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rowing up in Wyoming, people used to ask me if I had any American Indian blood. "I wish," I would sigh. I have had a romantic thing for Native Americans for as long as I can remember. Last December, I went to an Indian powwow at the Fantasy Springs Casino in Indio, CA. Two days of Indian dancing and chanting; the jingle-jangle of dresses; vibrations from giant drums; kids, teens and really old wise dudes with deep, creased faces that look like an American landscape. Powwows rule. Natives from around the country come to compete in different dance competitions. The traditional Indian clothes are a dream come true—beading, feathers, horsehair—all unique and all handmade. You feel transported back in time, except instead of being on a mesa around a campfire, you're inside a casino on an Indian reservation.

PHOTOGRAPH AND TEXT BY LISA EISNER

*"A BUTTERFLY FLUTTERED BY: LISA EISNER PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEST," APRIL 22 - MAY 24, MB FINE ART, WEST HOLLYWOOD.*