



Photos by Steve Wilkowske

Pow Wow offers Indian folklore

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The scene was Clackamas Community College's campus. Outside, grey clouds hung low and threw a winter chill in the air. Except for an occasional figure scurrying by, the campus seemed deserted. It was shivery cold so I hurried over to Randall Hall where the ASG and Ouy Ka' Lah-sponsored Pow Wow was supposed to be held.

Inside Randall Hall the mood ab-

ruptly changed. Hordes of gaudily-dressed people were wandering around laughing and stopping to talk. Their clothes were a blaze of color; they looked like rainbows out for a stroll.

From the concession stand nearby drifted the hunger-producing smell of venison stew. I was going over to buy some, but before I made it to the counter I was distracted by the sight of a man dressed mainly in a cloud of orange feathers and a bit of buckskin. Seeing me stare he grinned, "Cool outfit, no?" and then headed for the gymnasium.

The gym was where the main action was going on. In the middle of the gym about 20 people were doing a sort of stamp-shuffle-stamp-shuffle to the beat of an amplified drum pounded by four men. The drumming was so loud that you could almost see the sound waves vibrating in the air.

The dancers came in all sexes and ages -- from a sedate mother-type in a dark blue dress, to a baby boy of about three, wearing a diaper, a yellow embroidered shirt, a beaded headband and a very confused expression.

The favorite part of any costume seemed to involve feathers. One man wore a blue and green feathered headdress that towered about two feet above his head. Another wore a red, yellow and green feather bustle, which looked like, and was about the size of, a small archery target on his back. One small boy kept vanishing into a mass of orange and brown feathers whenever he stamped his foot.

Aside from the food and dancing there were tables circling the gym selling all types of crafts and gewgaws. I had the choice of buying either a very well done pen and ink sketch of an Indian Chief or a red, white and blue bumper sticker reading, "Support Indians -- Attend a Pow Wow Today." Since I was broke, I bought the bumper sticker.

Further along there were moccasins and six tables of turquoise and silver jewelry. Enough styles for anybody's taste. If my taste in music hadn't run toward bluegrass ballads, I could have bought cassette tapes containing 12 Cheyenne Indian songs, 12 Blackfoot Indian songs, 12 Hopi Indian songs . . . Enough, it was time to go home.



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