"We come and go, but the land is always here. And the people who love it and understand it are the people who own it—for a little while."

Willa Cather, O Pioneers!

Senses of Place
Edited by Steven Feld and Keith H. Bosso
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Wisdom Sits in Places
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Place is the heart of all beings, since everything that exists is in a place and cannot exist without a place.
—Ahsayn, Commentary on Ahsayn’s Companions

In this unsettled age, when large portions of the earth’s surface are being ravaged by industrialists, when on several continents indigenous peoples are being forcibly uprooted by wanton encroachments upon their homelands, when American Indian tribes are mounting major legal efforts to secure permanent protection for sacred sites now controlled by federal agencies, when philosophers and poets (and even the odd sociologist or two) are asserting that attachments to geographical localities contribute fundamentally to the formation of personal and social identities, when new forms of “environmental awareness” are being more radically charted and urgently advocated than ever in the past—in these disordered times, when contrasting ways of living on the planet are attracting unprecedented attention worldwide, it is unfortunate that cultural anthropologists seldom study what people make of places.1

Sensitive to the fact that human existence is irrevocably situated in time and space, and keenly aware that social life is everywhere accomplished through an exchange of symbolic forms, anthropologists might be expected to report routinely on the varieties of meaning conferred by men and women on features of their natural surroundings. Yet ethnographic inquiry into cultural construction of geographical realities is at best weakly developed. Willing enough to investigate the material and organizational means by which whole communities fashion workable adaptations to the physical environment, ethnographers have been notably less inclined to examine the elaborate arrays of conceptual and

40. Breuer and Fossil (1995: ch. 4). Concerning “theoretical space,” see Bourdieu’s remark that “as long as mythical space is seen as an expression, that is, as a timeless order of things containing, it is never more than a theoretical space” (1997:171). Diderot’s treatment of the collective basis of space (and time) is found in Diderot (1735.1835).

41. Murra’s definition of “intensified space” is “a multidimensional, symbolic order and process—a space that is of itself other relations constituted in terms of and by means of specific types of practice” (1986:81). The term “place” is rarely used by Murra. Exceptions include the following statements: a kilo gift “will not disappear but will be retained as a patrimony within the ongoing present and at some later time (and place)” (1986:65), each household and house is a relatively autonomous locus” (1984:149), gardens in Cams “constitute an interior space whose ancestral stones must be maintained in place” (1986:10). Murra also employs the locution “spatiotemporal locus” (1986:10).

42. Murra remarks that “sociocultural practice” of many arts “do not simply go on in or through time and space, but [they also] ... constitute (create) the spatiotemporal order on which they go on” (Murra 1960:11). She adds that kula transactions are “concomitantly producing their own spatiotemporal order” (1986:11). This, in my view, applies more appropriately to place.

43. Indeed, the distinction between space, that is, the “context” in the focus of social transactions, and time, that is, the circuit over which a given group may move, is by no means crisp. Sometimes quite distinct—for example, in terms of thought—and sometimes coincident, at times, as in periods of gestation, their relationship is functionally changing, which means that their common boundaries are always shifting. Pierre Bourdieu proposes that the two notions, in their common conditions, be considered “distant”: “time and space taken together may be said to have constituted a domain, which was an other dimension of social space” (1995:2; his italics). On the indeterminacy of aboriginal boundaries, see also Myers (1991-92). The “incompatibility of people and place makes territorial boundaries highly resilient of not outright” (1995). Thus Myers traces the property of places that does not belong to “imperious geography,” that is, to those spaces regarded as permanent rather than as temporary or transitory. For an illuminating discussion of boundary lines in general, see Lefebvre (1991:192-94). On the “path” in Kaluli culture, see Steven Feld’s remark that “the concept of place is the boundary of the world” (1995:192).
expressive instruments—ideas, beliefs, stories, songs—with which community members produce and display coherent understandings of it. Consequently, little is known of the ways in which culturally diverse peoples are alive to the world around them, of how they comprehend it, of the different modes of awareness with which they take it in and (in the words of Edmund Husserl) discover that it matters. Nor can much be said about the effects of such discoveries on the persons who make them, about how some locations matter more than others, or about why viewing a favored site (or merely recalling aspects of its appearance) may loosen strong emotions and kindle thoughts of a richly caring kind. In short, anthropologists have paid scant attention to one of the most basic dimensions of human experience—that close companions of heart and mind, often subdued, yet potentially overwhelming, that is known as sense of place. Missing from the discipline is a thematic concern with the ways in which citizens of the earth constitute their landscapes and take themselves to be connected to them. Missing is a desire to fathom the various and variable perspectives from which people know their landscapes, the self-invented viewpoints from which we (or borrow, thank Dionisius) frictionally image us in the countryside and find the embrace return. Missing is an interest in how men and women dwell.

It is formulated in Martin Heidegger (1977), whose general lead I propose to follow here, the concept of dwelling assigns importance to the affects of consciousness with which individuals perceive and appreciate geographical space. More precisely, dwelling is said to consist in the multiple "lived relationships" that people maintain with places, for it is solely by virtue of these relationships that space acquires meaning. (Thus, as Heidegger himself put it [1977, 333], "Spaces receive their essential being from particular localities and not from 'space' itself." As numerous as they are both singular and specific, and fully realizable across general distant, relationships with places are lived whenever a place becomes the object of awareness. In many instances, awareness of place is brief and unreflective, a fleeting moment (a flash of recognition, a trace of memory) that is replaced by something else. But now and again, and sometimes without apparent cause, awareness is seized—arrested—and the place on which it settles becomes an object of spontaneous reflection and resounding sentiment. It is at times such as these, when individuals step back from the flow of everyday experience and attend self-consciously to places—when, we may say, they pause to actively sense them—that their relationships to geographical space are most richly lived and surely felt. For it is on these occasions of focused thought and quickened emotion that places are encountered most directly, experienced most robustly, and (in Heidegger's view) most fully brought into being. Sensing places, men and women become sharply aware of the complex attachments that link them to features of the physical world. Sensing places, they dwell, as it were, on aspects of dwelling.

Persons thus involved may also dwell on aspects of themselves, on sides and corners of their own evolving identities. For the self-conscious experience of place is inseparable a product and expression of the self whose experience it is, and, therefore, unavoidably, the nature of that experience (its intentional thrust, its substantive content, its affective tones and colorings) is shaped at every turn by the personal and social biography of the one who sustains it. Hence, as numerous writers have noted, places possess a marked capacity for triggering acts of self-reflection, inspiring thought about who one presently is, or memories of who one used to be, or musings on who one might become. And that is not all. Place-based thoughts about the self lead commonly to thoughts of other things—other places, other people, other times, whole networks of associations that ramify unaccountably within the expanding spheres of awareness that they themselves reorder. The experience of sensing places, then, is thus both momentary and enduringly dynamic. It animates the ideas and feelings of persons who attend to them, these same ideas and feelings animate the places on which attention has been bestowed, and the momentum of this process—shared toward facets of the self, outward toward aspects of the external world, alternately both together—cannot be known in advance. When places are actively sensed, the physical landscape becomes wedded to the landscape of the mind, to the moving imagination, and where the mind may lead is anybody's guess.

This process of interanimation relates directly to the fact that familiar places are experienced as inherently meaningful, their significance and value being found to reside in (and, it may seem, to emanate from) the form and arrangement of their observable characteristics. A concrete account of this phenomenon, couched in a broader discussion of how people interact with material things, appears in the philosophical writings of Jean-Paul Sartre (1965:89–91). Proceeding on the twin assumptions that "man can only mean what he knows," and that "things can reflect for individuals only their own knowledge that is shared," Sartre considers what happens when attention is directed toward physical objects. When knowledge and feeling are oriented toward something real, actually perceived, the thing, like a reflex, returns the light it has received from it. As a result of this centripetal interaction, meaning is continually refreshed at the same time as the object acquires affective qualities. The object that obtains its own particular depth and richness. The effective state follows the progress of attention, developing with each new discovery of meaning with the result that its development is unpredictable. At each moment perception overflows it and sustains it, and its beauty and depth come from the being continuous with the perceived object. Such quality is is deeply incorporated
Thus, through a vigorous conflation of attentive subject and geographical object, places come to generate their own fields of meaning. So, too, they give rise to their own aesthetic instabilities, their shifting moods and relevancies, their character and spirit. Even in total stillness, places may seem to speak. But as Sartre makes clear, such voices as places possess should not be mistaken for their own. Animated by the thoughts and feelings of persons who attend to them, places express only what their inhabitants enable them to say, like the thirty spondees to which the philosopher alludes, they yield to consciousness only what consciousness has given them to absorb. Yet this may be quite considerable, and so it is, as everyone knows, that places actively vie to amount to substantially more than points in physical space. As natural "reflectors" that return awareness to the source from which it springs, places also provide points from which to look out on life, to grasp one's position in the order of things, to contemplate events from somewhere in particular. Human constructions par excellence, places consist in what gets made of them—in anything and everything they are taken to be—and their distributed voices, permanent though inaudible, are merely those of people speaking silently to themselves.

And on numerous occasions, audibly enough, the voices of people speaking to each other. Although the self-conscious experience of place may at base be a private affair, tangible representations of it are commonly made available for public consumption. Indeed, as any seasoned traveler can readily attest, locally significant places get depicted and praised by established local citizens almost as consistently as picturesque pastoral landscapes, bad weather, and the shortcomings of other people's children. Surrounded by places, and always in one place or another, men and women talk about them constantly, and it is from listening in on such exchanges and then trying to ascertain what has been said that interested outsiders can begin to appreciate what the encompassing landscape is really all about. Stated more exactly, the outsider must attempt to come to grips with the indigenous cultural forms with which the landscape is experienced, the shared symbolic vehicles that give shape to geographical experience and facilitate its communication—its re-creation and re-presentation—in interpersonal settings. For it is simply not the case, as some phenomenologists and growing numbers of nature writers would have us believe, that relationships to places are lived exclusively or predominately in contemplative moments of social isolation. On the contrary, relationships to places are lived most often in the company of other people, and it is on these communal occasions—when places are sensed together—that native views of the physical would become accessible to strangers. And while attending to ordinary talk is always a useful strategy for unconverting such views, it is usually just a beginning. Relationships to places may also find expression through the agencies of myth, prayer, music, dance, art, architecture, and, in many communities, recurrent forms or religious and political ritual. Thus represented and enacted—daily, monthly, seasonally, annually—places and their meanings are continually woven into the fabric of toil life, anchoring it to features of the landscape and blinding it to layers of significance that few can fail to appreciate. Deliberately and otherwise, people are forever presenting each other with culturally mediated images of where and how they dwell. In large ways and small, they are forever performing acts that reproduce and express their own sense of place—and also, inescapably, their own understandings of who and what they are.

And in the course of it, the ethnographer's task is to determine what these acts of expression purportedly involve (why they are performed, how they are accomplished, what they are intended to achieve) and to disclose their importance by relating them to larger ideas about the world and its inhabitants. In other words, naturally occurring depictions of places are treated as actualizations of the knowledge that informs them, as outward manifestations of underlying systems of thought, as native constructions wrought with native materials that embody and display a native cast of mind. And it is this cast of mind (or certain prominent aspects of it, anyway) that the ethnographer must work to grasp, intelligibly make out, and later set down in writing. Heaven, then, in a few grains of carefully inspected sand, provocative statements about places and their role in human affairs through the closest contextualization of a handful of telling events.

An assignment of this delicacy challenges the text-building pen as much as it does the insight-seeking mind. Mullying over imperfect field notes, sorting through conflicting intuitions, and bested by a host of unanswered questions, the ethnographer must somehow fashion a written account that adequately conveys his or her understanding of other people's understandings. As will shortly become apparent, my own preference is for chronological narratives that move from interpretations of experience raw to those of experience digested, from moments of anxious puzzlement ("What the devil is going on here?") to subsequent ones of cautious insight ("I think I know it"). Because that, more often than not, is how ethnographic fieldwork actually unfolds. It is, to be sure, a disconcerting business in which loose ends abound and little is ever certain. But with ample time, a dollop of patience, and steady guidance
fears, able to native instructors, one does make measurable progress. To argue otherwise (and there is a bit of that around these days) is to dismiss ethnography as a valid source of cultural knowledge and turn it into a sanguisitic sideshow, an eminence prospect only slightly less appealing than the self-engraved meanderings of those who seek to promote it. As Isaiah Berlin remarked somewhere, it is better to write of things one believes one knows something about than to anguish in high despair over the manifold difficulties of knowing things at all. And better as well, having taken the plunge, to allow oneself to enjoy it. Doing ethnography can be a great deal of fun, and disguising the fact on paper, as though it were something to be ashamed of, is less than totally honest. It may also be less than effective. Current fashions notwithstanding, detailed trees; and furrowed brow is no guarantee of literary success. In crafting one's prose, as in going about one's fieldwork, it is always permissible—and sometimes highly informative—to smile and even to laugh.

It is permissible, too, to be pleased—and sometimes downright impressed—with things one happens to learn. From time to time, when luck is on their side, ethnographers stumble onto culturally given ideas whose striking novelty and evident scope seem to cry out for thoughtful consideration beyond their accustomed boundaries. Making these ideas available in plausible form is a worthy endeavor on general principles, but where places are concerned it is apt to prove especially illuminating. For where places are involved, attendant modes of dwelling are never far behind, and in this dual it is region of the anthropological world—call it, if you like, the ethnography of lived topographies—much remains to be learned. Places and their meanings deserve our close attention. To continue to neglect them would be foolish and short-sighted, bringng discoveries await us, and the need to consider them thoughtfully grows stronger every day.

American Indians hold these lands—places—having the highest possible meeting, and all their statements are made with this reference point in mind.
—Virgil Thomson, God is a Red June 7, 1982. The foregoing thoughts would have mattered little to Dudley Patterson or the two other historians, Sasa Eastfield and Charles Crowell, with whom he was speaking on a late spring day. Having spent nearly ten hours sorting stews and branding calves, the three would rest in a grove of juniper trees several miles from their homes at Cibecue, a settlement of eleven hundred Western Apache people located on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation in east-central Arizona. The heat of the afternoon was still intense, and as the men waited for it to subside their talk was of their trade; the habits and foibles of horses and the doings of things one needs to keep in mind when working excitable cattle in rough and rocky country. Western horsemen all, and intimately familiar with the rugged lands they had explored together for more than forty years, they spoke quietly of such matters, exchanging observations about Dudley's bay mare (strong and quick but reluctant to trot through heavy stands of brush), Sam's roan gelding (gentle and cooperative but apt to bite when hastily briddled), and the spotted maverick bull with curled horns and faulty vision in one eye who could be safely approached from the left side but not from the right. Western Apache shop talk—relaxed, confident, endlessly informative, rising and falling on the soft phonemic tones of the Athapaskan language the horseman speaks with total fluency. Is an aspiring speaker of the language and would be horseman myself, I am completely absorbed.

A few minutes later, the group beneath the trees is joined by another man on horseback, Gilbert Paton, who is highly regarded as an accomplished roper and a fearless rider in pursuit of bolting cattle. Considerably younger than Dudley Patterson and his companions, Talbert has worked with them many times before, but for the past three weeks, painfully upset over the collapse of a month-long love affair, he has been thrown into other sorts of activities—such as drinking prodigious quantities of beer, spreading unfounded rumors about the woman who rejected him, and proposing sex to several other women who either laughed in his face or promised to damage his testicles if he took one more step in their direction. Normally restrained and unquestionably intelligent, Talbert had lost control of himself. He had become a nuisance of the first order, an unruly b outer and an irritating bore, and the residents of Cibecue were more than a little annoyed.

Nothing is said of this or anything else as Talbert dismounts, throws his horse to a tree, and sits himself on the ground at a respectable distance from his senior associates. Charles nods him a wordless greeting, Sam does the same, and Dudley announces to no one in particular that it certainly is hot. Talbert remains silent, his eyes fixed upon the pointed toes of his high-heeled boots. Charles dispenses a well-chewed plug of tobacco, Sam attacks a hangnail with his pocketknife, and Dudley observes that the grass is certainly dry. A long moment passes before Talbert finally speaks. What he says deals neither with the elevated temperature nor with the parched condition of the Cibecue range. In a soft and halting voice he reports that he has been sober for three days and would like to return to work. He adds that he is eager to get away from the village because people there have been gossiping about him. Worse than that, he says, they have been laughing at him behind his back.
It is a candid and touching moment, and I expect from the smiles that appear on the faces of the senior homenmen that they will respond to Talbert's diatribe with accommodating expressions of empathy and approval. But what happens next—a short sequence of emphatically delivered assertions to which Talbert replies in kind—leaves me confused. My bewildered astonishment stems not from a failure to understand the linguistic meanings of the utterances comprising the interchange, indeed, these manifest semantic content is simple and straightforward. What is perplexing is that the utterances arrive as total non sequiturs, as statements I cannot relate to anything that has previously been said or done. Verbal acts without apparent purpose or interventional design, they seem totally unconnected to the social context in which they are occurring, and whatever messages they are intended to convey elude me entirely.

A grinning Dudley speaks first:

Hehi! Tugha! It's 'ndazha nê? [Do you've returned from Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills?]

Followed by a brightly animated Charles:

Hehi! Wija' naa'w, t'ubyni nê? [So you got tired walking back and forth?]

Followed by Sam, on the verge of laughter:

Hehi! 'Nñiza nîkîd ia'hîgbi t'ubyni nê? [So you've smelled enough burning wood?]

Followed by Talbert, who is sealing now himself:

DI'g xogislis! [For a while I couldn't see!]

Followed once more by Dudley:

DI'g! Xogislisik a'gêjyipy' 'sadhi' xogis. Tubyni dai has na xogis. We're true. Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills will make you wise. We'll work together tomorrow.

The sudden burst of talk ends abruptly as it begins, and silence again prevails in the shady grove of juniper trees. Nothing more will be said. Still chuckling, Sam Easfield rises from the ground, walks to his home, and swings smoothly into his saddle. Moments later, the rest of us follow suit. Talbert departs on a trail heading north to the home of one of his sisters. Sam and Charles and Dudley head northwest to a small pasture where they keep their extra mounts. I ride alone toward the trail post at Cibecue, wondering what to have for supper and trying to make sense of the events I have just witnessed. But to no avail. What the place named Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills has to do with too much walking back and forth, burning urine, and making young men wise are things I do not know. And why mentioning these succeeded in lifting everyone's spirits, including those of the beleaguered Talbert Paxton, remains an unanswered question.

Arriving that evening at the outskirt of Cibecue, I was unaware that I had been exposed to a venerable set of verbal practices whereby Western Apaches evoke and manipulate the significance of local places to comment on the moral shortcomings of wayward individuals. Neither did I suspect that I would soon develop an absorbing interest in the system of ideas on which these practices rest. But that is how things turned out. During the past two decades, I have spent a fair amount of time exploring the physical and cultural territory from which these ideas derive their vitality and force, and it was Dudley Patterson, a man of generous intellect and unremitting kindness, who showed me how to begin. For it was Dudley in whose home I turned shortly after the incident with Talbert Paxton, and it was Dudley, sympathetic to my befuddled and keen to supplement his income with some additional dollars, who explained what had happened and why.

June 12, 1982. Scott of stature and trim of build, the 54-year-old homeman presents a handsome figure as he emerges from the small wooden house where he has lived by himself since the death of his wife in 1963. Dressed in freshly laundered Levi's, a red-checked shirt, and a ceramic-coloured straw hat, he moves with the grace of a natural athlete, and it strikes me as he approaches that nothing about him is extraneous. Just as his actions are instinctively measured and neatly precise, so is the manner in which he speaks, sings, and dances with friends and relatives at religious ceremonies. But he is also given to joking and laughter, and whenever he strikes, which is much of the time, his angular countenance lights up with an abundance of sheer good will that seems wholly irreplaceable. Expert carver, possessor of horse power, careful kimneman without peer, to one in Cibecue is more thoroughly liked than Dudley Patterson. And few are more respected. For along with everything else, Dudley is known to be wise.

It was the merits of wisdom, Dudley informs me over a cup of boiled coffee, that Talbert Paxton needed to be reminded of earlier in the week. But before discussing that, Dudley inquires whether I have lately visited Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills, the place whose name is Gath-say-yû. I tell him I have. Located a few miles north of Cibecue, its Apache name describes it well—two wooded knolls of similar size and shape with a footpath passing between them that descends to a grizzly flat on the west bank of Cibecue Creek. And I notice the big cottonwood tree that stands a few yards back from this stream! I did—a gigantic tree, guarded and ancient, with one huge limb that dips to touch the ground before twisting upward and reaching toward the sky. And bad anyone from Cibecue told me what happened long ago at Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills? No, only that the widow of a man named Hilton Boy once planted cress nearby. Had I never heard the stories about Old Man Owl, the one named Mîa' hañt? No, never. Well then, listen.
Then, after he got halfway to the top, the first girl called out to him again in the same way. He stopped! Now he was very excited! So Old Man Owl did the same thing again. He forgot about the second girl, walked down the hill, and began climbing the other one.

It happened that way four times. Old Man Owl went back and forth, back and forth, climbing up and down those hills.

Then those beautiful girls just laughed at him.

Faintly, but with amusement and delight, Dudley watched little by little, beginning a second story about Old Man Owl at Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills.

Then the two sisters were there again. I don't know why, maybe they went there often to get water.

Then Old Man Owl was walking toward them. They decided they would do something to him.

Then one of the girls climbed into the branches of a big cottonwood tree that was growing there. The other girl went to the top of one of those hills.

Then she climbed in the tree lifted her skirt and spread her legs slightly apart. She made herself invisible so Old Man Owl walked beneath her. Suddenly he looked up! He had noticed something! Now he got very excited! He thought, "That tree looks a lot like a woman. It is exactly like the way I look. I'd love being a house. I think I'll learn it during this night."

Then, having picked some grass at the base of the tree, Old Man Owl set fire to it. The girl in the tree jumped out of it and quickly put it out. Old Man Owl looked all around. "Where's that rain coming from?" he asked. "I don't see any clouds!"

Then he started another fire at the base of the tree and the girl jumped out. Now he was very confused. The other girl, who was on top of the hill, could hear all that Old Man Owl was saying to himself. She was really laughing!

Then Old Man Owl did the same thing again. He started another fire and the girl in the tree jumped out of it and put it out. He was looking around again. "Where's that rain coming from? Where's that rain coming from? I don't see any clouds! Are there no clouds anywhere? Something must be wrong!"

Then he tried one more time and the girl in the tree did the same thing again. Old Man Owl stood there shaking his head. "Something must be very wrong!" he said. "I'd better go home!" He walked away with his head hanging down.

Then those two beautiful girls joined each other and laughed and laughed. They were really laughing at Old Man Owl.

As Dudley Patterson closes his narrative, he is laughing himself. It is obvious that he relishes the stories of Old Man Owl. Moments later, after pouring an entire cup of coffee, heorth as much as says so—the stories are very old, he has heard them many times, and they always give him pleasure. Besides being humorous, he says, they make him think of the ancestors—the wise ones, he calls them—the people who first told the stories at a time when humans and animals communicated without difficulty. These are thoughts I have heard expressed before, by Dudley and other Apache people living at San Carlos, and I know they are strongly felt. But I
have yet to learn how the tales of Old Man Owl played into the episode involving Talbert Patton. If the point was to inform Talbert that beautiful women can be deceiving, or perhaps should not be trusted, or sometimes enjoy trying with the emotions of unsuspecting men, why hadn’t the horsemen just come out and said so? Why had they beat around the bush?

Uncertain of how to ask this question in Apache, I attempt to convey it in English, which Dudley understands with more than fair success. He catches on quickly to the thrust of my query and proceeds to answer it with gratifying thoroughness. Speaking for Charles and Sam as well as himself, he explains that there were several reasons for dealing with Talbert as they did. To have crucified Talbert: explicitly—to have told him in no uncertain terms that his recent behavior was gross, offensive, and disruptive—would have been insulting and condescending. As judged from Talbert’s apologetic demeanor, he had reached these conclusions himself, and to inform him openly of what he already knew would be to treat him like a child. In addition, because Talbert was uninvited by ties of kinship to either Dudley or Sam, and because he was related only distantly to Charles, none of them possessed the requisite authority to instruct him directly on matters pertaining to his personal life; this was the proper responsibility of his own maternal kin. Moreover, the horsemen were fond of Talbert. He was a friendly young man, quiet and congenial, whose understanding temper and propensities for hard work they very much appreciated. Last, and beyond all this, Dudley and his companions wanted Talbert to remember what they would urge upon him by attaching it to something concrete, something fixed and permanent, something he had seen and could go to see again—a place upon the land.

So the horsemen took a cutaneous path—tufted, respectful, and fully in keeping with their status as outsiders—with Dudley leading the way. His opening statement to Talbert—"So You’ve returned from Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills"—was intended to focus the young man’s attention on the place where Old Man Owl encountered the two Apache sisters and to summon thoughts of what transpired there. Dudley’s comment was also meant to suggest that Talbert, having acted in certain respects like Old Man Owl himself, would be well advised to alter his conduct. But in presupposing that Talbert was already aware of this—in announcing that he had returned from Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills—Dudley’s comment also affirmed his friend’s decision to refrain from drinking and resume a normal life. Thus, in a sidelong but deftly pointed way, Dudley was criticizing Talbert’s misguided behavior while at the same time commending him for rejecting it as unacceptable.

The ensuing statements by Charles and Sam—"So You got tired walking back and forth!" and "So You’ve smelled enough burning paste!"—sharpened and consolidated the themes, further likening Talbert to Old Man Owl by alluding to key events in the stories that recount his misadventures with the pair of beautiful girls. But these assertions, like Dudley’s before them, were couched in the past tense, thereby implying that Talbert’s resolve to behave differently in the future was a good and welcome development. The horsemen’s strategy must have worked successfully because Talbert responded by tacitly admitting that his actions had indeed resembled those of Old Man Owl; simultaneously, however, he registered his belief that the resemblance had come to an end. In effect, his reply to the horsemen—"For a while I couldn’t see!"—conveyed a veiled confession of improper conduct and an implicit declaration not to repeat it. But more was conveyed than this. At one level, Talbert’s statement intimated a forcefully simple truth: he had been cold sober for three days and now, having recovered his physical senses, could once again see clearly. But at another level, and perhaps more forcefully still, the truth was allegorical. Unlike the myopic Old Man Owl, who never curbed his voracious sexual appetites and remained hopelessly at odds with everyone around him, Talbert was intimating that he had regained his social senses as well. Obliquely but sincerely, he was informing the horsemen that his moral vision had been restored.

Which was just what Dudley Patterson wanted to hear. As Dudley told Talbert before he left to go home, his imaginary visit to Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills would help make him wise. And maybe it would. With assistance from Old Man Owl and his two alluring companions, Talbert had been fully charmed and generously pampered, all in the space of a minute in which no other uttered a harsh or demeaning word. In a very real sense, involving at base a vividly animated sense of place, Trail had been taken back into an important segment of the Cibecue community. He would return to work tomorrow, and that was why the horsemen, including Talbert himself, were still smiling broadly when they left the grove of juniper trees and went their separate ways.

Back at his home in Cibecue, Dudley Patterson drained his cup of coffee and grew at his chair. On the ground near his feet a band of red ants is dismantling the corpse of a large grasshopper, and within seconds the intricate patterns of their furious activity have riveted his attention. This does not surprise me. I have known Dudley for nine years and on other occasions have seen him withdraw from social encounters to keep counsel with himself. I also know that he is mighty interested in red ants and holds them in high esteem. I would like to ask him a few more questions, but unless he invites me to do so (and by now, I suspect, he may have had enough) it would be rude to disturb him. He has made it clear that he wants to be left alone.

We sit together for more than ten minutes, smoking cigarettes and
enjoying the morning air, and I try to picture the cottonwood tree that towers beside the stream at Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills. I am acutely aware that my perception of the tree has changed. Having heard the stories of Old Man Owl, its impressive size seems decidedly less important, and what strikes me as never before are its stand in the Cibecue community as a visible embodiment of myth, a leafy mnemonic to Apache ancestral wisdom. I am also aware that the place-name identifying the tree’s location—Gishya’ak’id—has taken on a vibrant new dimension. Formerly nothing more than a merely descriptive toponym, it has acquired the stamp of human events, of consequential happenings, of memorable times in the life of a people. As a result, the name seems suddenly fuller, larger somehow, endowed with added force. Because now, besides evoking images of a piece of local countryside, it calls up thoughts of childhood deeds and the singular care of actors who had played them out. Gishya’ak’id. Repeating the name silently to myself, I decide that Dudley Patterson’s narratives have transformed its reference from a geographical site into something resembling a theater, a natural stage upon the land (recent now but with major props still fully intact) where significant moral dramas unfolded in the past. How many other places are there like it? Gishya’ak’id. In my mind’s eye, I can almost see the beautiful Apache sisters, really laughing at Old Man Owl.

Still engrossed in his arts, Dudley remains oblivious to the sights and sounds around him—a pair of ravens perched on his tool shed, the distant wailing of a distressed child, a vicious drought that everts without warning in the tall grass behind his house. It is only when his older sister arrives on foot with a dishpan filled with freshly made tortillas that he glances up and settles his thoughts aside. He explains to Ruth Patterson that he has been talking to me about the land and how it can make people wise. “Wisdom,” Ruth says firmly in Apache. “It’s difficult!” And then, after inviting me to stay and eat with them, the two Dudley’s house to prepare a simple meal. Prompting a surge of ethnographic glee, Ruth’s remark forces me to acknowledge that I need to know nothing about Apache conceptions of wisdom. In what is wisdom thought to consist? How does one detect its presence or absence? How is it acquired? Do persons receive instructions in wisdom or is it something they arrive at, or fail to arrive at, externally on their own? And why is it, as Ruth said that wisdom is “difficult”? If I am to understand something of how places work to make people wise, an idea I find instantly compelling, these are matters I must try to explore.

And who better to explore them with than Dudley Patterson? He is known to be wise—many people have said so—and I have to begin somewhere. So without further ado I put the question to him: “What is wisdom?” Dudley greets my query with a faintly startled look that recedes into a pensive expression I have not seen before. “It’s in there places,” he says. “Wisdom sits in places.” Heavily but unenlightened, I ask again. “Yes, but what is it?” Now it is Dudley’s turn to hesitate. Reaching for his hat, he rests it on his lap and goes into the distance. As he continues to look away, the suspicion grows that I have offended him, that my question about wisdom (which now seems rash and impulsive) has exceeded the limits of propriety and taste. Increasingly apprehensive, I feel all thumbs, clumsy and embarrassed, a presumptuous fool who acted without thinking. What Dudley is feeling I cannot tell, but in less than a minute he recovers the situation and I am much relieved. “Wisdom sits in places,” he says again. And then, unhurried, he begins to tell me why.

Long ago, the people moved around all the time. They went everywhere looking for food and watching for enemies. It was hard for them. They were poor. They were often hungry. The women went out with their daughters to gather acorns, maybe walnuts. They went in search of all kinds of plants. Some men with a rifle and bullets always went with them. They looked out for dangers.

Then they got to a good place and camped there. All day they gathered acorns. The women showed their daughters how to do it. Now they stopped working for a little while to eat and drink.

Then one of the women talked to the girl. “Do you see that mountain there? I want you to look at it. Its name is Dzil Tenag (Long Mountain). Remember it. Do you know what happened long ago to that mountain? Well, now I’m going to tell you about it.” Then she told them a story about what happened there. After she had finished she said, “Well, now you know what happened at Long Mountain. What I have told you is true. I didn’t make it up. I learned it from my grandmother. Look at that mountain and think about it. It will help make you wise.”

Then she pointed to another place and did the same way again. “Do you see that place over there? Look at it in the name is Yiy’k’ Camp. Now he told them a story about that place, too. Think about it. He said, “Sometimes after you have grown up, you will be wise.”

Everywhere they went they did like that. They gave these daughters place—names and stories. “You should think about this,” they said.

The same was done with boys. They were brought for days with their fathers and uncles. They didn’t come home until they had killed many deer. Everyone was happy when they came back. Now they had meat to eat.

Then, when they were out hunting, one of the men would talk to the boys. “Do you see where that trail crosses the river? Look at it in its name is Ma’lik’o Dolore (Fright Water). Something happened there long ago. I’m going to tell you about it.” Now he told the story to them. “Don’t forget it. He said. “I want you to think about it. Someday it’s going to make you wise.”

Then they would stop at some other place. “This place is named Dzil dood dzi” (Munter Rock Bridge). Something happened here, too,” he said. He told them that story. “Remember what I have told you,” he told.
It was like that. The people who went many places were wise. They knew all about them. They thought about them. I've been all over this country. I went with my grandfather when I was a boy. I also traveled with my uncle. They taught me the names of all those places. They told me stories about all of them. I thought about all of them for a long time. I still remember everything.

Sitting with my back to Dudley's house, I cannot see that Ruth Patterson has come to the door and is listening to her brother as he speaks of places and wisdom. I sense her presence, however, and when I turn around she is looking at me, her gently face arranged in what I interpret as a sympathetic smile. "It's true," she says in a bright tone of voice. "Everything, he says it is true. It happened that way to us."

Our trip — when we were young — I went with my mother to Rattlesnake (later known as Chiricahua). That was in 1935. We went there to see moose. There were other people with us, quite a few of them. They were all my relatives.

Then we made camp, right below that point at the north end of the mountain. We camped by the spring there. My mother was in charge of cooking. She told us what to do.

Then we dug up a lot of moose and brought it back to camp. It was hard work. It was hot. We were young girls then. It wasn't easy to get it ready. We really wanted to eat it.

Then my mother talked to us. "You should only eat a little bit. Don't be greedy. Don't think about getting tired. If you do, you'll get cancer and something might happen to you."

Then she told a story. "Maybe you've heard this story before but I'm going to tell it to you anyway." She pointed to that mountain named Vishayashumpi (Whiteman's Springs Over Extending Down To Water). "It happened over there," she said to us.

"Long ago, on the east side of that mountain, there were lots of dead oak trees. There was a woman living with her family not far away. "We're almost out of firewood," she said to one of her daughters. 'Go up there and bring back some of that oak.'"

"Then that girl went up there. She started gathering firewood. It was very hot and she got sun. 'I'm going to die,' she thought. 'I've already got enough firewood. I'll go back home.'"

"Then the girl walked back. She had gathered firewood. It looked good but she forgot to carry any clothes or belongings. The buck broke when she stepped on it. She stumbled and fell down. She hit her head on the ground. For a while she was unconscious.

"Then she came to and noticed that she was bleeding from an open cut on her head and nose. She walked unsteadily back to her camp. She told her mother what had happened."

"Then her mother talked to her. 'You saved yourself but you're going to be all right. You failed to see danger before it happened. You could have fallen off the trail and never killed on those sharp rocks below you. You were thinking only of yourself. That's why this happened to you.'"

That's the end of the story. After my mother told it to us, she spoke to us again. "Well, now you know what happened over there at White Man's Springs (Extending Down To Water). That girl got almost lost her life. Each of you should try to remember this. Don't forget it. If you remember what happened over there, it will help make you wise."

Then we went back to work, digging up more moose. I got tired again — it was still very hot — but this time I didn't think about it. I just tried not to be careless.

Someday, hardly anyone goes out to get moose. Very few of us do that anymore. The younger ones are afraid of hard work. Even so, I've told that story to all my children. I've told them to remember it.

I thank Ruth for telling me her story. She tries to muster a smile but her eyes have filled with tears. Unable to contain the rush of her emotion, she turns away and goes back inside the house. Dudley is not visibly concerned. He explains that Ruth is recalling her youth. That was during the 1920s and 1930s when Ruth and her sisters were still unmarried and worked almost daily under the close supervision of their mother and two maternal aunts. Back then, Dudley says, Cibecue was different. There were fewer people and life was less centered on the village itself. While Apache families, including Dudley's own, spent weeks and months away upon the land — tending cornfields, rounding up moose, hunting deer, and journeying to remote cattle camps where they helped the homesteaders build fences and corrals — the families traveled long distances — old people and children alike, on foot and horseback, through all kinds of weather, carrying their possessions in heavy canvas packs over narrow trails that now have all but vanished. It was a hard way to live — there were times when it got very hard — but the people were strong and hardy ever complained. They had able leaders who told them what to do, and despite the hardships involved they took pleasure in their journeys. And wherever they went they gave place names and stories to their children. They wanted their children to know about the ancestors. They wanted their children to be wise. Ruth is remembering all of this, Dudley reports, and it makes her a little sad.

The aging bisonman Lenski, back in his chair, crossing a bow across his knees, and spinning the novel of his spot. "How do you do this from time to time? When thinking serious thoughts? He rolls a cigarette and lights it with a battered Zippo he has carried for years. "Premier!" He does this from time to time when thinking serious thoughts. He rolls a cigarette and lights it with a battered Zippo he has carried for years. "Premier!" He does this from time to time when thinking serious thoughts. He rolls a cigarette and lights it with a battered Zippo he has carried for years. "Premier!" He does this from time to time when thinking serious thoughts. He rolls a cigarette and lights it with a battered Zippo he has carried for years. "Premier!" He does this from time to time when thinking serious thoughts. He rolls a cigarette and lights it with a battered Zippo he has carried for years. "Premier!" He does this from time to time when thinking serious thoughts. 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The trail of wisdom—"this is what I'm going to talk about. I'm going to speak to all people, as my grandfather spoke to me when I was still a boy. We were living at the Old Lodge (Bateson Field).

"Do you want a long life?" he said. "Well, you will need to have wisdom. You will need to think about your own mind. You will need to work on it. You must start doing this now. You must make your mind steady. You must make your mind resilient.

"Your life is like a trail. You must watchful as you go. Wherever you go, there is some kind of danger waiting to happen. You must be able to see it before it happens. You must always be watchful and alert. You must see danger in your mind before it happens.

"If your mind is not steady, you will fall to see danger. You will try to think quickly, but you won't think clearly. You yourself will stand in the way of your own mind. You yourself will block it. There will be trouble for you. You must make your mind steady.

"If your mind is not steady, you will be easily angered and upset. You will be a'coast and proud. You will look down on other people. You will enjoy them and desire their possessions. You will speak about them, gossip about them, taunt them. You will use these words to hurt them and to destroy them. They will use your power to hurt you. They will want to kill you. They will try to put you in trouble. You must make your mind steady. You must learn to forget about yourself.

"If you make your mind steady, you will have a long life. Your trail will extend a long way. You will be prepared for danger wherever you go. You will see it in your mind before it happens.

"How will you walk along this trail of wisdom? Well, you will go to many places. You must look at them closely. You must remember all of them. Your relatives will talk to you about these. You must remember everything they say to you. You must think about them, and keep on thinking about them, and keep on thinking about them. You must do this because no one can help you but yourself. If you do this your mind will become steady. It will become steady and resilient. You will stay away from trouble. You will walk a long way and live a long time.

"Wisdom are in places. It's like water that never dries up. You need to drink water to stay alive. It's your Will. You also need to drink from places. You must remember everything about them. You must learn their lessons. You must learn their language. You must remember what happened at them long ago. You must think about it and keep on thinking about it. Then your mind will become smoother and smoother. Then you will not be afraid of the future. You will walk a long way and live a long time. You will be wise. People will respect you."

"Foussé! Rising to his feet without another word, Dudley walked away in the direction of his house. His suspicions were correct: I have had trouble grasping his statement on wisdom. No one from Cibecue has broached this subject with me before, and few have spoken with such eloquence and grace. I am moved by what I have heard but uncertain what to make of it. And understandably so. Dudley delivered his comments in a distinctive verbal register characterized by conspicuous grammatical parallelisms, marked lexical redundancy, and the measured repetition of several incantatory metaphors. All this resembles the language of Western Apache prayer, and therein lies one of my problems. While the economy of Dudley's speech rendered portions of his statements readily accessible, the metaphor that anchored it—bodily figured, densely compressed, and probably very old—stood far beyond my reach.

"What, for example, is a "smooth mind?" A "steady mind?" There is another problem as well. I can safely assume that Dudley's account was supported throughout by a covert cultural logic that imbued its claims with validity and truth. Yet it is quite unclear to me what that logic is. What sort of reasoning supports the assertions that "wisdom sits in places?" Or that "wisdom is like water?" Or that "drinking from places, whatever that is, requires knowledge of placenames and stories of past events? Maybe I have gotten in over my head. Dudley's statement has caught me off guard and left me feeling unmoored. For a second I imagine myself as a small uprooted plant bumping crazily through the air on a whirlwind, made of ancient Apache stories.

"When Dudley returns he is smiling. "Did you understand?" he shakes my head. "No, not much,\" Ruth is also smiling. She is standing in the doorway and looks fully recovered from her bout with nostalgia. She has combed her hair and is sporting the triumphant look of one who knew all along, "I told you\" she says sharply, "It's difficult! Now my brother has made you think too much. Now your brain is really tired! Now you look kind of sick.\" Ruth's assessment of my mental and physical condition does little to improve it, and I look to Dudley for help. "I gave you too much at once,\" he says, "You just need to think about it?\" Both agree. "That's right! You really need to think about it!\" Then she flashes her broadest smile and tells us our food is ready.

"But before we go inside Ruth presents us with a suggestion. On the coming weekend, when the hosiennas will be off work, Dudley and I will catch up our horsey and go for a ride. It might last all day, so we will need to take food. Ruth will prepare the fresh tortillas. I will contribute two cans of strawberry jam, a few bottles of rice crackers, a slab of lumberjack cheese, and four bottles of Kahlua root beer. Dudley will take me to different places, teach me their names, and tell me what happened at them long ago. Then, maybe, I will understand something. When we get back home Dudley will speak to me in English—"Boy Here, I'll see you tomorrow.\" Then he will leave me alone to think. In return for these services, he will receive two packs of flour, two cases of MJ coffee, one pack of sugar, a..."
June 15, 1982. Even the most experienced horsemen get hurt. That is what people say at news of Dudley’s accident circulates through Cicero.

Yesterday, trailing the spotted maverick bull with sure eyesight at the base of a rocky slope named Tish desoire [Long Red Ridge], Dudley’s mare lost her footing, went down hard, and abandoned her rider to walk home with bent ribs, a flattened shoulder, and a badly swollen lip. Dudley’s first concern was for the welfare of the mare, who returned to her pasture later in the day with nothing more than a few minor scrapes and a glazy look in her eye. This morning, wrapped in a homemade sling that keeps slipping off, Dudley is stiff and sore and in excellent spirits. We sit on the porch of his house as visitors come and go. Ruth has launched a get-well campaign whose main objectives are to accumulate gifts of thick beef brood and to surround her brother with as many children as possible. The children come in shifts to stand beside his chair. He tells them the story of his mishap, and their eyes grow wide with excitement and fear, and he smiles his warmest smile and tells them to be careful around horses and cattle. A little girl steps forward and gives him her orange Popickle. As I stand to leave, Dudley tells me to come back tomorrow—things will be less busy and we can speak again of matters raised before. I accept his invitation. A small boy approaches his chair and hands him a piece of bubblegum. Dudley is delighted. Ruth’s campaign is already a success. Dudley will regain the horsemen in less than a week. Our ride together has been postponed.

June 16–19, 1982. For the next four days—drinking coffee, watching sets, and passing occasionally to speak of other things—Dudley and I engaged in a series of conversations about his earlier statement on wisdom and places. At my request, we began by examining some of the statement’s linguistic features, focusing attention on the morphology and semantics of its several primary tropes. We then moved on to consider the internal logic of Dudley’s account, exploring in some detail the culturally based assumptions that invested its claims with coherence and credible sense. Our discussions dealt with fairly abstract matters, and now and again, when Dudley sensed his pupil was getting confused, he responded by telling stories that linked his generalizations to illustrative sets of particular. It soon became apparent that Apache conceptions of wisdom differed markedly from those contained in Western ideologies. More interesting was the discovery that the Apache conceptions were grounded in an informal theory of mind which asserts that wisdom arises from a small set of antecedent conditions. Because these conditions are also qualities of mind, and because they vary from mind to mind, the theory explains why some people are wiser than others.

Stated in general terms, the Apache theory holds that "wisdom" or [yegu]—consists of a heightened mental capacity that facilitates the avoidance of harmful events by detecting threatening circumstances when none are apparent. This capacity for perceiving thinking is produced and sustained by three mental conditions, described in Apache as [bim] (clearness of mind), [bim] (knowledge of mind), and [bim] (steadiness of mind). Because none of these conditions is given at birth, each must be cultivated in a conscientious manner by acquiring relevant bodies of knowledge and applying them critically to the workings of one’s mind. Knowledge of places and their cultural significance is crucial in this regard because it illustrates with numerous examples the mental conditions needed for wisdom as well as the practical advantages that wisdom confers on persons who possess it. Contained in stories attributed to the "ancestors" (nawaa’i), knowledge of places thus embodies an unmediated model of [yegu] and an authoritative rationale for seeking to attain it. Although some Apache people embrace this knowledge eagerly and commit it to memory in exhaustive detail, others are less successful; and while some are able to apply it productively to their minds, many experience difficulty. Consequently, in any Apache community at any point in time, wisdom is present in varying degrees, and only a few persons are ever completely wise. By virtue of their unusual mental powers, wise men and women are able to foresee disasters, fend off predators, and avoid explosive conflicts with other persons. For these and other reasons, they are highly respected and often live to be very old. Listened to water because of its life-sustaining properties, wisdom is viewed first and foremost as an instrument of survival.

Although Western Apache distinguish clearly between an individual’s "mind" (bim) and his or her "brain" (lengi), both are described with a classificatory verb stem (sid) that designates portable objects.
whose shape is roundish and compact. However, only k'isi' can be modified with adjectival constructions beginning with the prefix go- (space, area), an instructive bit of morpholology which indicates that the mind is conceived as a region within the brain. This notion is illustrated by the expression k'isi gofd'kh (soundness of mind), which identifies the primary mental condition required for wisdom. When the adjective d'ldgh is used without prefixes it serves to describe the texture of smooth and even surface, such as the surface of a pane of glass or a piece of varnished wood. But when d'ldgh is combined with go- it conveys the sense of "closed space" or "area free of obstruction," such as an agricultural field from which all vegetation has been judiciously removed. This is the sense in which gofd'kh is used as the Apache metaphor of the smooth mind. Like cleared plots of ground, smooth minds are unobstructed—uncharted and untested—a quality that permits them to observe and reason with penetrating clarity. Skeptical of outward appearances, smooth minds are able to look through them and beyond them to detect obscured realities and hidden possibilities. Unperturbed by obstacles to insightful thinking, smooth minds "see danger before it happens" and "trouble before it comes." Thus does wisdom flourish.

Mental smoothness is similarly described by the Apache as the product of two subsidiary conditions—mental resilience and mental smoothness—which ward off distractions that interfere with calm and focused thought. These distractions are grouped into two broad classes according to whether their sources are external or internal to the individual. "Resilience of mind" (go'isi gofd'kh) combats those of the external variety, while "steadiness of mind" (go'isi gofd'kh) works to eliminate internal distractions. Turning to the first of these expressions, it should be noted that the adjective n'mle is used alone in the familiar sense of "hard," thus describing a wide array of objects whose rigid surfaces resist damage and destruction from outside forces. In this sense, n'mle describes the resilience of minds that are solid, dense, and strong, as they are not easily swayed or altered by external forces. The term n'mle also has connotations of hardness and toughness, suggesting a mind that is not easily broken or damaged by adversity.

The Apache metaphor of the smooth mind, with its emphasis on clarity and insight, offers a powerful and resonant image of wisdom. By comparing the smooth mind to a field that has been carefully cleared of all vegetation, the Apache emphasize the importance of removing distractions and obstacles to clear thinking. The smooth mind, like a field that has been cleared of weeds and杂草, is able to see the underlying realities and hidden possibilities that are often obscured by the superficialities of the world. As such, the smooth mind embodies the essence of wisdom, a quality that is characterized by clarity, insight, and a keen awareness of the underlying structures and patterns of the world.

In contrast, the Apache metaphor of resilience highlights the ability of the mind to endure and overcome obstacles. Unlike the smooth mind, which is untroubled by distractions and hidden possibilities, the resilient mind is able to see danger and trouble before they happen, allowing it to act proactively and effectively in the face of adversity. Like a stone that is able to withstand the force of a falling weight, the resilient mind is able to endure the weight of external forces and emerge stronger for the experience.

Overall, the Apache metaphor of the smooth mind and the resilient mind offers a rich and nuanced understanding of wisdom, emphasizing the importance of clarity, insight, and resilience in the pursuit of knowledge and understanding. Through the use of vivid and metaphorical language, the Apache articulate the qualities that are essential to the acquisition of wisdom, providing a powerful and enduring image of the nature of the wise mind.
anything out of the ordinary. They are also urged to pay close attention to the words and actions of older people whose general demeanor is deemed worthy of imitation. And they are regularly invited to travel, especially in the company of persons who can speak to them about the places they are and visit. It is on these occasions that the relationship between places and wisdom is made explicit: *Drink from places.* Apache boys and girls are told: "Then you can work on your mind."

This view of mental development rests on the premise that knowledge is useful to the extent that it can be swiftly recalled and turned without effort to practical ends. A related premise is that objects whose appearance is unique are more easily recalled than those that look alike. It follows from these assumptions that because places are visually unique (a fact both marked and affirmed by their possession of separate names), they serve as excellent vehicles for recalling useful knowledge. And because the knowledge needed for wisdom is nothing if not useful, the adage that "wisdom sits in places"—like a got 'i'ik [hik]—is seen to make perfect sense. But there is more to the adage than truth and logical consistency. The verb 'i'ik (hik) incorporates a classificatory stem [hik] which applies exclusively to rigid containers and their contents. The prototype of this category is a watertight vessel, and such a vessel creates an image of places as durable receptacles, and of the knowledge required for wisdom as a lasting supply of water existing securely within them. This same image supports the argument that preparing one's mind for wisdom is akin to a form of drinking, and that wisdom, like water, is basic to survival. As Dudley Patterson remarked during one of our conversations, "You can't live long without water and you can't live a long time without wisdom. You need to drink both."

The knowledge on which wisdom depends is gained from observing different places (thus to recall them quickly and clearly), learning their Apache names (thus to identify them in spoken discourse and in song), and reflecting on traditional narratives that underscore the virtues of wisdom by showing what can happen when its facilitating conditions are absent. Drawn from different story genres, those narratives juxtapose a character whose mind is insightfully smooth with one or more characters whose minds are not. Disturbed by troubling events or excited at the prospect of achieving selfish goals, characters of the latter type fail to understand the true nature of their situation and perform impulsive acts that bring them and others to the brink of disaster. In sharp contrast, characters of the former type remain calm and undisturbed, grasp the situation for what it really is, and avert misfortune by exercising the clear and wary vision that is the hallmark of wisdom. The social group survives, shaken but whole, and the qualities of mind responsible for its

continuation are made clear for all to see. Wisdom has triumphed over stupidity and foolishness, and the difference between them—a difference at large in life and death itself—cannot be ignored.

The two stories that follow were offered by Dudley Patterson to illustrate these themes. The first story deals with serious problems stemming from a lack of mental resilience; the second depicts a near catastrophe brought on by a lack of mental steadiness. In both stories, alarm and confusion run rampant until mental smoothness, accompanied by wisdom, causes to the rescue in the very nick of time.

Long ago, some people were gathering acorns. They camped at Toh nah'yu (Lace Of Rocks Cocks Around). They gathered lots of acorns near Toh nah'yu. They didn't notice it! The men gathered acorns. They didn't notice it! They almost had enough but they went on anyway. They were going to K'ux Ch'e'ki (Big Willow Stand Alone). They walked on their way when the wind carried a shallow stream. They were walking fast and were very thirsty. They wanted to drink. It was hot.

Then their leader said to them, "Don't drink until you tell me you're thirsty. I want you to look around here first." He went off. Their leader was wise. He saw danger in his mind.

Then, as soon as he was gone, a young woman said, "My children are very thirsty. They need to drink. This water looks soft to me. I'm going to drink it." They went on with her. "Yes," they said, "we must drink. This water looks good." So they started drinking.

Then, pretty soon, they began to get sick. They got dizzy and began to vomit violently. All of their children, including the children. They got so sick. They vomited and were sick. They were scared that they were dying. They were crying out in pain, crying out in fear.

Their leader was the only one who didn't drink. He walked upstreams and looked on the ground. There were footprints by the stream and he saw where Coyote had paused to a flat rock that rationed into the water. Drops of Coyote's piau still running off the rock into the water.

Then he went back to the people. "Stop!" he told them. "Don't drink!" he warned. Coyote is a good! Coyote has paused in all. That's why all of you are sick.

Then one of these people said, "We didn't know. We were thirsty. The water looked soft. We were in a hurry and it didn't look dangerous." Those people turned their eyes. They should have waited until their leader had finished looking around. One of those children nearly died.

That's how that custom got its name. After that, they called it Mq'klhla'a (Coyote Piau In The Water).

And again:

Long ago, here at Chihuahua, just when the corn was coming up, an old man saw a black cloud in the sky. It was moving toward him. He watched the cloud come closer and closer. It was made up of gazellen, a huge swarm of gazellen. Soon they were eating the corn. Coyote O'kwa' O'kwa looked around.

Then that old man got worried. "If this is allowed to continue we will
have nothing to eat. All of our medicine men should work together on this for us." The old man was wise. He had seen danger in his mind. His mind was smooth. He knew what had to be done.

Then he spoke to some people and they went to the camp of a medi-
cine man with strong power. The old man spoke to him. "Something terrible is happening to us. All of our medicine men should work together on this for us."

Then the medicine man said to them, "What you say is true but I will work alone. I will pray and sing. I will help you. I will bring a great rain-
storm to kill these grasshoppers.

Then, that same evening, he started to sing. He sang throughout the night—but nothing happened. There was no rain. In the morning, there were no clouds in the sky. The grasshoppers were still eating the corn. Oh well."

That medicine man sang all night. He sang all night. "I will bring heavy rain," he told the people. But still there was nothing! In the morning there were still no clouds in the sky. Oh well."

Then another medicine man went to him and said, "We should work together on this. Something very bad is happening. If four of us sing together we can bring heavy rain and destroy these grasshoppers."

Then the first medicine man thought about it. "No," he said. "The people come fast to me. I will bring heavy rain. I will sing four times alone. So he started to sing again. He sang all night. It was the same as before—nothing happened. These grasshoppers were still eating the corn. Oh well!"

Now the people were very frightened. Some were crying out in fear. They saw what was happening to their corn.

Then that medicine man sang more and more alone—and still there was no rain!

Then four medicine men got together. "That old man was right. We should have worked together. That man who sings alone is far too proud. His mind is not smooth. He thinks only of himself."

Then those four medicine men started singing. They sang together throughout the night. They didn't stop to eat. They didn't stop to drink. They kept singing, singing— all through the night.

Then, early in the morning, there was a loud clap of thunder. It started to rain. It rained hard. It rained harder and harder. It rained so hard that the people were afraid. They thought their homes might be swept away.

Then it stopped raining. An old woman went outside and looked around. Everywhere there were dead grasshoppers. Their bodies covered the ground. The ground was dark with them. Then that old woman went to walk to her convent. In front of her she saw a large pile of dead grasshoppers reaching from one side to the other. "Grasshoppers piled up, she said."

Then that old woman knew these four medicine men had worked to-
gether well.

Then that old woman went back and told the people what she had seen. "We have very little corn left," they said. "Most of it has been eaten. We will surely get sick from hunger. All of us will suffer because of one proud man."
But a handful of persons resolve to persevere. Undaunted by the shortcomings of their token, they keep striving to refine them—committing to memory more and more cautionary narratives, dwelling on their implications at deeper and deeper levels, and visiting the places with which they are associated as opportunities arise. Little is said of these activities, and progress reports are neither offered nor requested. But progress reports, as Dudley Patterson was quick to point out, are usually unnecessary. As people move forward on the trail of wisdom their behavior begins to change, and these alterations, which become steadily more apparent as time goes on, can be readily observed by relatives and friends. Most noticeably, inner states toward neural smoothness are reflected in outer displays of pause and equanimity—signs of nervousness fade, irritability subsides, outbursts of temper decline. There is also to be detected a growing consistency among attitudes adopted, opinions expressed, and judgments proffered—personal points of view, built upon consonant themes, cohere and take definite shape. And there is increasing correspondence between spoken words and subsequent deeds—promises made are promises kept, pledges extended are pledges fulfilled, projects proposed are projects undertaken. As Apache men and women advance farther along the trail of wisdom, their composite continues to deepen, increasingly quiet and self-possessed, they rarely show signs of fear or alarm. More and more magnanimous, they seldom get angry or upset. And more than ever they are watchful and observant. Their minds, resilient and steady at last, are very smoothly smooth, and it shows in obvious ways.

And always these people are thinking—thinking of place-centered narratives, thinking of the ancestors who first gave them voice, and thinking of how to apply them to circumstances in their own lives. Having passed the point where cautionary narratives are useful mainly for disclosing mental weaknesses, they are consulted now as guides for what to do and what not to do in specific circumstances. As described by Dudley Patterson, what typically happens is this. Something unusual occurs—an event or a series of events—that is judged to be similar or analogous to incidents described in one of the stories. Unless these similarities can be dismissed as superficial, they stimulate further thought, leading the thinker to treat the story as a possible aid for planning his or her own course of action. This is accomplished by picturing in one's mind the exact location where the narrated events unfolded and imagining oneself as actually taking part in them, always in the role of a story character who is shown to be wise. It's a powerful sense of identification with that character ensues—it is some Apache put it, thinker and character "flow swiftly together" (sage beddel)—the experience is taken to confirm that the narrative in question will be helpful in dealing with the situation at hand. If this sort of identification fails to occur, the narrative is discarded and other stories, potentially more instructive, are consulted in similar fashion. It is important to understand that wise men and women are able to consult dozens of cautionary narratives in very short periods of time. Such concentrated effort is not required of them under ordinary circumstances, but when a crisis appears to be looming they act about it immediately. Serene and undistracted, they start drinking from places in times of emergency they are said to "gulp" (from them), and soon enough, often within minutes, they have seen in their minds what needs to be done. Wisdom has finally shown its hand. And when it does, as Dudley Patterson remarked in English the day he cast off his sling and prepared to rejoin the horsemanship, "it's sure pretty good all right." "Yes," he said thoughtfully. "That's sure pretty good all right."

These places are really very good!

—Dudley Patterson

August 10, 1962. But for a gate left carelessly open—and some thirty head of cattle that quickly passed through it to lose themselves in a tumbled mass of rock-stream boulders, meandering stretches, and dry bee canyon—my instructional ride with Dudley Patterson might have proceeded as planned. The day began on a calm and peaceful note. We motored our horses shortly after dawn, rode out of Cibecue on a trail leading north, and then turned east as the rising sun, a brilliant crimson ball, moved into view above a tree-covered ridge. The morning air was crisp and cool, and all one could hear was the comforting squeak of saddle leather and the hooves of the horses striking tinfoil into the earth. A red-tailed hawk banked on the wind in a vast blue sky.

After lighting a cigarette with his antique Zippo, Dudley broke the silence.

Do you see that ridge over there? We call it Tete (doll) (don't bite) (Timpanogos Ridge). My grandmother took her family there when the snow was in 1922. In many people died—it was terrible. My grandmother was a real-time woman and knew what to do. She prayed each morning as the sun came up. Day after day she prayed. All of her children survived the sickness.

And that river over there, the one with long white billboards on the road? Its name is Nangوحel'ib (bighorn Bill) (Bighorn Creek Up Water). Badger lived there for long time ago, went into a spring where he went to drink. There was no daylight then and the people were having a hard time. Badger and Bear wanted to keep it that way—they liked the darkness—but Coyote outsmarted them. He gambled with them and was白天 for the people. They gambled up ahead where those first round hills sit at a cost. Those hills are called D'Niwpot (The Beheaded).
And way out there, the little clump of trees! We call it "The sandals of Cottonwood Creek." There's a spring there, too. It used to give lots of water but now it's almost dry. Nick Thompson's mother camped there with her parents when she was a young girl. We kids at school were hunting it. She didn't know what it was. She crawled under a bush and covered her face with her coat. Her body was trembling all over. She stayed under the bush for two days, trembling and bleeding.

And that red chile over there...

Dudley's still speaking. Two riders have appeared in the distance and are moving toward us as a fast trot. Minutes later, Sam Endfield and Charles Crenwell ride in their horses and deliver the troubling news. Someone forgot to close the gate near the top of Hayagakahi (Spotted Slope), and a large bunch of cattle—cows, calves, and the spotted maverick bull with one bad eye—has moved into the notorious country behind Righ decker (Blue House). Judging from their tracks, the cattle crossed over yesterday afternoon. They should be rounded up without delay; otherwise they will scatter over a wider area and make the job more difficult.

Dudley listens quietly, pouts once with his lips in the direction of Blue House, and off we go to spend the next seven hours searching for willy creatures sorely unimpressed as ever being found. A day of quiet learning turns into a punishing game of hide-and-go-seek, and no one finds it the least bit enjoyable. But slowly the work does get done, the open gate is wrenched shut, and by two o'clock in the afternoon most of the cattle are back where they belong. Only the spotted maverick bull is missing. His tracks disappear at the head of a narrow canyon. Dudley is unconcerned. The bull is strong and smart. He will rejoin the herd when it stages him. One day he will reappear. That is his way.

We have been working in land without water, and the heat of the day is hard upon us. Horses and men are weary with thirst, so instead of returning directly to the village we ride southeasterly to the nearest accessible point of Cibecue Creek. As it happens, this is Trail Goes Down Between Two Hills, the place where Old Man Owl was shown to be a fool by the two Apache sisters. It is wonderfully cool beside the stream, and everyone drinks his fill. Sam Endfield, wearing his pants and hat, goes for a dip. Charles Crenwell, whose tender modesties preclude displays of unclean flesh, umbles off behind a thick stand of willows. And Dudley, having twice bathed his face and neck with his handkerchief, sits down beneath the cottonwood tree whose massive lower limb dips to touch the ground, joining him under the tree, I glance upward into its shade-filled branches, a purely spontaneous act to which he responds by slapping the ground and bursting into peals of high-pitched laughter. Sam stops splashing in the water, and Charles, looking mildly alarmed, comes tumbling out of the willows trying to button his fly. What is going on?

"Our ancestors did that!" Dudley exclaims with undisguised glee. "We all do that, even the women and children. We all look up to see how her legs spread slightly apart. These places are really very good! Now you've drunk from one! Now you can work on your mind. Still laughing, the weary drifter takes off his soft-soled hat and places it on the ground beside him. Then he lies down, cradles his head in the crook of his arm, and goes soundly to sleep. Beneath the ancient cottonwood tree the air is alive with humming insects.

To know who you are, you have to have a place to come from.

C. M. Denby, The Here Is a Lonely House

If nothing else, this truncated tale of congenial Western Apache, a distinctive brand of wisdom, and a slightly infamous cottonwood tree should lend substance to the claims that sense of place—or, as I would prefer to say, "sense of place"—is a form of cultural activity. Though commonly viewed in different terms—as intrinsic need by human ethologists, as beneficial personality component by developmental psychologists, as mechanism of social integration by sociologists—sense of place, as I have made it out, is neither biological imperative, nor emotional stability, nor means to group cohesion. What it is, as N. Scott Momaday (1976) has suggested, is a kind of imaginative experience, a species of involvement with the natural and social environment, a way of apprehending portions of the earth. While this perspective renders sense of place no less challenging to fathom or describe, it demystifies the notion by assigning it to the familiar province of everyday events. Removed from the spectral realm of scholastic abstractions—needs, attributes, mechanisms, and the like—sense of place can be seen as a commonplace occurrence, as an ordinary way of engaging one's surroundings and finding them significant. Albert Camus may have said it best. "Sense of place," he wrote, "is not just something that people know and feel, it is something people do." (Camus 1955:88; emphasis added).

And that realization brings the whole idea rather firmly down to earth, which is, I think, where a sense of place properly belongs.

A variety of experience, sense of place also represents a calling of experience. It is what has accrued—and never stops accruing—from lives spent sensing places. Vaguely realized most of the time, and surely brought forth for conscious scrutiny, it surfaces in an attitude of enduring affinity with known localities and the ways of life they sponsor. As
such, it is greeted as natural, normal, and, despite the ambivalent feelings it sometimes produces, entirely unremarkable. Experience delivered neat (though not, as I say, always very neatly), sense of place is accepted as a simple fact of life, as a regular aspect of how things are; and if one were tempted to change it, which no one ever is, the effort would certainly fail. It is probable, of course, that your sense of place will center on localities different from mine, just as ours together will center on localities different from Bush and Dudley-Paterson's. But that each of us should be drawn to particular pieces of territory, for reasons we take to be relatively uncomplicated, is, I think, easy to accept. A sense of place, everyone presumes, is everyone's possession.

But sense of place is not possessed by everyone in similar manner or like configuration, and that pervasive fact is part of what makes it interesting. Like all the other "senses" we have invented for mankind (the aesthetic sense, the erotic sense, common sense, etc.), sense of place is inseparable from the idea that informs it, and, just for that reason, as Lawrence Darrell remarked in a letter to a friend, it is "everywhere prosaic and everywhere specific." (Darrell 1960-785). Locked within the mental horizons of those who give it life, sense of place varies in a stream of symbolically drawn particulars—the visible particulars of local topographies, the personal particulars of biographical associations, and the national particulars of socially given systems of thought. It is these last, of course, that are least available to conscious awareness, and perhaps for this reason writers on place rarely seem to examine them. Yet it is just these systems of thought that mold and organize the experience itself, and to casually ignore them, as so often happens, is to suppose that matters are much simpler than in fact they really are. You can no more imagine an Apache sense of place without some notion of Old Man Owl, smooth mounds, and what occurred at Grasshoppers Piled Up Across then you can fancy a native New Yorker's sense of place without comparable ideas of Woody Allen, subway rush hours, and strolling in Central Park on the first warm day of spring. Everything, or almost everything, hinges on the particulars, and because it does, ethnography is essential.

For any sense of place, the pivotal question is not where it comes from, or even how it gets formed, but what, to speak, is made with. Like a good pot of stew or a complex musical chord, the character of the thing emerges from the qualities of its ingredients. And while describing that character may prove troublesome indeed (always, it seems, there is something invisible about it), the elements that compose it can be serially sampled and separately assessed. Which is what, in a roundabout way, I have tried to do here. Transformational spatial pretexts, disjunctions on wisdom, and cautionary stories of thwarted women and puif...
in patterns of conduct, these same individuals actually can be seen to alter their form. As Apache men and women set about drinking from places—as they acquire knowledge of their natural surroundings, commit it to permanent memory, and apply it productively to the workings of their minds—they show by their actions that their surroundings live in them. Their associations before them, they display by word and deed that beyond the visible reality of place lies a mental reality which they themselves have come to embody. And whether or not they finally succeed in becoming fully wise, it is this interior landscape—the landscape of the moral imagination—that most deeply influences their vital sense of place and also, I believe, their unknowable sense of self. For where the likes of Dudley Patterson are concerned—and Sam Endfield and Charles Coomwell and the stately Talbert Paxton—-selfhood and placehood are completely intertwined. Having developed space together, they are places of expression of each other, opposite sides of the same coin, and their power to "bind and fasten fast" is nothing short of enormous.

At no time, I suspect, is this power more surely felt by Western Apache people than during these sudden flashes of acute intuitive insight that mark the presence of wisdom. In these clairvoyant moments, when wise men and women consult traditional stories and seek to identify with sagacious story characters, their sense of place (and with it, perhaps, their sense of self as well) may reach a kind of zenith. Yet such revelations of mind are destined to occur with decreasing frequency in times that lie ahead. To communities throughout the Fort Apache Reservation—and Cibecue is prominent among them—fewer and fewer young people are currently embarking on the ancestral trail of wisdom. Caught up with other concerns and reluctant to appear old-fashioned before their watchful peers, they travel less extensively, learn smaller bodies of cautionary narratives, and subscribe to mounting conviction to the implied belief that useful knowledge comes mainly from formal schooling. This is not to imply that young Apache fail to develop a robust sense of place—on the contrary, they do—but it is fashioned from new and different materials, and it points in fresh directions. And that may be all to the good, for as modern tribal leaders point out repeatedly, surviving in the contemporary world requires the acquisition of contemporary skills. It is doubtful, however, that future generations of Apache people will devise a more striking way to think about place—and by means of the model of "grayf" was a wonderful discovery, an absorbing cultural form of large and subtle dimensions. And so it has remained, as moving in its way and somehow just as gripping as the largely untapped countryside from which it draws its strength. My own sense of place, which at times grows fairly force, rests in part upon it. Time will tell what other cultural constructions await the ethnographer keen on an interest in place. But that such constructions are everywhere to be found—in deserts and savannas, mountains and rainforests, cities and rural towns—is altogether certain. We should begin to explore them with all deliberate speed, and not, I would emphasize, solely for the purpose of enlarging our knowledge of particular social groups. For as surely as place is an elemental existential fact, sense of place is a universal experiential genre, and therefore, as more and more work gets done, it may be found to exhibit transcultural qualities. In this connection, I have already touched on a few possibilities. Ubiquitously accepted, natural, normal, and unexceptional, sense of place is variously trained, variously intense, and, having grown to mature proportions, stoutly resistant to change. Its complex affinities are more an expression of community involvement than they are of pure geography and its social and moral force may reach incredible proportions, especially when fused with prominent elements of personal and ethnic identity. Requiring neither extended analysis nor rational justification, sense of place rests its case on the unexamined premise that being from somewhere is always preferable to being from nowhere. All of us, it asserts, are generally better off with a place to call our own. Places, it reminds us, are really very good.

That was his way.

—Rand Patterson

November 7, 1992, Dudley Patterson joined the ancestors in the spring of 1983. His wake and funeral were attended by hundreds of people, some of whom came to Cibecue from many miles away. Sam Endfield, who no longer speaks of his absent friend and comrade, continues to work as a herdsman. Charles Coomwell, hampered by arthritis and tired of herding cattle, recently called it quits at the age of sixty-six. After two or three more drinking sprees, Talbert Paxton settled down and became a model of sobriety. He later married a distant cousin and now is the father of three eswardan children. Ruth Patterson, invincible as ever, remains firmly and fully in charge.

On the evening Dudley was buried, not far from a place named Sogi ch'ili'ko (Takla O'Meick Pass Out), the spotted maverick bull appeared on the point of a sandstone bluff overlooking the cemetery. He stood there, an imposing silhouette drawn against the sky, for the next
two days and nights. Then he went away. He has not been seen again.

Most people from Cibecue think the bull is dead. Ruth Patterson is not so sure. "No one said he was," she told me not long ago over a cup of boiled coffee. "The hermanos looked all over and no one found his body. I think that spotted bull could still be alive. There are many places he could be, many places." A gentle smile crossed her face. "He knew them all, you know. That was his way."16

NOTES

In thinking through some of the ideas presented in this essay, I have profited from suggestions offered by Sue Allen-Mills, Gayle Peter Brown, Vicki DeLeon, Jr., Jerry Plate, Alfredo Ortiz, and Vincent Randall; it is a pleasure to thank them all. For other kinds of useful advice, I thank everyone who participated in the advanced seminar from which this volume grew, especially Steven Feld, Karen Bla, Edward Casey, Charles Fraga, and Nancy Morse. On a more positive note, I express my gratitude to the Apache people of Cibecue and that remarkable group of hermanos who, from house and on the range, spoke to me of places and their lasting social importance: Dudley Patterson, Jesse Eeadfield, Charles Crousewell, Joe Carse, Frank Com pared, Frank DeLeon, Charles Henry, Robert Machace, Nick Thruston, Finister Peterson, and the man to whom I have given the name "Gilber Perez." I am grateful as well to Neldie Tosha, Sr., who helped me prepare English translations of all the Apache phrases and narratives appearing in these pages. When Ruth's request was granted, she cheerfully announced that others like it would be forthcoming. And so they have been, which pleases me no end.


2. I would like to acknowledge that my remarks that all modern anthropologists are immersed in cultural constructions of place. On the contrary, exemplary works by Alice Lyons (1979), C. Deane (1984), Steven Feld (1985), Humberto Cattell (1985), James Wierson (1993), and Fred Myers (1991), and others have demonstrated that some ethnographers consider the topic worthy of close attention. The fact remains, however, that place is usually treated as an ancillary phenomenon, as something to deal with descriptively and analytically only when other concerns make this unavailing. My own point of view, which seems much to the philosophy of Heidegger (1977), Searle (1980), and Casey (1987), is that place is a central category in many social forms of social experience and warrants careful ethnographic study in its own right.

3. Leiberg's conception of dwelling proceeds from the fundamental premise articulated long by Heidegger, that all consciousness is consciousness of something.

4. Many doubt that it is so simplified when one considers that the same locality may be perceived and apprehended in very different ways according to the individual interests or intentions of those who observe it. Described by some writers as the individual's "essential proper," these treated airs and purposes guide awareness to specific directions, determining as they do what sorts of knowledge are relevant and applicable, and also, perhaps less directly, what kinds of narratives are suitable and appropriate. Thus, a professional observational engaged in a study of wave mechanics will make of the same old arc something quite different than will a reported novice who sees it as the site of a fine wall with the beach, and this will be true even if an ecologist and an engineer see the same person.

5. A vivid account of this kind of subject-object condition is given by Searle (1969: 67), who discusses in moving detail his encounter with a chromatic note.

6. This approach to ethnographic research is discussed and illustrated at greater length in Beno (1991).

7. Comments on this definition proposed by Gonzalo Goodnow (1981: 95), the term "Apache" is widely held to designate "those Apache peoples living within the present boundaries of the state of Arizona during historic times, with the exception of the Chiricahua Apache and a small band of Apache, known as the Apache Matoos, who lived in the vicinity of Tucson." Goodnow's "The Social Organization of the Western Apache" (1942), together with his Ahch' and the White Mountain Apache (1939), provide definitive statements on these people during prehistoric times. Goodnow's own work on the group is centered around (1965); see also (1965), and on a revealing form of poking (1979)—address species of modern Apache life as they are now a short ethnography of the community of Cibecue (1976; 1976) and a collection of essays on Apache language categories and patterns of speech (1991).

8. Most of the empirical materials on which this essay is based were recorded on tape, with the prior consent of all Apache parties. Events described under the headings "June 5, 1983" and "August 10, 1988" were documented in writing and later checked for accuracy with Dudley Patterson, Jesse Eeadfield, and Charles Crousewell.

9. Descriptions and analyses of some of the traditional practices are presented in Beno (1988) and Beno (1992). Other aspects of the Western Apache phenomenological system are treated in Beno (1984a).

10. For any cultural system, what counts as a "place" is an empirical question that must be answered ethnographically. In this essay, I have restricted the notion of place to "localities on the surface of the earth," or what Archeologists call "locality." A fuller treatment of Apache conceptions of place would require the fact that places are known to exist in the sky (a place for the sky), underground bodies of water (a place for the water), and deep within the earth (a place for the earth). The fact that places in these categories are addition by humans begins them to less real, and certainly more important, than places on the earth's surface. And in this, of course, the Apache are not alone. How many of us can volunteer immediate access to the North Pole, or the bottom of the ocean, or the moon and back?

11. Western Apache phenomena are distinguished from other indigenous expressions by the presence of a phrase-final material nullifier. The nullifier takes different shapes according to the phonological environment preceding it. A following consonant, f following an unmarked vowel except e, h following e, and w following an unmarked vowel.

12. Students of Apache cultures will recognize that conceptions of "words" and " concepts" bear some resemblance to those of "superior powers" (" PSI"). According to some cosmologists from Chiricahua, the resemblance is only apparent. Whereas words are within the reach of everyone and reflect from mental discipline, supernatural

The sense of place: the ideophone is so pervasive that the word "sense" is almost completely transparent. How is place actually sensed? How are the perceptual engagements we call sensing critical to conceptual constructions of place? And how does this feeling-sensuality participate in naturalizing our sense of place? These questions guide my inquiry into the sensing and sensuality underlying how places are named and poetically evoked by Kaluli people of Bosari, Papua New Guinea. My desire is to illuminate a doubly reciprocal motion: as place is sensed, senses are placed; as places make sense, senses make place. Because sound and so-called voice-centered sensibilities are central to Kaluli experience and expression in the tropical rainforest, the goal of this exploration is to interpret what I call an acoustemology, by which I mean local conditions of acoustic sensations, knowledge, and imagination embodied in the culturally particular sense of place resonating in Bosari.

The chapter opens with brief notes on sensation, sound, synesthesia, and soundscape that provide context for the general framework of my inquiry, that of a social phenomenology and hermeneutics of senses of place. I outline ways in which research on acoustic experience and expression of place has remained relatively underdeveloped and then introduce the sound world of the Kaluli. Next I offer two ethnographic sections on the acoustemology of flow. The first treats Kaluli naming practices to show how the inseparability of rainforest waters and land is encapsulated and imagined to be like the flow of voice through the body's contours. This trope of flow is then examined as it appears in poetic song texts, where singin a sequence of named places takes listeners on a journey that flows along local waterways and through local lands. The flow of these poetic song paths is emotionally and physically linked to the sensual flow of the singing voice. Connecting these flowing paths reveals a Kaluli acoustemology of place relations, a fusion of space and time that joins lives and events as embodied memories. The evocative power of