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deputy superintendent that the most oppressive of the "potlatch laws" (and related legislation) were incorporated into the Indian Act.

Yet, Titley presents Scott not as a bigoted Indian hater but rather as a misguided and prejudiced individual who genuinely thought that his actions were in the best interests of the native people and Canada. He could not fathom why someone should want to be an Indian once they were acquainted with the advantages of a superior Euro-Canadian alternative. Consequently, he worked to bring about the complete assimilation of indigenous people. If they objected, it was because they were either ignorant or unscrupulous charlatans out to take advantage of the ignorant. Part of Scott's job was to protect his wards from such individuals. A corollary of this opinion is that wealthy industrialists represent the apex of the social order and therefore their interests are, or should be, those of the nation as a whole. Scott, having done his duty at the office to transform the savage into worker, could spend his well-earned leisure time entertaining the wealthy with his largely forgettable poems.

The weakest section of Titley's book is his first chapter concerning the origin of Indian Affairs in Canada. This is largely due to a misrepresentation of colonial administration of Indian matters in the Maritime Provinces. However, there are few readily available sources for writers outside the region to draw upon. A minor complaint is that at least one of the items listed as "Unpublished Materials" has appeared in print (Sally Weaver's study of politics among the Grand River Iroquois was published by the National Museum in 1972). On the whole, the book is well produced.

E. Brian Titley's *A Narrow Vision* is an extremely important book for an understanding of the development of Indian policy in Canada. It is a well-written and thought-provoking book. A must read.

*Harold Franklin McGee, Jr.*  
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**Notes From Indian Country.** By Tim Giago. Pierre, SD: State Publishing Company, 1984. 423 pp.

Lawrence of Arabia in his book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, wrote of the Arabic peoples of World War I vintage, "They have a glorious past and they have a future. They do not have a present."

And I guess that is the theme generally applied to the American Indian peoples by Tim Giago in *Notes From Indian Country*. Giago writes of the struggles faced by our people in America today, and struggles they have faced for nearly 500 years.

His book, a collection of selected newspaper columns from 1979 through 1984, has Giago's despicable villains and his glorious heroes. Perhaps, just perhaps, I am the wrong person to write on Giago's "Notes," for I agree with 95-97 per cent, maybe even, 98 per cent of what he opines.

If Giago faces any pitfalls in his "movement," it is the same as his criticism of the American Indian Movement—or, at least, implicitly in his criticism of AIM. For each, Giago and AIM, get caught up in their own movement and soon the movement, of itself, becomes the goal and the issue. In that sense, the cause of our people is in danger of being lost. So it is fair to ask, "Is Giago more journalist than Indian? Or, is he more Indian than journalist?"

I, of Oglala Sioux descent from South Dakota and enrolled at Rosebud, am one of those "diploma Indians," about whom Giago writes so scathingly. But, like Giago, I also am a journalist by profession.

According to our spiritual beliefs, the Great Spirit exists equally in each of us. Each of us must respect the equality of the other. Thus it is that I, as a creation of the Great Spirit, was imbued with certain talents and capabilities . . . whatever the quality. Those talents and capabilities are not mine to keep but must be shared in order that the people might live. Indeed, it is from this belief that our value of sharing stems.

Russell Means appeared on the University of North Dakota campus in 1974. Interviewed together on television, Means told me, "You've been talking and writing for about 20 years. What have you accomplished in that time? We've been active for only a few years and see what we've done." Means may be right in the context of his statement. Like Giago, I deplore AIM methodology but I honestly believe the goals of AIM are the same as mine, i.e., that the people will live.

I believe it is out of character for Giago to cover all "diploma

Indians'' with the same blanket. In so doing, he does the same as he accuses his white counterparts of doing.

When I hear the term, ''dominant society,''' which Giago uses repeatedly, I inwardly cringe and, like our Homo Sapien pre-historic ancestors, the hair rises on the back of my head. Just because there are more of the non-Indian population does not make them dominant. In that, Giago equates quantity with quality. Indeed, the battle we've fought these many years is to prove theirs is not a dominant society. The fact that we still live as Lakota or Navajo or Cheyenne is proof, of itself, that theirs is not the dominant society. Were they dominant, our culture and our people long since would have faded from the face of the earth. The use of the term, it seems to me, reflects a defensive complex about two different cultures.

The point of conflict occurs, experts tell us, where two cultures converge. So it is that one sees a high incidence of racism, prejudice, non-understanding and cultural blindness at near off-reservation towns or, on university campuses.

News media of border towns do print all that is bad which occurs on reservations. Giago is right in his oft repeated charge that reporters write with little or no understanding from their own cultural biases. From their viewpoint this species of man called ''Indian'' is strange, different and, therefore, bad. All too often the reporters sensationalize rather than report.

Giago tries to fill that vast void of white ignorance by constantly hammering on the themes echoed throughout his book. ''What is past is past,''' Giago writes on page 33, ''Today is a new day and we must get on with the future.''

''Getting on with the future'' is what it's all about. This is where Giago's genre of writing comes in; his themes are consistent; his drive unrelenting.

He is critical of ''instant Indian experts.''' The ''Washington Redskins,''' and their associated kind, produce only his scorn. Assimilated Indians who hold plush jobs, he feels, trade on their claimed ''Indianess,''' although in values and tradition really they are not ''Indian'' at all. Corrupt tribal councils are his pen's target. Urban Indians are suspect. BIA and parochial boarding schools are not recalled with approbation.

Perhaps the biggest target of all is the ''faceless'' area of Washington, D.C. It is there that congressmen and presidents formulate policies, policies which are based upon their own cul-

tural values, not ours, and thereby are programmed for failure. Chosen to implement these policies are that group of "Indians," largely assimilated in Giago's view, who speak as "experts" on subjects about which they know so little because they are assimilated.

Yet, Giago is inconsistent in some ways, for he writes frequently of the "umbilical cord" which ties the natives to Washington. True, he claims often in one way or another, "We must run our own show." But then he is critical of "diploma Indians" for the effort to train our youth so they can return to reservations to help their own people.

"What's done is done," Giago writes (page 43). But both Indians and whites perpetuate the myths (read that: *stereotypes*) of that other people.

A weak area for Giago is in the field of history. Speaking of the Minnesota Uprising (page 323) he says, "The Santee Sioux under Inkpaduta," etc. Well! Little Crow would flip flop in his grave, if he had one (which he doesn't). The Santee Sioux Tribe was not led by Inkpaduta. He and his band were outlaws. The Santee leader was Little Crow.

One can look at Lincoln's actions in two ways. Giago chooses one way. The military courts sentenced 303 Dakota (or Santee Sioux) to be hanged. At the behest of Bishop Whipple, Lincoln had two staff members investigate the sentencing. Lincoln commuted 264 to prison terms while 39 death penalties were allowed to stand. Before the execution date one more won reprieve, so 38 were hanged. It remains the largest mass execution in the history of the United States. Giago constantly chides his fellow white reporters to check the facts. He should do the same.

Nevertheless, and despite the few gentle criticisms I've listed, this world needs Tim Giago. Would that our people had more Tim Giagos. For he has suffered storm and violence, threats, physical pains and mental anguish in order that his Voice of the Prairie be heard.

Giago quotes an Old One from Wounded Knee as follows: "We have endured and Wakan Tanka has never deserted us. Can what lies ahead be any worse than what we just now left behind? Wakan Tanka will guide us and protect us."

I guess that thought just about says it all . . . except for one written by Giago himself (page 97): "There are no walls to contain us, or chains to bind us. We stay . . . because it is home; it

is the land we love, and it is the only thing that gives purpose to our lives.''

Hecetu Yelo (And that is true).

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**I Wear the Morning Star.** By Jamake Highwater. New York: Harper & Row, 1986. 156 pp. \$11.50 Cloth.

This novel for young adults (age 12 and up) is the third part of the Ghost Horse Cycle (with earlier parts *Legend Days* and *The Ceremony of Innocence*). It is complete in itself, but there are themes, images, and motifs that connect the trilogy which began with the story of Amana, a young Blood Indian girl who comes of age at the end of the open, traditional life of the Northern Plains Indians in the 19th century.

In this novel, Amana is now old, and it is her grandson, the adolescent Sitko, who is the protagonist, coming of age in the modern American West that is largely ignorant of or hostile to the traditions and language that Amana has taught to Sitko. From her he "had learned how to dream" and "that *everything* is real" (page 32). But his parents are separated; his renegade Cherokee father, an erstwhile Hollywood stuntman, has left Sitko's mother Jemina, Amana's half Blood, half French Canadian daughter. And at the beginning of the novel Sitko is dragged off to a boarding school, ironically named the Star of Good Hope, where he painfully finds himself an ugly duckling.

Briefly he has interludes of hope when his admired older brother Reno arrives at the school, but Sitko cannot accept Reno's advice and example: abandon the old ways, deny your culture, fit in—to get along, go along. Denying his language and race, Reno is a popular success as a tall and handsome star athlete. But Sitko clings to what his grandmother taught him. Once Reno catches him telling younger children at the school a Brother Fox and Old Man tale. Reno admonishes Sitko, but although the boy understands Reno's worldly wisdom, he stubbornly rejects it for the strange power he feels within himself and in the natural world.