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est to those engaged in the legal process in community-based Native/aboriginal juridical systems. It provides an important analysis and synthesis regarding the sociopolitical structures of tribal and reserve communities, as well as explains where these groups are headed on the threshold of the twenty-first century. In this regenerative vein, Hazlehurst calls it a "quiet revolution" for national social reform in Native/aboriginal community justice. As this book illustrates overall, the survival of Native/aboriginal cultural identity and lifeways is a crucial message in the collective call for indigenous reform that respects the need for cultural diversity. This can also be put in the context of a call for environmental justice, which is critically needed in regard to what indigneous peoples have to contribute in making the "global village" a more humane worldwide society. In this decolonialist vein, this collection of essays helps readers understand where Native/aboriginal people are coming from, comprehend their present state of affairs, and have the foresight to see where we need to be headed in leading the way for a long overdue indigenous renaissance.

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Sweet Medicine: Sites of Indian Massacres, Battlefields, and Treaties. By Drew Brooks. Essay by Patricia Nelson Limerick. Foreword by James Welch. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1995. 163 pages. \$50 cloth.

Sweet Medicine is powerful but certainly not sweet. A book of photographs of Euro-American and Indian battlefields, massacres, and (broken) treaty negotiations sites, its subject matter is not new but its presentation is, and the response it draws from its readers may well be. Drew Brooks gives us a not unfamiliar chronology of the devastating events of Indian and white relations on the North American continent. He does this in a way that makes us return to the scenes again, or for the first time, to find unexpected spaces—not only the often quasi-derelict landscapes that are our inheritance of the events, but also the latitudes that allow us something other than denial.

Engaging with this book gives one time and place to reflect, not only on historical events, but also on historical presence even though few people appear in the photos: travelers at Sand Creek, tourists at the Black Hills, four boys at the Greenville

treaty site posing for the photographer, one wearing a T-shirt that advertises the Miami tribe on whose land he now stands. The only obvious Indian is a presumably Cherokee man on the North Carolina Cherokee reservation. He is decked out as a Plains Indian, standing in a tableau of tipi with stuffed buffalo, backed by totem poles and a gorilla, all framed by Brooks with a car's passenger window.

The content and focus of Brooks photographs are more often than not elusive and off-center, with the photographs acknowledging *event-ness* rather than *thing-ness*: a child rushing past Plymouth Rock; the movement of a tree branch; rain at Red Clay Tennessee; wind in Mountain Meadows, Utah; the sun casting shadows on the rock at Cochise's stronghold. Brooks' luminous prints turn even the stillness and irony of the playground equipment at Pyramid Lake Battleground into more of a happening than a documentation. I often found myself asking: What am I looking at here, what do I see? Brooks' photographs seem to record a moment of reckoning, not only in the past but also very much in the present.

The photographs are preceded by James Welch's characteristically artful, thoughtful foreword and concluded by Patricia Limerick's fine meditation on the moral and historical issues raised by Brooks' images. Limerick points out that both Indians and whites have proved capable of a whole range of human behavior: spiritual wisdom, courageous judgment, physical bravery, restraint, passion, social factionalism, and vicious cruelty. She addresses the historian's dilemma of considering the particularity of events together with the ethical issues of the conquest itself. Her essay, like the photographs, reminds us why some of us have lost sight of the larger question of ultimately why all these massacres, battles, migrations, and treaties took place, and suggests new ways of practicing historical memory.

Welch's foreword and Limerick's essay enhance without overwhelming the experience of Brooks' 118-page visual journey. Each full-page photograph is paired with quotations drawn from various sources: newspapers, ethnographies, Indian leaders' speeches and prophecies, road-side plaques, Army officers' reports from the 1800s, and historical accounts old and new. Like the photos themselves, these quotations lead us to ponder the difference that diverse vantage points make in how events are recorded and framed.

With the exception of the first photograph, the images are set

in chronological order of the events that make the places historical, beginning with Plymouth Rock in 1620. At first the picture story moves steadily westward from the eastern seaboard into Ohio territory, but the narrative jumps in 1805 to a Spanish massacre of 115 Navajos at Canyon De Chelly, Arizona. From that point on the images alternate between the north, south, east, and west, circling in on the burial ground of the victims of the 1890 Wounded Knee massacre. This narrative order gives the viewer a palpable sense of wrapping up a continent; claustrophobia is matched with a relentlessly growing sense of emptiness, and I don't mean just the wide open spaces of big sky country.

The chronology of the pictures is carefully composed thematically as well. The last four images refocus our attention on themes that have run subtly throughout. The fourth-to-last image is of "Mass Grave at Wounded Knee"; graffiti on a concrete block wall reads "AIM (stinks) IS COOL." The third-to-last image is of the Site of the Last Kiowa Sun Dance, accompanied by N. Scott Momaday's description of his grandmother's participation as a child in the final sun dances before they were forbidden by the cavalry: "Without bitterness, and for as long as she lived, [my grandmother] bore a vision of deicide." The second-to-last image is Leech Lake Battlefield, where an Indian man named Hole-in-the-Day and friends successfully resisted his unjustified arrest by fending off federal troops, killing six in the process. The final photo is "Site of the Last Village of the Palouse People at Palus, Washington." The village was flooded some years ago by a manmade lake; the image is a cloudy sky and three distant, blurred birds in flight, accompanied by the statement of a Palouse man, "They say we are extinct, but we are not."

All four of these photos bring the past powerfully into the present: the continued oppression of Indian peoples and armed conflict in the last half of the twentieth century, the continuing struggle for Native religious freedoms, the sometimes successful, and sometimes violent, resistance of injustice and degradation by Indian people, and the persistence of Indian social groups, despite their invisibility to outsiders and the continued displacement of their homelands.

But the end of the visual narrative also harks back to the beginning, to the first image in the book: the council grounds at the Great Treaty of Horse Creek, Scotts Bluff County, Nebraska, where in 1851 more than ten thousand people from the Lakota,

Cheyenne, Arapaho, Crow Shoshoni, Assiniboine, Blackfeet, and other tribes met to “make a mutual and lasting peace among tribes and the U.S. Government.” By 1855, after several massacres of Indian people, this treaty was meaningless.

This explanation is followed by the prophecy of Sweet Medicine to the Cheyenne people, which states in part: “The white people will be all over the land, and at last you will disappear. I am sorry to say these things, but I have seen them, and you find that they come true.”

The visual image is a massive trunk, half-blackened by fire, standing very much out of place on the edge of a cornfield. The visual metaphor of the image at first seems obvious: The full-grown corn stands like ten thousand tribal people, looking toward their leaders for a peace that is now seared and forgotten (we can’t even see if the tree still lives). What once stood for council is now marginal, standing in the path of progress, or, more accurately, agricultural profit. Is this what Sweet Medicine meant by “at last you will disappear”?

Yet the allegory is not simple. Are the corn people Indian and/or white? Are they fodder for the beef that fatten those who inherit the land, or the embodiment of continual renewal and transformation, or mechanized, overpopulating hybrids whose very existence undermines an already fatally damaged tree of life? Is Sweet Medicine’s prophecy a confirmation of manifest destiny, or an affirmation of indigenous ways of knowing, or a testimony to the high holy wisdom of acceptance without resignation? Brooks gives us no answers.

However, the wisdom of this book does not derive from deciphering images symbolically or allegorically. There are no answers, only possibilities of responses to the photos. Ultimately, these possibilities return our attention to the larger issues of conquest, pointing out that on the long road of colonization we can’t move away from the past—it is always in front of us—and that we might well start asking where we can go and how we can go on from here. Above all, this book of images invokes movement—not a head-on rushing, but more like dance steps—by enabling us to see a very complex balance of morality and history, grandeur and kitsch, light and shadow, irony and spirituality, Indian and white.

Brooks plays on the belief that photos can capture one’s soul, but turns that knowledge on his viewers, releasing the unhappy spirits of these places onto us; we participate personally in the events they embody. *Sweet Medicine* puts us into motion,

but not alone. And as the Palouse people know, nothing is extinct; colonization still is sustained and maintained every day, which is what this book pictures for us so vividly. We are still on a journey of conquest, and Brooks sharpens and shapes our awareness of traveling/dancing that road, not in the past but right now, even as we view his pictures. This is what makes the book different from others with seemingly similar contents: Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* and Limerick's own *Legacy of Conquest*.

By visual artifice, Brooks makes our history lessons something in which we can and must fully participate. Perhaps not every viewer will so participate, and the book risks enacting the paralysis-of-guilt narrative of "we know better now, but it's too late, the real Indians are all gone." The presences evoked by the images also risk the Indian-as-spirit-guide stereotype, the chief's-face-in-the-clouds romanticism ingrained in many Anglo-Americans by their childhood books. However, the risks seem worth it; Drew Brooks takes our bitter roots as people together and makes an experientially powerful concoction. There are no instant cures, but perhaps there are personal beginnings for the long, slow processes of displacing recriminations with some sort of harmony.

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Tituba, Reluctant Witch of Salem: Devilish Indians and Puritan Fantasies. By Elaine G. Breslaw. New York: New York University Press, 1996. 243 pages. \$24.95 cloth; \$17.95 paper.

In *Tituba, Reluctant Witch of Salem: Devilish Indians and Puritan Fantasies*, Elaine G. Breslaw reconstructs the life of Tituba, focusing primarily on the role played by this enslaved American Indian woman in the 1692 Salem witch trials. Breslaw's study is an important addition both to the rich historiography of early American witchcraft and to the relatively meager body of scholarship on American Indian slavery. Throughout most of the book, Breslaw's interpretations are compelling and fairly well grounded in evidence. However, this biography of Tituba should be treated somewhat cautiously. There are a few points at which Breslaw's argument clearly overreaches her evidence.

Tituba, Reluctant Witch of Salem debunks two popular mis-