. Nearly every tree bore the mark of Porcupine, the square that was to mark a seed cache. Some trees sported as many as three.

"I don't understand," wailed Pinecrow, bewildered. "I did not make this many trips, yet Porcupine has marked so many trees. What could possibly have gone wrong?"

Together they searched the length of the cottonwood forest. They scratched the soil on the south side of each tree and poked their bills into the ground so many times their faces grew numb. But despite a morning of searching they found only a few seeds.

"It's hopeless," lamented Pinecrow. "We could be looking a wing's length from a pinenut cache and still not find it. It is necessary to locate exactly the right spot, or we will never find the seeds. We must find Porcupine."

"How am I to know?" Porcupine asked the exasperated birds after they explained their dilemma. "I marked a tree every time I saw you pass through the forest, Pinecrow. You must remember I am not a creature of the sky. I am unable to move with the swiftness you possess; the methodical pace of Porcupine is legend in the Land of the Glacial Lake. I did the best I could, but don't ask me the whereabouts of your seeds. I marked trees as you told me to do, but during the entire process I saw not one seed."

And worse was yet to come. That night as they sat dejectedly on a cottonwood limb, Moon's full face loomed over the Land of the Glacial Lake. Its smoke-blue, night-time light gleamed in fragments on the broken ripples of the river. The hopes of Pinecrow and Stellar's Jay died with the rebirth of Moon's full light. Moon's cycle was spent, and they had failed to carry the Pinyon and the hope it represented to the Land of Towering Trees, to a land where starvation threatened Stellar's Jay and his clan. Moon's full light also marked the begin-

ning of the time of long cold, when Skyfire raced with great speed each time of seeing over World's south rim. The two blue-feathered forms huddled defeated and miserable. They withered on the naked arm of a cottonwood in Moon's marbled glow of doom.

A fateful decision was made that night, a decision that would ripple through time, that would bring great change to the lands of Pinecrow, Stellar's Jay, and Porcupine. In the watchful silence of Moon's blue face, Pinecrow decided to defy the council and return for more seeds. These he would not entrust to Porcupine. Instead he would pass them directly to Stellar's Jay, beak to beak.

"But they have given you only until Moon's full light," reminded Stellar's Jay. "If you are seen smuggling seeds, you will be ordered over World's rim forever. It is the law of your land. One must not defy the council of animals."

"I will be banished only if they catch me, Stellar's Jay, only if they are wise to my intentions. And how are they to know? I, Pinecrow, am keeper of pinenuts in the Land of the Pinyon. To me is entrusted the responsibility of carrying seeds to places where they will give life to new trees. I carry seeds all the time anyway; how will they know if I carry a few over World's rim?"

"I will go with you," decided Stellar's Jay. "That way we can both carry seeds and thereby reduce the number of journeys you must make."

"That would only arouse suspicion. You would be an intruder, and intruders are always suspect. Even now the council of this place watches everything we do. Poor Porcupine, for all her ineptness, has risked much to help us. We are intruders here, and the animal council of Porcupine's land watches with much misgiving. No, I must go alone. I will watch, and when no one sees, I will carry pinenuts over World's rim. You must wait in Porcupine's forest and watch for my return."

And the wait was not long. Skyfire had crossed Sky's dome but three times when Stellar's Jay saw Pinecrow's blue form against the wrinkled face of a hill. At once it was apparent something was very wrong. Pinecrow's flight was erratic, and he lamented in long, wavering shrieks. Pinecrow mourns, thought Stellar's Jay. I'm afraid I know why. Now all hope is gone—dead like the tall cane that rattles its withered bones along Porcupine's river.

"Red-shouldered Hawk watches closely the skies of the Land of Pinyon," Pinecrow mourned in an agitated, trembling voice. "He discovered my plan and informed the council, and now they have given the highest council decree. I, Pinecrow, am to return to my home no more. I am banned forever from the Land of the Pinyon. I, Pinecrow, must never return to where I have nurtured the Pinyon since Skyfire and Earth birthed Moon. Who will care for my forest, Stellar's Jay? Who will plant the seeds and nurture their silver-green spirits as they draw life from the red soil? What will become of my forest? Pinyon without Pinecrow is World's top in darkness without Moon's silver smile."

"We share a dilemma," answered Stellar's Jay, his voice hollow and small in the blackness of night. "I, too, am without a home. Nothing remains for me in

the Land of Towering Trees. Berries that have fed me since the beginning of time have vanished like river fog. I face starvation in the time of cold if I return. I have brought trouble upon you, but I must also take stock of my own predicament. We are without homes, and as you have explained, we are interlopers in this Land of the Glacial Lake."

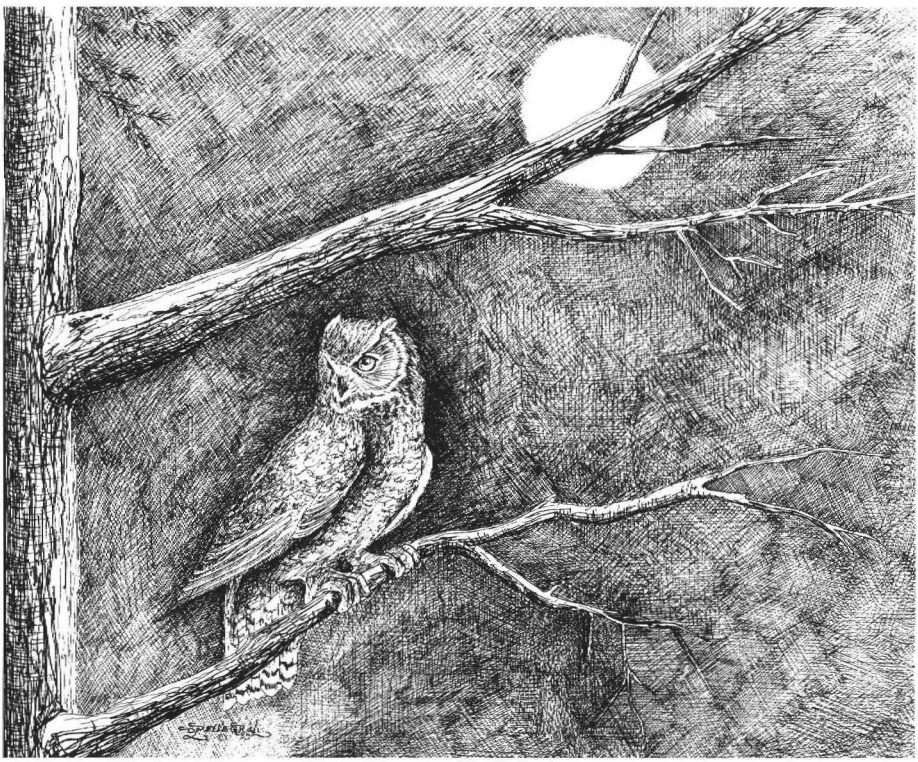
During the time of hunger it became necessary for Pinecrow and Stellar's Jay to spend their days in the willow thicket along Porcupine's river. They hunted in vain for seeds they knew were buried in the shelter of cottonwoods. Moon darkened and returned to full light again and again, but they hunted and found not a single Pinyon seed. They found pauper's fare in dry buckbrush berries that grew along Porcupine's river, and the flesh on their frail bones withered. Pinecrow's behavior grew stranger with the passing of each day. He darted over canyons in the yellow-grass hills and between cottonwoods along the river. His voice became more piercing and tremulous. Porcupine turned her face for the sorrow she had brought him. But it was Stellar's Jay she dreaded seeing more than the addled Pinecrow.

The sky-colored cousin of Pinecrow missed no occasion to remonstrate with Porcupine. "See what you have done?" squawked Jay. "You have driven Pinecrow mad. You have caused him to be banned from the land of his cherished Pinyon. He cries now in the canyons, and soon Earth will swallow his cries because he cannot survive here. You have killed him, Porcupine. He was once a noble bird. In his own land he was keeper of the Pinyon. He has nothing now except these miserable cottonwoods that bear the gnawed mark of your stupidity."

Porcupine was devastated by the squawking condemnation of Stellar's Jay.

From the very start Owl, Raven, and the others had watched the entire affair. They observed as Porcupine unwittingly foiled Pinecrow's efforts. They witnessed Pinecrow's strange journeys across World's rim and the madness that consumed him with the return of Moon's full light. They saw the arrival of his northland companion, Stellar's Jay. Eagle watched from his perch against Sky's dome as the newcomers darted, their feathered backs the color of World's rim, through the cottonwood forest. He noted Porcupine's lumbering inability to keep pace with Pinecrow and saw her carve squares, first on a few trees, and then on nearly all of them. Discussions in the council circles, that now excluded Porcupine, concerned the quilled one's error in judgment. What began as whispers between Shadeseeker, Squirrel, and others, soon became hot debate for the council circle itself. Inevitably, in the time of darkest cold, Porcupine was summoned to the council of animals. When it became obvious that Pinecrow, and now even Stellar's Jay, intended to stay in the Land of the Glacial Lake as some originally had feared, the discussion turned from calling it "Porcupine's error." Eventually it became "Porcupine's deception."

"Haw! Didn't I warn you?" croaked Raven's coarse and obnoxious voice. "Haw! See what Porcupine has brought upon you! The council would not



listen to me. Even Owl chose to side with Porcupine. Now everyone sees the stupidity of this quilled turtle who hangs in trees. What decent animal, who isn't a bird, spends its days in trees? Haw! I ask you this: Is Porcupine a fit animal to share the Land of the Glacial Lake with the likes of Raven? Haw! Look what Porcupine has brought upon your land. She has brought to us not one intruder. Haw! No! She has brought us two. Two! Haw!"

Raven couldn't allow the matter to rest. "From the bottom of sky shadows, Raven has seen the worst of these events. Yes, I have seen both newcomers from my sky place, and the one called Pinecrow is not healthy. He is mad! Mad, do you hear me? Haw! Porcupine has inflicted upon us an invader in whose heart dwells the terror of Wind that howls in the time of darkness. For these transgressions Porcupine must be exiled from our land. It is now the responsibility of Owl to order this mutinous fool over World's rim! Haw! Haw!"

All eyes turned to Porcupine after Raven strutted from the circle. Time had come for her to speak in her own defense. But Porcupine stood, head lowered, and Wind played games in her yellow quills. Silence brooded ominously over the council, and Cold clutched the earth.

Owl breathed a chilling sigh, and Rabbit cringed as the great bird spoke. "Raven takes much upon himself. Although his words are not without merit, I,

for one, resent his assumption that his views represent those of others of us who reside in this land. Does Raven presume to speak for Eagle? Do you know my mind Raven, or that of Badger? If Porcupine is to be exiled, it shall not be your decision to make. It will be the choice of the entire council. Surely you remember that to exile one of our own requires unanimous agreement of the council of animals."

Usually Owl's words were soft. It was her way to speak harshly only with the sting of her talons. Few lived who had witnessed, first hand, her fury. And so the words of the great blood bird, directed at Raven, seemed to stop even the heart of Wind. Every eye watched the patient killer, and every heart wished to be somewhere else.

Porcupine's fate was discussed as Skyfire crossed Sky's dome. As its orange globe moved from sky shadow to sky shadow and from World's rim to World's rim, the council debated. And, at last, Sagehen spoke the final word that settled the matter.

"To exile Porcupine for her mistake is punishment beyond the deed. Porcupine has merely made an error, although a serious one. It is not yet known what place the newcomers will occupy in our land or at whose expense it will be. Raven, indeed, has reason to be outraged, for both the newcomers, Pinecrow and Stellar's Jay, are most like him. They even speak, as we have observed, in a similar voice. It is likely they will occupy a corner of Raven's world. We can only hope it is no more than a corner. Our skies would be empty without the whistling, obsidian wings of our friend Raven, who is our trusted watcher from his high place against Sky's top. And yet Porcupine has made this blunder not out of maliciousness, but out of poor judgment. To banish her would be to destroy her. Our crime would then be greater than hers. I propose, instead, that Porcupine be made an outcast, that we associate with her never again. Even blood animals shall avoid pursuit of her flesh. I propose to the council that Porcupine be shunned forever in the Land of the Glacial Lake."

Wind licked down from the mountain and wailed with cold breath over the council circle. Fog ghosted across the river, and cottonwoods rattled winter-dead limbs and sifted pogonip plumes onto the frozen soil. Porcupine clung forlornly to her limb in the large tree and chewed at its bark. She would forever do so, she decided. She realized the council had spared her from exile only because of the kind words of Sagehen. She had, indeed, committed a serious offense. What if she had brought about the destruction of Raven by conspiring to help Pinecrow? What if she had caused harm to others of the council? Yes, these gnawed bark-squares would forever be the symbol of her great mistake. So, thought Porcupine with a lonely sigh, the squares I carved will forever be the mark of my stupidity. I am of no value, and now only Wind will hear me. Wind and Cold will be my sole companions.

In those days, as now, the cycle of seasons had great power to invoke change in even the coldest heart. Nothing lasts forever. Even mountains come and go with the passing of time. The season when Skyfire's stare is strongest, and when his fire bakes the desert floor, turns faithfully to the season of Moon's golden cycles when leaves walk with Wind. These changes come as predictably as Skyfire's glow at the beginning of new day. The coming of the time of cold when hunger stalks Mouse is anticipated with no small amount of apprehension, but it never fails to pass. Likewise, after Porcupine's humiliation, the coming of the time of greening leaves happened slowly but certainly in the Land of the Glacial Lake. When Wind sang a warmer, happier song, and when her time-of-greening companion, Twisted Wind, danced across the valleys, all knew hard times had passed. And although she hungered for voices and for friendship, Porcupine's heart was gladdened when trees along her river unfurled buds and turned the color of fresh grass. These, at least, had not forsaken her. She chewed bark meals in the square patches that now symbolized her humility.

With the new season there dawned a great miracle in the land of Porcupine, a miracle that possessed the power to soften embittered hearts and to transform the land's spirit. As the animals watched, their silence bespoke awe that overwhelmed them. Eagle watched from his sky place as did Raven, who was silenced, for once, by the enormity of what he saw. Owl watched from the dark-time sky, and Badger came on short legs from his earth den to investigate. Rabbit, Squirrel, Sagehen, and the others looked, spellbound, at the change in their land. Pinecrow dived with abandon as he trilled and darted over canyons. Porcupine impassively surveyed the great transformation she had unwittingly conspired to create.

As biscuit root blossomed and as cottonwoods donned new-season clothes, tiny green shoots clothed in furry round leaves the color of the deep lake sprang from the soil. Tiny shoots unlike anything seen before in this land—tiny shoots of Pinecrow's Pinyon—awoke to greet the greening season. Even though by accident, Pinecrow had given them, with the unwitting help of Porcupine, as a spring-time gift to the Land of the Glacial Lake. Pinecrow and his brother Pinyon belonged now and forever to the land of Porcupine.

Much time has passed since Pinecrow came to this land and since the Pinyon first greened bare slopes above the river valley. During that time much change has come to the land of Porcupine. Cycles of Moon have blended in the passing of time until memory of the coming of Pinecrow and his Pinyon has faded like mist under Skyfire's stare. No longer does a deep glacial lake slumber in the valleys. Only in a couple of deep holes can tiny remnants of the great water be found. They glimmer like shattered pieces of a fallen sky or robin's

eggs in a heat-parched nest of desert hills. Where the great body of water once sprawled deep and icy, twisted winds now dance and cavort over its dead, salty corpse. Valleys with ancient beach terraces carved high above their floors have become epitaphs for the once great water. There are those, such as Raven, who even like to blame Porcupine for this change in the land's climate.

But the passing of time and resultant metamorphosis of this land has not been entirely unkind. Water is difficult to find, to be sure, and most of the animals have found it necessary to adjust their activities so as never to be too far from the few frail streams and waterholes that remain. And, as Raven predicted, Pinecrow and Stellar's Jay did stay on, but disaster did not happen as he said it would—at least not in any form attributable to the two intruders. Instead of eating food that belonged to others, Pinecrow brought the abundance of the Pinyon. Prickly dwarfs, barely taller than sagebrush, they thrive in this drying world where Eagle still commands the sky. They grow these days in blue-green stubbles that gird the mountains. They, as much as the dust-green sage, have become the land's spirit, the givers of voice to Wind when she visits canyons.

Change came to all except Porcupine, who today still hunches morosely on limbs in trees along the river. The cottonwood forest and the river have grown smaller, but she makes them her home as she has since glaciers filled the mountain canyons. And she occasionally visits Pinecrow's Pinyon forest. She seeks him out because, oddly, he is the only one who will speak to her. She passes her days, face to the trunk, longing for a kind word from Rabbit or her long-ago friend, Squirrel. She still carves squares on the trees when she sees Pinecrow hide his seeds, but he ignores them. He relies on his own memory for retrieving nuts he stores against the hungry time of the cold season.

It seems odd no one remembers it was Porcupine who helped bring the Pinyon's bounty to their land. Her villainy has been distorted by the passage of time until, nowadays, she is rumored to be the bringer of dryness, the destroyer of the lake. Still others see her as the bringer of winter, the one responsible for bringing starvation to Stellar's Jay's land during the unusually long cold season when the small berries he relied on finally disappeared. No one notices the kinship of Porcupine to the pine tree that has become so important to their survival. No one notices that the quills on Porcupine's back resemble the quills on Pinyon's limbs.

But Porcupine doesn't care, really, about the others and about what they say. She is patient and methodical like the land itself. In her isolation she knows better than any of them, perhaps, the secret that Wind shares with the dry hills on its own lonely ride through Pinecrow's forest. Wind talks small secrets, too, in Porcupine's quills. Wind alone speaks of what Porcupine has given the ancient Land of the Glacial Lake.

Book Reviews

Sonny's Story: A Journalist's Memoir. By Rollan Melton (Reno: University of Nevada Oral History Program, 1999)

Only rarely does a personal memoir qualify as historical source material, unless the writer has held high political office or celebrity status. Rollan Melton's "story" is an exception; he is a luminary in northern Nevada because of his long—running thrice—weekly column in the *Reno Gazette-Journal*. He "knows everybody and has done everything" in the spectrum of northern Nevada society in the last fifty years and has condensed his reflections into a nicely illustrated book that warrants the attention of those interested in the social and business history of the region.

The rags-to-riches *genre* is familiar, but in Nevada we have few pieces of this kind written with the zest, insight, and self-effacing humor that Melton brings to this book. He offers the inside story of his childhood in a dysfunctional family—an alcoholic father and needy, restless mother who moved often between Fallon and southern Idaho. His easy going autobiography provides an appealing account for those who want an overview of Nevada life in the last half of the twentieth century. He cheerfully describes his career as a cub reporter in Fallon in the late 1940s under the guidance of the venerable Claude Smith of the *Fallon Standard*, his time at the University of Nevada in the 1950s when he wore the Wolf Pack uniform with some of the most famous Nevada football stars, his service in the United States Army, and his later ascension in the newspaper world from the *Reno Evening Gazette* to the top of the corporate ladder in the Speidel and Gannett newspaper chains.

One of the most stunning historical insights that Melton offers appears in the section about his experiences as a columnist for the University of Nevada *Sagebrush* in 1953 when the infamous "Stout affair" was unfolding on the campus. The story of the authoritarian regime of President Minard W. Stout has been extensively recorded elsewhere, but Melton offers a new and well-documented description about how he, as a student reporter, was betrayed by his favorite professor, A. E. Higginbotham, longtime head of the journalism department.

Melton presents his own story in the familiar manner of his newspaper column, with subheadings in the style of headlines and with a sense of humor that brings to mind Eleanor Hodgman Porter's Pollyanna—there is good in everything and everyone. He is, as usual, bountiful in his praise of friends and acquaintances, especially of his wife Marilyn, the talented artist and

community servant.

Melton briefly, almost casually, chronicles his encounters with a heart attack (1982) and cancer of the lymph nodes (1984), cataract surgery, and a collapsed lung, among other health problems. The book was in press before his most recent near-death experience in London in the winter of 1999-2000. As the present review was being written in the spring of 2000, the ever-resilient newshound was preparing once again to enter the Nevada social and political stream with his characteristic anecdotal style. The social archives of Nevada have been well served by his wide-ranging, rambling columns on regional people and events.

One aspect of Melton's life that is not adequately treated in this book is the abundant generosity that he and Marilyn have demonstrated toward worthy causes in Reno and elsewhere in the past quarter century. Their gifts to the arts and education deserve a separate chronicle, but it is not likely to come from this otherwise eclectic writer.

James Hulse
University of Nevada, Reno

Driving by Memory. By William L. Fox (Albuquerque:University of New Mexico Press, 1999)

As important to the history of the West as the horse is the automobile. Not only does it whisk one over the vastnesses, but I find there is not a better a place to mull over the universe and my place in it than behind the wheel of my car, driving alone through a long stretch of desert.

William Fox understands this phenomenon and exploits it in *Driving by Memory*. "Road trips," he tells us, "are a perfect time to consolidate one's skill at weaving trivia into a seamless web that almost appears to make sense," and goes on to remark that this is "a remnant of our archaic oral history tradition," one of which Homer would be proud. (12) I agree and if you don't, perhaps you will by the time you have finished this review, or , even better, *Driving by Memory*. In it Fox weaves personal history, with the landmarks both natural and artificial that make up the desert.

Three significant road trips made through the desert over a period of years from Santa Fe to Las Vegas, Los Angeles to Las Vegas, and Reno to Las Vegas allow Fox to map both the terrain and his memories.

Written as a series of journal entries and illustrated with black-and-white photographs, the only linearities in *Driving By Memory* are the roads Fox travels. These roads provide an anchor for the complex web of memory and conjecture that he weaves as he contemplates the desert, the ecology, his life, art, history, advertising, and landscape design. "It's an odd business," he

tells us, "assembling points of memory in a personal map, the landmarks of which, the houses and casinos, are principally built on the shifting sands of fantasy." (99)

At the heart of it all, he maintains, is the necessity to avoid the conventional viewpoint whether viewing paintings or massive works of man-made sculpture that rise out of the desert, because it's only by stepping outside the frame that we can participate in the whole. The massive desert sculptures of de Maria, Heizer and Turrell draw us inside them instead of having a viewpoint forced on us by an artist using techniques of perspective that force us to see the work from his point of view. The result is a direct relationship with the environment, allowing us to shift "our mental placement of the land in our hierarchy of values." We become "participants in the creation of a personal sublime." (36) In other words, we experience these works in the same way that we experience a Tibetan or Native American sand painting, or a mandala of any sort, in its totality, the eye roaming freely around the work, making its own associations.

The same holds true for experiencing the cities. Even though he says "Las Vegas is the main drag of the American imagination, while Reno is just an alleyway," (111) Reno does have the Stremmel House designed by Austrian-born Mark Mack, a residence that has the look of a truck stop, but is designed to evoke the sense of place that is Reno. Fox feels that through such architecture Reno might "develop a set of architectural conventions based on its own reality and history," (117) something preferable to becoming a clone of Las Vegas. He is unswerving is his insistence that creativity is of prime importance, that casino owners should gamble on being different by resisting theming, although his own solutions seem either vague or simply a theming based on the history of the site.

The roads to and from Las Vegas, Reno and Santa Fe have their separate mystiques, and each provides Fox plenty of space for rumination. For example, the Santa Fe to Las Vegas route follows the American dream toward California marked in our imaginations as well in our history, the proof of which are the ubiquitous souvenir shops while the two-lane road from Las Vegas to Reno "defines itself to us through estrangement from our perceptions." (147) Thus he argues it is reasonable that Reno became the divorce capital at one end and Las Vegas a mass hallucination at the other.

The study of chaos theory teaches us that everything influences everything else, forever blurring the lines of direct causality; thus works like *Driving by Memory* which allow the free interplay of associations, in this case the author's very personal attempt to understand and chronicle the transition of land to landscape, add one more layer to the series of overlapping historical transparencies through which we gaze as we attempt to understand history and our place in it.

Felicia F. Campbell
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Fly on the Wall: Recollections of Las Vegas' Good Old, Bad Old Days. By Dick Odessky (Las Vegas: Huntington Press, 1999)

Fly on the Wall: Recollections of Las Vegas' Good Old, Bad Old Days is former hotel publicist and newspaperman Dick Odessky's memoir of those exciting days of the 1950s, 1960s, and 1970s, when organized crime ruled Las Vegas. His book is another triumph for Huntington Press, which as published several fascinating, well-written books on Las Vegas.

Odessky came to Las Vegas as a reporter for the *Las Vegas Sun* in 1953, when he was nineteen. After returning to Southern California and working at a newspaper, he came back to Las Vegas in 1960 as director of public relations for the Flamingo Hotel. Later, he moved to the Stardust, where he had the honor of being pushed out of his job by Frank Rosenthal, the less winning and handsome real-life basis of Robert DeNiro's "Ace" in Martin Scorsese's film *Casino*. Then, Odessky became a columnist for *The Valley Times* before leaving the world of publicity and print.

"My modus operandi—the switching back and forth between casino track and newspaper hack—led many to wonder about my motives," he writes. "My writings at the *Times* in particular—frequent condemnations of my former employers at the Stardust, which ultimately played a part in the demise of that dishonest operation—raised suspicions that I might have been a 'mole' for federal agencies in their attempts to cleanse Las Vegas. No, I was simply gravitating to where the action was—a habit that enabled me to become the proverbial fly on the wall during the most exciting quarter of a century in Las Vegas" (pp. 2-3).

Judging by the characters who populate Odessky's text, his description is apt. Secondhand, as he readily states, readers will meet founding fathers of Las Vegas like Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky, whom he learned about from some of their successors. Firsthand, Odessky knew and talks about those successors, the entertainers they imported, and the places where they would all hang out together.

Odessky makes clear that the casino operators of the 1960s knew what they were doing, and most of them learned it from running gambling joints on both sides of the law. They worried less about the bottom line of every department and more about making big profits from gambling and keeping customers happy by keeping everything else as cheap as possible. He quotes Flamingo casino manager Chester Simms telling his boss, owner Morris Lansburgh, that "we keep about 90 cents out of every dollar that's lost in a casino," and informing Odessky, "Gambling is the most personalized business there is. You're taking money from the gambler without giving him any product or service in return. So you'd better be ready to at least give him a kiss" (p. 133).

Odessky is less kind and respectful toward his later bosses at the Stardust,

where he was in charge of marketing. He thinks highly of Al Sachs, who ran the hotel-casino in the late 1960s and early 1970s (and came back a decade later, only to run into trouble with state regulators over the role still being played at the casino by Chicago organized crime interests), but he has no use for those who took over from him, Rosenthal and Allen Glick. Indeed, Odessky was technically Rosenthal's boss, because the longtime oddsmaker and bookmaker claimed to be Odessky's deputy as a means of skirting gaming regulators. The reality was far different, and when Rosenthal forced out Odessky, the result was a return to the newspaper business. *Valley Times* Publisher Bob Brown offered Odessky a daily column, told him what he wanted—an honest, in-depth, investigative column on gaming—and stood behind him, even under pressure from advertisers.

While Odessky could be tough and analytical in his column, this book is much more affectionate. Those hoping or looking for an all-out assault on those who were around Las Vegas at the time should look elsewhere. Odessky writes about many of his subjects with bemusement or kindness, and with a deep knowledge and memory, which are far more valuable than just blasting away in gatling-gun style. His profiles and thumbnail sketches offer a valuable perspective. Longtime Las Vegans will recognize many names, and newcomers or those interested in finding out about legends like Benny Binion, the great publicists, and entertainers from Frank Sinatra to Shecky Greene, will get ample fodder.

As is the case with any book, this one is imperfect. A couple of dates are off slightly, which is more disturbing to historians inclined to pick nits than it will be to most readers. And some of Odessky's recollections no doubt will raise either eyebrows or hackles. His discussion of crime prevention as practiced by the local police, including longtime Sheriff Ralph Lamb, makes the process a little cleaner than many will remember. His encounters with *Review-Journal* publisher Donald Reynolds may have been friendly, but the nice guy he knew probably will be unfamiliar to many who worked for and with Reynolds. While Odessky did a lot to end Rosenthal's reign, he probably should have given credit to others who were then at *The Valley Times*, most notably reporter Ned Day.

Whatever quibbles there may be with this book, Dick Odessky has written an entertaining, enjoyable memoir that historians will find useful for its perceptions and anecdotes of people, their time, and their place. General readers will just enjoy it. And everyone will wish that there had been an opportunity to have joined Odessky. Clearly, it was fun to be a fly on the wall.

Michael Green
Community College of Southern Nevada

Nevada Gaming Law: The Authoritative Guide to Nevada Gaming Law. By Lionel, Sawyer, and Collins (Las Vegas: Lionel, Sawyer, and Collins, 2000)

Nevada Gaming Law (third edition) provides a comprehensive analysis of gaming regulation "Nevada style." A collaborative effort by several attorneys with the law firm of Lionel, Sawyer, and Collins, the book begins with a brief history of gaming and regulatory control procedures in the State of Nevada. Thereafter, the authors dissect the regulation of Nevada gaming through an examination of the government agencies vested with the responsibility for maintaining the integrity of the state's gaming industry. The book chronicles the licensing and background-investigation procedures for individuals and privately held or publicly traded corporations and partnerships seeking an ownership position in Nevada's gaming business; for officers and directors of gaming operations; for individuals designated as "key employees"; and independent agents formerly referred to as junket representatives. The licensing portion of the book also addresses the effect Nevada's gaming regulations have on unions and on disclosure requirements for labor organizations. This section of the book provides extensive coverage on the regulatory steps mandated for manufacturers, distributors, or creators of gaming devices and those wishing to introduce a new casino game or a form of technology that impacts gaming operations.

Subsequent chapters present readers with an overview of how gaming regulations are enforced and include insights into the approved methods for issuance/collection of gambling debts and Nevada's approach to resolving patron/casino disputes. In addition, if you've ever wondered about how Nevada deals with "card counters", you'll find that information in this part of the book.

Of special note is the chapter entitled "Race Books and Sports Pools." This reading is extraordinarily informative as it delves into such topics as the use of parlay wagering cards, the types of book wagers that are prohibited, conditions required for live broadcasts of races, and a thorough explanation of parimutuel wagering. The authors provide a significant amount of color via the explanation of the rationale for Nevada's regulatory approach to books.

Nevada's regulations have specific language aimed at barring from the industry those individuals who are considered unsuitable. *Nevada Gaming Law* supplies a very interesting look at this issue as it highlights the procedural requirements for exclusion from Nevada's gaming industry. Such individuals join Nevada's List of Excluded Persons, a.k.a. "the Black Book."

Next, there is a presentation on regulatory auditing requirements for gaming operations, and readers learn of the intricacies involved in the minimum internal control standards (M.I.C.S.) for the various departments of a casino and how gaming taxes are assessed and collected. Finally, the book covers disciplinary and judicial review procedures for violations of gaming laws and discusses how Nevada deals with "casino cheats".

* * *

Although the book is entitled *Nevada Gaming Law,* it is *not* written by attorneys exclusively for attorneys. Rather, the book is presented in laymen's terms for the most part and serves as an excellent reference not only for attorneys but also for gaming regulators, educators, students of gaming, and those with an interest in the regulatory processes and history of gaming in Nevada. Other jurisdictions considering the legalization of casino-style gaming will benefit greatly from this analysis of Nevada's gaming regulation model. Arguably, the greatest impact of this book may well come from the inside look at the depth of the investigative process used for those seeking a gaming license in Nevada. The single greatest message in the book is, if you are planning on being involved in the gaming industry in the state of Nevada, be prepared for a thorough and rigorous scrutiny. The evidence in the text reveals that Nevada's gaming laws have been designed to protect the integrity of the state and the gaming industry and to eliminate those deemed unsuitable or undesirable. Those wishing to gain an unrestricted license and entry into Nevada's leading industry must be prepared to undergo an incredible background investigation. The investigation examines a full spectrum of personal and business dealings to include individual and/or company financial records, business acumen, tax returns, miscellaneous personal information as deemed appropriate, and professional and personal associations. It is noted that the cost of this investigation is borne by the party or entity seeking the license. Of special interest is the fact that Nevada maintains the position that obtaining and holding a gaming license is a privilege and not a right, a position that has been upheld by judicial review.

Nevada Gaming Law chronicles in addition the struggles and challenges faced by the Nevada Gaming Control Board and Nevada Gaming Commission over the years in their attempts to control legalized gambling in Nevada. Readers will learn about Nevada's historical dealings with the federal government over such matters as taxation, attempts at federal regulation, and mutual concerns over the infiltration of organized crime into the casino industry. One gains an appreciation of how state regulators have dealt with constitutional challenges to their authority and how they were able to preclude those deemed undesirable from participating in the state's gaming industry. Special mention is made of the role governors and Nevada's representatives to the United States Congress have played in the evolutionary process. It becomes apparent that the success of Nevada's casino industry is directly related to the success of Nevada's gaming regulatory process. The book, then, is not just a review of regulations and legal terms; in many ways, it tells the story of gaming in Nevada.

* * *

Additions and changes appearing in the third edition include:

Information about Nevada's newest casinos (e.g., the Bellagio, Mandalay Bay, the Venetian) in the chapter entitled "A Brief History of Gaming in Nevada"
An illustrative table in the "Gaming Employees" chapter depicting the typical job classifications for gaming employees per Nevada Revised Statutes
Updated statistics on revenues generated by Nevada's casinos and race books
A review of the 1998 changes to Gaming Regulation 22 dealing with "interactive wagering" and the 1997 prohibition on rebates to patrons by Nevada's pari-mutuel race books
Nevada's new regulations dealing with "runners," i.e., persons who place bets for others for compensation at race/sports books
Sections dealing with disputes between patrons and "problem gamblers" which focus on the new 1998 regulation
Coverage of inter-casino linked systems
Updated information on Regulation 6A dealing with cash transactions and cash-handling requirements for casinos
New tax-revenue impact numbers and information on license fees

For the next edition of the book, the authors may wish to expand their coverage of Nevada's approach to casino surveillance systems—the eye in the sky—and add examples and illustrations of forms/documents referred to in the text. In addition, an organizational chart depicting the personnel allocations within the Nevada Gaming Control Board would be beneficial.

* * *

Nevada Gaming Law is a must-read for anyone wishing to understand the gaming regulatory process in the state of Nevada. The information is invaluable and the style of writing facilitates the learning process. The book would be most beneficial to a person or entity contemplating seeking a Nevada gaming license and those wishing to license a casino game. Likewise, this book will serve as an ideal text for educators presenting a class on gaming law. Finally, *Nevada Gaming Law* provides an interesting perspective on how gaming regulation evolved from its embryonic stages of development to the current sophisticated system of licensing, enforcement, and audit controls that create stability for Nevada's gaming industry.

Vincent Eade
William F. Harrah College of Hotel Administration
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Many Californias: Literature from the Golden State. Edited by Gerald Haslam (2d ed.; Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1999)

The anthology *Many Californias: Literature from the Golden State* was well received upon its appearance in 1992, and much of the initial praise it garnered remains valid for the recently released second edition. The editor of *Many Californias*, Gerald Haslam, is a prolific California writer of both fiction and nonfiction, and a winner of numerous literary awards who has long been known as a persuasive champion of the state's rural areas and their working-class populace. In crafting this collection, Haslam intends to present a sampling of California writing that can be called truly representative; while compressing the vast literary scope of the Golden State—and at the same time maintaining a sense of its cultural, geographical, and intellectual diversity—seems a daunting challenge, the book quite satisfactorily fulfills its promise.

A number of new selections distinguish this release of Haslam's anthology from the first edition, which won the Benjamin Franklin Award when it was published in 1992. Ten new authors have been added, including Gina Berriault, Robert Hass, Victor Martinez, David Mas Masumoto, and Oakley Hall. Other noticeable changes are the substitution of a longer and more political selection from Jack London and the replacement of a Raymond Chandler short story with an excerpt from a memoir by Ross Macdonald, the most intellectual and perhaps also the most Californian of Los Angeles crime writers.

The first several chapters of *Many Californias* present a wide-ranging retrospective that examines the historical and regional aspects of the state's literary background. Haslam uses examples that stretch from the spoken prose of the area's native peoples and near-mythic nineteenth century descriptions from Dana's *Two Years before the Mast* to highly influential work by the Beat poets who flourished in post-World War II San Francisco. The "Early California" and "The Rise of the Regions" sections include many of the names that a general readership expects to find in almost any American anthology—authors such as Mary Austin, John Muir, John Steinbeck, and Mark Twain—as well as a number of Californians who are less well known but equally worthy of study. Mr. Haslam's intention is to offer the reader a brief historical overview and some insight into the independent regions that make up the whole of California; considering the limitations imposed by both space and responsibility to the canon of western American literature, he is fairly successful. "Interlude: The San Francisco Renaissance" examines the Beats who dominated that city's literary scene in the 1950s.

"A Contemporary Sampler" constitutes most of the second half of the anthology, offering selected readings from a variety of current California writers.

The strongest segment of the book, "A Contemporary Sampler" offers the reader a dazzling array of literary vignettes from some of the finest writers working in California—and across the nation—at the present time. Haslam provides us with more authors and a greater breadth of work in this section, and the effort he puts into creating as democratically representative a collection as possible is plainly visible.

The final section of the anthology, "The Fresno Poets," recognizes an underappreciated and unique group of writers loosely connected to the state university in Fresno. While not a poetic school *per se*, the group shares the collaborative influence of some of the greatest American teachers—Philip Levine, Robert Mezey, Peter Everwine—and has produced some of the finest poets working today—Victor Martinez, Roberta Spear, David St. John, Gary Soto, and the late Larry Levis are all Fresno alumni.

As in the previous edition, Haslam prefaces each chapter with a brief introduction that is both informative and insightful. Biographical headers provide succinct profiles of the individual authors chosen for this survey. The anthology is not only diverse in terms of culture, but in terms of *genre*; while poets seem to predominate at first glance, the collection over all has a very well-balanced feel. Haslam includes a variety of fiction, essays, a one-act play, and—since the book does deal with California, after all—a screenplay excerpt. This edition also includes an expanded version of Haslam's selected California bibliography, a notable collaborative listing of suggested readings.

Perhaps the greatest strength of the book lies in its editor's committment to the creation of an organic text that will speak for his state. Born in Bakersfield—like Merle Haggard, another noted product of the Central Valley's blue-collar communities—and reared in Oildale, Gerald Haslam is strongly shaped by his roots; the significance of place and community resonates throughout his creative work, and can also be felt in both the structure and the selections of *Many Californias*.

Haslam's home state is not defined only by beaches and movie stars, but by its industries and agriculture and minimum-wage seasonal jobs as well. Haslam prides himself on his connection to the working people of the state, an affinity that is echoed by the physicality evident in so many of the works chosen for this anthology. He opts for writers who are intelligent rather than purely intellectual, those who prefer relative realities to abstractions. Haslam's focus on the Fresno poets may stem from the fact that their sensibilities are much in line with his own; the original mentor of this "creative cluster" was the poet Philip Levine, one of the most evocative voices ever to speak for the American working class, during his tenure at the state university in the city.

Any weaknesses in *Many Californias* are due to the nature of anthologies rather than failures on the part of its editor. Anthologies—and their editors—are most often criticized not for what and whom they include, but for what and whom they select out. While the prose pieces in *Many Californias* are necessarily short, and the offerings by individual poets few in number, Haslam selects very strong work, especially from the contemporary writers. The authors themselves—and the genders, ethnicities, regions, and other attributes they represent—are chosen to insure as high a degree of diversity as is possible. If we assume that the anthology's task is to introduce readers to a wide range of work they are not familiar with, offering a grounding for further explorations by the curious among them, then *Many Californias* accomplishes its goal successfully.

John Ziebell
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Painting on the Left: Diego Rivera, Radical Politics, and San Francisco's Public Murals. By Anthony W. Lee (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999)

Diego Rivera was a controversial figure wherever he painted in the United States. One cannot read many studies of the culture of the 1930s without learning about Diego Rivera's confrontation with Nelson Rockefeller over the inclusion of a portrait of Lenin in a mural commissioned for Rockefeller Center. The Mexican artist was also an influential figure for many young artists. Anthony W. Lee brings to the fore a discussion of the 1930s, the role of Diego Rivera, radical politics, and public murals in San Francisco.

Lee provides an in-depth examination of San Francisco and offers an analysis of one of the major questions confronting all scholars of 1930s culture: What did the painters think they were doing when they related their work and pictorial experiments to leftist politics? By looking at the relationship between art and politics in San Francisco, it is easier to understand national trends, which is the underlying purpose of such microcosmic studies. Lee's close examination of Diego Rivera's San Francisco murals, and of those artists who followed Rivera's example, reveals "the failure of the left to take hold of public painting and make it a medium for the organized working classes" (xx).

Anthony Lee defines the relationship between mural painting and the public, and assesses how this changed a great deal between 1900 and the 1930s. Frescoes were to be organized with an edifying narrative quality with prescribed colors and compositions. Large-scale paintings did not reach a wide public audience, but only the aristocracy. In the 1920s, younger artists attempted to bridge the gap and serve as mediators between patrons and the public. Paintings began to be treated differently from murals, by critics, artists, and the pub-

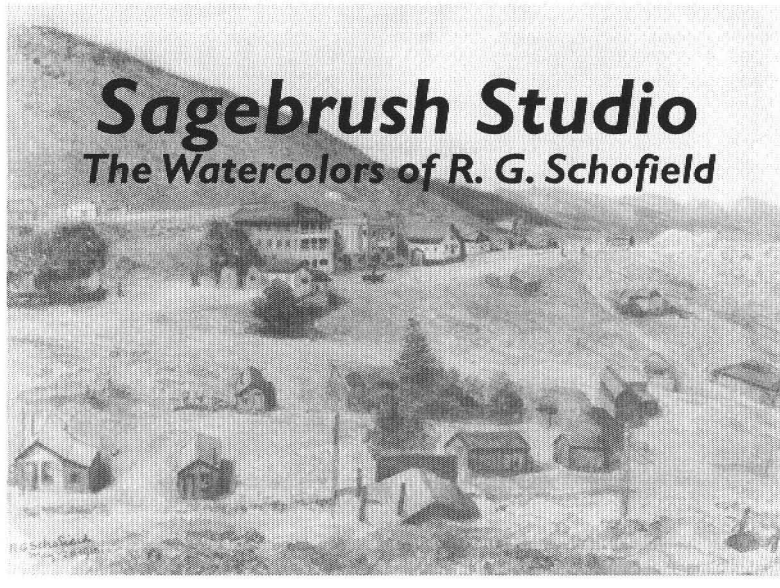
lic. This shift in view of the role of public murals and their audiences opened an opportunity for Diego Rivera as well as younger artists who began to apply some lessons learned from the Mexican muralist.

Lee provides a close reading of Rivera's commissioned San Francisco works, two from the early part of the decade of the 1930s and one at the beginning of the next. *Allegory of California* (1931), and *Making a Fresco, Showing the Building of a City* (1931) are used to demonstrate how a Riverasque language (a visual style associated with the left, and a distinctive approach to composition and figures) was created in San Francisco and how artists and critics responded to it. The *Pan American Unity* panels from 1940 offer a means by which to understand the changes in the expectations of leftists, who were suffering from internecine troubles, and the opposition of the critics who were able to mobilize against the artists.

Painting on the Left also uses the Coit Tower murals (1934), the largest collective project in San Francisco funded by the New Deal Public Works Art Project, to explain the highpoint of radicalism and Rivera's influence. The Coit Tower panels offered an opportunity for radical artists to employ the visual language of radicalism by making direct references to local labor strife. They also caused the traditional power base—patrons and critics—to move to control them. This is one of the classic struggles of the 1930s—pitting the traditional patrons and critics against the artists who tried to build a connection between the working-class public and their art.

Anthony Lee does an admirable job in detailing the terms of the artistic debate in San Francisco and in allowing the artists and critics to speak for themselves. The greatest strength in *Painting on the Left* is the way the narrative interprets the radical paintings and local labor events without the one overpowering the other. Diego Rivera is used as a tool to help us understand the cultural events of the city rather than serving as the central figure. It would be easy to allow the colorful and controversial Rivera to dominate the text. Lee does not give the character of Rivera free range, but keeps him appropriately confined within the narrative stream. Lee does, though, allow himself to enter the narrative. At times it is distracting to read "my description" (p. 12), "As I argue" (p. 27), "In preceding chapters I have provided" (p. 117), to name just a few examples. One should not, however, allow this stylistic element to prevent reading the book. It is a solid work, and adds much to the scholarship of the cultural climate of the 1930s, with a western twist.

DeAnna Beachley
Community College of Southern Nevada



Sagebrush Studio

The Watercolors of R. G. Schofield

October 6 - December 30, 2000

Changing Gallery

Nevada Historical Society

Guest Curator: Jim McCormick

Gallery Assistants: Colleen Nielsen, Margery Marshall

The historical landscape watercolors of R. G. Schofield depict eastern Nevada communities from 1878 to 1913, notably Pioche, Cherry Creek, and the now abandoned mining town of Taylor. An accompaning exhibition catalogue, prepared by Martha Lauritzen and with a foreword by Dr. James Hulse, will be available.

"Wandering around the Sagebrush Studio"

A conversation about R. G. Schofield featuring
Dr. James Hulse, Martha Lauritzen and Jim McCormick

7:00 p.m., Thursday, November 9, 2000

Nevada Historical Society

This exhibition has been funded, in part, by a grant from
Babette McCormick

The Nevada Historical Society is located at 1650 North Virginia Street, Reno, Nevada 89503.
The Museum Gallery is open Monday through Saturday, 10:00AM to 5:00PM. Admission is $2.00.
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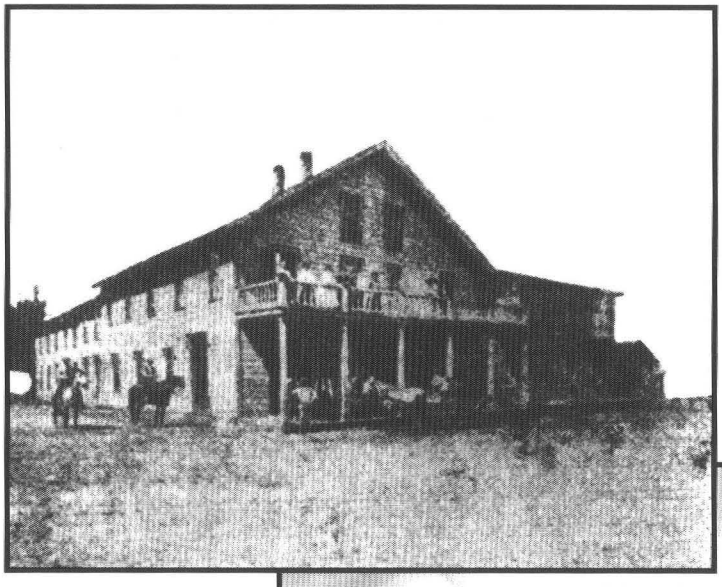
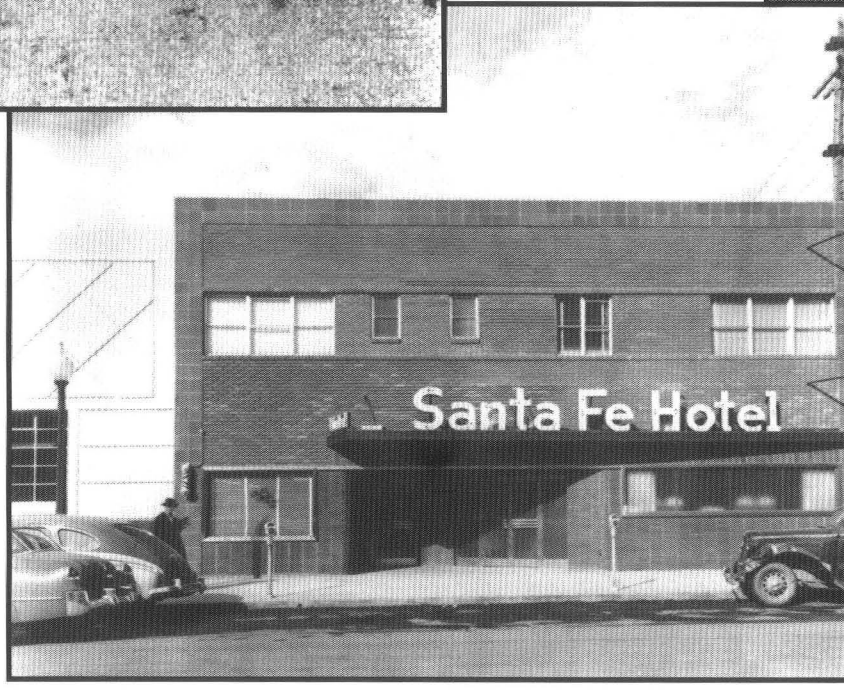
Nevada Historical Society Quarterly

Founded in 1904, the Nevada Historical Society seeks to advance the study of the heritage of Nevada. The Society publishes scholarly studies, indexes, guidebooks, bibliographies, and the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly;* it collects manuscripts, rare books, artifacts, historical photographs and maps, and makes its collections available for research; it maintains a museum at its Reno facility; and it is engaged in the development and publication of educational materials for use in the public schools.

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