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the use of peyote as a controlled substance does not apply to the religious ceremonies of the Native American Church.

However, many states ignored this federal act and continued to legislate peyote under state-sponsored drug-control laws. James Botsford and Walter Echo-Hawk follow up this "tango" of contesting peyote laws with a thorough review of relevant court cases, culminating in the Smith decision and its aftermath in promoting the formation of the Native American Religious Freedom Project (by Reuben Snake) and the 1994 passage of Public Law 103-344, making the "use, possession, or transportation of peyote for traditional ceremonial purposes" lawful and no longer prohibited by either federal or state laws—a long, painful victory yet to be tested in court. The book ends with a quiet and deeply felt tribute to Reuben Snake and a moving account of his death. Highly recommended!

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Seth Eastman: A Portfolio of North American Indians. By Sarah E. Boehme, Christian F. Feest, and Patricia Condon Johnston. Afton, Minnesota: Afton Historical Society Press, 1995. 171 pages. $75.00 cloth.

There seems to be a new kind of ethnohistory book revealing itself in the world of anthropology these days. On its cover this book is supposed to be about Seth Eastman, but it is at least as much about James J. Hill, the nineteenth-century Minnesota railroad baron. As such, it is just one of many to join that ever growing genre in which Americans of the 1800s are being celebrated by historians and other writers for their contributions to the "Indian history" of that period. *O-kee-pa* by George Catlin (Yale University Press, 1967) is perhaps the most well known.

A similar style of "painterly" art history contemporary with the subject of this review is the art of the Swiss painter, Peter Rindisbacher, who documented the Red River Colony in Manitoba in the early to mid-1800s. Some of his work was shown at the Swiss Institute in New York City in 1996, and an important contemporary Native American art exhibition, *Red River Crossings: Contemporary Native American Artists Respond to Peter Rindisbacher (1806-1834)*, was also curated and shown in the same gallery, exclusively, as a counterpoint to Rindisbacher's

legacy. Utilizing contemporary Native American artists in this way seems to be a growing trend, although I think that Native artists have more to say in their own right just as the artists they are. On the face of it, Eastman and Rindisbacher's works bear remarkable similarities in content; however, their painting styles remain different, with the former's earlier works perhaps being more impressionistic in their execution.

Seth Eastman began his artistic career at West Point's Drawing Academy in 1824 and continued to paint his entire life, living until the age of sixty-seven. A good selection of his works is represented in this book including oil and watercolor paintings, ethnographic maps, surveyor drawings of Cunningham Island in the southwestern part of Lake Erie, Indian portraits, drawings of pictographs and artifacts of fake Mexican "Indian" manufacture, and so on. Rindisbacher, on the other hand, "documented the last stages of the Red River people's independence long before Catlin or that other painter of Indians, Karl Bodmer, presented their romantic versions of America's Native American population," says the brochure accompanying the art exhibition. Eastman and Rindisbacher both lived among the people they were studying. Both painted and drew the obvious in the everyday lives of their subjects, a fact brought home in some detail by Sarah E. Boehme with respect to Eastman in her chapter, "An Officer and an Illustrator: On the Indian Frontier." This sort of thing is the bread and butter of ethnography, of course. The ethnographic quest was, and still is, to leave no stone unturned in its search for the "real" Indian, or that Indian who was relatively untouched by European thought and ideas after discovery, and it has ever been so, now apparently long before the days of the photographer Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Until the day comes when that sort of thing is no longer a salable commodity, we'll continue to have such history written from the perspective of those who seem to find some kind of universal value in categorizing Indians as savages, primitives, or as the Other.

An interesting side note here is that while Eastman was a young officer stationed at Fort Snelling, he met and fell in love with a Mdewankton Sioux woman named Stands Like A Spirit, apparently the "love of his life." Already married to Mary H. Eastman, Eastman took this third daughter of Dakota Chief Cloudman of the Lake Calhoun village as his second wife. Writer Johnston leaves it to us to decide whether or not Mary, his first, white wife, knew she'd been had. (Unless she was deaf and dumb, it is difficult to imagine her not knowing.)

Apparently, taking a second wife was not all that uncommon a practice among Eastman's fellow officers, writes Johnston (p. 148). The artist's child from that union would later become Mary Nancy Eastman, mother of the famous Indian physician Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman (Hakadah or Ohiyesa "the Winner") who wrote *The Soul of the Indian* (1911) and ten other early books on Indian spirituality and philosophy, including two autobiographies.

In the forword to this sumptuous book, William Duncan MacMillan, president of Afton Historical Society Press, writes that the Seth Eastman paintings originally belonged to the collection of James J. Hill, the so-called "Empire Builder" of the Great Northern Railroad which today spans the nation from St. Paul to Seattle. I remember as a child that an orange and black passenger train, which ran on the Great Northern Railroad from St. Paul to Seattle, and which had as its logo a white Rocky Mountain goat set against a black circle with great white letters spelling out Great Northern Railroad following the curvature within the circle, was designed by mute Blackfeet Indian artist John L. Clarke, whom I knew. The train, appropriately enough, was named the Empire Builder. MacMillan goes on to write that the Eastman watercolors first had to be deaccessioned by the James Jerome Hill Reference Library in St. Paul before this "monumentally important" artist's work on the Ojibwa and Dakota Indians of Minnesota in the 1840s could be shown.

Eastman, who would also later graduate from West Point, eventually became a career army officer who moved up through the ranks of captain through to lieutenant colonel, even serving one year as military governor at Cincinnati before he died in Washington, D.C., in 1875, presumably painting at his easel. It was during his frontier duty assignment days at Fort Snelling, located at the junctions of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, that he determined to "preserve a visual record of Indian life" which he thought to be dying. Since he spent approximately eight years at that post, he had ample time and opportunity to document the people his country's army was oppressing, or as Patricia Condon Johnston honestly notes in her chapter, "He Chased Indians: The Soldier Artist's Life," while Eastman was doing his "... sensitive painting of Indian life ... his government was systematically eliminating [them]" (p. 164). Curiously, none of the Eastman paintings in the book show any Indian people working for the U.S. Army or for Hill's railroad, which they

must have done. Perhaps it was the curator's and publisher's need to show only what I have coined the "ethnographic present" Indian to the public. Or perhaps Eastman just didn't think such Indian people important enough to paint. Whatever the case, this part of that history would appear to be missing here.

The Seth Eastman collection showcases fifty-six paintings the artist prepared mainly for Henry Schoolcraft's work, *Information Regarding the History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States (1851-1857).* One cannot help but wonder what Eastman felt about Abraham Lincoln's notorious hanging of thirty-eight Santee Sioux warriors in Minnesota around 1862. Sheila Folliott, the great-granddaughter of Hill, and Shepard Krech III, also a great-grandson of Hill's main railroad contractor David Chauncey Shepard, write an interesting short history of Hill and his art collection in the book's preface. In this they have a personal stake, you might say.

In addition to being surprised by the history of the Great Northern Railroad in this book, I felt personally involved since as a child in the 1950s I lived less than fifty yards east and down the hill from that railway line in East Glacier Park, Montana, located on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. I used to watch the Empire Builder pass by my mother's house almost daily for a number of years as it continued its westward climb up the steep, windy slopes of the Rocky Mountains. A black porter could usually be seen standing at an open window in the last passenger car each time the train rolled by, and each time he passed through we endeavored to catch his attention. When we finally were able to establish contact, we found that he began tossing us rolled-up newspapers and magazines, tied very carefully with little bits of string as mementos or gifts, and sometimes he would delight us by throwing candy instead. Obviously, he had looked ahead to this part of his long journey and since we were Cree Indians living on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, and living was not very easy in those days, we looked forward to these occasional treats. One day he simply stopped coming and we wondered why. Now, as I look back on those childhood days, I realize this was my first impression of a person from the black race and that I was privileged to have seen this man for the first time as a human being and not necessarily as someone who was black. That sort of racial identification I would learn to "see" much later as I grew older in the more "civilized" Western educational institutions of the world, where a man or woman's skin color seems to stand for quite a bit in determining one's station in life, in one way or another, whether we like

it or not. I do remember that there was something vaguely different about this person, something about his color, but all that was relatively unimportant compared to enjoying him just as another human being. He had such a marvelous wide smile and radiant generous spirit, which is the image that comes to mind whenever I think of him waving to us from that train. One other way in which I felt personally connected to this book is that my great-grandfather worked on that railroad for J.J. Hill as it passed through north-central Montana, north of what is now the Rocky Boy Indian Reservation—my reservation, which was not yet itself a reality—using a team of horses and wagon to haul railroad ties for this ever expanding enterprise.

J. J. Hill argued for removal of Indian people from the lands his railroad now traverses, from what was then the Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana territories to Seattle. Such removal was to be undertaken with the assumed blessings of President Grover Cleveland after the passage of the Dawes Act or General Allotment Act of 1887, which had the devastating effect of stealing most of the land Indian people had reserved for themselves in treaties they had negotiated and signed in good faith with various untrustworthy governments at that time, untrustworthy as far as Indian people are concerned. Hill, true to his times, described the Indian people in his path as "the savage (who was) content with wrestling from nature the simple necessaries of life." Fortunately, removal was not to be his. However, bowing to political pressure from this little tyrant of a man, President Cleveland did grant right-of-way privileges and enormous land concessions—some twenty million acres of Fort Berthold, Fort Peck, Fort Belknap, and Blackfeet land—to the railroad, land concessions that today are still being contested in courts of law where Native Americans have yet to see justice served. In short, Hill ran roughshod over the rights and liberties of the Native Americans who stood in the path of his "steel road." President Cleveland, being the politician that he was, followed suit, of course, which was all done in the name of Western expansionism, manifest destiny, the doctrine of discovery, and what else ... simple greed. The irony in all this is that it was Ohiyesa, grandson of Eastman, who said, "The religion of the Indian is the last thing about him that the man of another race will ever understand," in *In The Soul of the Indian: An Interpretation* (University of Nebraska Press, 1980). Ohiyesa knew his white ancestors well. It's unfortunate that J. J. Hill, Seth Eastman's greatest patron, did not understand the Indian.

But this book is really about Seth Eastman, artist and painter. Feest does an admirable if meticulous job of annotating The Plates, which take up close to half the book. An Austrian anthropologist, he is seen by some Indian artists today as being something of a dreamer, perhaps a ridiculer of contemporary Indian people, and generally "out on safari" when he comes to North America to study "his" Indians. True to his discipline he takes issue with the notion that scalping, therefore scalping as a type of European genocidal warfare convention or act, was in fact introduced to North America by Europeans (most likely Dutch settlers) in spite of the fact that he also acknowledges that Indian people had no metal blades with which to scalp; that is, they had no metal before Europeans introduced knives for scalping. He cites James Axtell and William C. Sturtevant in "The Unkindest Cut, or Who Invented Scalping?" (*William and Mary Quarterly*, 37:3) as two anthropologists who have the inside story on this much contested question. Well, if that is the worst the Native American has "invented" in the realm of warfare, if that is indeed true, then it is nothing compared to the wholesale barbaric slaughter of tens of millions of humans and the total desecration of countless plant and animal species brought to extinction by the Caucasian peoples of Europe these past five hundred years as they spread over the planet in their quest for the almighty dollar. Put in the light of that fact, Feest's argument seems rather mundane. Johnston's chapter does a fairly thorough job of chronologically documenting the life of Eastman, who was born in 1808 in Brunswick, Maine, at about the same time that Thomas Jefferson was finishing his second term as president. As a fledgling country, the United States, could barely count seven million citizens. (There were more Indians than that living in North America just a short century earlier.)

So, is Seth Eastman an important figure in U.S. history? Probably so, and this should not be doubted. Is he a great artist? Probably not, although as an illustrator of the times he is, which he should more properly be classified as, which is what he and other West Point army officers of his day were in fact trained and expected to be, according to the book. There is one thing for sure, because of Seth Eastman and James J. Hill, this reviewer now feels more closely linked to the history of the United States than I have ever thought possible, a country whose history is much younger than many of us think.

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