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The chapters dealing with settlement substance and process are easy to read, contain many useful insights, and are worth the cost of the book. Bonnie Colby's thirteen criteria for evaluating settlements provide an excellent framework for ensuring that any agreement has the substance and durability needed for success. She also does a wonderful job of explaining the use of economics to facilitate settlement. These sections will be of great use to anyone contemplating a negotiated settlement.

The book, however, is not without a few minor shortcomings. The introduction states that it supplements an earlier work, but the knowledgeable reader is struck by the fact that the introduction states that there have been only seventeen Indian water rights settlements since 1978. The table provided in the more general (and earlier) book by the same authors correctly lists twenty congressionally approved settlements. This is especially odd because the excellent groundwater chapter in *Tribal Water Rights* includes discussions of the eighteenth and nineteenth settlements—Zuni and Gila River—and the twentieth—Nez Perce—is mentioned in the final chapter. Also, sidebar 1.1 contains the erroneous statement that “the power to assert sovereign immunity belongs to the federal government, not to tribal governments.” Indian tribes have immunity from suit unless waived by Congress, and although it is true that tribal water rights may be determined in court without tribal participation, the overly broad statement in the sidebar could mislead one not familiar with the area. The groundwater chapter omits discussion of cases from the Montana Supreme Court and federal district in Washington that recognize application of the reserved rights doctrine to groundwater.

These oversights do not significantly detract from this compendium of essays. *Tribal Water Rights* is a book of great use to scholars, lawyers, and all parties affected by Indian reserved water right claims.

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The Unquiet Grave: The FBI and the Struggle for the Soul of Indian Country. By Steve Hendricks. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 2006. 544 pages. \$27.95 cloth.

The major “unquiet grave” in this account belongs to Anna Mae Aquash, one of several dozen American Indian Movement (AIM) activists who were murdered at Pine Ridge during the years after the Wounded Knee occupation. *Unquiet Grave* is divided into two parts: “Then,” recounting events during the 1970s, and “Now.” Hendricks' style is exacting, and his narrative sometimes searing. He breaks the book open with this description of how Aquash's body was discovered:

On February 24 [1976], at a quarter to three in the afternoon, a rancher on that part of the South Dakota steppe that crumbles in to the badlands was looking for a place to run a fence when he turned a

bend in a gully and found, curled on its left side, clothed in a maroon jacket and blue jeans, and looking for all the world like someone sleeping in perfect peace, a corpse.

Hendricks' diction is sometimes a little off—it's "AIMsters," not "AIMers," for example. His historical circumstances are fuzzy at times—we know much more about how Sitting Bull was killed, for example, than "gunfire of uncertain provenance" (60). The book could use chapter titles and a table of contents that lists them individually. He uses the phrase "It did not" entirely too often when answering to assertions advanced by people with various vested interests. In addition, Hendricks's assumption that AIM exists today "more in name than in fact," is overdrawn (274).

These are minor flaws, however. In sum, Hendricks's powerful narrative sense comprises a remarkable account, full of surprises even for veteran observers of these events. The book is a bibliographer's dream as well—almost one hundred pages of endnotes in small type that comprise only a third of the documentation listed on the author's Web site (www.stevhendricks.org). Hendricks draws wonderful word pictures. Here, for example, is his description of Richard Wilson, Pine Ridge tribal chairman and trenchant nemesis of AIM:

He favored dark glasses and a habiliment of High Plains haute: two parts polyester, one part snakeskin. His hair was martially buzzed, his head was of medicine ball proportion, and the blood vessels of his cheeks suggested he was not afraid of a good tippie. His body was less brick than well-filled bag (47).

Hendricks's sense of raw racism is palatable, as when the hamlet of Wounded Knee was seized, and Russell Means found, at a small museum, a nineteenth-century ledger of receipts for beef. The cavalry captain in charge had invented names for the Indians who were provided with beef, such as "Shits in His Food, She Comes Nine Times, F—ks His Daughter, and Maggott Dick, to recall a few" (63).

The book's rich narrative takes readers to Gordon, Nebraska with an account of AIMsters streaming, 1,400 strong, into the town, doubling its population, to protest Raymond Yellow Thunder's death. He captures the sense of dismissal in the voice of a county prosecutor who described the assault that killed Yellow Thunder as "a cruel practical joke . . . by pranksters," or a one-time Rapid City chief of police who, during the 1970s, suggested lodging drunken Indians in garbage cans (28).

At the occupation of Wounded Knee early in 1973, Hendricks's powerful narrative carries the story from the tragedy of violent death to wry humor, as when the occupiers justified killing and eating whites' wandering cattle by accusing them of being illegal immigrants on the Independent Oglala Nation. Following the occupation, which lasted two and a half months, the reservation was plunged into more than two years of near warfare during which at least sixty-six people, most of them affiliated with AIM, were killed violently in an atmosphere that resembled Augusto Pinochet's Chile at that time.

Although many political murders on Pine Ridge went without much investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), the government poured its resources into prosecuting AIMsters who had occupied the hamlet. After 562 arrests and 185 federal indictments related to the occupation, the government obtained only fifteen convictions. At a rate of 7.7 percent, that conviction rate was one-tenth the average for criminal trials in the Eighth Circuit in which the cases were tried (141). The legal campaign was not meant to obtain convictions as much as it was pursued to dismember AIM by tying activists into legal knots. Hendricks does a very good job of following the legal trail.

Likewise, Hendricks dissects reports of Jancita Eagle Deer's alleged rape by William Janklow that kept Peter Matthiessen's *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* off the market for nearly a decade between roughly 1983 and 1991 due to a libel lawsuit by Janklow. The story (which Janklow has repeatedly and vigorously denied) has it that during January 1967 Eagle Deer (age fifteen) had supper with Janklow's family. In those days, Janklow was well regarded on the reservation. He helped people to the point of leaving money on his doorstep for Indians who needed to make bail after hours.

Janklow volunteered to take Eagle Deer to a local dance, but they arrived early. Rather than leave Eagle Deer in a darkened dance hall, they took a ride in the country, during which, having stopped at a roadside gate, Janklow (according to Eagle Deer) forced himself on her, then gave her \$3 not to tell anyone (148–49). She did—first telling supervisors at her boarding school, then the FBI, which declined to prosecute Janklow, citing insufficient evidence.

The rape allegation arose again during 1974 when Dennis Banks filed a complaint with the Rosebud Tribal Court. Janklow was ordered to testify but refused. By this time he had quit doing favors for Indians and was pledging, as a candidate for attorney general of South Dakota, to put AIM “in jail, if not under it [and] . . . to put a bullet in their heads” (151). Eagle Deer and several others did testify, after which Judge Mario Gonzalez disbarred him from the Rosebud court, citing “the beastly act committed against her by Mr. Janklow” (157). Gonzalez also issued a warrant for Janklow's arrest. Newspapers in South Dakota ignored the hearing and—as Hendricks points out with the wry irony that distinguishes his account—“Five days after his disbarment, two of three voters in South Dakota cast ballots for Janklow and he became the state's foremost enforcer of the law” (157).

Eagle Deer was killed by two teenagers driving a speeding Pontiac GTO on a rural highway near Aurora, Nebraska six months later on 4 April 1975. Hendricks devotes considerable space to the possibility that Eagle Deer had been beaten and dumped on the highway by Douglass Durham, an FBI informant who had infiltrated AIM (194–99). Officially, the death was reported as a traffic accident. That was not unusual. By 1975, Pine Ridge had a murder rate eight times that of Detroit, the reputed murder “capital” of the United States at the time (169–70). Several of those deaths involved vehicle rammings and were reported as traffic accidents.

The same FBI that complained that lack of manpower kept it from investigating the wave of political murders at Pine Ridge between 1973 and 1976 had enough agents to assign two, Jack Coler and Ron Williams, to pursue a pair of

purloined cowboy boots to the Jumping Bull Ranch on 26 June 1975, as well as hundreds of agents who mounted a nationwide dragnet for the killers of Coler and Williams in the firefight there, of which Leonard Peltier later was convicted with questionable evidence.

As in other parts of *Unquiet Grave*, Hendricks describes the firefight with uncommon acuity, in part based on his mining of FBI records under the Freedom of Information Act. He is also sensitive to the records' limitations. At Jumping Bull's, for example, the FBI reports imagined bunkers in which there were root cellars and machine guns in hands that held old hunting rifles. The FBI was not short of firepower. When I visited the abandoned Jumping Bull house a year later, while researching my first book *Wasi'chu: The Continuing Indian Wars* (1979), the prairie wind whistled through hundreds of bullet holes in the walls, which looked like large slabs of dirty Swiss cheese.

Bad blood still is very evident, enduring throughout the years, as when, during 2000, Janklow stepped in with all his then-formidable political might (before he killed a motorcyclist in a state of drunkenness and was forced to resign from Congress) to block requests that might have led to a pardon of Peltier by President Bill Clinton. Hendricks devotes copious detail as well to the trial and conviction of Arlo Looking Cloud in the death of Aquash, concluding with questions remaining after that trial.

The principal question is: did Looking Cloud act alone and, if not, how and why? Hendricks asserts that a number of AIM leaders—no one knows precisely who—ordered Aquash shot on suspicion that she was acting as an FBI informant. But was she? “Only the FBI could separate the snitches from the snitch-jacketed,” Hendricks writes, recalling that the FBI had seeded AIM with informants purposefully to create the paranoia that made such an assassination likely (361). Thus, Aquash's grave (and a number of others) remains “unquiet” to this day.

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We Know Who We Are: Métis Identity in a Montana Community. By Martha Harroun Foster. Norman: Oklahoma University Press, 2006. 306 pages. \$29.95 cloth.

In this monograph Foster provides a clearly articulated and well-researched contribution to the existing Métis literature. With a few notable exceptions, very little has been written about Métis communities west of the Great Lakes and south of the forty-ninth parallel, and certainly Foster's is one of the very few full-length monographs to focus on one of these communities. The book is a major contribution that helps delineate the southern reaches of the Métis landscape. Laid out in five chapters, the monograph begins by describing the initial migration patterns of the Métis into the Dakota/Montana region and the ways in which this region was nested in the wider Métis use and occupancy patterns. Subsequent chapters of the monograph describe the history of the Métis in the region into the mid-twentieth century