

I entered the world of law backwards, in the mid nineteen-sixties, defending myself against other choices: draft, exile, prison. By any standard measure of comfort, Yale Law School seemed the best of bad choices. By the time I got out (after experimenting with exile after all), the "war on poverty" had managed to fund a legal services program in Navajoland. I became a lawyer in the Shiprock office of Dinebeiina Nahiilna Be Agaditahe, Inc.

One of my first projects was to create a code of juvenile procedure for a tribal judge, integrating the U.S. Supreme Court's *In Re Gault* (due process standards) with traditional Navajo clan practices for handling young people's troubles.

Right away I knew there was something impossible going on. Law was cannibalizing community. At least that's what I felt. But who was I to question the judge? And besides, there was a certain amount of prestige in working with the judge at all. So I did it, or tried to, all the while coming better to understand Alice's experiences through the looking glass.