on SECOND THOUGHT

A publication of the North Dakota Humanities Council

spring 11

[the THINK INDIAN issue]

note from the executive director

Mapping Identity

What gives your life deeper meaning and content?

This is the fundamental human question, and the humanities are essentially a map of civilization pinpointing the answers humans have given to it across time and place. Those answers that point at something true, right, or lasting mark the locations of wisdom. Our job at the North Dakota Humanities Council is to make sure every person in our state can travel freely to these regions of thought, whether they are located in our backyard or across the world.

Inspired by Cynthia Lindquist, tribal college president and member of the Spirit Lake Dakota Nation, this issue of *On Second Thought* is a rough sketch depicting the cultural landscape of modern-day American Indians as they attempt to answer this question after hundreds of years of oppression and loss. Edited by Susan Power, an outstanding contemporary Native American writer, the Think Indian issue is a powerful testament to the enduring values of American Indian tribes and people, and to the role of wisdom in cultural preservation.

This issue would not have been possible without the support of the members of the ND Association of Tribal College Presidents.

Brenna Daugherty
Executive Director

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Artwork by S. D. Nelson

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Correction: The article "In Praise of Forbidden Looking" by Scott Nadelon printed in the Sevareid Edition (Autumn 2010 Issue) was originally published in the Summer 2010 issue of Oregon Humanities magazine. Reprinted by permission. We regret that we omitted to mention this fact in the printed issue. Please visit www.oregonhum.org to learn more about the great work of Oregon Humanities under the direction of Cara Ungar-Gutierrez.

To think Indian is to save a plant that can save a people.

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To think Indian is to help fight diabetes with sacred foods and hoops.

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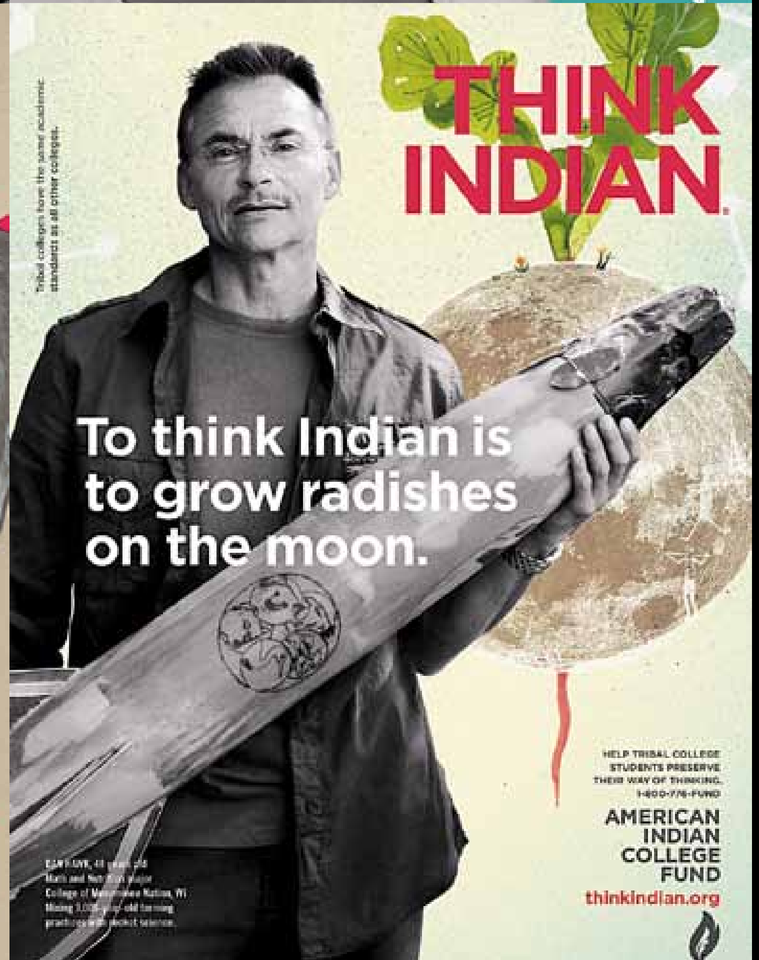

To think Indian is to grow radishes on the moon.

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What Does It Mean to **Think Indian?**

By Richard B. Williams, President and CEO, The American Indian College Fund

The American Indian College Fund's most recent public service announcement campaign, titled Think Indian, was the brain child of the creative minds at the Portland, Oregon-based advertising agency Wieden+Kennedy, known for its signature work for Nike, Target, and Coca-Cola. The development of the campaign was led by the company's talented co-founder, David Kennedy. For the past twenty years, David Kennedy has dedicated his time to providing pro bono advertising services to the American Indian College Fund to tell the story of our students and the tribal colleges to the public.

The Think Indian campaign was designed to replace the "If I Stay on the Rez" campaign, which featured tribal college students stating why they preferred to stay at home and pursue an education in their reservation communities at a tribal college. The Think Indian campaign was a natural transition from the previous "Rez" campaign, as it incorporates the importance of Native peoples developing their inherent intellectualism at the local level through the tribal colleges and universities (TCUs). The advertisements also promote how the TCUs preserve the uniquely American Indian way of thinking, while celebrating Indian cultures and embracing the latest research and technology, and how they have become cultural oases where old wisdom and new ideas are fused. "These unique, under-funded institutions are the only places where convention and culture, tradition and modern, meet. We have much to learn from the indigenous people of this country," said David Kennedy of Wieden+Kennedy. "It is an honor to tell their story." The Think Indian advertisements also impart a broad symbolic message to Americans about the importance of the welfare of our Mother Earth, and how traditional American Indian ways of thinking, or "Thinking Indian," can contribute to hers—and all peoples' well-being.

American Indians and others are embracing the messages in the Think Indian advertisements because they challenge us to think critically about both the wisdom and truth behind traditional Native concepts.

To create the campaign, the American Indian College Fund traveled with Wieden+Kennedy to several tribal colleges to document the stories of several American Indian students. A series of six advertisements were produced as a result, which feature students on-location at the College of Menominee Nation in Keshena, Wisconsin; Sitting Bull College in Fort Yates, North Dakota; United Tribes Technical College in Bismarck, North Dakota; and the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The students chosen, who are detailed below, were selected based on their scholarship status with the American Indian College Fund, outstanding academic performance, their dedication to preserving and passing on traditional Native values, and how they are incorporating traditional cultural values with modern education and technology in their planned career paths to meet contemporary societal challenges.

Allyson Two Bears, an environmental science major at Sitting Bull College, is a fourth-generation medicine woman who received knowledge of traditional medicinal plants from her forebears. Now that Allyson is a mother of two, she finds herself passing on her knowledge and her peoples' traditions to her children, following in the footsteps of her maternal ancestors. Allyson says her tribal college plays a role in both her science and Native education as she learns more about her native plants in her ethnobotany class. Allyson plans to reconnect people of all ages with nature in her career as she develops and teaches programs about conservation, nature and wildlife to help preserve the Earth and combat global climate change, while tying in her Native culture and beliefs.

Alan Waukau, a criminal justice major at the College of Menominee Nation, studied criminal justice in the Native style, which is community-oriented and places more emphasis on changing negative behavior than punishing it. Alan is a member of The Bear Clan of the Menominee Nation, which is

To think Indian is to make eco-buildings with spruce root or rebar.

THINK INDIAN

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To think Indian is to preserve native art made with looms and laptops.

THINK INDIAN

AMERICAN INDIAN COLLEGE FUND

thinkindian.org

known for being the guardian of the Menominee people. Alan's goal is to be a police officer, and says he sees no difference between a career in law enforcement in which he will be responsible for guarding the health and safety of his people and his traditional role in his clan.

Sekoya Bighorn, a physical education major at United Tribes Technical College, is learning more about her culture while studying for a degree in physical education. She plans to return home to the Rocky Boy Reservation in Montana to work as a local fitness trainer. Sekoya says she wants to teach her people about the connection between physical activity, traditional life ways, and diabetes prevention.

Dan Hawk, a mathematics and nutrition major at the College of Menominee Nation, was born and raised on the Oneida Indian Reservation in Wisconsin. Dan has dedicated his life to researching ways to bring ancient knowledge to today's world. He worked with classmates to build the Golden Eagle, an award-winning wooden rocket that was hewn from materials gleaned from their reservation's sustainable forest. The simple design of Golden Eagle outperformed other rockets made by students at mainstream institutions in a national competition. Dan is conducting experiments for NASA to grow radishes and other foods on the moon and Mars using ancient soil techniques developed by indigenous peoples thousands of years ago, and many others. If the experiment works, American Indians will be seeding space.

Cedar Kakkak recently finished the sustainable development program at the College of Menominee Nation. Cedar says her academic interests grow from her family and community, where the Menominee Forest is a national model for sustainability. In the Menominee language those who manage the forest are known as "Keepers of the Forest." Though it has been logged several times over, visitors often perceive the Menominee Forest as untouched because of its abundance of hemlock, pine, aspen, and oak trees growing there, thanks to the tribe's traditional forestry practices that has kept this valuable resource vibrant. Cedar plans to use her traditional values and education in a career in community planning.

Bradley Pecore, a graduate of the Institute of American Indian Arts in museum studies and now a Ph.D. candidate at Cornell University, says he is equally interested in art theory and repatriation of Native artifacts issues. After his junior year at IAIA, Bradley worked as an intern at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where he conducted Native American art lectures. Bradley has always had an appreciation for contemporary and traditional Native art and intends to become a professor of art history, showcasing Native art alongside western art.

Dan Hawk notes that he and other tribal college students are able to Think Indian again because the tribal colleges are leading American Indian students to embrace what it means to be Indian and their Native ways of thinking and being. Dan said, "Good things come in small packages. We can start the path of education at our tribal doorstep and then take our values and beliefs to other places where others can see who we really are. In the case of the Menominee, they can take sustainable development that their elders taught them, and teach the rest of the world what their elders knew."

This body of work not only reflects how American Indian cultural knowledge is being preserved by tribal colleges and used to solve today's problems for all people, but it also depicts the depth, beauty, and tenacity inherent in the American Indian students and communities that we serve.

The advertisements are placed in major publications across the country, including *The New York Times Magazine, Harper's, O Magazine, Fortune,* and more. Wieden+Kennedy developed an animated

Thinking Indian means that we must treat all things around us with **respect.**

television advertisement that appears on national networks such as Discovery and National Geographic television. This ad also appeared in Times Square in New York City for two months, reaching an estimated 1.5 million people every day. The American Indian College Fund uses these advertisements to induce individual, tribes, corporations, and foundations, all of whom donate money for scholarships and tribal college support, to give generously.

The concepts behind Think Indian ads may appear simple, but they are quite complex, enabling our people to survive after the colonization of America. Mathew King, a philosophical Lakota, stated that the first law of Indian people is "respect." Thinking Indian means that we must treat all things around us with respect. We must respect the environment, the sacred Mother Earth, our relatives, friends, and even our enemies. This is a good way to live—if we all followed this path, many of the challenges facing us today could be solved.

Language is a natural extension of a people's belief system. The Lakota notion of respect can be seen in the greeting, *"Mitaku oyasin,"* which translates to mean all my relatives. One can see that the belief that we must respect every living being because we are all related is seen in this greeting, and is one of the seeds in the Think Indian concept. Lakota philosophy and ways emphasize that we are all related in this world, regardless of the color of another human's skin. Appearances do not matter; we are all related. Our family extends beyond the human family to all living beings. The Lakota believe we are also related to the birds and animals and even the inanimate rocks. Our fates are interconnected and so we believe that we must respect all that is around us because we are related to everything, and everything is sacred.

For the Lakota people, Thinking Indian means many other things. It includes embodying a spirit of generosity and hospitality and tending those with greater needs than your own.

Thinking Indian also means honoring our elders, whose lifetime of experience and acquired knowledge imbues them with wisdom that cannot be acquired at any university or any other means than through years walking their paths on the earth.

To Think Indian is to offer thanks for the gift of life and the health and safety of all of our relatives.

To Think Indian is to learn the language of our people and preserve their culture and ways in order to help us understand the future.

Thinking Indian is to seek and craft ways to survive, even in the most horrible and challenging times, and overcoming the greatest horrors of genocide.

Thinking Indian means having a deep, profound sense of humor that carries us through the most difficult times of sadness, hardship, combined with a sense of humility that allows us to laugh at ourselves.

Thinking Indian is accepting our responsibility to care for the sacred Mother Earth, and knowing that what we leave for the next generation is either our gift or our fault; and whatever decision we make must be right for the Earth and the next seven generations that follow in our footsteps.

To the Lakota, Thinking Indian above all means that we must use our best intellectual cognitive processes combined with an abiding spirituality, engaging both the heart and mind, to navigate the challenges of daily life while making important decisions that affect the world.

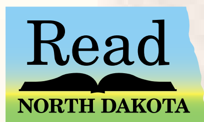
When it comes down to it, the American Indian College Fund wants its tribal college students to employ Native ways of thinking and knowing to guide the people around them in a good way, whether those ways are Dakota, Anishinabee, Diné, or Cheyenne.

And if one is not Native and "Thinks Indian," one is special because we are all responsible for saving our sacred Mother Earth. All of the world's peoples have a significant task ahead with global warming, pollution, over-population, habitat destruction and the continuing loss of cultures. But, in the words of Lone Watie in the movie *The Outlaw Josie Wales,* we must "endeavor to persevere." Thinking Indian helps guarantee that we will all have a future. □

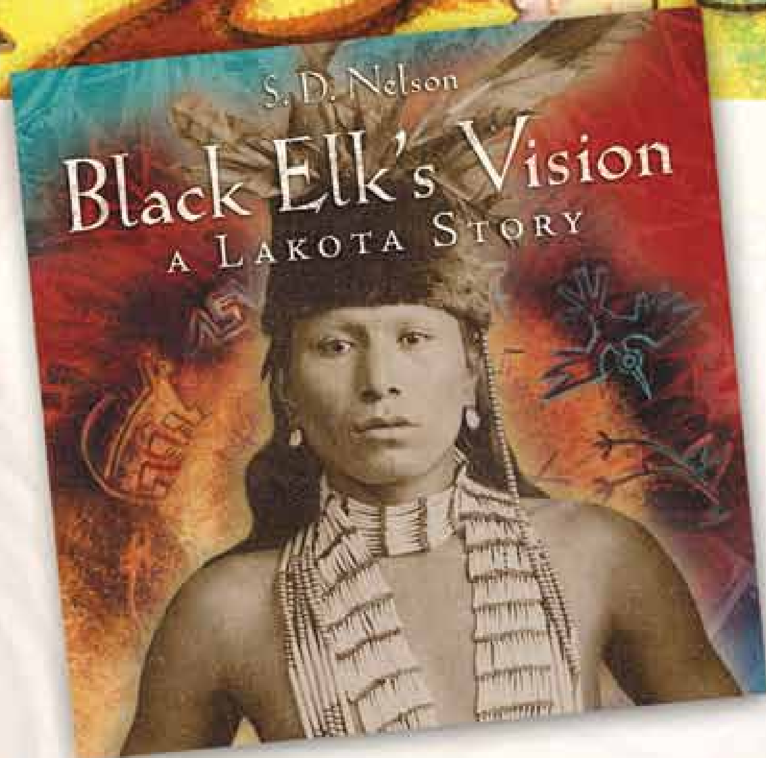
This issue of *On Second Thought* magazine features the artwork of writer and illustrator

S. D. NELSON

published in *Black Elk's Vision: A Lakota Story.*



To learn more about S. D. Nelson and his artwork, visit **www.readnd.org.**



All artwork appears courtesy of the author and Abrams Books.

Returning to Local Tribal Values: **Think Dakota, Live Dakota**

By Cynthia Lindquist and Albert Red Bear

To Think Dakota, Live Dakota is to understand and to practice the divine laws or values of Dakota people: honesty, respect, courage, humility, generosity, fortitude, and wisdom. These laws or values unite the people with compassion. All are one and the same as everyone practices the same beliefs. Since the values come from Creator they are understood to be "natural law" which is rooted in common sense. Creator gives us these things to use, to take care of, and to pass on to our children and grandchildren.

Artwork by S.D. Nelson.

Dakota ceremonies ho each cycle of life, as w the entire cycle of hum

Traditionally, the Dakota *Oyate* (Nation) lived with the *Tatanka Oyate* (Great Buffalo Nation) and followed their migration patterns. Following the buffalo taught the Dakota how to live in a respectful manner. Boundaries were set that emanated from understanding the relationship (human/animal) and using or taking only what was needed. Tatanka was a divine animal who taught the Dakota to be resourceful. The buffalo moved by the seasons to where there were different grasses, plants, and berries. To Think Dakota is to understand our relationship with the animals and how they give so much to us as human beings. Our survival is due to the buffalo and other animals. To Think Dakota is to understand that food is what you become and that the process of eating is a sacred thing.

Time and process are components of commonality in Dakota spiritual beliefs. Dakota people think in terms of cycles or circles and believe in a cyclical time frame—life cycle, the seasons, and the directions—as well as the concept of what goes around, comes around. Nature is designed with circular patterns (the earth, sun, moon, planets, etc.). The cyclical path of life—birth, adolescence, adulthood, and elders—and the cyclical changing of the seasons symbolize for Dakota people their spiritual significance. To Think Dakota, Live Dakota is to bear the responsibility to understand the relationships and roles necessary to maintain harmony and balance with and in these cycles.

Thinking Dakota is to understand relationships or connections—with people, with animals, with the environment, and most importantly with *Wakan Tanka* (the Creator). The White Buffalo Calf Pipe Woman brought the Dakota people the pipe as the means to pray to the Creator, along with seven sacred ceremonies. The ways of the pipe are instructions on relationships and how to live in a good way. The pipe symbolizes the gifts of Creator with the bowl created of red stone from Mother Earth and carved as a buffalo that represents the four-legged animals; the wood stem represents all that grows upon the earth; the eagle feathers represent the winged ones; and the (natural) tobacco used to fill the pipe symbolizes the connections with the smoke sending the prayers to the spiritual powers.

The seven ceremonies are: the vision quest, the sweat lodge, becoming a woman, the sun dance, the making-of-relatives, keeping the spirit, and throwing the ball. These ceremonies help the people to live in a good way and according to the Creator's values. To Think Dakota is to understand that while there are hard times the values and the ceremonies will see us through and that life is still good no matter how hard it gets. The Dakota people made a covenant with the Creator to live a spiritual life based on understanding the relationships and connections with the universe and the living beings within that universe.

Dakota ceremonies honor the unique character of each cycle of life, as well as the interwoven texture of the entire cycle of human existence. We are taught that spiritual power exists and affects humans even though it may not be seen. Human participation is essential to maintaining the relationship of harmony between the natural environment and the supernatural. Ceremonies to commemorate birth, puberty, relatives and family, death, and self-awareness are all honored by rituals that reinforce relationships and are viewed as promoting the well-being of the individual, the family, and the community. These rituals unite the members of the community in a shared

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experience that both honors the spirits and strengthens the bonds of the community. To Think Dakota, Live Dakota is to always have prayers as part of any gathering.

The four directions as understood by Dakota are related to the relationships we have as humans with the four seasons, the cycles of life and their spiritual foundation.

- West/black symbolizes spiritual strength, doctoring, thunder beings and the buffalo nation.
- North/red signifies physical, natural law/common sense, truth and the elk.
- East/yellow symbolizes emotional health, new life/beginnings and the black tail deer.
- South/white signifies healing ways, wisdom, elders and the owl nation.

Some elders have stated that the four directions/colors represent the human races of Mother Earth. Each race is linked to the balance and harmony of nature. The other colors look to the Red nation for wisdom in understanding relationships.

To Think Dakota, Live Dakota is to know that our language is rooted in spirituality and is the foundation for being Dakota. The songs come from the spirit world and the drum reflect the heartbeat of Mother Earth and the people. In singing Dakota songs, the spirits help us to find the medicines, provide directions for healing. Dakota names and titles set boundaries for relationships—using Mother Earth or Grandmother Moon has much more relevancy than saying "earth," as does using *Uncle* or *Auntie* for family relations.

Language and the use of words are integral to Thinking Dakota. The use of words is critical to the oral traditions of Dakota culture. Storytelling reflects the reenactment of an event that is not bound by time. Equally important are the appreciation and sanctity of silence and of words not spoken. Silence is sacred and has spiritual power for Dakota people.

To Think Dakota, Live Dakota is to understand that our education process is rooted in learning about relationships that is informally taught by the parents, grandparents, and elders. Learning is via application and imitation with emphasis placed on sharing and cooperation. The focus is on the whole versus the individual.

While many of these sentiments or concepts are old traditions, they are very much alive and the heart of Think Dakota, Live Dakota. We continue the journey of our ancestors to be stewards of Mother Earth and to understand our role as human beings to be resourceful, respectful and resilient. □

Cynthia Lindquist is member of the Spirit Lake Dakota Nation. She is currently serving her people as president of Cankdeska Cikana Community College. Albert Red Bear is a self-employed artist, member of the Oglala Lakota Nation (Wajaja descendant), and Native American Church leader.

Josephine Gates Kelly: Standing Rock Sioux Tribal Leader

By Susan Kelly Power (Josephine's daughter)

Josephine Gates Kelly (*Wanahca Tindah Wastewin,* or Her Good Work Brings Flowers Woman) was born on Battle Creek in January of 1888—the year before North Dakota would become a state. She liked to remind people she was born the same year as the Great Blizzard. "I came into this world during a blizzard, and I'll probably leave it the same way!" Her parents were Nellie Two Bear (*Mahpiya Bogawin*, or Gathering Clouds Woman) and Frank Gates (Sasway, or Blood Red). Sitting Bull was still alive during Josephine's first three years, and his leadership made such an impression on her—memories of his gentle ways, love for his people, his prescient vision of the challenges to come—that in one sense he never died. Yet, she had seen firsthand evidence of the slaughter. The morning of December 15, 1890, when Josephine was a month shy of her third birthday, her father wrapped her in his great overcoat and held her in front of him as they rode into town. Someone had brought word that there was danger, guns fired, rumors that the old chief was injured. Frank Gates' sons weren't born yet, so Josephine would be his fellow witness that cold day. She saw the wagon that brought Sitting Bull's body into town, and the mourners who gathered behind it, though at a distance, fearful of the soldiers and their guns. They were crying and singing, stunned with grief as if they had lost a part of their own body, an arm, a leg, a beating heart. She would later say she saw blood in the snow. When they lifted him from the cart? His wounds still new? One leader was lost, but another, held against her father's warm body, her large eyes seeing everything, was being born.

Josephine Gates, graduation from Carlisle Indian School, 1909.

Sitting Bull was not the only one to shape Josephine's conception of what made a strong Dakota leader. Her mother, Nellie, was the daughter of Chief Two Bear (*Mahto Nunpa,* or Two Bear), a widely respected council chief. Nellie raised Josephine with stories of Two Bear. She herself had been a young girl in 1863 when her father's Yanktonai village was suddenly attacked by Union General Alfred Sully. Sully was acting on orders from General Pope in the Sioux Campaign of 1863. When Two Bear saw the troops arranged against them, he and his eldest son offered themselves as hostages to be taken by the generals while they negotiated a peace in order to spare the lives of innocent families. The offer was refused, and a massacre ensued at what is now Whitestone Hill Battlefield State Historic Site. The Yanktonai barely survived.

Josephine heard other stories about her grandfather from elder warriors who were still living when she was a girl: Yanktonais like Little Soldier, Has Tricks and Callous Leg. Grandfather Little Soldier, the one the children called *Tunkasila* (Grandfather) was a particular favorite. Little Soldier had been with the Indian Police when Agent James McLaughlin ordered his men to bring in Sitting Bull, "dead or alive!" Little Soldier would not follow such an order, so that day he quit the police force, abandoned his uniform and went back to wearing moccasins, never to sit in a chair again. In later years, when Josephine was a grown woman with children, living across the road from the Hunkpapa chief's original grave, Little Soldier would still come to town to visit the grave and then walk on to Josephine's cabin to pay his respects. Her children would see him coming and excitedly retrieve a clean square of canvas, reserved for this special guest, from the kitchen cupboard. They spread it on the floor, covered it with dishes and food, and then waited for the old warrior to arrive, to eat his fill. They sat quietly, ears and eyes open, hoping for a story. They preferred his reminiscences of Sitting Bull to the ones he told about Two Bear, their own ancestor, since they heard so much about him already from their mother. Sitting Bull was the leader who was still alive for them, his grave a refuge when they needed to share their sorrows. "Lala," they called him, "Lala," they would cry

Sitting Bull's original grave, Fort Yates, North Dakota

when they felt misunderstood. Josephine scolded them for pestering his spirit, "Don't whine to him," she warned. "He liked to hear people laugh. Make sure your voices are happy when you visit him." But Sitting Bull was always the first to hear their grievances.

Josephine left the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation for many years while she attended the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, halfway across the country in Pennsylvania. She arrived at the age of nine years old and graduated in 1909, when she was twenty-one. She was a classmate of the famed Indian athlete, Jim Thorpe, and years later in Denver, during a meeting of the NCAI (National Congress of American Indians), a group of Carlisle graduates gathered to share memories. Jim Thorpe approached the group and pointed to Josephine, saying, "You taught me how to dance, didn't you?"

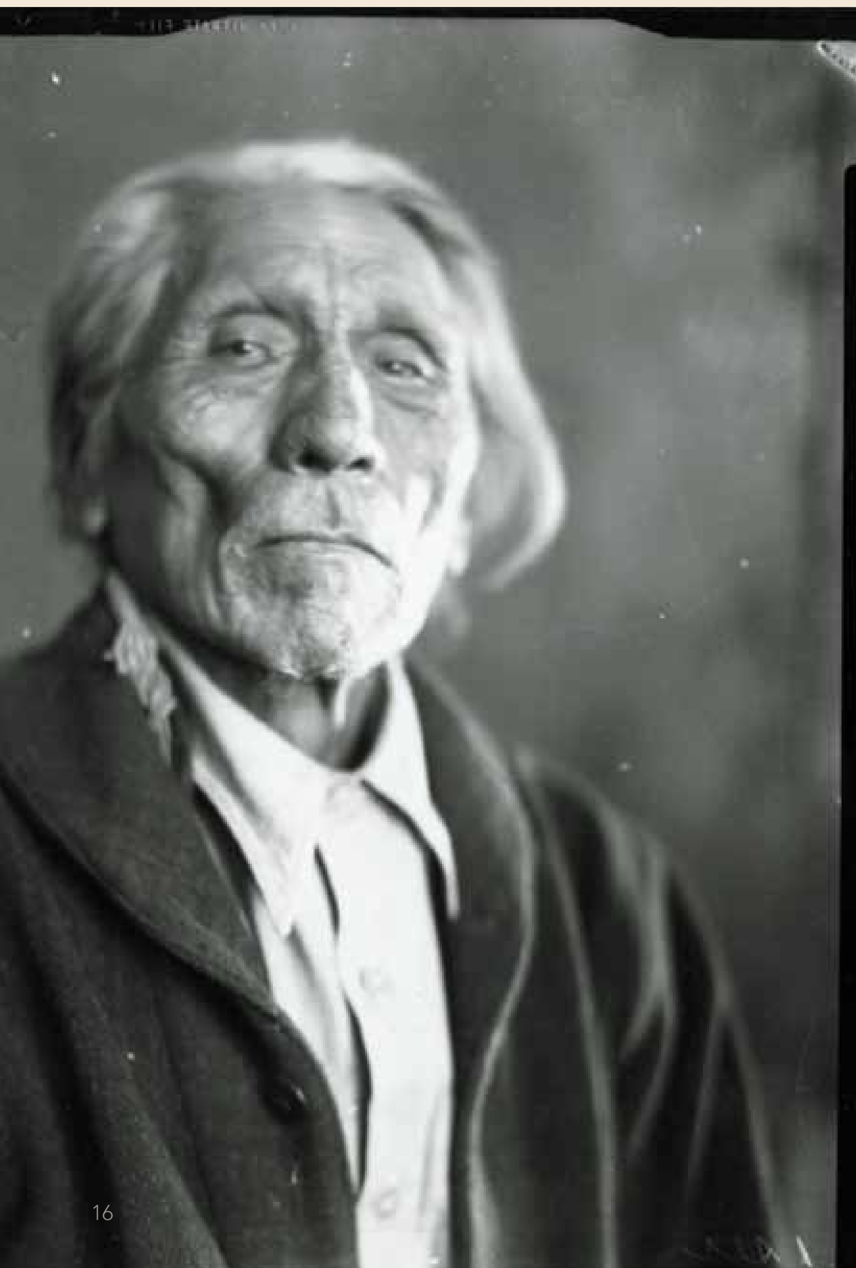
"I guess I did," Josephine answered, laughing. Jim then pulled her to her feet to prove he hadn't forgotten what she taught him. They began to dance. A circle of onlookers gathered around them, and when they completed the demonstration, Jim escorted Josephine back to her seat. A newsman in attendance whispered wistfully to Josephine's daughter, "If only this moment could have been captured on film!"

When Josephine returned to Standing Rock in 1909, she discovered her parents had built her a house since they figured she was used to white ways and a white style of living. For the twelve years at school, her primary language had been English, but she quickly relearned her original language, Dakota, and could also speak Lakota, and Nakota. For a time she worked at managing a mercantile store in McIntosh, South Dakota, which was owned by her brother-in-law, Joseph Archambault, until she married a man named Godfrey and moved with him to Montana where their son, John, was born. After her husband's death she returned to the reservation and eventually married Colvin Kelly—a grandson of old Charles Primeau, whose sons were well-known interpreters between Dakota people and the white agency officials. Her second husband, Colvin, was disgusted with government injustices and abuses and spoke out against the Bureau of Indian Affairs. After receiving an appendectomy in a government hospital, he was forever plagued with complications that required him to return again and again, each time more of him cut away, until it was reported that he had been operated on more than anyone in the area—twenty-two surgeries in all. Many elders were convinced that BIA officials were behind his suffering, that they ordered the butchery as punishment for all his inflammatory speeches. Colvin's life was a misery of pain, but he continued to warn his people of the dangers of federal government policies, and he and Josephine fought against John Collier's proposed Indian Reorganization Act which would remove traditional practices of governance. Their home became a hotbed of discussion, counsel, and strategizing. Elders would travel from great distances to hear Colvin speak; he used Dakota terms that were not often heard any longer, his extensive vocabulary a feast for their hungry ears. Colvin left Standing Rock in the 1930s and settled on the Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota for a time, but Josephine remained and continued the fight to preserve a traditional way of life for her people.

In 1932 Josephine was appointed deputy county auditor for Corson County in South Dakota. That same year the registrar of deeds retired and encouraged her to run for his position. At that time few women of any background ran for public office, let alone a Native woman, but the registrar worked hard to get her elected, saying, "Josephine will do a good job. She knows the work better than I do." Her opponent was Hugh McCormick, a white attorney supported by a handful of voters who were committed to continuing the practice of securing Sioux lands at very cheap prices. Josephine lost by a slim margin, but without bitterness she took the time to teach McCormick the job and was always available when he needed her help.

In the 1930s Josephine was one of many Dakota people who opposed the Indian Reorganization Act, believing its passage would destroy the traditional leadership structure, demoralizing the people and undermining their kinship ties and ancient values. She worked with a team to inform the people of what was at stake, and because of their diligent

organizing, the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation ultimately rejected the act. However John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, then at the height of his political power, pushed the act through for all tribes, disregarding their protests. Eventually, after the passage of the new act, Josephine's only brother, John Gates, became the first tribal chairman of the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, and went on to serve three more terms in that position. The Yanktonai were the largest group of Sioux on Standing Rock at that time and they pressured Josephine to become active in tribal affairs. Ever mindful of her grandfather's example, she did what was expected of her and was elected as tribal councilwoman. In 1946 she became the first Native woman to serve as a chairwoman of a tribe. Josephine served until 1951. In her leadership role she was constantly reminding people that in the earlier days when our chiefs signed treaties which detailed the federal government's obligations to Indian people, the chiefs believed they were securing a future for generations to come. She called for the government to keep their promises to the tribes, and encouraged her people to never give up their rights as designated by these binding treaties.



Little Soldier, 1938

During the desperate years of the 1930s, working on behalf of the tribe, Josephine and fellow council members hitchhiked to Washington, D.C., on several occasions to meet with government officials, and in one instance, attempted to meet with the president. They carried their few clothes and some food in paper sacks, and knew that once they reached Chicago a woman from Standing Rock named Anna Pleets Harris would offer shelter and assistance, which she did. Josephine was able to meet with Eleanor Roosevelt on one of these trips, and although the First Lady pushed her husband to meet with the tribal leaders, this was as far as they would get. For the children left behind, this was a fearful time, for they'd heard stories of how Indian leaders were sometimes poisoned by the government, and they didn't know if they'd ever see their mother again. But Josephine had taught them to be dependable and strong, and trusted them to take care of one another.

Josephine's activism continued throughout the decades. In 1951 the NCAI held their convention in Saint Paul, Minnesota, and honored Josephine for her strong leadership resulting in a victory for all Indian people—the right to employ legal counsel of their own choosing. This ended the BIA practice of appointing legal representatives for tribes. In her short acceptance speech she thanked the Standing Rock Sioux Council members and the many individuals who worked to improve the lives of others. In 1952 she collaborated with Ramona Kaiser, a non-Native woman from Ohio, to create a memorial at Valley Forge in honor of the many American Indians who died defending their country. And when the government began making plans to build the Oahe Dam, she and the rest of the tribal council strongly opposed the construction, anticipating how

"There now," she said with a smile. "That's what you expect of a wild Indian. We got that out of the way. Let's talk."

devastating the dam would be, flooding reservation lands. But the Army Corps of Engineers prevailed, and the council then negotiated with the government to obtain the best possible lands in exchange for areas that were taken.

Josephine was active in many political arenas, not just those pertaining to Indian affairs. She was a member of the Nonpartisan League, and a good friend of Senator William Langer, Congressman Usher L. Burdick, and his son, Senator Quentin Burdick. She loved people of all backgrounds, and had a wonderful sense of humor. She could make a point using wit and a measure of surprise such as the time she met with Bill Zimmerman, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs from 1933 to 1950. Early in his tenure she arranged a meeting with him and he was already nervous when she arrived, given her reputation as "the BIA's Number One Agitator." Mr. Zimmerman opened his door, ushered her in, and was about to take his seat when she told him, "No, don't sit down." He paused. "Go around your desk," she ordered. He looked confused. She moved to chase him, and they ran around his desk a couple of times before she paused and sat down in a chair. "There now," she said with a smile. "That's what you expect of a wild Indian. We got that out of the way. Let's talk."

Despite Josephine's struggles with the federal government, she was a devoted patriot and a Gold Star Mother: six of her eight children served in the armed forces, four of them during World War II. This service wasn't limited to her sons; her eldest daughter became an army nurse cadet, and a younger girl quit her job as a riveter in Seattle to become one of the first, perhaps *the* first, Native woman marine. When the Korean War erupted, Josephine's third son became a decorated soldier, and her youngest son, Louis, was killed in that war just two weeks before his eighteenth birthday. He is buried in Arlington National Military Cemetery.

Josephine died in 1976, and on a cold November day, after a blizzard had passed through town delaying services and burials, a Mass was held for her and she was laid to rest in Saint Peter's Cemetery, the same ground where her grandfather, Two Bear, was buried. The officiating priest said of her: "I did not have the privilege of knowing this woman, but have learned much about her these past few days. Many have told me what a great lady she was. And it's fitting to have symbols of Josephine's heritage: a star quilt and eagle feather war bonnet, an altar cloth and crucifix, together adorning her casket."

Josephine waged her battles at a time when there was no media interest in agitation work. She and her fellow tribal council members served their people without salaries or expense accounts. They didn't own automobiles or telephones. Josephine used a large packing box which had once held ration tea as her file cabinet, and a patched cloth bag for a briefcase. Yet she walked many miles on behalf of her people.

Approximately when she returned from Carlisle after the long separation at boarding school, the community gave this young woman a new name, seeing some quality in her that reminded them of her grandfather. They called her *Wachinoyapi Win,* The Tribe Looks to Her for Help Woman. □

Susan Kelly Power was born in Fort Yates, North Dakota, in 1925. She is the great-granddaughter of Chief Two Bear, and the daughter of Josephine Gates Kelly. She is a tribal historian and the last surviving founder of the American Indian Center in Chicago.

Josephine Gates Kelly. National Congress of American Indians conference, Denver, 1948. (Beaded satchel made by her mother as a graduation present.)

My mother writes a tribute to her own mother, Josephine Gates Kelly, in the third person. She does not use the voice of "I," she never says, "my mother," as I do here, to claim Josephine for herself. I ask myself, "Why?" My mother feels close to her mother who has been gone for thirty-four years. When she is ill or troubled, she sits in a rocking chair and covers herself in Josephine's quilt, as if this worn cotton around her shoulders is the embrace of a mother's arms. She doesn't look to her mother for comfort so much as guidance, since my mother was always the dependable one in the family, the girl who didn't cause trouble or bring her mother any worries. Even now she tries to leave Josephine's spirit in peace. So why does she tell her mother's story from a distance?

Josephine Gates Kelly: **A Grandaughter's Postscript**

By Susan Power

I think I understand. We are descended from Chief Two Bear *(Mahto Nuhpa),* who was a respected council chief during the time of the Civil War. A Dakota chief does not belong to his family, even his beloved children. He belongs to the people. He is available to them when they have troubles they can't solve on their own, he is responsible for their well being and survival. He gives the first share of all he has to them, and then what remains will be given to his nearest relatives. Growing up in the 1960s I didn't see examples of this kind of chief on television, in films, or in the many books I devoured. Indian chiefs were inarticulate and bossy, speaking to their people like underlings, telling them what to do. They enjoyed the taste of their power. This didn't fit the stories I'd been told of my great-great-grandfather, Two Bear, remembrances of his wisdom, foresight, generosity, patience, and courage; his determination to lead his people through treacherous times of enormous change, to ensure their survival, and the survival of generations to come, to ensure that someday a granddaughter like me would be able to write you as I am writing now. His descendants have been raised to understand that they come from a long line of hereditary chiefs of the Yanktonai Dakota, and this means that in some ways their life is not their own, they must find a way to be of service to the people. Josephine became a tribal leader, following in her grandfather's footsteps, and so her children had to share her with the community and learn to be independent at a young age so she was free to discharge her many obligations. They could not claim her for their own no matter how much she loved them.

I understand, too, my mother's reluctance to tell our story, to hold up Two Bear and Josephine Gates Kelly as examples. We aren't meant to brag or nab the spotlight. When journalists wanted to interview Josephine and shine the light on her many accomplishments, she would praise the talents of others and continue to work behind the scenes, deflecting attention from herself. She wasn't seeking praise or even gratitude—she was simply doing what she was supposed to. And yet the time has come to tell her story because we don't have as many good examples as we once did. So many tribal governments have been remade in the likeness of the mainstream American system due to the Indian Reorganization Act, that we sometimes emulate what we see in Washington—we learn to love our power, accumulate treasure, and help our families before anyone else. We learn to tell people what they want to hear, and then leave the difficult choices for someone else to make.

In the 1930s when the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation was suffering through the Depression and the flying dirt of the Dust Bowl years, the tribal council had a little money they spent on a few lean buffalo. The buffalo were killed and the meat butchered in Josephine's yard. Her children were hungry, like everyone else, and they were thrilled to hear of this rare treat, anticipating what section of the animal they would be given, already tasting its nourishing juices. They watched closely as council members carved the precious meat, placing it in tubs the people brought with them to carry the food home. Josephine went about her work while her children hopped excitedly in the yard, waiting for their share. Soon they became nervous, would there be anything left by the time the tribal council was done sharing out the food? They whispered to their mother, and she hushed them, saying, "The chief's family eats last." In the end they did receive a small piece of buffalo meat, the plank, what remained after everyone else had been fed. As children they were disappointed, but as adults, they appreciated their mother's consistency, how she never placed herself above the needs of her people. We live in a time where many of our leaders worry that when they move to Washington they'll be trapped in a "bubble," they will forget what it is to be one of the people, one of their constituents. If they followed the old-time ways of Dakota leaders they would not accept health care for their families until they knew their people could afford doctors, they wouldn't accept high salaries until they knew their people had work and could support themselves. So my mother sits down to write a few pages about her mother, Josephine, even though Grandma wouldn't want the attention—as a reminder of what is possible.

My mother raised me to honor these traditional values even as I ventured into the mainstream and spent many years being educated in the Academy. When I set off for college she told me not to

Josephine (pictured top left.), Chairman of the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, Fort Yates, N.D., 1944. (With her Tribal Council.)

forget the people I came from, my courageous, generous ancestors, and I find myself coming back to this foundation again and again. I was taught that human life is not more important than the lives of other beings, that we have debts to one another as relatives on this planet. She told me how when she was a girl, spending the day outdoors with her brothers and sisters, scrounging to find edible roots, berries, they sometimes came across a cache of beans collected by field mice. The first time they made this triumphant find, they ran home with the treasure, expecting their mother to be so happy! Instead, she quizzed them to find out how they'd come by this bounty, and when they told her, she scolded them for stealing from the mice. She gave them corn to take back in place of the beans so the mice would have something in return. They obeyed her, probably grumbling a little along the way. It isn't easy to live so carefully, acknowledging our responsibilities to so many beings. Yet these are the values that come back to me now as the worthiest lessons of my life, as so many other theories and principles fall away.

My grandmother, Josephine, never scolded me—I could always count on her to take my side. Yet I can imagine her spirit scolding me now, reminding me that we are all just *unsika* (pitiful) people doing the best we can. "Don't make me a saint," she admonishes. "No one is perfect." I feel she will always be uncomfortable with the spotlight aimed in her direction, but I share my mother's instinct to tell at least a small piece of her story for we are once again living in challenging times of enormous change. Are we really doing the best we can? I will never be the leader my grandmother was, yet holding her example before me I will surely be a better person for her inspiration.

I have been so fortunate to travel the world and study with gifted teachers, curious about the histories of people of all different backgrounds. Reading the work of prophets and philosophers writing out of very different traditions has enriched my life, expanded my brain. But I reject the role of the marginal person, the empty vessel needing to be filled by others, as if teaching is a one-way road. I don't come from a subculture, a dangling branch that hangs off the proud American tree. Our tribal roots drill deep and have yet to be plucked from this territory, this Turtle Island continent. We know how to live in this place so that life is possible from one generation to the other, all varieties of life are sustained. Tribal peoples have been schooled by the mainstream for hundreds of years, and a few of us are beginning to turn the tables and step forward with our stories, our own lessons, which we offer up as necessary additions to the Canon.

It is time for us to do some teaching. ◻

Susan Power is the author of The Grass Dancer, Roofwalker, *and a forthcoming novel,* Our Lady of the New World. *She is an enrolled member of the Standing Rock Sioux tribe, born and raised in Chicago, and a graduate of Harvard Law School and the Iowa Writers' Workshop. She currently lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota. In the Dakota tradition, Susan carries the name* Wanahca Wastewin, *Good Flower Woman, in honor of her maternal grandmother.*

Two Bear (Mahto Nunpa), chief of the Yaktonai Dakota, 1860's.

Whitestone **Hill**

By Clair Jacobson

It is "the bloodiest battle ever fought on North Dakota soil." The U.S. Government lists it among the principal battles of the Civil War. Based on casualty estimates, the Army-Indian conflict at Whitestone Hill in 1863 ranks near the top of all Plains Indian War engagements, from the 1850s to 1890. Despite this, the story of what happened at Whitestone Hill remains one of the best-kept secrets in American history.

In early September of 1863, two regiments of U.S. Cavalry troops attacked a large camp of Dakota or Sioux Indians in eastern Dakota Territory. The frontier site was called Whitestone Hill, and by the time the soldiers departed, they had destroyed hundreds of tipis, burned several hundred thousand pounds of dried buffalo meat, and killed or wounded an estimated 150 to 200 Indians.

Why has such a significant conflict remained so obscure? The answers lie in the timing, the location, and the absence of a permanent local population to record and remember the event. The clash occurred just two months after the Battle of Gettysburg, the deadliest and most famous battle of the Civil War. Gettysburg and its aftermath dominated the headlines. In addition, the Whitestone Hill conflict occurred on the western frontier, hundreds of miles from the nearest population centers. By the time an account appeared in *Harper's Weekly* on October 31, 1863, the story was already old news about a distant event.

Unlike other Civil War-era sites in the eastern and southern United States, Whitestone Hill seemed to disappear after 1863. It was not until 1883 that the site was rediscovered by local settlers who were homesteading in eastern Dakota Territory. More than twenty additional years passed before Whitestone Hill was designated an official North Dakota historic site.

The Whitestone Hill attack became a turning point in the history of the Yanktonai Dakota Indians, just as the Gettysburg battle was the pivotal point in the Civil War. After Whitestone Hill, the Yanktonais would no longer travel freely over their traditional homelands in eastern Dakota Territory. In just five years, following an 1868 treaty with the U.S. Government, a large number of Yanktonais were settled on what became the Standing Rock Reservation on the west side of the Missouri River. Others made their homes on reservations at Crow Creek in present-day South Dakota, Devils Lake in North Dakota, and distant Fort Peck in Montana.

The roots of the Whitestone Hill engagement can be traced to the Great Sioux Uprising in Minnesota in 1862. This explosion by the Santee or eastern Dakota tribes claimed the lives of perhaps 500 settlers and sent as many as 40,000 more fleeing from their homes.

Despite the fact that the United States was already locked in a bitter struggle, pitting northern states against southern, the federal government in Washington, D.C., decided to send troops into Dakota Territory during the summer of 1863. These soldiers were to find and punish hostile Santee Dakotas who had fled from Minnesota the previous fall, and to also attack other Indians on the frontier who had decided to join the hostiles. The soldiers were entering the homeland of the Yanktonai Dakotas, Indians who had lived in the region since the arrival of horses on the northern Great Plains, probably around 1750.

Many Yanktonai leaders—including *Waneta* (The Charger), Two Bear, Black Catfish, Bone Necklace, Little Soldier, and Big Head—are not as well known as some of their western kin, warriors like Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, and Sitting Bull. But the Yanktonais shared a common culture, language, and kinship with these Dakota or Sioux relatives.

They lived in buffalo hide tipis, gathered chokecherries and *tipsin* (a prairie turnip), hunted the vast herds of buffalo roaming the northern plains, and used horses and dogs to move their villages with relative ease. Numerous bands of Yanktonais gathered each year for the late summer buffalo hunt, preserving the meat for winter by drying it in the sun. Whitestone Hill was the scene of one of those hunting camps.

When the United States Army prepared to send troops into Dakota Territory in 1863, the task fell to recently recruited soldiers from the state of Iowa and Nebraska Territory. These men did not expect to be sent to the Dakota frontier when they joined the Army.

The Sixth Iowa Cavalry regiment had been recruited to fight Confederate soldiers in the Civil War. These troops anticipated orders that would take them to battlefields in the South and East. The men in the Second Nebraska Cavalry regiment enlisted to form a home guard for Nebraska Territory, providing protection for their homes and settlements. They intended to counter potential Indian attacks if the violence in Minnesota spread farther west and south.

Not understanding the Dakota culture, where no single chief or even a group of chiefs could speak for the entire encampment, the cavalry officer had demanded the impossible.

The U.S. War Department soon made other plans, however. Both regiments received orders to report to a staging area near Sioux City, Iowa. They would be following the Missouri River into Dakota Territory.

The soldiers harbored no illusions about the situation. They were going to war. They expected to find Little Crow, the principal leader of the Minnesota Uprising, and his followers. Their orders, issued by the commanding general, were to demand the surrender of any Indians encountered, and if the Indians refused, to attack.

General Alfred Sully had been sent west to lead the expedition. He had commanded troops at several eastern battlefields, including Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Antietam. Sully had fought in some of the bloodiest engagements of the Civil War in the East. He didn't intend to fail on the frontier.

After months of marching and camping in the dry Dakota terrain, Sully's army did find Indians. A scouting party of 300 Iowa soldiers discovered the encampment at Whitestone Hill on September 3, 1863. Situated in a range of low hills, it was a hunting camp of numerous bands gathered for the late summer buffalo hunt. They were primarily Yanktonai Dakotas.

Initially expecting about twenty lodges, the scouting party was shocked to discover that the huge encampment contained from 400 to 600 tipis, with perhaps 3,500 Indians. In the uneven terrain, they could

Beaded satchel made by Josephine Gates Kelly's mother as a graduation present.

only guess at the number of lodges. Messengers were dispatched to inform General Sully and the main command. It was mid-afternoon.

As the Iowa scouting party waited in the hot sun, a delegation of Dakota chiefs approached to ask why the soldiers had come. No doubt aware of what had happened in Minnesota the previous fall, the chiefs tried to negotiate with the soldiers through an interpreter. The talks stalemated when the leader of the scouting party demanded that all of the Indians surrender. Not understanding the Dakota culture, where no single chief or even a group of chiefs could speak for the entire encampment, the cavalry officer had demanded the impossible. The talks ended in failure.

When the main body of soldiers with Sully's expedition received word in the late afternoon that their scouts had found Indians, the men quickly saddled their horses, gathered their weapons, and set out for the encampment ten miles away.

The Dakotas at Whitestone Hill saw the clouds of dust stirred up by the approaching army when the soldiers were still a mile away. With the sun descending in the west, many Dakotas decided to abandon their villages. The hard-charging cavalry turned the once peaceful encampment into turmoil as the Indians quickly gathered what possessions they could and departed, scattering over the hills and through the ravines. Warriors and women, children and the elderly, horses and dogs, all hurried in a desperate attempt to get away from the rapidly approaching cavalry. Some of the soldiers passed around the encampment to the south while others did likewise on the north side. Their orders were to cut off the departure of as many Indians as possible. It was a fluke of war that the different cavalry commands—maneuvering independently, out of sight of each other, and with no means of communication—managed to overtake hundreds of fleeing Dakotas and drive them into a single ravine from different directions.

While the majority of his command pushed ahead to cut off the Indians' retreat, General Sully led the remainder of his troops into the largely abandoned villages. There he accepted the surrender of two Dakota bands that had chosen not to flee. No shots had yet been fired. Several hundred Dakotas were trapped in the ravine, with the Nebraska soldiers moving into position on the south and Iowa troops approaching from the north. The commander of the Nebraska regiment concluded that with the sun descending rapidly, the Indians would soon escape under the cover of darkness.

He ordered his men to open fire with their rifled muskets. The noise and chaos that followed—the crack of rifle shots, clouds of smoke, screams of the wounded, panicking horses, and the acrid smell of gunpowder—enveloped the ravine for about a half-hour.

When the horses of the Iowa soldiers became unmanageable as darkness set in, the Indians streamed out through an opening in the soldiers' line, carrying many of the dead and wounded with them. The engagement had been brief but brutal.

The next day orders were given to burn the abandoned tipis and other Indian possessions. For two days the destruction continued. Dried buffalo meat, an estimated 400,000 to 500,000 pounds from perhaps 1,000 slaughtered buffalo, was piled onto the fires. Metal objects that would not burn—knives, hide scrapers, muskets, and lance points—were either thrown into the nearby lake or driven into the ground.

When the army left Whitestone Hill on September 6, their officers estimated that between 150 and 200 Indians had been killed or wounded. They would never know for sure because the Dakotas had taken many of the casualties with them as they departed in darkness. The soldiers had made certain, however, that the villages left behind had been destroyed. Twenty soldiers died from the fighting and 38 were wounded.

Although Whitestone Hill remains little known nationwide, the importance of the site has not been lost on people living in the surrounding area.

In an ironic twist to the history of the Whitestone Hill site, the skeletons of soldiers who died there, and which were found scattered on the ground twenty years later, had disappeared by 1889. When residents of the nearby town of Ellendale decided to rebury them in the local cemetery, they were gone. A newspaper article explained what had happened.

"It seems that the thrifty Russians of that neighborhood gathered up these bones with the buffalo bones that were strewed over the prairie and sold them to the bone dealers, who have shipped them east to make sugar."

Although Whitestone Hill remains little known nationwide, the importance of the site has not been lost on people living in the surrounding area. For more than 100 years, interested individuals and local groups have promoted interest in the site and sponsored educational events about this conflict on the Dakota frontier.

In 1914, five thousand people attended a ceremony there, including three Dakota Indians who had been at Whitestone Hill 41 years earlier: Red Bow, He-Takes-His Shield, and Holy Horse. In 1942, a plaque was dedicated to honor the Indians who died during the fighting at Whitestone Hill, with descendants of the Two Bear family present to represent the Dakotas.

A two-day centennial celebration held at the site in 1963 included parades, Indian dancing, a memorial service for both soldiers and Indians killed in the conflict, and a rodeo, with an estimated 20,000 people converging for the Sunday events. In 1976, the year of the nation's bicentennial, area residents staged an elaborate outdoor pageant based on the Whitestone Hill conflict.

The current Whitestone Hill Battlefield Historical Society, organized in 1986, continues to sponsor events at the site. An educational day for area elementary school children draws from 250 to 300 students each year, with presentations about the Dakota Indian culture and the conflict more than 140 years ago.

Today the pastures around Whitestone Hill are still carpeted with the virgin prairie sod that covered the rolling terrain in 1863. But now the landscape is dotted with cattle where buffalo grazed seven score and seven years ago. Abraham Lincoln's words at Gettysburg would also prove appropriate for the Whitestone Hill conflict: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." ☐

Clair Jacobson visited the Whitestone Hill Battlefield as a boy and has researched and written about the conflict and the people involved for more than thirty years. A former U.S. Marine, he has a master's degree in history and has published three books related to the history of the Dakotas, the most recent being The UnCivil War at Whitestone Hill.

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Red Vines:
Lines for Deloria

By Heid E. Erdrich

Truck stop bucket offers red whips, miles worth of invert syrup—chew for the chaw-free, rich with red dye. In it for the long haul, we load up on licorice laces, punctuate our stories by bites placed in dramatic pauses.

RED is a flavor of its own, sweet imitation of nothing known in nature. Black whips, the ones we favor, seem extinct in truck stops. RED it is. RED for joy riding. GOD after all is RED and has been long before 1969, when Custer died for your sins and the universe came alive and chokecherry trees became your relations.

Red vines for journey. Road trip with whips and sisters who whip me into shape, need it or not. We could skip the licorice ropes, do without or Double Dutch with them. In this bucket, there's enough red rope to string us all together, like relatives fed from the same rich vein.

We mistake what looks like a dead eagle for a dead eagle and turn a U to find it is a goose. But not before we swap Red Vines for tobacco, jump out on the shoulder. Poor goose. Who's to say we shouldn't honor you? Still we leave you, roadside, road-killed and toothsome to buzzards, our other relatives.

The road divides for a boat-shaped rest area.
There are five points to the Lakota Worldview.
Point one: The Universe is Alive.

Red berries near the rest stop attract us. We of the chokecherry. Women of the Chokecherry. We of the tree Deloria gives agency. Chokecherries choose us. Who doesn't know this?

Some berries listen. Some lead. For sure we know we find berries when berries want to be found.

Uncommon flavor, the chokecherry. Tastes like mouth: hot, red, sharp, dark. Sweetened now, most often, to a tolerable syrup. But on the road we like it red-black and tart. God is RED—dark, sharp—a mouth.

Snap the licorice, measure the miles in vines. Stay awake. Not for the flavor, for the snap. Pass some back. If only we could say what it is we taste… What is the flavor? Ineffability?

If the universe were alive, these vines would taste of chokecherry.

Taste of the fruit we picked at the rest stop, of the three yogurt cups we filled up, of the Auntie Tree with Agency. But none of us think that at the time. We just motor along snapping licorice and chatting.

She speaks her flavor through the air, the alive air of the universe and of the speeding vehicle, so we all say at once, hey, RED VINES TASTE OF CHOKECHERRY.

Because suddenly, and ever after, they do. ☐

Raised in Wahpeton, Heid E. Erdrich is Ojibwe, enrolled at Turtle Mountain. Among her books is National Monuments, *which won the 2009 Minnesota Book Award for Poetry. A former professor, Heid is a visiting writer who regularly travels to teach and perform her poems. She also works with American Indian visual artists in Minnesota.*

Note: Vine Deloria Jr. (1933-2005) was a Standing Rock Sioux and author of more than twenty books including Custer Died for Your Sins. *Deloria, who was trained as both a seminarian and a lawyer, steadfastly worked to demythologize how white Americans thought of American Indians.*

It is fall 2009. **We have a brand new high school and it is busy creating crisp new traditions: spirit weeks, fall and winter dances, a mascot (a frightfully bland eagle), team colors (blue and white, naturally) and a whole range of quasi-academic traditions such as the yearbook and the annual musical theater production. The school has been crafted in the moment of multiculturalism and diversity in American education. It has an African American principal, a diverse workforce, and a student body that is both "hyphenated-American" and international in scope. The school is very sensitive to cultural difference—or so it seems.**

For the annual musical, the theater director chooses the 1946 Irving Berlin musical, ***Annie Get Your Gun.*** It takes as its setting Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, and it concerns a romance between the trick sharpshooters Annie Oakley and Frank Butler. During the 1885-86 season, the Lakota Sioux leader Sitting Bull traveled with the Wild West and he came to know and apparently like Annie Oakley—which is how he comes to be one of the characters in the musical. No one at the school gives this a second thought.

How Do We (Not) Think About American Indians in American History?: **A Tale of Two Schools**

By Philip J. Deloria

Philip J. Deloria is the Carroll Smith-Rosenberg Collegiate Professor of History and American Studies and Associate Dean for Undergraduate Education in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts at the University of Michigan. He is the author of Playing Indian *(1998) and* Indians in Unexpected Places *(2004), as well as numerous articles and essays. A former president of the American Studies Association, he is currently a trustee of the National Museum of the American Indian.*

The original script, by Dorothy and Herbert Fields, is rich with the kind of comic schtick that migrated from vaudeville to mid-century stages and film studios, and Sitting Bull serves as one of the primary vehicles for the fast-paced banter (that's a "heap big heap" of money, he says at one point; or "Great White Father is Indian Giver"—it's that kind of talk). Some of the original material—the song "I'm an Indian Too," for example—has become so dated that it has been removed from contemporary productions as offensive. Indeed, the high school students perform a 1999 rewrite that aims to ameliorate these kinds of concerns.

When they see the actual script, however, some of the high school parents feel that the rewriting has not gone far enough and that, even if the lines and the lyrics have been mildly updated, the ways in which student actors are performing the Indian characters reflects old stereotypes. They press the issue with administrators and are disappointed by the school's response: the music is so good (it is an *Irving Berlin* musical, after all!) and it has been *updated* (said slowly and patiently, as if to a small child) so that anything offensive has surely been removed. With these changes in mind, says the school, the overriding issue at stake is not really "cultural sensitivities" but rather freedom of artistic expression for the students and director.

Here's the crux of the matter. "Freedom of expression" is translated quickly into "freedom of speech," which means that the exchange becomes (ironically, given the tendencies of the American high school to censor its students) an issue of *civil rights.* The slippage happens almost unconsciously. In the context of the multiculturalism wrought by four decades of civil rights activism—the context of the school itself—"civil rights" is a particularly powerful position from which to argue. One by one, parents peel away from the protesting group. But there is bewilderment in the air. Parents are surprised at how easily a multicultural school proves unable to imagine that its diversity might include American Indian students or that the local community might include American Indian people. This, after all, is a school that refused to let its athletic teams wear black (which the students argue, would go so well with the rather wimpy blue and white), for fear of the racialized meanings that might inhere in football or softball uniforms.

As surprising, however, is the way that the language of the debate moved so seamlessly from pleas for cultural sensitivity to the First Amendment rights of students and teachers to say, or perform, what they wanted. Two central languages of multiculturalism—"respect for others" and "constitutional civil rights"—were pitted against one another, and civil rights was the clear winner.

I sent my letter of protest to the school (four pages, with illustrations!), where it was promptly ignored. I brooded all fall. I started wondering about the politics of race at the school, which focused, quite naturally, on its substantial African American population. And I started thinking about the ways that a second school—my school, the University of Michigan—maybe had something to do with the invisibility of Indian people at the high school. In partnership with college and university history departments across the continent, our history department constantly frames for students the big, significant stories of American history. Those students then go on to become teachers, principals, musical theater directors, and parents. The story they have in their head comes out of those history courses. They're mostly about White Americans. But when they're not, they're mostly about Black Americans—and thus, about civil rights. How does this happen?

In the history department where I teach, we divide our survey of United States history into two halves. The first runs from the dawn of time through the Civil War and Reconstruction; the second begins with Reconstruction and runs to the near-present. When we discuss teaching assignments, the consequences of this division become clear: the first half is relatively simple to teach and there are willing volunteers; the second half is more difficult and fewer hands are raised. Why is the first half "simple?" It has a relatively clean storyline, which is centered on the sectional conflict between North and South that culminated in the Civil War. One easily and naturally begins the class on the field at Gettysburg, recounting the story of Pickett's Charge, that frightening battlefield moment when Confederate soldiers marched across over a mile of open field, chewed to pieces by Union fire before they even reached the enemy positions. Why, you ask the students, would men do such a thing?

That single question, easily understood and yet utterly mystifying, opens up the entire sweep of United States history in a most compelling way. Why the Civil War? Why these sections called North and South? Why this question of states' rights? Why slavery? How did it work? Where did it come from? The questions—so

natural, so pressing, so important—guide you back through the nineteenth century to the developing of differential economies among North and South, the fatal compromises built into the founding documents of the republic, the family and labor systems that developed out of colonial settlement, the middle passage and triangle trade, the development of a Black Atlantic, the creation of the South as a slave-based society.

The Civil War offers teachers, students and readers a narrative hook that gives shape and definition to a vast amount of history. It establishes a framework that students find useful and familiar. First settlements, Indian Wars, and colonial land-taking become preludes to the story that leads to the Civil War. The elimination of the Spanish, French, and English from what would become the United States—these things, too, are merely warm-ups for the story of the preconditions that produced the war, that great divider of American time, space, memory, and culture. The great West becomes not a coherent region in and of itself—a place full of American Indian people and their social and political structures—but an empty space, the site of the colonial expansion that will bring sectional crisis to a boil.

We teach the Civil War as the *effect* of a complex series of historical causes. And then, we turn around and teach it as a kind of *cause* in and of itself. Think of what the Civil War produced: the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, Reconstruction and its failure, the rise of Jim Crow segregation, North-South (white) reconciliation, new conquests in the West and overseas, new forms of Black culture and politics, and eventually the twentieth-century civil rights movements.

The second part of the U.S. history survey is complicated by other factors—European wars, economic depressions, overseas expansion. But it is also true that the racial questions generated and left unresolved by the Civil War make up an important part of the storyline. Indeed, when teaching this second half of U.S. history, one is tempted to mark out the beginning of the class with the assertion of black civil rights reflected in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments, and then mark as an endpoint the twentieth-century black civil rights movement that gave us desegregation, voting rights, and Martin Luther King, Jr. (with of course an update that carries us forward to Barack Obama). It's a powerful story, true and critical to an American self-understanding.

The freedom of speech argument wielded to defend ***Annie Get Your Gun*** from those who found it inappropriate was powered by this particular way of telling the story. Here are its central elements: The Civil War (and we'll be hearing a lot about the war as we head into the sesquicentennial celebrations—is the hinge-point for American History. The war was about states' rights, but it was (if we're honest with ourselves) mostly about slavery and about the ways the nation has struggled—with difficulty, but also with a certain kind of nobility and a measure of success—to overcome the burden of a history of unfreedom and inequality. What else? This particular American struggle was conducted mostly by African American people and their goal was civil rights and citizenship.

When we think of other American minorities, it is almost impossible *not* to place them in this framework, as people struggling for the same goals of citizenship and equal opportunity. The Fourteenth amendment, to trace one example, offers the political grounding for most discussions of citizenship, and its promise of equal protection under the law has become a commonsense value. In the post-Reconstruction world of the late nineteenth century, "equal protection" went away and most white Americans embraced the "separate but equal" doctrine that underpinned Jim Crow segregation. The institutions and practices that supported segregation and discrimination (schools, employers, voting rights, housing and the like) served as targets for a wide range of people. But in the context of that powerful American historical narrative, one can see clearly how the African American experience—understood in terms of the movement from slavery to freedom to civil rights—gives direction and form to the stories of other groups of people. The movements are clear and compelling: from discrimination to equal protection; from alien immigrant to national citizen; from otherness to belonging, from segregation to integration, from dangerous inequality to equality and freedom.

Such stories are deeply powerful, for they carry readers from something bad to something better. They emphasize agency, progress and possibility. They have intelligible goals: liberty, recognition, civil rights, economic survival (and perhaps even prosperity), collective healing from historical trauma, a more just and equitable world. They frame our very language and our ability to think about what is possible and desirable—of *course* equality is what we want; of *course* civil rights are shared objects of struggle and desire.

But are they? Can this story be applied to American Indian people as readily as it seems to apply to everyone else? Maybe not.

In a technical sense, that same Fourteenth Amendment that promises black equality also works to pry apart African American and Native American narratives. It modifies—but also follows—Article 1, Section 2 of the United States Constitution. That original passage names four categories of American people: free people (that is, "citizens"—always an uncertain term in that the exercise of citizenship could be restricted on the basis of gender and wealth), indentured servants, "Indians not taxed," and "all other persons." This last is the oblique reference to slavery in the famous passage counting slaves as three-fifths of a person when determining congressional representation. The Fourteenth Amendment requires the counting of the "whole number of persons" (rather than three-fifths!) but it too excludes "Indians not taxed." American Indians, in other words, don't fit into the Constitution in the same way that African Americans do.

In this citizenship gap, you can see unfolding another history, one that doesn't fit neatly into the story of the Civil War and civil rights. The phrase "Indians not taxed" raises, first, the question of collective rights as opposed to individual ones. By excluding Indians, it insists that civil rights are *individual* rights, while Indian rights—such as they are—emerge through a distinct political collective. For an Indian to be taxed (and thus, perhaps, to become a citizen), he or she had to renounce tribal membership, and take up an individual parcel of land (which was then subject to taxation). Those other people—"Indians not taxed"—remained part of a *tribal* collective, and thus outside of the story of the rights and equality. (Though other groups have struggled collectively for those rights, the rights themselves have been exercised by individuals.) Indeed, as many commentators have made clear, Indian people are *extra-constitutional.* As distinct and independent nations, they were never part of the original constitutional framework. To the extent that Indian political collectives exist under the rubric of the Constitution, they have been brought within its frame through other means, all of which rely upon the assertion that Congress has, in the end, absolute *plenary* power over Indians, as both tribal nations and—through their tribal designation as Indians—as individuals.

Tribal people, lawyers, and political theorists have all spoken and written extensively about the tensions between collective tribal national rights, as embodied in treaties, and the place of individual tribal citizens. That's a different story, one that centers tribal sovereignty and its practice. It is, however, the story that points back to the American high school. My daughter began taking the United States history course in the brand-new high school. She used a widely acclaimed textbook, written by highly respected historians. Her teacher was solid and committed. And the course exemplified exactly what I'd been thinking. The book hinged the entire course on the Civil War. When it wasn't a white story, it was mostly a black story. When it came to American Indians, not only were there errors of fact and chronology, but there was *no effort* made to outline an alternative story, a bigger analytical framework, an interpretation that challenged these others.

How could anyone be surprised, then, when ***Annie Get Your Gun*** seemed like a good idea? Or when few people in the high school community could imagine American Indians as students or neighbors? Or when civil rights and free speech trumped American Indian efforts to challenge their representation on the high school stage? These scenes play themselves out across the length and breadth of the United States, and they do so, in part, because we've come—appropriately—to value certain stories so much that they overwhelm other possibilities.

An equally big alternative story exists, and it can and must be told. In that story, the conquest of the North American continent is as important as the enslavement of Africans; Indian Removal is as important as Reconstruction; sovereignty is as important as civil rights; the Native American Renaissance as important as the Harlem Renaissance. These stories, it turns out, have *many* points of linkage and connection: Indian slaveowners, cross-racial black-Indian marriage, shared and contested political alliances, cultural slippages and exchanges. And both sets of stories, we should not forget, are every bit as important as the old familiar chestnuts, Civil War and the pioneer settling of the West.

If our history was utopia, we could look back, as if from a high hill, and see a proliferation of these stories simultaneously, intricately interlocked, rich with human complication. Lacking that view, however, it's important to keep in mind that the stories we choose to tell have consequences in the world. High schools perform musicals, students learn what they take to be gospel truth, and we all grow up to make the stories we've heard real. We act on them and repeat them and teach them until they have a solidity that keeps us from thinking about and seeing our lives and our worlds in new ways. We can do better. □

A New Story, a New Vision

By Lucy Annis Ganje

Excerpted from *Storytelling Time: Native North American Art from the Collections at the University of North Dakota* by Arthur F. Jones and Lucy Annis Ganje, published in 2010 by Hudson Hills Press. Copyright © 2010 by Hudson Hills. Reprinted by permission.

Complexity in art lies in meanings. Signifiers in art as in society, are drawn from process and context, as well as content. The process involved in the making of an object, including the experiences of the maker, becomes part of the object itself. Richard West, director of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian, said, "From the Native standpoint, it was the process involved in the creation of an object that was far more important in the end than the object itself." Neither process nor culture is static. Both change as the conditions of history change. Both are products of their time and environment.

THE JOURNEY OF THE **ART**

The journey each object took before coming to rest at the University of North Dakota is also part of the story each piece has to tell.

The array of images and artists' tribal affiliations are an indication of the diversity of Native cultures, each representing a worldview in which "art" is integrated with, rather than compartmentalized from, everyday existence. Dr. Beatrice Medicine, in "Lakota Views of 'Art' and Artistic Expression," writes that a Lakota elder in her community (the Standing Rock Nation located in North and South Dakota) defined art as *"taku gaxape na ohola pe"* (what

It has been argued that the term "artifact" establishes the context of a piece within a Western conceptual framework—an inappropriate portrayal within a Native American paradigm.

is made and cherished). However, defining "art" within traditional and contemporary American Indian artistic expression, has been an ongoing source of debate.

Nationally, as academic institutional structures changed, whether through white conscience or Indigenous people's demands, assumptions about what constituted Native American art changed as well. Art historians, anthropologists, collectors, curators, catalogers, and other keepers of cultural property began to consider American Indian perspectives regarding the creation, acquisition, and display of Native American art objects.

The distinctions between "art" and "artifact," and "art" and "craft," began to be discussed as Native American scholars—artists, anthropologists, archeologists, and art historians—became dissatisfied with how their peoples and cultures were being portrayed, and began to create and interpret through a Native lens. It has been argued that the term "artifact" establishes the context of a piece within a Western conceptual framework—an inappropriate portrayal within a Native American paradigm.

What is "art" and what is "artifact" becomes blurred in this publication. The pieces documented here can be described as historical, traditional, contemporary, and innovative. Some pieces serve as family histories, their designs relating to tribal affiliations, family connections, and creation stories. The viewer is encouraged to examine each piece for its aesthetic properties as well as any function it might serve.

Storytelling Time includes objects acquired directly from the artists and pieces originally bought by collectors and subsequently donated to, or purchased by, the University of North Dakota or the UND Foundation. Others were received as gifts, often given by Native American students or their families to thank departments as a whole, or individuals who represented the department, for help received during the students' time at the university. The provenance (source and ownership history) of some objects remains unknown.

The oldest and by far the largest collection of Native American art at the University of North Dakota is housed in the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at the Chester Fritz Library. The Victor A. Corbett Collection of Plains Indian Art includes clothing, headdresses, and ceremonial objects, many of which incorporate exquisite bead and quill work. Dr. Corbett was a former UND student, dentist, and rancher who acquired the pieces between 1940 and 1955 through purchase and in exchange for dental services. Most of them

were made on the Fort Berthold Reservation, home to the MHA (Mandan, Hidatsa and Arikara/Sahnish) Nation.

Another highlight of this book is the "White Bull Manuscript," considered to be the most valuable original manuscript held by the Chester Fritz Library and acknowledged as one of the University of North Dakota's greatest treasures. Joseph White Bull, a nephew of Sitting Bull, was a warrior at the 1876 Battle of the Little Big Horn. Fifty-five years later, in 1931, future North Dakota Congressman Usher Burdick commissioned the then 81-year-old White Bull to record his memories of the battle in words and pictures.

White Bull's manuscript consists of a black, bound, business ledger book containing 51 pages of Lakota text and pictographs in ink, lead pencil, and colored crayon. This manuscript is an invaluable documentation of the Plains Indian people's battle against the invasion of their homeland, a manuscript created from a Native perspective. White Bull documented the Battle of the Little Big Horn (known as the Battle of Greasy Grass by the Lakota/Dakota people) and illustrated skirmishes between settlers and soldiers along the Bozeman Trail, along with other important events in Plains Indian history.

White Bull's manuscript, as part of a genre of American Indian art that came to be known as "ledger art," toured the U.S. and Canada from 1996 to 1998 as part of the exhibition *Plains Indian Drawings, 1865–1935: Pages from a Visual History.* The exhibition, organized by the American Federation of Arts, was accompanied by an exhibition catalogue in which art historian Janet Berlo noted the dual character of this type of ledger book:

> Works of art are, of course, historical documents, but as all historians know, they are not merely historical documents. The artist inscribes his or her intentions but also, at times, a residue that transcends those intentions. In the case of ledger drawings, what is revealed is an unsettling portrait of one historical era, and a complex socio-cultural portrait of individuals within that era.

For his manuscript, White Bull was paid with a check for $50, dated August 26, 1931. The check was never cashed.

THE JOURNEY OF THE **PEOPLE**

The large-scale collection and display of Native North American art and "artifacts" was in full swing around the time that the University of North Dakota was founded in 1883, and corresponded with significant events in U.S. governmental policy toward Indian people. Many private and public collections of American Indian objects resulted from this "high period of colonialism," lasting from about 1830 to 1930. Art historians Janet Berlo and Ruth Philips note that this period parallels official government policies of removal and assimilation.

In the book, *University of the Northern Plains: A History of the University of North Dakota, 1883–1958,* author Louis Geiger notes, "The Indian problem was still immediate when the university was established...."

The U.S. government was moving quickly to solve this "problem." The 1830 American Indian Removal Act authorized the removal of all Indian people from their homelands in the eastern United States, pushing them westward. This policy was strongly supported by white farmers eager to take land occupied by the "Five Civilized Tribes" in the South. The 1851 and 1868 Fort Laramie Treaties further seized control of American Indian homelands on the Great Plains and established the "Great Sioux Reservation." The following excerpt from a statement by Walter Burleigh, Dakota Territory delegate to the U.S. House of Representatives, directed to Congress in June,1866, is an example of U.S. government policy at the time:

> ...and the Indian must either willingly or reluctantly surrender his claim to the soil, and abandon his birth right to the hardy pioneers of civilization. While the miserable Indian with his inferior surroundings, has deserted his former hunting grounds and is fast passing away before the steady advance of the white man, for whose inheritance this country seems to have been especially created.

The visual imagery formally chosen to represent the state and the University also signals the region's attitudes toward Native American people and life-ways.

The territorial seal, approved in 1863 by the Legislative

Assembly of the Territory of Dakota, describes one of its symbols as "an Indian on horseback pursuing a buffalo toward the setting sun." A plow and anvil are in the foreground, suggesting symbolically the disappearance of Indian people and their way of life. The North Dakota state website, however, states, "Research has failed to reveal the reasons the selected symbols were chosen." This seal was adopted as "The Great Seal of North Dakota" when the territory became a state in 1889.

The General Allotment Act (Dawes Act) of 1887 forced individual land ownership onto a people who had operated for millennia as a collective, and mandated farming and ranching as a means of existence. The Homestead Acts opened Indian land to white settlement and secured the most fertile areas of the reservations for white ownership.

These and other government policies promoting cultural extinction saw American Indian people segregated from white culture, confined to reservations, with their spiritual practices and languages outlawed. Native cultures and people were then described by the majority white culture as "disappearing." These deliberate actions and policies prompted the "vanishing Red Man theory." The belief that Native culture would soon cease to exist encouraged the collection of items related or "belonging" to Native people. Objects were collected not as art, not even as artifact, but as specimen, put under glass in curio cabinets or tucked away in boxes and forgotten. American Indian art as a category did not exist until the 1930s, according to Dan Monroe, the director of Massachusetts' Peabody Essex Museum.

The newly formed universities were urged to begin collecting Indian objects as a means to educate the public on a disappearing species. Among the white population, the general consensus suggested that Indian people could not be trusted (or were unable) to care for their own histories and cultures. Therefore, it fell to white people and institutions to rescue and maintain these objects.

This was also a time of extreme governmental intervention and constraints upon the lives of Native American people. Young people were forced into boarding schools, where their hair was cut and speaking their language forbidden. Tribally owned land was seized by the government, broken up into sections and opened to white settlement. The U.S. government's policy of cultural genocide attempted to strip American Indian individuals and communities of their values in order to "kill the Indian, and save the man," as the founder of the Carlisle Indian School proclaimed in 1892.

SELLING AND COLLECTING **CULTURE**

Economic hardship forced many Native people to sell cherished family heirlooms. Their Native owners did not consider many of these objects as art, but as symbols of status, identity, or ceremony. Often pieces were a connection to past and future. Handed down from one generation to the next, these objects held the stories that kept body and soul together.

An unsigned and undated note addressed to Dr. Corbett, a copy of which accompanies this essay, is one example of how and why treasured pieces might end up in private or public collections. The writer asks Dr. Corbett to consider a loan of $6.50, offering a grandmother's beaded dress as collateral:

> I'd like to borrow $6.50 on this Indian dress or if you can't do that I'll sell it to you for that much. I hate to do this but I need the money real bad and I heard you were interested in Indian things. This dress was made by this girls 80 year old grandmother so it was a keepsake.

This torn, creased, and stained piece of paper might not provide provenance, but it alters how we view the object. The selling of a "keepsake," something handmade and cherished, for $6.50, even taking into account the economic context of that time, reveals the socio-economic environment in which many Indian people found themselves. Native families were often forced to sell what was most precious—a connection to family, culture and identity. These items were statements about themselves and their history, and contained many levels of information.

Many items portrayed in this book have special sacred or ceremonial significance and are considered to have spirits. Numerous objects were not created to

be exhibited or displayed, but to be used, thereby bringing strength to the entire community. Images of eagle staffs, for example, part of the American Indian Student Services Collection, appear together with a photograph of the staffs being carried by American Indian veterans in 2007 at the grand entry during the University of North Dakota Indian Association's annual wacipi (powwow). This juxtaposition helps to place the articles in context.

Native methodologies were incorporated in the documentation and handling of objects considered to be sacred. Native people understood that sacred pipes (pipes that have been used in ceremony) are not to be displayed in one piece. The photograph of a pipe, part of the Emily Doak Wolff Collection, is shown with bowl and pipe apart, a practice showing honor and respect for the pipe and the people.

RESPONSIBILITIES AND **RESPECT**

Each piece in this book was made and acquired within the context of a particular cultural, social, and economic climate. Adding to the complexity of the University of North Dakota's relationship with American Indian art and regional tribes is another factor: Since the 1930s UND has "branded" itself using an American Indian tribal name, "Sioux," and various American Indian male images. This appropriation of tribal identity has caused considerable controversy and is only one example of the many issues at stake regarding tribal self-definition, sovereignty, regional racial history, and current politics.

The care taken in photographing the art objects and designing this book reflects the University of North Dakota's stated commitment to American Indian people and communities. This commitment includes a responsibility to maintain, care for, and ultimately return American Indian art that has ongoing historical, traditional, and cultural importance to tribal communities. The University is the repository for collections which, through 19th- and early 20th-century eyes, were a means to document and teach future generations about Indian people. Today questions raised about such collections include: Who controls the objects? Who has access to them? What is the nature of the knowledge they provide? Who interprets meaning and for whom? The education these objects provide too often is through only one sense—sight. Too often the stories, knowledge, and history that accompany these "captured objects" are buried. Stored away in boxes or behind glass cases, removed from their communities, they cannot fulfill their role for the people. When a culture does not rely on written texts to record their history—their stored knowledge—objects take on increased significance.These items hold information that connects a people through generations and despite violent interruptions. They carry the historical memory needed to rebuild and restore balance and harmony for all peoples and cultures.

The storing, and restoring, of Native objects is a responsibility undertaken out of respect for the important place that art holds in our communities. Art commemorates, inspires, educates, and heals. □

Lucy Annis Ganje is a graphic designer and a professor in the Department of Art & Design, as well as co-chair of the Campus Committee for Human Rights at the University of North Dakota.

Upcoming Events

Statewide Programming

March 13
Why? Radio Show
"Is Ghostwriting Ethical?" with guest Deborah Brandt
5 p.m. on Prairie Public Radio

April 10
Why? Radio Show
"Are there just wars?" with guest Michael Walzer
5 p.m. on Prairie Public Radio

May 8
Why? Radio Show
"On Liberty and Libertarianism" with guest James R. Otteson
5 p.m. on Prairie Public Radio

June 12
Why? Radio Show
Topic to be determined
5 p.m. on Prairie Public Radio

Daily Dakota Datebook Radio Features
8:35 a.m., 3:50 p.m., 6:30 p.m. and 7:50 p.m. on Prairie Public Radio

Mondays
American Experience
Television's most-watched history series, on air and online, the series brings to life the incredible characters and epic stories that have shaped America's past and present. AMERICAN EXPERIENCE programs are broadcast nationally on PBS on Monday nights at 9 p.m.

Bismarck

March 6
BSC BookTalk
The Book of Dead Birds by Gayle Brandeis
Discussion leader Suzanne Kramer-Brenna BSC Library

March 13
Conversations at BSC
Third Largest Nuclear Power: North Dakota and the Cold War
Sidney J Lee Auditorium

March 15
Conversations at BSC
The Ten Greatest Places in North Dakota
Sidney J Lee Auditorium

March 23
Dakota Discussions
Jane Eyre
Boneshakers Coffee Company

March 24
Dakota Discussions
Animal, Vegetable, Miracle
Bismarck Veterans Memorial Library

April 27
Dakota Discussions
Wide Sargasso Sea
Boneshakers Coffee Company

April 28
Dakota Discussions
Westhope: Life as a Former Farm Boy
Bismarck Veterans Memorial Library

May 25
Dakota Discussions
Jane Eyre Film
BSC NECE Building

Dickinson

April 7-8, 14-15
Albers Humanities Festival
DSU Beck Auditorium

April 8
4 p.m. MT *The Chinese Immigrant Experience in the Black Hills* by Rose Fosha
7 p.m. MT *Continuation of the Chinese Immigrant Experience* by Rose Fosha

April 8
4 p.m. MT *The Hmong Migrations to America* by Dr. Steven Doherty
7 p.m. MT *Chinese Philosophy and the Traditional Confucian Patterns of Social Behavior* by Dr. Douglas L. Berger

April 14
4 p.m. MT *The Middle Passage of the Slave Trade and Its Depiction in American Literature* by Dr. Jim McWilliams
7 p.m. MT *Caribbean Influences and Colonial Plantation Life* by Clay Jenkinson

April 15
4 p.m. MT Music Program led by Dr. Johnny Coomansingh
7 p.m. MT *Caribbean Culture in Literature and Music and Its Connections to America* by Dr. Vincent O. Cooper

Grand Forks

March 29-April 2
42nd UND Writers Conference: International Affairs
UND Memorial Union
For complete schedule: *undwritersconference.org*

March 31
8 p.m. NDHC Reading by Maxine Hong Kingston

Valley City

March 15-May 31
Exhibits Behind Barbed Wire: Midwest POWs in Nazi Germany
Held in the Heartland: German POWs in the Midwest
Barnes County Historical Society

Beulah

March 22
Dakota Discussions
Grass of the Earth
Beulah Senior Citizens Center

April 19
Dakota Discussions
Rachel Calof's Story
Beulah Senior Citizens Center

May 17
Dakota Discussions
Lost Boys of Sudan Film
Beulah Senior Citizens Center

Cando

March 21
Dakota Discussions
Huckleberry Finn
Audi Gallery

April 18
Dakota Discussions
The Great Gatsby
Audi Gallery

May 16
Dakota Discussions
To Kill a Mockingbird
Audi Gallery

Cooperstown

March 22
Dakota Discussions
Slaughterhouse Five
Cooperstown City Hall

April 19
Dakota Discussions
Brave New World
Cooperstown City Hall

Ellendale

March 20
Dakota Discussions
Grapes of Wrath
Ellendale Public Library

April 17
Dakota Discussions
Native Son
Ellendale Public Library

May 22
Dakota Discussions
The Bluest Eye
Ellendale Public Library

Hettinger

March 20
Dakota Discussions
Grass of the Earth
Dakota Buttes Museum

April 17
Dakota Discussions
Rachel Calof's Story
Dakota Buttes Museum

May 15
Dakota Discussions
Lost Boys of Sudan Film
Dakota Buttes Museum

Langdon

March 8
Dakota Discussions
Undiscovered Country
NDSU Research Center

April 12
Dakota Discussions
Hamlet Film
NDSU Research Center

Powers Lake

March 29
Dakota Discussions
Catcher in the Rye
Powers Lake Community Room

April 26
Dakota Discussions
Slaughterhouse Five
Powers Lake Community Room

May 24
Dakota Discussions
Brave New World
Powers Lake Community Room

Velva

March 27
Dakota Discussions
Animal, Vegetable, Miracle
Velva School & Public Library

April 17
Dakota Discussions
Westhope: Life as a Former Farm Boy
Velva School & Public Library

Bus-eum

Behind Barbed Wire: Midwest POWs in Nazi Germany
The North Dakota Humanities Council will sponsor a two-week traveling tour of a mobile museum, Bus-eum. This exhibit brings the stories of Midwest POWs in Nazi Germany to life and explores the human context of the POW experiences. The BUS-eum will bring Behind Barbed Wire to communities and enrich the historical awareness of their connections to the greater World War II drama. Across the state communities will engage in related programs, guest speakers and other activities that reflect on how World War II affected the American Heartland. For more information contact our local community partners.

Thursday, March 24, 9 a.m.-12 p.m.
Carnegie Regional Library, Grafton

Thursday, March 24, 5-8 p.m.
Grand Forks Public Library, Grand Forks

Friday, March 25, 9 a.m.-12 p.m.
Rolette High School, Rolette

Friday, March 25, 12-3 p.m.
Rolette American Legion, Rolette

Sunday, March 27, 2-5 p.m.
Bottineau Good Samaritan Center, Bottineau

Monday, March 28, 4-7 p.m.
Minot Public Library, Minot

Tuesday, March 29, 11 a.m.-2 p.m.
James Memorial Art Center, Williston

Tuesday, March 29, 4-7 p.m.
Pioneer Museum of McKenzie County, Watford City

Wednesday, March 30, 1-4 p.m.
Golden Valley Co Museum , Beach

Thursday, March 31, 1:30-4:30 p.m.
Historical Society Archives, Glen Ullin

Friday, April 1, 9 a.m.-12 p.m.
Beulah Public Library, Beulah

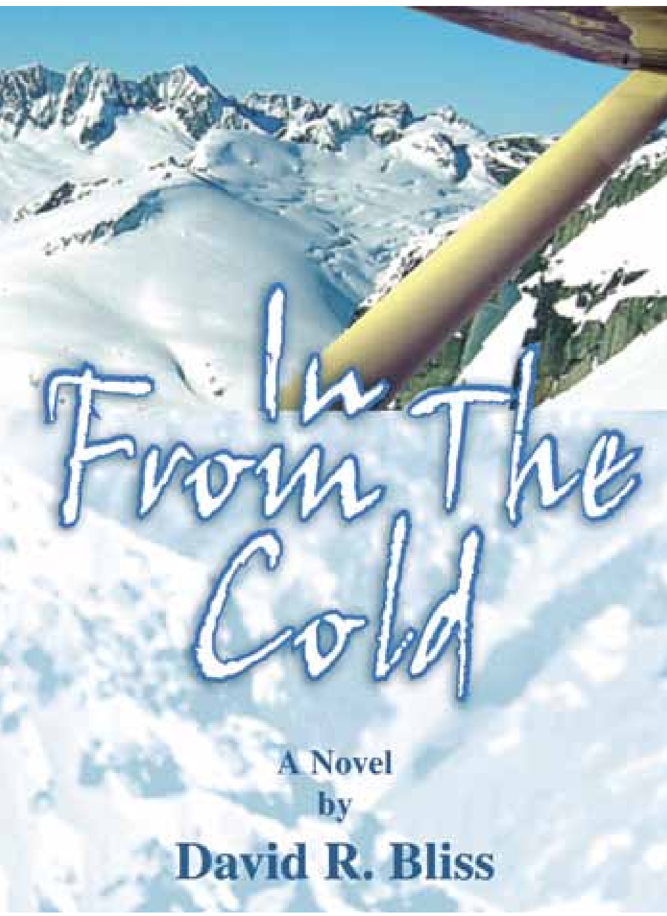
Friday, April 1,1-4 p.m.
Hazen Public Library, Hazen

Saturday, April 2, 2-5 p.m.
New Salem Historical Society, New Salem

Monday, April 4, 9 a.m.-3 p.m.
Ellendale Historical Society, Ellendale

Monday, April 4, 4:30-7:30 p.m.
Sargent County Historical Society, Forman

Tuesday, April 5,11 a.m.-2 p.m.
ND State College of Science Library, Wahpeton



Excerpted from *In From the Cold* by David R. Bliss, published in 2010 by Big Hill Publishers. Copyright © 2010 by David R. Bliss. Reprinted by permission of David R. Bliss.

In From the **Cold**

By David R. Bliss

Flying blind unnerved him. It was easier for George to close his eyes than to peer outside at nothing but white. Abbott scanned the instrument panel every few seconds but gave no sign of concern. Outside of a few bucks and turns, the flight so far was fairly smooth despite the lack of visibility. The cockpit's heater generated enough heat to lull him into a sleepy haze inside his goose-down parka.

George's arms suddenly flew up as though he were doing the wave at a football game as the airplane hit a downdraft. The plane's altimeter danced with every pitch and lurch. Outside there was still nothing but white. Or black, take your pick. The cockpit was warm, at least. He unbuckled his seat belt to reach back for the thermos in his backpack. "Better keep that buckled up. We'll get a lot of downdrafts and updrafts before we fly through this crap," hollered Abbott through the noise.

He was about to ask what a downdraft was when the plane's seat dropped from under him. He hit the ceiling so hard that he broke the plastic molding above the passenger door. Blood seeped from the top of his head. In another instant he slammed back into his seat as the plane rocketed straight up, or what seemed like straight up. With all his strength he managed to pin himself into the seat long enough to refasten his seat belt. A huge welt began to form on the top of his head. He gingerly took off his wool stocking cap to find shards of plastic imbedded in his skull. He couldn't focus his eyes. Too much adrenalin pumped through him to think of the pain that had started to arc through his head and shoulders. At the peak of a sharp climb the plane's motor fell silent. The last updraft was a terrible irony, for the plane's altimeter showed that they were

still climbing even though the plane had no power.

"What do you do now?" he screamed at Abbott above the shriek of the storm.

Ron Abbott was without emotion. Every thirty seconds he tried to restart the engine. "If we can't get it going we'll set her down," he said, trying to maintain the configuration of the airplane. The updraft finally let go of them and they plummeted. No markers, no mountains, no sea, just white and wind and incredible noise. The plane acted like a balsa wood glider now, first diving, and then coming out of the dive to hold a moment only to dive again. They were losing altitude fast. What had seemed like hours in the storm now seemed like precious seconds. This must be what people go through right before they die, he thought. He didn't care about anything at this moment and could only stare at the altimeter turning counterclockwise. It looked like they had only about a thousand feet left between them and the ground. Or sea.

From the right side of the cockpit he could make out mountains and trees for the first time in dawn's half light. Abbott held on to the bucking bronco and tried to put the plane into a controlled power off glide. The forest was coming up to greet them. George felt very serene and pragmatic as though this were a story problem which, with a little reasoning, could be easily solved.

He pointed at the trees. "What about them?"

"You try to find a clearing. If you can't, you head between two trees and let the wings shear off and take the impact," said Abbott as calmly as if he were explaining how to add window washer to the station wagon. They were now within a minute or so of landing in what seemed to be impenetrable forest. Not only seemed to be, hell, it was impenetrable forest. Abbott managed to flare out the plane right above the treetops into what looked like a small clearing. The Cessna scraped the tips of a few trees on its glide path toward a tiny open space in the middle of a large stand of old pines. The plane dashed too fast across the little opening and Abbott now tried to aim the fuselage between two of the hundreds of trees that filled the cockpit's view.

It almost worked. Wind whipped the tail back and forth, sideways, and every which way as he counted the last few seconds to the crash. Instead of a crescendo of sound he heard nothing and saw only slow-motion interplay of white and green and red. Clouds of flakes floated around the cockpit like a snow globe turned upside down and back up again. Tree limbs were arrows that zipped all around him. George was taken with the gauzy beauty of it all, at least until he lost consciousness. ☐

In From the Cold Book Tour

David Bliss is currently touring North Dakota. If your book club, organization, bookstore or library would like to schedule a visit, please call 701.223.5769 or visit **www.davidrbliss.com**

David Bliss was born in North Dakota in 1950. He was raised on his family's farm and ranch, went to a country grade school and then high school in Bismarck. He received a bachelor's degree in journalism from the University of Kansas in 1972, a master's degree from the University of Missouri in 1978, and his law degree from the University of North Dakota in 1988.

Excerpted from *Dakota, Or What's a Heaven For* by Brenda K. Marshall, published in 2010 by North Dakota Institute for Regional Studies.
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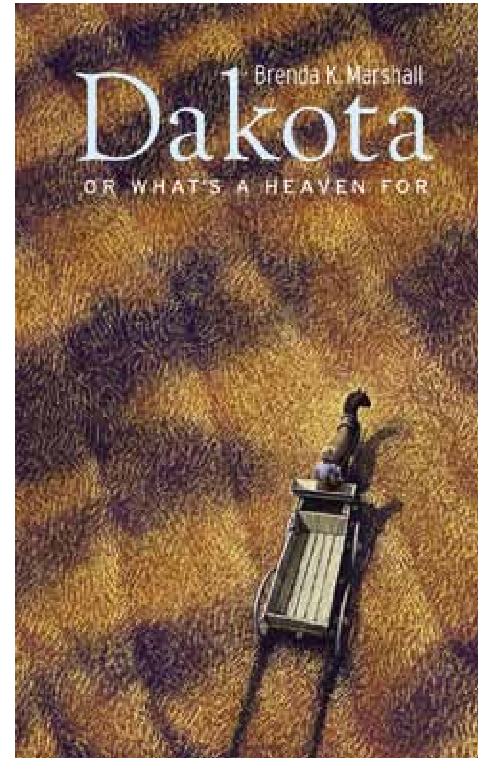


Dakota, Or What's a Heaven For

By Brenda K. Marshall

In Which the Relationship Between Dirt and Insanity is Clarified

Seated again, Alexander McKenzie reflected upon Mrs. Percy Bingham. Bingham was evidently a bigger fool than he had imagined if he didn't know how to keep that woman by his side. When Percy had whined over his whiskey back in March that "a man needs his freedom," McKenzie had expected to hear the old story of a man tied to a wife he could no longer tolerate. But as the night wore on McKenzie discovered that the wife was the focus of Percy's anxiety, but not the cause itself. Percy Bingham, it seemed, was just a little boy who was still swinging at his daddy while held away at arm's length. Thank God, McKenzie had thought to himself, that he had been born poor and had had the good sense to knock his own father down one day and set out to make his way in the world the next. Poor Percy Bingham couldn't even figure out how to get his own wife out of his father's house. Well, like most men who used those high-sounding words—freedom, honor, respect—what he really wanted was money. And for once, it couldn't be his father's. With enough money, Percy had said, he could provide his wife and son with a proper home, for it would be impossible to expect them to leave the comfort of the bonanza farm for a couple of rented rooms. With enough money, McKenzie had thought at the time, Percy Bingham was likely to drink himself to death just a little bit faster. But he would be useful in the meantime.

McKenzie liked to watch people, and he had seen lots of unhappy marriages. There were the couples who snarled and snapped, the ones whose iciness toward each other could give a fellow frostbite just by standing nearby, the ones who called each other by pet names while cringing to the touch, but he'd never quite seen a pair like Percy and Frances Bingham. They weren't pretending to ignore each other. They just weren't interested. Well, McKenzie was interested. There was something in the woman's eyes. Something unsettled, not so much hungry as restless. Potential there, one way or the other, he thought, returning his attention to the conversation that had moved from the bonanzas of the Red River valley to points west.

"If I were a young man," John Bingham was saying, "with a little money to invest, I believe that I would follow the lead of some of the fellows who have set up cattle operations north of the Mouse River."

"Cattle bonanzas?"

"More or less."

McKenzie recognized the look on John Bingham's face as he continued to speak of the growing opportunities to the west. It was the expression of a man invigorated by the vision of money to be made, even if it wasn't a vision he intended to pursue. It could be a gold mine, or a cattle bonanza, or a recipe for a new snake oil. The elder Bingham spoke and carried himself like a much younger man, and McKenzie wondered for a moment if the son had more reason than he had mentioned to want his wife out of his father's house. […]

"You were there yourself, were you not, Sheriff McKenzie?"

The discussion around the table had followed the Missouri south to Yankton and the destruction caused by flooding there, and from thence on to the business of the recent territorial legislature. McKenzie reentered the conversation easily.

"I was. Escorted a citizen of Burleigh County to the insane asylum. Sad case."

"Male or female?" Dr. Harkness asked.

"Male. Why?"

"Professional interest only. No, thank you, Percy," Dr. Harkness waved aside the bottle offered. "I am of the opinion that madness among men is far less prevalent here in the new Northwest than it is in the crowded and unsanitary cities back east. I have come to believe that the higher incidence of insanity in men there can be accounted for by a man's constitutional need for space, whereas a woman is meant to live a life of relative confinement. Now, after almost a full decade in Dakota Territory where it has been my observation that the majority of our insane are women, I have deduced that this is simply the inverse of the cause for madness in men in tenements and slums."

"Are you suggesting, Doctor," Percy asked, although he appeared to be addressing his glass, "that a woman given too much space in which to move, who, shall we say, finds herself unmoored by the lack of proper boundaries and conventions, will go mad?"

"Not unless there is a weakness of mind to begin with, of course, but that is, I am afraid, too often the case. I see it over and over among the new settlers. The men are engaged in back-breaking labor from before sunrise to after sunset, day in and day out, with barely two pennies to rub together, and yet they look out upon the prairie as if reading a letter of promise. Whereas the women seem, well, they often seem confused and lost. Exposed, shall we say? Bluntly put, I sometimes fear for those who thrive as much as for those who do not. The Dakota prairie threatens to spawn a sexless, or rather, a more masculine, womanhood, with each generation more akin to her father than her mother. The very idea of survival of the fittest forces one to ask: fit for what?"

"A dreary prognosis, doctor," Thomas Oakes said. "What does your wife think of your hypothesis?"

"I was speaking of the immigrant population, those who have little recourse to the comforts and diversions available to American women. As for Mrs. Harkness," the doctor smiled, "she is willing to believe that the female population in Dakota is more inclined to madness than the male, but holds to a more mundane theory. Wind."

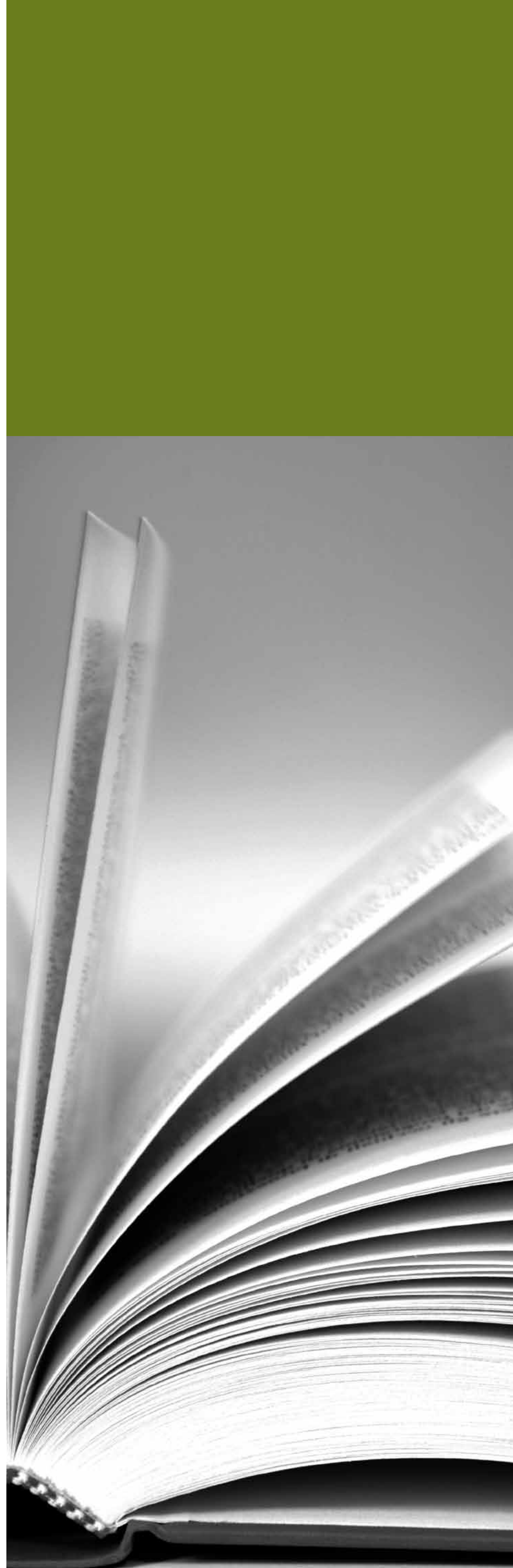
"Wind?" Percy repeated.

"Or more precisely, dirt driven by the wind. Any woman would be driven mad, my wife claims, to find pillows of dirt accumulating upon the sill of a closed window, or to discover the white shirts coated with grime in the closet the day after washing, or—and this seems to Lydia to be the moment when all women in claim shacks must certainly go insane—to open the icebox to find even the butter blackened." □

Brenda Marshall was born on a farm in the Red River Valley of eastern North Dakota, and grew up climbing trees, riding her pony, and daydreaming under a wide prairie sky. She holds a Ph.D. in English, and teaches part-time in the English Department at the University of Michigan. Her first novel, Mavis, *was published in 1996.*

Dakota, Or What's a Heaven For Book Tour

Brenda K. Marshall will be touring North Dakota, South Dakota, and Minnesota from late April to early June. If your book club, organization, bookstore or library would like to schedule a visit, please call 701.347.1878 or visit **www.brendamarshallauthor.com**



A Looming Crisis in the Humanities

Speech by Jim Leach
[College Art Association Centennial Convocation, New York, NY, February 9, 2011]

I am honored to address this distinguished arts convocation on this centennial occasion.

Before discussing the humanities, let me briefly describe the sometimes blurry border between the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities. The NEA is principally about stimulating and appreciating creativity; the work of the NEH is aimed at providing uplift and perspective to the lives of our citizens and the country itself. The NEA thus supports theater, poetry, art making; the NEH, on the other hand, is mandated to advance research and public programs in history, literature, philosophy and related disciplines, from jurisprudence to ethics, anthropology to comparative religions.

The two Endowments are sister institutions with identical funding levels and certain overlaps. For instance, the NEH can support anything preceded by the word "history." So history of art, or for that matter, history of science or technology, is within our jurisdiction.

As you all know, Congress and virtually all state legislatures are under extraordinary pressure to restrain spending. Given the magnitude of debt levels in government as well as within the American family, the public has indicated at the ballot box that fiscal discipline is necessary, perhaps urgent.

Constraining funding may be unavoidable, but abolishing institutions central to advancing human understanding and creativity is counter to the national interest.

The NEH accepts the call for restraint and recognizes the case for trimming federal spending. Nevertheless, we are deeply concerned with the entreaties of some that there be a total elimination of cultural institutions like NEA and NEH. Constraining funding may be unavoidable, but abolishing institutions central to advancing human understanding and creativity is counter to the national interest.

As the NEH's founding legislation makes clear, "The world leadership which has come to the United States cannot rest solely upon superior power, wealth, and technology, but must be solidly founded upon worldwide respect and admiration for the Nation's high qualities as a leader in the realm of ideas and of the spirit."

Humanities studies expand understanding of human nature and the human condition. Such pursuits may seem esoteric or inconsequential in view of the dire economic and security challenges we face. Indeed, the present budget debate has raised the basic question: Are the humanities bedrock necessities of enlightened citizenship, or are they a dismissible luxury for society?

That question can be answered even without invoking the unquestionable value of enriching the human spirit. There are ample national-security and practical benefits to studies in the humanities.

In public policy, inadequate attention to cultural issues can cost lives as well as money. For instance, despite having gone to war in the Persian Gulf a decade earlier, U.S. policy makers understood little of the Sunni/Shi'a divide when 9/11 hit. Likewise, despite the French experience in Algeria and the British and Russian in Afghanistan, we had little comprehension of the depth of Islamic antipathy to foreign intervention.

As for business, the development of a successful venture—especially one that aspires to international markets—must be based on understanding the values and culture of potential customers. The insights provided by humanities disciplines are not optional; they are essential.

For a people increasingly impacted by events across a diverse and restive world, there is no substitute for literature that causes readers to imagine themselves in the shoes of a variety of protagonists, for history that holds timeless lessons, or for the learning of languages that entails immersion in another culture.

There are, of course, costs to all public programs, but the cost of not supporting some could be far higher. Just as we need an infrastructure of roads and bridges, we need an infrastructure of ideas. In a splintered world, bridging cultures may be our most difficult challenge.

It takes years of training and decades of experience to create an expert in history or language, in literature or archaeology or comparative religion. It requires a steady stream of bright, highly motivated students to enter these fields. Without public support, American academic leadership could be vulnerable and the result could be costly to our society.

At NEH, we know how modest support can make a difference in sustaining America's cultural resources. Few institutions have had more impact at less cost. With annual spending that is 1/21,000th of the federal budget, barely more per capita than the cost of a postage stamp, NEH has made major contributions to the democratization of ideas, providing broad and equal access to advances in knowledge and to the nation's rich cultural heritage in programs ranging from prizewinning documentaries to programs designed to help wounded veterans cope with physical and mental trauma.

The NEH is in the knowledge development and perspective dissemination business, on scales both national and local. Through our affiliated state councils, NEH provides uplifting cultural outreach to citizens in every corner of the country, including hundreds of communities which might not be able to keep their museums and libraries open, or to provide their citizens with cultural programs, without government assistance.

Last year state humanities councils—NEH's affiliates in the fifty states, the District of Columbia and five U.S. territories—put on 17,700 reading and discussion programs, 5,700 literacy programs, 5,800 speakers bureau presentations, 5,800 conferences, 2,300 Chautauquas, 7,120 media programs, 7,600 technology, preservation, and local history events, and sponsored 4,600 exhibitions on a wide variety of themes.

These investments in the realm of ideas pay dividends. Our grandparents recognized that when, during our most traumatic economic moment—the Great Depression—a vastly greater percentage of the federal budget was devoted to the arts and humanities than today. Depression Era public programs sustained such writers as John Steinbeck, Zora Neale Hurston and Saul Bellow, and such artists as Grant Wood, Jacob Lawrence, and Louise Nevelson.

In a similar tradition, the NEH since its inception in 1965 has supported research that has resulted in 16 Pulitzer and 20 Bancroft prizes, and the editing of literary landmarks such as the *Autobiography of Mark Twain*. It has supported editions of papers of our nation's founders, presidents from George Washington to Dwight Eisenhower, military leaders like George C. Marshall, literary giants such as William Faulkner, scientists like Albert Einstein, social figures like Jane Addams, and civil rights pioneers such as Martin Luther King, Jr.

At this moment, the United States still leads the world in virtually every academic discipline. It is no accident that other countries have taken competitive notice. In China, despite crack-downs on the media, the Internet, and basic human rights, substantial new resources are being committed to aspects of the humanities, especially Confucian thought, and a national initiative is underway to attract foreign students. Likewise, in

France, Germany and Australia there is a comprehensive effort to compete with America for foreign students.

Conversely, only the most coercive despots fear the humanities. It is not surprising, for instance, that in the wake of civil unrest, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad declared that humanities courses in Iran must be purged and revised to reflect only government-approved perspectives. The humanities are anathema to tyrants because they are specifically intended to liberate the mind.

It is the creativity, philosophical perspective, and cultural understanding that the arts and humanities instill which make America an enduring role model around the globe. They are a national asset that we short-change at our peril. ☐

Just as we need an infrastructure of roads and bridges to develop our booming oil industry, we need an infrastructure of ideas to develop the next generation of engaged citizens and state leaders. That's why the North Dakota Humanities Council invests in the state's greatest resource, the people of North Dakota, by creating and sustaining public humanities programs that provide a better understanding of the past, a better analysis of the present, and a better vision for the future.

If you believe that democracy demands wisdom and vision in its citizens, please contact our congressmen and ask them to support education for a democratic citizenship by funding the National Endowment for the Humanities and the North Dakota Humanities Council.

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"If a nation expects to be ignorant and free… it expects what never was and never will be."

-Thomas Jefferson

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The North Dakota Humanities Council is a state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities.

In Lakota *Iyėska* means "to-talk-clear," or to be a "clear-talker." It is important to be understood, because if the message isn't understood, then it isn't delivered. Let's try and understand each other.